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When Stars Fall

by Artistia

Summary

When Kara arrived on Earth, she was greeted by her cousin and immediately whisked off to the Danvers. What if someone else was there when she first arrived, and this person found Superman's plan lacking... substance. As a reporter, talk show host and rising CEO, Cat Grant was used to getting her way, what makes the Man of Steel assume he was different?

OR

How would Kara/Supergirl be different if she grew up a Grant?

Notes

So, I got this idea when I was reading a few other stories, namely Fate by CatandKaraForever, Chasing Fog by PinkRabbitPro, and a few other stories. Each deal with the question of what if Kara was raised by someone other than the Danvers. I do love Supercat pairing. I do, but I love everything about Cat's character, and watching an interview early on with Callista, she acknowledged the maternal relationship between Cat and Kara and
I wanted to explore that a bit. I have a few other stories with that theme, but this is the most
direct. There will probably be a pairing for Kara added later, but I'm not totally positive on
who yet. I'm leaning towards Kalex, but you guys can let me know as the story progresses.
“Get some sun, they said, go for a walk in nature, they said,” Cat Grant muttered as she stalked through the wilderness. Her shoes sank slightly in the mud beneath her feet and she let out a slight scream of frustration. Wrenching her feet out of the mud, the blonde woman stalked to a nearby rock, and seated herself with as much grace as she could muster. “I can’t believe I actually came out here.” Cat glanced disdainfully at her surroundings and crossed her legs. She felt something wet and slimy slide down her leg, and she shrieked out in anger at seeing the mud caking her legs. “I can’t believe I listened to those… those buffoons. I pay thousands of dollars for a shrink to avoid doing these things, and yet here I am!”

Too stressed, her doctor said, when she complained of headaches, stomachs, mood swings, depression, working too much, too many emotional changes in the past few years. A rising empire, a failing marriage, a horrible mother and a needy toddler were enough problems to make anyone stressed and anxious. Her doctor recommended that she take a vacation, somewhere away from all the stress and anxiety in her life, somewhere with a scenic view and clean air.

She was halfway through dialing her assistant to book her a vacation in Fiji or Tahiti, one of those tropical getaways when the doctor handed her a flier for a nature ranch in one of those useless square states. A few weeks later, she was squirreled away at a national park/ hideaway/nature preserve/prison in a landlocked state, away from technology, cell phones and civilization. Her precious boy Carter was whisked away on vacation with his absentee father and his girlfriend of the week while she explored where the buffalo roamed. It made her want to scream, yank her hair out and hit something all at the same time.

Fortunately since she was the only one around, she was able to scream as loud as she wanted. That did feel better, perhaps her doctor had the right idea and she didn’t have to fire him… yet.

Cat sighed and propped her arms against the rock as she sighed and leaned back to take in the view. The area was sparse with trees, but mountains and rolling hills surrounded her on all sides. The view was breathtaking, and the air was clean and crisp. She did feel better breathing it in; it helped clean out all of the dust and cobwebs in her life but didn’t diminish her feelings of guilt and frustration.

Guilt thinking about her son… sons, both of them. The one she brought into a broken, unstable marriage, and the one she abandoned pursuing her career. That alone was enough to cause an endless amount of sleepless nights in her life, it was no wonder she took anti-depressants… occasionally washing them down with scotch, depending on the day and what stupid thing her husband… ex-husband has done now. Cat grit her teeth and yelled again towards the heavens. It really was cathartic. If only Lois Lane were here to push off a cliff, it would be almost the perfect getaway.

A flash flickered in her vision and Cat raised her hand to cover her eyes. She focused on the flash and watched in horror as a strange, shining object fell out of the sky, heading straight for the valley below her. The woman didn’t identify the object as anything she had ever seen before and a rush of exhilaration filled her. “I am getting a Pulitzer for this one,” Cat squealed quietly to herself as she made her way down into the valley where the object had crashed. Years with her mother and working with narcissistic men gave her the ability to school her features into a neutral expression. If she hadn’t, Cat knew she would be sporting a large smug grin as she approached the fallen object. She took in the other worldly quality of the craft and immediately started rehearsing her acceptance speech, when the hatch at the top opened.
Cat slowed her approach and her imagination supplied her with no ends of creatures, beings, that could come out of the object… spacecraft. If this had occurred a few months ago, she would have put this down to a failed government test of a new plane. But now, with the appearance of him and the confirmation that they’re not alone in the universe, she was aware that anything could come out of that pod.

What she wasn’t prepared for though was a small blonde child to emerge out of the charred remains of the spacecraft. She was prepared for horns, scales, claws, even slicked back hair and a supposedly charming smile. What she wasn’t prepared for was a small girl, barely a teenager judging from her size, glancing around her in confusion and fright. The girl couldn’t be any older than her oldest son. That thought alone made her heart clench, so she continued her approach, schooling herself to appear less threatening.

The girl turned her head in her direction, eyeing her approach with apprehension. Cat stopped in her tracks, not wanting to frighten the girl. “Hello? Are you alright?” The girl replied in a language the woman had never heard before, but sounded beautiful with smooth, lilting sounds. The girl halted her speech and shook her head ruefully before trying again, this time with another language that Cat couldn’t understand but one that sounded more earthly in its tone and grammatical formation. “I’m sorry, I still don’t understand.”

Frowning, the girl closed her eyes and her brow furrowed as she thought. “I apologize,” she pushed out, opening her eyes again and looking at the older woman. “I was instructed in the languages native to this region but there were many so I wasn’t sure which one was which.”

Cat fought the urge to blink and stare at the girl in bewilderment. Instead, she continued her slow approach and seated herself on a nearby rock that had been upturned by the landing of the craft. “All of the languages native to this region? As far as I know, there is only one official language for this country,” Cat replied, choosing a safe topic attempt to make the girl feel more comfortable. “Of course, the politicians and people in charge seem incapable of speaking it, but are well versed in idiot.”

The girl giggled at her words and sat down on one of the other rocks. “My father and uncle used to say similar things about the high council,” she murmured, “Much to my mother’s distress.” Cat watched as the girl’s face seemed to crumple at the words and sought to move her away from thoughts causing such pain.

“So what language were you speaking? You seemed to speak two different ones before landing on English.”

“The first was Kryto- oh… Maybe I shouldn’t say, I’m not sure…” The girl started hesitantly, “It’s my language, I forgot myself. Then I tried the language that was specifically native to this area… I believe it is called…” She tilted her head from side to side as she thought, “Algonquin? There were many languages to learn, apparently many different people groups settled here.”

Cat’s eyes widened slightly when she realized the implication of the girl’s words. It implied that she learned the languages of the different Native American tribes but also the settlers that migrated to the region. The number of languages in the girl’s head must be astounding. The reporter part of Cat hummed in glee at the knowledge, but she carefully pushed them away. “My name is Cat,” she said after a moment, “Cat Grant. Do you have a name, or know where you are?”

The girl bit her lip for a moment, looking up at the older woman. “I don’t know if I should…”

“You can trust me,” Cat said hurriedly, “I know you’re scared, new people, new world, new life, on your own. I know you’re scared, but I don’t want to hurt you.”
"You don’t?"

Cat smiled sadly and placed a hand on the girl’s arm, giving a light squeeze before releasing her. “No. In another time, another place, I might have, but you, you’re just a child, no older than my oldest son. I would never harm a child.”

The girl stared at Cat for a moment, her ocean blue eyes searching hazel and nodded. “Kara, my name is Kara Zor-El,” the girl stated quietly. “I come from the planet Krypton. My planet was destabilizing, and my parents sent me to earth to look after my baby cousin.” A mournful look crossed Kara’s face and tears filled her eyes, “But I think something went wrong, I arrived too late. According to the chronometer, it’s been 24 years. I don’t even know if my cousin arrived or if he got stuck wherever I did.”

The older woman’s heart broke as she watched tears roll down Kara’s face. She carefully reached out towards the girl and pulled her gently to her side, tucking the blonde head of hair under her chin and wrapping her arms around her. Her own actions startled herself, since when was she the maternal type, for anyone other than her sons? Something about the girl stirred feelings in her, the need to mother, protect, soothe. Based on Kara’s story though, and information crowed out by that harpy Lane, the girl was anything but fragile.

Cat winced slightly when the girl wrapped her arms around her and she felt the signs of the Kryptonian strength demonstrated by Superman in the past few months. The dark-haired superhero’s story was well known at that point due to Lane’s incessant prattling, and his story matched up with the blonde girl sobbing in her arms.

It was a heartbreaking story. An orphaned baby, last survivor of his people, sent away to a distant land and adopted by an average couple, like a prince squirreled away in the night. Raised by this couple, he grew up mostly normal and chose to use his abilities to protect his adoptive world as a way of giving back. Really, it sounded like something Cat would find on the young adult bestseller’s list or in the summer’s box office. It had just enough tragedy to make him the kind of hero people wanted.

For the girl attempting to cry a river in her arms, the story was absolutely devastating. While Superman was just a baby when he left, if this girl is to be believed, she was older when it happened, old enough to remember, old enough to understand what was lost. Superman did not lose anything but figments of a world that could have been his. Kara lost it all, her family, friends, culture, language, everything was gone, lost with the explosion of a planet. Cat can’t even begin to imagine what that was like. Though maybe she could, in a way. She had lost her own father when she wasn’t that much older than the girl, and it felt as if her world had imploded. Maybe she could understand the younger blonde, just slightly.

She could feel tears seeping through her t-shirt, one she hoped that nobody took a picture of her in because she had found lovely places in the wilderness prison to hide a body, and realized that she needed to return to the situation at hand lest Kara drench them both in tears. “Kara,” Cat said firmly, urging the girl back slightly. She cupped her face and wiped away the tears that had streaked down her face. “I can’t do anything about the world you lost, but I can try to give you some relief. I think your cousin is here, I think he made it on time.”

Kara shook her head and rubbed at her own eyes, “What? How, how do you know?”

Cat opened her mouth to reply when she caught a flash of obnoxious colors in the corner of her eyes, and a thump a few feet away. She reacted on instinct, pulling Kara tightly behind her as she stood to face the man that she knew just landed. “Superman,” she drawled out, a smirk present on her face as if there weren’t a blonde child clutching tightly to her shirt. “A pleasure, you finally ready to give
that interview and speak to someone other than Lane?"

“Apologies Ms. Grant, but I’m not here for you,” Superman spoke with a formal tone. He turned his attention to the small blonde head peeking out behind the older woman and he smiled. “Are you heath tiny person?” He spoke, choosing Kryptonian in hopes to make the girl feel more at ease.

It didn’t work because the girl only tightened her grip on the older woman and shrunk further behind her. “Your Kryptonian is awful,” she muttered. “Pronunciation, syntax, all wrong.”

Superman just blinked while Cat laughed. “Dear,” she said, turning her head slightly to look at the girl, “I think you just broke him.”

The dark haired man continued to ignore the woman. “You are Kara Zor-El correct?” He asked, “You’ve arrived at last.”

Kara took a good look at the man and noticed her family’s crest sitting proudly on his chest. “Kal-El?” Seeing his nod, Kara smiled, “So you did land on time, I’m glad.”

“Yes, and I was raised by a wonderful family,” he replied, careful of the sharp ears of Cat Grant. He held out his hand to the young girl, “Come, there is a nice family I know that will be able to help you. They helped me with my own abilities.”

At Kal-El’s words, Kara’s eyes grew wide and her fingers clenched more into the shirt worn by the woman standing in front of her. She worried for a moment that she might be pulling too hard, her parents telling her of the powers the sun of this world would give her, but she was comforted by the equally tight grip the woman had on her shoulder. “See Superman, Kal-El, whatever you call yourself,” Cat started, waving about her left hand while her right clutched at the girl. “That plan of your’s, it’s not going to work. It might have in another universe if you had been the one to find Kara first, but you didn’t. I did.” The woman’s eyes hardened and she poked the superhero in the chest a few times for good measure, “I’m the one that found her. I’m the one that held her while she cried. I’m the one to tell her that you were still alive. I’m the one she forged a bond with, not you, not this… other family.” Cat sneered, “You think that they would take kindly to having a girl, an alien girl just dropped off at their house, and I have no doubt that you were just going to drop her off and not speak to her again until it suited you.”

Superman’s face reddened, either from anger or embarrassment, she might never know which, but it appears as if she struck a nerve. She could barely hear the girl behind her release a strangled noise and it seemed like she too realized that the scenario Cat just presented was the one that the man in front of them was going to go with. Self-righteous, hypocritical superhero, no wonder he only spoke to Lane.

“With all due respect Ms. Grant, this doesn’t really concern you-”

“To hell it doesn’t!” Cat yelled, shocking the man into silence. “What power do you really have to decide where Kara ends up? And these people that you were going to take her to, you said they helped you with your abilities? That would mean that they’re either aliens or humans with expert information, meaning scientists, you don’t look like the government trusting type.” She hit the nail on the head again and Superman looked away. “Scientists then, would they give Kara the family that she needs? That she deserves? Or would they look at her as another science experiment, one living in their house that they could observe and monitor closely?”

“They’re good people!” Superman defended, raising his voice.

“And I have no doubt about that,” the blonde woman replied, arching her brow in a questioning
manner, “But they are scientists, and scientists have a bad habit of getting caught up, their curious minds getting the better of them.”

Kal-El scoffed, “Like you’re one to talk, you’re a journalist, what’s to stop you from publishing everything you’ve found out here today, endangering Kara even further?!”

“You mean, something like that harpy Lane would do,” Cat snarked, narrowing her eyes. “You understand this, I am a far better person than Lois Lane will ever be. I would never knowingly publish an article that would put people in danger, especially a child.”

Superman scrubbed at his face in frustration but ultimately knew that the older woman was correct. The Danvers were very good people, some of the best, but they could get carried away, their scientific curiosity getting the better of them. His cousin didn’t need that. What she did need though, he was ashamed to admit that he wasn’t the best person to know what Kara needed. He gave Cat Grant an appraising look, perhaps she knew what was best for her. “Ms. Grant,” he intoned formally, “What do you suggest I do with my cousin then?”

Cat’s eyes hardened at his words. “I suggest that you ask her what she wants. Despite being new to this world, she is old enough to make her own decisions.”

“But-” He started but a fierce look from the woman quickly shut him up. He sighed and turned to the blonde head watching the conversation from behind the older woman. “Kara,” Kal started, “What do you want to do? Do you want me to take you to the family I found for you?”

The girl bit her lip and shifted her eyes from her cousin’s face to Cat’s. “Can, can I stay with you Cat?” She looked up at the older woman, her large blue eyes swimming with tears.

Cat could count on one hand the number of times she’s been struck speechless in her life. “I- Kara darling, are you sure? I don’t have the easiest life. I have an ex-husband, a teenage son who hates me, a toddler, a talk show and a rising media empire, I’m extremely busy…” She could’ve kicked herself when the girl’s expression crumpled and tears started to flood down her cheeks. She sighed and rubbed at the bridge of her nose before kneeling down to be eye level with the girl. “Do you really want to stay with me?” Cat asked, softly brushing away the girl’s tears. Kara nodded, wiping at her own tears. “Well,” she said, turning back to Superman, “You heard her.”

“Ms. Grant, you make a living telling secrets. Am I to expect that you’ll keep this secret? That you’ll keep Kara safe?”

The woman narrowed her eyes. “I’ll excuse the preconception about my person as slander from that harpy Lane.” Superman’s face turned stony at her words but she continued, “And as for your question, yes I believe that I can protect Kara, but the question is, can you?”

His expression turned from stony to puzzled in an instant. “What do you mean?”

“Well,” she drawled out. “You came here, expecting to retrieve Kara and what, instantly take her to this family you know? You weren’t going to call them in advance? Or give Kara any time to assimilate to either, help her figure out her abilities or the culture?”

Superman flushed briefly before clearing his throat, “I… I did not think of that Ms. Grant, and as for abilities, mine came in slowly, so Kara should have plenty of time to adjust to them before they come in.”

Cat sighed at the stupidity of the man in front of her before turning to the girl. “Dear, do you think you could try to crush one of these smaller rocks for me?” Kara nodded and picked up a nearby rock
that was slightly larger than both of her hands. She held it delicately in both of her hands before pressing together, easily crushing the rock into dust. Cat turned back to see the shocked look in Superman’s eyes. “I felt her strength when she hugged me. She already has some control, but needs help. It is obvious from your words, you wouldn’t have helped her, but these scientists of yours would have, further cementing Kara as an experiment in their minds.” She turned her eyes from the superhero she was dressing down to the silver pod not too far away. “And what of that?” She asked, nodding her head to vehicle. “Would you have just left that here for anyone to find? Is that what happened to yours?”

“Who would take it Ms. Grant?” The man asked, a naively puzzled look on his face that made the woman want to slap him for his stupidity.

“If you think there are people on this planet that don’t wish you harm, or who wouldn’t confiscate this,” Cat said, gesturing towards the pod. “I can’t tell if you’re naive or just stupid.”

Kal shrank a bit at Cat’s expression, not used to anyone giving him a dressing down like this, no one but his mother. At that, he straightened and realized that maybe Cat was exactly what Kara needed. “I will take care of it Ms. Grant.” He turned his attention to Kara, “Everything in it is yours Kara. I will look for any messages or anything else useful for you and I will make sure it gets to you.”

“Thank you Kal,” Kara said, moving away from Cat and towards her cousin. She wrapped her arms around him and squeezed with as much strength as she could, causing him to let out a small ‘oof.’

“You’re definitely strong, stronger than me,” Kal muttered ruefully.

The blonde girl smiled shyly until a sad look crossed her face. “I’m sorry I wasn’t there for you Kal, I was supposed to be there, teach you about Krypton…”

“Maybe my Kryptonese wouldn’t be so bad,” he joked, trying to ease her concerns. “Don’t be sorry. I was raised by a great family, and it looks like you’ll have a great one as well. Ms. Grant may present a heartless face, but I can already tell she cares a lot about you.”

Kara nodded and returned to Cat’s side, clutching lightly at her shirt. “Anything else Ms. Grant, before I take the pod to my… lair?”

“I am currently on a… doctor imposed vacation where I was separated from my cell phone,” Cat admitted, looking at the man. “I am of course allowed to use the phone at the… ranch,” she muttered distastefully. “To call and check on my son. I will need my cell phone though to make some calls and arrangements with certain people to make sure that this arrangement works out as quietly and smoothly as it can.”

“I know some people who can help with that Ms. Grant,” Superman started but was quickly waved off by the woman.

“I’m sure you do, but my people are better. Can you use your speedy abilities to retrieve my phone from that infernal safe so that I can make the appropriate calls?”

The man nodded and sped off, heading in the direction Cat indicated. Kara fidgeted slightly as they waited for Superman to return. “Are you sure you’re okay with this?” She asked, pulling lightly on the bottom of Cat’s shirt. “It’s really sudden, and you said you had a son already, and I don’t know how to control my abilities, and I don’t want to hurt you or-”

Cat silenced the girl with a stern look. Placing both hands on her shoulders, she spoke in a strong, clear voice, “Kara, you aren’t going to hurt us and you aren’t a burden. I am happy to take you in,
we’re going to be a family.”

“Really?”

The older woman nodded. “I know all of the right people to keep you safe. I won’t be able to keep people from knowing that something fell here, but I will do my best to keep them away from what it was, specifically you.”

Kara nodded and pressed her face against Cat’s stomach, seeking physical comfort. The older woman patted the top of her head and ran her fingers through soft blonde hair. “You’ll be okay Kara, not right away, but eventually you’ll be okay.” She was going to say more but Kal-El chose that moment to return. He handed over Cat’s cellphone and she gave him a slight nod when she took it. She tapped a few keys, praising that she had signal, and found the contact she was looking for. “I’m going to arrange papers for Kara and to expedite the adoption process,” she said, looking up at Kal. “What I need from you is to disappear everything that happened here. Clean up the whole area so that it looks as if nothing happened. You want to keep Kara safe, you clean up the evidence that she ever landed.”

“Of course Ms. Grant,” Superman acquiesced, realizing that the older woman was the wiser one in this situation.

Cat nodded again and walked off, one arm around Kara’s shoulders as she escorted the girl back in the direction of the ranch, dialing numbers on her phone as she went. “Daniel? Cat Grant, I have a project for you which will help you earn and keep that ridiculously high salary I pay you…”
Chapter Notes

So totally blown away by the response to this story, you guys are awesome. I know I'm treading on something sacred like Cat and Kara's relationship, but it has so much dimension. Their relationship was always fluctuating, and I guess this is my way of exploring a different aspect of it.

I don't really want to bash Kal/Clark/Superman, especially since he is so dorky basically, but it will come across like it. And it's Cat, so she's gonna bash Lois, though I do like the stories where they're secretly friends. We're also going with the assumption that Cat is insanely smart, which we know she is, and patient with her children, which she is. So lots of Cat feels, and who here honestly believes that she fell for the double trick in 1x09? I mean really, she knows.

I decided this will be Kalex, but not for a while, and there will be other heroes showing up in the story and will be tagged when I get to them.

Mainly Grant family fluff for the most part

Chapter 2

“Kara, Kal,” Cat called when she walked into her penthouse apartment, dropping her bags as soon as she entered. “Kara are you here?” She had just arrived back from her imposed exile to a square state. It wasn’t as long as her therapist had recommended, but dealing with the new charge she found herself with took priority. Cat knew that the alien girl couldn’t stay with her at the ranch, there were too many people and she needed to be in National City in order to best arrange Kara’s cover story.

She had Superman take the girl back to her home while she called for her jet. The woman didn’t hear a sound in her apartment, and she froze, cursing Kal’s name.

If that slick-haired, self-righteous superhero has disappeared with her…

She paused her rant mid-thought when she heard the barest of sounds coming from her bedroom.

Cat moved towards her bedroom. “Kara?” She called again, softly pushing open the door. Her eyes quickly adjusted to the darkness and located the terrified form of a frightened child huddled against the corner of her bed. “Kara?”

“It’s so loud,” the girl whimpered, pressing back into the wall, hard enough to cause the plaster to crack.

The woman winced but brushed it off, knowing that the plaster could be repaired. Kara needed help now. “What’s loud Kara?” She whispered, kneeling next to the girl.

“The sounds, outside, the noise.” The girl flinched again, causing more of the plaster to crumble, “There’s just so much noise, it’s so loud.”

Cat internally cursed herself. She had forgotten about the enhanced hearing, and had not prepared for the sounds of the large, bustling city. A few days more in the wilderness might have done the girl good, but the woman doesn’t look to the past to get lost in regrets. She likes to learn and keep looking forward. Cat inches slowly towards the frightened girl and reached out, pulling the younger blonde towards her chest, pressing a small ear right above her heart. She cupped a hand over the
other ear and spoke quietly to the crying girl. “I know,” she murmured, “I know it’s loud, it’s loud for me too sometimes. Just try to close everything out and focus on my heartbeat, can you do that darling? Focus on my heartbeat and my breathing, the blood flowing through me and the air moving in my lungs, focus on that, filter out everything outside of this room.”

Kara let out a shaky breath and focused all of her senses on the older woman, doing as she requested. Eventually the sounds outside the penthouse diminished to a dull roar rather than piercing screams, and she continued to filter them out even further until all she could hear was Cat’s heartbeat and the breath in her lungs. They sat like that for several long minutes, Cat knowing that Kara needed comfort and reassurance. Eventually she nudged Kara lightly on the shoulder, gaining her attention. “Kara,” Cat whispered, “Where’s Kal?”

The girl blinked and scrunched her face for a moment before shrugging. “I don’t know, he left. He was here with me for a little while but he got a message… a call I think, from someone named Lois. She demanded that he return and he left shortly after that.”

A deep anger filled Cat’s body, stirring deep within her as promises of retribution and disparaging insults were on the tip of her tongue. Large, watery blue eyes looked up at her pleadingly and Cat sighed, releasing her anger but promising retribution. “Should’ve known he wasn’t the best at making decisions,” the woman huffed, “Answering to every whim of that harpy after all…”

“Cat?”

“Hmm? Oh, nothing, nothing, I’ll explain later,” she murmured, running her fingers through long, dirty blonde hair. “Right now though, we need to find a way to help you control your powers. How is your hearing?”

“I’ve muted everything but it’s still difficult.” Kara winced, “And the loud sounds can break through.”

Cat hummed and pulled away from the girl, softly urging her off the ground and towards the living room. “I am reluctant to say but I am woefully unprepared to deal with everything that comes with taking care of you,” the woman said, motioning towards the couch.

Kara flinched and curled in on herself on the couch. “Do you want me to leave?” She asked, her voice small.

“No, oh no Kara darling, no that wasn’t what I was saying,” the woman rushed out. “I am just saying that I don’t like being unprepared and I am upset with myself that I took information from Lois Lane at face value without trying to do any research on my own.”

“I… I’m not sure what you mean…”

“I want you to talk to me, to tell me what you’re feeling, what you know about yourself, that way we can work out how best to help you.”

The girl scrunched her face. “I, my mother told me some of what I would face, but she didn’t have time to tell me everything before…” Kara’s voice trailed off. “My pod filled the gaps and Kal confirmed what I had learned. My cells expanded instantly when I was exposed to the light and radiation from the yellow sun. It’s younger and warmer than Rao. Kal was barely exposed to Rao, that’s why it took longer for his powers to manifest. Our skin is invulnerable, all of our senses are enhanced, super strength, super speed, flying, heat vision and… and X-ray vision.”

Cat paused for a moment, taking a second to fully comprehend that this girl, this small, young girl
was one of the strongest beings in the world. It was a little mind boggling to the older woman. When Kara looked up at her with tears in her eyes and her hands clutched around her ears, she pushed away her feelings of wonder and inadequacy. Kara needed her, someone to turn to, someone to help her, to understand her. She needed a mother. “So all of your senses are enhanced, hearing, smell, touch, sight, taste? And your… vision is giving you trouble?” Cat clarified.

“It… it’s not bad right now,” Kara murmured. “It was really bad right after Kal left. I could see through everything, and I couldn’t control it. I could see through the people on the levels below us and down on the street. It was scary.”

“You were overwhelmed,” Cat said, softly stroking Kara’s hair. “Humans get overwhelmed too, though we don’t have the same response that you do. It happens when we’re stressed, when we’ve been through a trauma, or even a big change. I think you qualify under all of these circumstances. The term is called sensory overload I believe.”

“How, how do people deal with it?”

The woman hummed, “Well, many people developing coping techniques, ways to manage and be able to function in the world. You though, you will have to learn exceptional control to temper your abilities so that they help you, not hurt you.”

Kara nodded, knowing that her aunt spoke of such things from the military guild for how they trained the warriors. She wiped at her face, holding back the tears that threatened to fall thinking about her aunt. She straightened her back and looked Cat squarely in the eyes. “What do I do?” The girl asked, her voice wavering slightly but strong.

“Is there anything you can’t see through? Something that affects your senses, deadens them?”

The blonde tilted her head. “Lead,” she replied, “Kal said we can’t see through lead, so I’m guessing it would block super hearing as well.”

Cat nodded, adopting a thoughtful expression on her face. “My first instinct is to create a device, maybe glasses or a hat that would be lined with lead that could dull your senses enough so they wouldn’t bother you.” She got up and started to pace. “I don’t like that plan though. It would make you dependent on that device, something that you would think you needed when you don’t.” The woman stopped pacing and sat down next to the girl who was looking at her wide-eyed. “You are strong, Kara, beautiful, strong and astonishing. I can’t even imagine, everything you’ve seen, everything you’ve been through.” Cat softly held the girl’s cheek and could feel heat rising under her skin. “You can learn to control your powers without the need for something to limit them.”

“How?”

“Practice, hard work, determination. I’m not going to tell you that it’ll be easy, it won’t be. I will tell you though that I will do my best to help you, and protect you, your secret.”

Kara nodded and pressed herself closer to Cat again, taking comfort from the older woman. It was familiar, her embrace, familiar and yet different at the same time. When this woman hugged her it reminded Kara of her mother, loving and firm, but this woman, she held tighter, gripped harder. Her mother held her tight before sending her away from a dying planet. When Cat held her close, it felt as if she would destroy a planet before sending her away or letting anyone take her away. “Where do we start?” The blonde asked, pushing herself away from the older woman.

Cat hesitated momentarily, not wanting to bring up the topic but knowing that it couldn’t be avoided for much longer. “You know that I have… I have a son…”
“Carter right?” Kara murmured, brightening instantly, “I’m excited to meet him, I love kids. There weren’t many children on Krypton, but I would watch the few from the houses my parents were friendly with. I used to change Kal’s diapers when he was first born.” The blonde’s eyes grew sad, “It’s not going to be the same though isn’t it. All the children I knew on Krypton, they’re gone and I’m not the same here… I’m dangerous… I could hurt Carter, hurt you…”

“No, Kara, no,” Cat rushed out. “I believe in you, I believe that if it came down to it, you would do everything you could to prevent yourself from hurting me, hurting Carter, even to the point of hurting yourself. I have faith in you. What I want is to help you get to the point where you have that faith in yourself, where you wouldn’t have to hurt yourself as a means to keep from hurting others.” The woman softly took Kara’s hands and unfurled her fingers, softly brushing over the bruises that she had caused when her hands unconsciously clenched. “We’ll start working on things slowly. How is your hearing?” Cat asked.

“It’s… it’s not so overwhelming if I keep something as a baseline, like your heartbeat.” Kara scrunched her nose up, “I’m sure if I keep working on it, I can slowly acclimate myself to the sounds of the city.”

The older woman nodded, “Good, as for your x-ray vision and heightened sight, barring using lead to block your sight, you will have to keep using them and getting used to them. Use them as much as possible, though try not to invade anyone’s privacy.”

“Walking skeletons…” Kara whimpered.

“I know, it’s not the best option but it will push you to get control faster, and it will teach you how to use your abilities.” The blonde girl nodded hesitantly before grabbing at one of the pillows. Before she could stop herself, she had ripped the material, causing feathers to fly everywhere. She jumped back, knocking into the arm of the couch, causing it to break as well. “Kara, Kara, it’s okay,” Cat tried to reassure the distressed girl. “It’s okay, pillows, couches, they can be replaced. You don’t have to be afraid.”

“But, but…”

“No, it’s okay, you just need to learn control, it’s okay.” Cat reached out and grabbed the girl’s hand, squeezing it. “Squeeze my hand, slowly, I’ll let you know when you’re grip is tight enough.” Kara looked hesitantly at the hand placed in hers. “It’s okay Kara, you just need to learn control.” The girl started squeezing slowly until Cat tightened the grip on her hand, letting her know that it was tight enough. They practiced like that for another hour, helping Kara’s muscle memory learn how tight she could hug the older woman without hurting her. Cat helped her with other objects in the house, teaching the girl how to open doors without banging them into the wall, how to hold glasses without breaking them, how to hold silverware, move furniture, put clothes on without ripping them. The woman cherished each experience with the girl, wondering if this is what it would have been like raising Adam, what it would be like to raising Carter. When one of her older spoons snapped in the thirteen year old’s hand, Cat knew that taking care of Kara would be its own unique experience.

“You’re getting there Kara, we’ll keep practicing,” the woman said, softly rubbing the girl’s arms. “Now we really do have to talk about Carter. His father is going to be returning him in a few days, and I don’t want you to be afraid of being around him.”

“What if your… what if your ex-husband doesn’t like me around? What if he tries to take Carter from you?” Kara still wasn’t used to the idea of an ex-husband. Marriages on Krypton were permanent, divorce wasn’t an option. When she explained all of this to Cat, the woman had told her to hold onto her beliefs while learning to live in a new culture.
“Kara, Kara stop, it’s alright. I know my ex-husband, he doesn’t want to be a full time father, so I’m not afraid that he’s going to want full custody. And Carter is barely two years old, he’ll adapt.”

The blonde girl smiled, starting to believe what Cat was saying to her. “I can’t wait to meet him, Carter, not your ex, that would be weird. From what you’ve told me, he doesn’t seem very nice.”

“He was a terrible husband and is a mediocre father, but he’s not a completely awful person,” Cat admitted. “But we’ll be a family, the three of us.”

“Zehdh,” Kara said, drawing a look of confusion from Cat. “It means family, or more closely home, belonging to something.”

Cat tilted her head and smiled, “I like that. Would you be willing to teach me more of your language, more of your culture? I don’t want you to have to give it up, but I also don’t want it to upset you.”

“I would love to teach you!” Kara squeaked out, her excitement evident in her reaction. “And Carter too if you wouldn’t mind.”

The older woman reached out and took both of Kara’s hand in hers, squeezing them tightly. “I want you to share as much of yourself as you want. Never be afraid of talking to me about anything.”

Tears filled Kara’s eyes again and she embraced the woman tightly. “Thank you Cat,” she gasped out, “I’m glad you found me.”

Cat could feel tears in her own eyes and she ran her hands through soft, dirty blonde hair. “I’m glad I found you too Kara. I’m so glad.”

“I’m surprised Catherine, I never pegged you for one to adopt a child.” Cat rolled her eyes at her ex-husband before turning her attention back to where Kara was cooing over her baby boy. She could tell that the girl was still frightened of hurting the toddler but most of her worries instantly went out the window when she saw bright blue eyes and brown curly hair.

“What can I say Aaron, you never really took the time to know me,” the woman said, eyeing her ex out of the corner of her eye. “Of course, what did I really expect, we were only married for three months after all. Long enough for me to get pregnant but not long enough for you to unpack your things.”

“We were better friends than we were husband and wife Kitty, though we may never really get back to the friends stage will we?”

Cat hummed, “I have other things to concern myself with. Two children and a growing media empire leaves little time for friends or anything else.”

“Mhm, I have to say I’m still surprised you adopted the girl,” Aaron said again, looking over to where the children sat. “Daughter of old friends of yours who died in a fire, who knows how traumatized that girl is going to be?”

The woman saw as Kara’s expression dimmed, indicating that she was listening to her conversation. “I trust Kara,” she said, “And I took her in. Daniel is in the process of drawing up the adoption papers as we speak. This really doesn’t concern you.”

“I guess it doesn’t,” the man chuckled, shaking his head. He raised his hand and smoothed back a
stray strand of dark brown hair before standing up. “Thank you for giving me time with Carter while you were away. I’ll see you again in a few weeks for another visit.” He hesitated briefly, glancing from his ex-wife to the blonde girl she took in. “Just be careful Kitty.”

“Speak for yourself Aaron,” Cat smirked, “and don’t call me Kitty.” She ignored the man as he excused himself from the penthouse and focused on her two children. Kara’s mood improved after her ex-husband left and continued to play with Carter, carefully holding the boy on her lap as he babbled on with his two year old vocabulary and understanding about his toys. She moved to sit herself softly on the couch behind where Carter and her new charge were seated on the floor.

“Mama!” Carter squealed upon seeing the woman. “Look!” He exclaimed, pointing to his giant lego blocks in front of him, “Kara help me build.”

“I see that, Kara’s been a great help hasn’t she?” The woman asked, looking fondly at the two. Carter nodded his head, all the while turning back to his blocks. He snuggled down further into Kara’s warm arms, much like he would after his mother took towels out of the dryer. Kara would do instead of the towels, he didn’t have to wait for her to come out of the dryer. “Carter,” Cat called again, causing the boy to twist his head to look at her again. “Do you like Kara?”

“Mhm!” Carter replied, bouncing slightly, “She’s warm, like towels.”

“Yes she is warm isn’t she?”

“Smells nice too,” the boy mumbled, leaning his head into the arm holding him. He snuffled his nose on Kara’s skin, causing the girl to blush and giggle.

Cat chuckled, loving that Carter was so smitten with the girl. Hopefully his infatuation would make things easier. “Would you mind if Kara stayed with us for a while?”

“Kara stay?”

“Yes, as in she lives here with us, as part of our family.” The girl in question held her breath as the back and forth continued between the two Grants.

“Family?” Carter asked, not fully understanding his mother’s questions.

The woman slid down off the couch next to the two children and softly stroked her fingers through Carter’s soft, curly hair. “What would you say if I told you that Kara was going to stay here and live with us, and be your big sister?”

“Sister?!” Blue eyes lit up with excitement as his mother uttered the word. He knew what sister meant. He had been wanting one for a while, since watching some of the kids in his play group. Some had brothers, some had sisters, he liked the sisters better. Not the baby ones, they weren’t fun, but the big sisters. He started asking his mother for a big sister when he had learned what they were. Carter wasn’t sure why his mother kept telling him that it wasn’t possible to give him a big sister, especially when she brought one home with her. One that was warm and smelled nice, better than the others at the park. He turned his head to look into the blue eyes staring down at him and he grinned, clapping his hands with a squeal. “Big sister! Big sister!”

“Mhm, and Kara is very special,” Cat said, making sure that her boy was listening. “She traveled a long way for a long time to get here to be part of our family. One day you’ll understand how special.”

The excitement of returning home and getting a new sister overwhelmed the little boy and he soon fell asleep, his head falling on Kara’s shoulder and drool escaping his mouth. Kara looked over at
Cat with wide eyes and the woman took pity on the girl, extracting the toddler from her lap. “Thank you Cat,” the blonde let out a relieved sigh as the woman chuckled.

“You’ll get used to him,” Cat smiled, moving to set Carter down in his room.

Kara followed and looked down at the sleeping child. “I don’t want to hurt him,” she whispered, a small smile on her face. “I love kids, I’ve always loved kids, I don’t…”

“You’ll be okay Kara,” the woman said, rubbing the girl’s arm. “I wouldn’t let you hold him if I didn’t believe in you. You just need practice holding him, maybe a pillow or bag of potatoes… They aren’t quite as wiggly as a toddler though, I’ll have to think on that.” Cat motioned Kara to follow her out of the room and back into the living room. “He reacted well to the news. He has been asking for a sister, but I didn’t think he knew what a sister was. Apparently Carter is brilliant like me so it won’t be hard for him to adapt.” She sat down on the couch and tugged the girl down after her. “There’s something I need to talk to you about,” Cat said once Kara was situated.

The girl tensed momentarily, but just fired her spin. “Yes?”

“Nothing that needs you to be so tense, I don’t think anyway.” Cat took one of her hands with her right hand and ran her left soothingly down Kara’s arm. “I received a call from my lawyer, the adoption papers for you to legally live with us and all of your other important documents are almost ready. I need to know what you would like for your last name? I don’t think keeping your own surname will be wise, though I would let you keep it if you want. I know your cousin must’ve mentioned taking his last name, but I don’t advise that either. It would give him power over decisions in your life, and I don’t think he has earned that.”

Kara bit her lip, remembering Cat’s argument from a few days ago. Kal had left her with Cat, and it was her choice, but he was going to leave her with a different family as well, one that she didn’t know. He also left her by herself in a loud city to answer the call of someone Cat described as her unworthy nemesis. Kara didn’t fully understand Cat or Kal’s relationship with this other woman, but Cat had told her she didn’t have faith in the woman to make the best decisions in regards to Kara and so she probably wouldn’t trust Kal either. “I’m not sure,” Kara replied truthfully. She was unsure of what to do. She didn’t want to give up her own name, it was one of the last things she had from Krypton, from her parents.

“How were you given surnames on Kryp- on your world?” The older woman asked, not wanting to say the name in case it brought up bad memories.

“Surnames were developed from the ancestral tribes, later formed into houses,” Kara explained. “In my house, the house of El, I am the firstborn, and therefore heir of the house of El. For women, our last names were our father’s full name, so my father was Zor-El, eldest and head of the house of El. When women married, they had the choice to either retain their names or take their husband’s name. My mot- my mother, she took my father’s name, Alura Zor-El, but my Aunt Astra…” The girl’s eyes watered, but she quickly blinked away the tears, “She kept her name when she married. Both she and my mother were from the house Ze, so their names were Alura and Astra In-Ze.”

Cat was dying to ask about the girl’s family, her mother and father, her aunt that she mentioned, Superman’s parents. It had only been a little over a week that the girl had arrived on Earth, and though nearly 24 years have past since Krypton’s destruction, she knew that the wound was fresh to Kara, the loss was still fresh. “So what would you like to do?” Cat asked again.

“Can I take your last name?” She asked hesitantly. “I know you said that I would be part of your family, but I would like it to be official, to be a Grant.”
The older woman blinked away her own tears at the girl’s response. “If that is what you want, but you must know that it might put you in the spotlight. My media empire is growing, and there are talks of me doing a talk show on my television network. I know you aren’t familiar with these concepts, but it means that people might pay extra attention to you, the ‘orphaned girl’ that the ‘heartless’ Cat Grant adopted.”

“You’re not heartless, not to me,” Kara said, moving closer to the older woman. “And while I know I’m not completely aware of the risk, I know that you’ll do your best to keep me safe.”

Cat nodded her head, drawing the girl in for a hug, resting her chin on top of a blonde head. “I will keep you safe. Sometimes the best place to hide is in plain sight. I will do everything I can to help you Kara, everything.”
Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

More family feels ^_^

Chapter Notes

Couple things, Carter is a toddler, between 2 and 3, and I'm never really sure what to do with a toddler so it'll seem like he's sleeping a lot or somewhere else playing peacefully because I don't know what to do with him when he's not an active part of the conversation. Real toddlers don't behave this way, I know this, let's pretend.

It might also seem like I'm bashing the Danvers a little. I'm not, so not, they were cool and they did the best they could with their situations. I just think that Cat would make different decisions, like making sure evidence of Kara was cleaned up so no shady government agency could get their hands on her.

And I really do pretty much ship Kara and whoever deserves her. Really into Kara/Sara Lance stories not and Supercorp, though Superlane is my OTP and I'm truly fascinated by Kara and Cat's relationship and the different ways it can be interpreted (obviously). This is going to be a Kalex story though, in time. It is mainly focused on Grant Family stuff.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 3

Kara has been living with Cat and Carter for nearly a month and has not heard from her cousin since the time he dropped her off. She has seen his heroic exploits in the news though and watched eagerly every time. Cat identified the woman with him who interviewed and wrote articles about him as Lois Lane, the described ‘vicious harpy.’ The girl was sad that her cousin, her blood, hadn’t contacted her but her new family was swiftly filling the hole left by the loss of her own family. It wouldn’t be filled completely, but it wouldn’t hurt as much.

Cat arranged to work from home unless she was absolutely needed in the office, and continued to help Kara learn to control her powers and adjust to life on Earth. She had books on history, science, technology and social sciences delivered to the house, and retrieved literature not in her own possession from the library. The girl devoured everything she gave her, from Plato to Jane Austen. Cat discovered that Kara had a near photographic memory and was able to use her enhanced senses to speed read through every book, comprehending them on a near unheard of level.

The woman knew that reading about her new world would give the girl information, but it wouldn’t give her context, wouldn’t give her actual experience with humans. Cat would be the last to admit it, but she was frightened. She was terrified to take her girl out into public, terrified that something
would happen, that people would come and try and take away her girl. She didn’t have enough notoriety at present to truly protect Kara, but she would, it was only a matter of time. Cat paced around her study, her mind mulling over the decision she had made earlier on how to ease Kara into life on Earth.

Her decision cemented in her mind, Cat left her study to look for her children. She found them both in the nursery; Carter was asleep on his blanket clutching at his stuffed triceratops and Kara wasn’t far away from her, laying on the floor reading a book. “What are you reading?” Cat asked, knowing that the girl had heard her approach so she didn’t worry about startling her.

“The Wizard of Oz,” the girl replied, glancing up to smile at Cat. “I just finished Alice and Wonderland.”

Cat hummed and settled herself between the two children, rubbing her hand softly along Carter’s back so as not to wake him. “Both stories of young girls ending up in worlds different from their own and trying to find their way home or learning to manage in those new cultures.” The girl glanced away from Cat and the woman smiled faintly. “You’re very transparent Kara, not a deceitful bone in your body, don’t ever change.”

“I didn’t know bones could be deceitful,” Kara murmured, looking back up at her with a confused expression on her face. “Does that make them look different?”

“No, darling, no, it’s an expression. I’ll get you a book of idioms with the next shipment.” As she spoke, she felt Carter stirring under her hand and turned her head to see her boy sleepily open bright blue eyes.

“Mama,” Carter whispered, rubbing at his eyes when he saw the woman smiling down at him. He crawled over to the woman, and Cat assumed that he was going to crawl in her lap. She was surprised though when he simply crawled over her to lay across Kara’s back. The boy had found his new sister and playmate was durable and strong, and could handle his weight if he decided to hang onto her or climb on top of her. Often times Kara would lay on her stomach and read her books, much like she was doing now, and Carter would sit on her back to play with his toys, running his cars and blocks over her shoulders and legs. The first time she witnessed this behavior, Cat was going to scold the boy but Kara quickly told her not to. It helped, having Carter’s weight on her, his movement, it was imprinting the feeling into her muscles and nervous system, helping her learn.

The older woman didn’t quite understand but refrained from saying anything about how they interacted with each other. It was rare for Carter to take to someone so quickly, and Cat hoped that Kara’s presence in their lives would help her son as he got older. “Did you have a good nap?” She asked, smiling as Carter booped his dinosaur along Kara’s head and shoulders.

“Mhm, there were ‘saur,’” he mumbled out, still waking up. “Kara there too, we a’venture.”

“I’m sure you did.” Cat was fascinated with how infatuated her son was with the alien girl. “Carter,” she said, attracting his attention again, “Would you like to go to the park? We can show Kara the ducks you like to feed?”

Carter’s eyes lit up, “Play too?”

“No play?” Tears were welling up in his eyes and Cat knew that they were two seconds away from a full tantrum.
“You remember what I told you about Kara being special,” Cat said, distracting him. The toddler nodded, his eyes still watery. “She didn’t grow up like you did, so she isn’t used to doing some of the things you normally do, like playing on the playground. You’ll have to teach her how.”

“Cause Kara special,” Carter murmured. A determined look crossed his face and he bounced lightly, bending over to hug Kara’s head. “I teach you and we play.” Kara nodded as best as she could with small arms wrapped around her. He released her head and scrambled off her back. “We go feed ducks now?” He asked.

“You need to put more clothes on young man,” Cat replied, standing to retrieve shorts and shoes for the boy.

“No pants, no pants!” He yelled giggling. Before he could make it out of the room, Kara had wrapped her arms around him and was holding him in a loose embrace.

“Thank you Kara.” Cat retrieved her wiggling offspring and quickly pulled his shorts on and changed his shirt. “Hopefully with you around, I won’t have another incident of a naked toddler running down the hall.”

Kara giggled, “Nudity wasn’t as frowned upon on Krypton as it seems to be here, though many of the parents of the children I watched weren’t amused when they took off in the housing complexes without clothes.”

“Is it wrong of me to be relieved that it isn’t only children on Earth with a fondness for running around without clothes?”

“I’ve been to twelve different planets Cat, I can assure you that children aren’t that different on each one.”

Cat tried to control her visual reaction to that piece of information, but she couldn’t contain the disbelief that was etched on her face. She shook off her amazement and continued to dress her squirming toddler, securing him in a stroller. “Are you sure this is a good idea?” Kara asked hesitantly while Cat pulled on a pair of flats.

The woman sighed, “Good idea? No, but necessary? Yes. We can’t keep living in fear Kara. You’ve been practicing with your senses and have been reading about this world, but that isn’t enough. You have to go out and actually experience it in order to learn. This park is relatively quiet and not far from here. It’s part of the reason why I bought this penthouse.” She scrutinized Kara’s appearance, taking in the soft flannel pants and long sleeve cotton shirt the girl had become attached to. “You might want to change. It’s summer and while I know you can’t feel the heat or cold, but you need to blend it. Shirt and shorts, or summer dress, your choice.”

Kara nodded and disappeared, reappearing a few minutes later wearing a simple, lightweight summer dress and sandals. “It reminds me of what we wore on Krypton,” she offered with a weak smile. “More skin showing, though it was colder climate.”

“You know you don’t have to tell me about it if it makes you sad,” Cat murmured.

“Talking about it helps,” the girl replied quietly, “It would be worse I think, to pretend, to not talk about it.”

Cat hummed and nodded before ushering the girl out the door while she pushed the stroller with her babbling toddler. She had noticed something about Kara over the past month. She was mourning her family, her planet, her culture, but there was something else behind the pain and sadness. She wasn’t
sure what that something was though but knew that it had to be addressed before it became a problem.

The Kryptonian hesitantly stepped onto the elevator, clutching at the hand strengtheners that Cat had ordered for her a week ago. It gave her something to hold onto, something to concentrate on not breaking. They were also good for her hands. The more she used them, she could feel her strength wane at times which meant her hands were getting stronger. She could hear the mechanics of the elevator as they road the car down. The grinding of the gears was making her nervous so she took a deep breath and blocked everything out except for the voices and heartbeats of the two humans with her. They were calming, steady beats that fluctuated and changed depending upon their mood or state of being, it was almost like private insight into their emotions, personalities.

“It’ll be okay Kara,” Cat whispered when she saw the girl next to her taking deep breaths to calm herself. “Just let yourself feel and hear everything, as much as you can, don’t be afraid. I’ll be here with you every step of the way.”

Kara nodded just as the doors opened and they stepped out into the lobby of the building. She was instantly bombarded with sights, sounds and smells of the city. She nearly collapsed from the intensity of everything she was experiencing, but Cat’s steady hand on her arm grounded her. “I’m okay,” Kara stuttered out, “I’m okay, I just, I just needed a minute.”

“If it gets too much, just let me know and we’ll come right back,” Cat assured her. “But in the meantime, let’s get to the park and feed those ducks, despite how germ filled they are. Maybe get some ice cream. I’ve noticed you need more calories than a… than most girls your age.” Feeding the girl had proved to be interesting, but Kara ate basically anything, she just needed a lot of it. It was lucky she had a trust fund and was already amassing a small fortune or she’d never be able to feed the girl. She didn’t know how the family that the idiotic, self-righteous superhero was going to leave her with would be able to feed her.

The girl brightened at the mention of ice cream, one of her new favorite foods and Carter started squealing as well. “Ice cream, ice cream Mama, to the park we go,” he squealed out, banging his hands on the stroller bar.

“You won’t be getting any ice cream young man unless you behave yourself.”

“Like Kara?”

Cat stifled a smirk as she saw the blonde girl blush out of the corner of her eye. “Yes, if you behave yourself like Kara, you’ll get ice cream.” She hit the button for the front door of her building and the door swung open, letting bright sunlight filter into the lobby. They stepped out of the building and Kara’s head automatically tilted up to soak in the sunlight, a bright smile crossing her face. Everything about the city seemed amplified once she was outside but with the sun shining on her face and Cat’s hand tightly gripping her arm, she wasn’t overwhelmed. Cat kept a guiding hand on Kara’s arm and pushed the stroller while the girl glanced around, her wide eyes taking in everything around her. The older blonde had encouraged the use of her x-ray vision to the point of only brief glances to get used to it, nothing that would invade people’s privacy. She looked through buildings completely if only to see what was behind them or the sky among rectangular, steel structures.

They reached the park and made their way to the small pond. There weren’t many people in the park, and those that were left the small family alone as they went about their own business. “Cat, are ducks birds?” Kara asked, her eyes wide in astonishment as she stared at the feathered animals floating in the pond and waddling around the edge.

The woman stared at the girl incredulously, “Did you agree to come out and feed them without
knowing what they were?” Kara was infatuated with birds, she had learned this only mere hours after knowing the girl. Birds had been extinct on Krypton for centuries, as Kara had told her, so she was fascinated by the flying creatures. Cat had looked at the blonde, marveling at her innocent wonder as she looked up at the birds flying among snow tipped mountains, knowing that this girl could fly freely among them if she wanted. Kara smiled innocently up at the older woman and Cat let out a long suffering sigh as she unbuckled Carter from the stroller. “Yes, they’re birds. There are some birds that swim and make their homes by bodies of water, ducks are one type of those birds.”

Carter wiggled out of his mother’s hold and grabbed Kara’s hand. “Feed the ducks, feed the ducks!” The boy giggled. Cat handed Kara a handful of oats and gave Carter strict instructions not to let go of his sister’s hand. The blonde girl smiled shyly and the toddler tugged her over to the water’s edge, pulling clumps of oats out of her hand to drop on the ground for the birds. Several of the ducks walked up to Kara and allowed her to pet them and Cat snorted, even animals are enchanted by the young blonde. Carter soon tired out from the excitement of feeding the birds and wandered back to his mother, intent on being held for his nap rather than buckled back into his stroller.

Cat faked a long suffering sigh and pulled her toddler into her lap, brushing her fingers through his hair until he fell into a peaceful sleep. She glanced over at Kara who had sat down next to her when Carter wandered over. The girl had her eyes closed and a peaceful, whimsical expression on her face. She wondered at all the things she could hear, and what she was listening to, what put such a smile on her face. “What are you listening to?” She asked, a slight bit of hesitation in her voice at disturbing the girl.

“Birds,” Kara murmured, “There are birds all over the city singing, chirping. It’s beautiful, listening to natural sounds among the mechanical, artificialness of the city.” A bittersweet expression crossed her face, “My parents would’ve loved this.”

“The things you must hear, the things you must see,” Cat sighed. “Part of me is envious, but I know it is a struggle.”

“It’s getting easier, being around everything, being forced to concentrate and control, but focusing on you and Carter, it helps,” Kara replied shyly. “I don’t know what I would do if I had to do this alone.”

“You wouldn’t have been alone, no matter how idiotic your cousin is at times, he would have made sure that you were taken care of,” Cat admitted. She stood up and placed Carter back in the stroller, maneuvering his arms and legs in through the straps. “He’s all wiggly and squirming when he’s awake, as soon as he falls asleep he’s basically dead weight, he’ll probably wake up when we get to the ice cream cart.” Kara giggled and stood up to help Cat with the sleeping toddler. They started over towards the ice cream stand, Cat pushing the stroller with one hand on Kara’s arm. The woman had just started thinking that their first visit out into the city had went well when she felt Kara freeze and stiffen slightly. “Kara?” She asked, turning to look at the girl. The younger blonde’s eyes were wide as she swiveled her head from side to side as if she were looking for something. “Do you hear something?”

“I… There’s a- a man, he’s threatening a woman, he sounds like he is going to hurt her.”

Cat’s eyes widened and she tightened her grip on Kara’s arm. She briefly released the handle of the stroller after making sure that Kara’s hand was still gripping it lightly, and fished her cell phone out of her purse. “Where can you hear it?” She asked, already dialing emergency services.

“Four, five blocks down,” Kara murmured, remembering what she had learned about city layout and terminology. “They’re in an alley near a… a pizza place?” She started to move when she felt Cat grip her tighter. “Cat, he’s going to hurt her…”
“Yes, I’m calling to report an assault in progress,” Cat said into her phone. “In the alley behind Francesco’s pizza on Stratford street, there was a man threatening a woman.” She waited a few moments before ending the call and looking over at Kara. “Do not move, just listen.”

Kara wanted to protest, to do something to help the woman, but Cat’s grip on her was firm. She knew that she could easily break out of her hold, but it would injure Cat and possibly scare Carter and Kara didn’t want that. She did as Cat asked, she waited and listened. Sirens sounded and grew closer to the location of the attack, and Kara breathed a sigh of relief when the man was picked up and the woman taken to the hospital with nothing worse than a broken wrist and a few bruises, nothing physical anyway. “She’s okay,” Kara murmured, instantly relaxing, “Nothing too serious and they got the man.”

“Okay,” Cat nodded, “Okay, do you still want ice cream or do you want to go home and talk about this?”

“I… We probably should go but Carter was looking forward to ice cream…” Kara looked up at her with large blue eyes, concern for her little brother filling them and it warmed Cat’s heart that the girl was so concerned with Carter’s well-being, both physical and emotional.

“I’ll order dinner out tonight and have them send ice cream with it,” the woman replied, turning slightly to head back to her penthouse, her hand still on Kara’s arm. “It won’t be any trouble, people have learned not to say no to me.”

Kara looked uncertain but Cat’s steady, insistent hand on her arm reassured her and she nodded. “Yes, going… going home would be good.”

Cat knew that it was the first time Kara had referred to the penthouse as home; she was surprised but didn’t let it show on her face, though a small smile did break through. She wanted Kara to feel at home with her and Carter, but didn’t think it would happen so soon. “Mhm, Mommy?” Carter’s voice slurred out, still thick with sleep.

“Yes sweetie?” Cat asked as they walked back to the penthouse.

“Mhm, ice cream?”

“I’m sorry Carter,” Kara said, “I wasn’t feeling well so Cat said she would order ice cream for after dinner.”

Carter turned around as much as he could to see the older girl. “Are you okay Kar’?”

“I’ll be okay buddy, I just need a minute.”

The boy nodded sleepily and started to doze off again, and Cat smiled at the interaction between the two. They got back to the penthouse and Kara helped Cat remove the sleeping toddler from his stroller. By the time they had gotten him out of the stroller, Carter was waking up and ready to play again. Cat left Kara to entertain Carter, taking a few calls from producers discussing her upcoming talk show. It had been in the works for months and she had slowed down everything when she adopted Kara, but talks were resuming and she had some decisions to make. She finished up her conversation and looking over the paperwork they had emailed her close to dinner time, and she could still hear Carter’s excited babbling and Kara’s giggles. Cat’s mind turned to what happened earlier, with Kara in the park and the incident on the way to the ice cream stand. When she was pregnant with Carter, she had resigned herself to the fact that she would be raising a little boy to be a good man. She had firm ed her spine and resolved to do the best that she could, be a better person for Carter than she was for Adam. She had time to prepare. With Kara, Cat had assumed the
responsibility of raising a strong, young woman, helping her adapt to life on Earth and making sure that she would be prepared for the future. Now, with the incident in the park, the woman was coming to a startling realization, that she was responsible for raising a hero.

Kara would be a hero, and it had nothing to do with who her cousin was but everything to do with who she was. Cat could already tell that the girl wasn’t one to sit back and watch as people were hurting, as people died from natural disasters when she could do something to help. The sheer weight of raising a child, one who she hoped would be a responsible adult in the future, and instilling them with good virtues and morals, it was immense. Raising a hero though, one who would be responsible for many, it was something Cat had never prepared for. She hated not being prepared.

She pulled out her phone and ordered Chinese from one of her local guilty pleasure restaurants. Her normal order of chicken and broccoli, and a few different entrées and appetizers for Kara to try. She had been cooking most night since Kara started living with them, trying out different types of food to see what the girl would eat. She ate everything, a lot of everything, so Cat knew she could order take-out now without worrying about whether Kara would eat it or not. A part of Cat felt guilty for resorting to take-out now, but she had a lot on her mind and didn’t have the concentration to cook enough food for herself and a growing alien. She made sure that ice cream was part of her order, knowing that the owners of the Chinese restaurant knew her and would deliver a gallon of ice cream if she asked.

Cat sighed and moved to the kitchen, pulling out fruit, vegetables and meat for Carter’s dinner while she waited for her order of food. She finished putting together her toddler’s dinner and went to find the two in the living room. “Carter sweetie, I have your dinner ready. Time to eat and then bathtime and bed for you.”

“No Mama,” Carter protested, wiggling slightly on Kara’s back. “We playing.”

“I know, but you have to eat and get cleaned up.”

“I don’t want to!” He yelled out, his voice reaching a higher pitch. Kara winced at the loud tone of his voice and Cat frowned.

Young man,” Cat said, hands on her hips, her voice hard, “Is that how I taught you behave?”

“No…”

“Then to the kitchen with you young man.”

Carter sniffed and pouted, but hobbled up from his perched and walked over to his mother obediently. The woman lifted him up and set him in his high chair once he was in the kitchen. She put his plate in front of him and he immediately started putting pieces of fruit, beans and bits of chicken in his mouth. He quickly finished eating and drank a sippy-cup full of juice and another full of water. Cat carefully lifted him out of his highchair to take him for his bath when the buzzer on the front door rang. The night attendant’s voice came through the intercom saying that her delivery was there. She froze. She had had deliveries brought to the penthouse before, but she had always answered the door. Now, with a squirming toddler in her arms, she knew that she had to make a choice. She pressed the intercom and told the attendant to send the delivery up.

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“Kara,” Cat called. “I have to get Carter in the bathtub. I ordered food for us and the delivery man is on his way up. Grab a $20 dollar bill from my purse to give to him for tip and let him bring the food in and set on the kitchen counter.”

“Are you sure?” Kara looked worried.
“It’ll be fine. I know the people from this restaurant so just this once it's okay.” Cat disappeared down the hall to her bathroom and turned on the water in the tub. She heard a knock on the door as she was taking Carter's clothes off and waited, holding her breath. She heard muffled voices when she set Carter in the water and focused on washing her squirming boy rather than her new daughter interacting with a stranger by herself for the first time. Being a parent was one of the most wonderful parts of her life, but it was also extremely stressful.

A few minutes passed and Cat could still hear muffled voices from the kitchen area. *How long does it take to drop off food?* She grabbed a towel and Carter's pajamas and dried her boy off, wrangling him into pull-ups and his Thomas the tank engine footie pajamas as she went. When she finished dressing him, Cat picked the drooping toddler up and carried him back towards the living room to check on Kara. She was shocked when she found Kara and Jin Fa, the owner of the Chinese restaurant, an older man with graying hair around his temples, conversing in Chinese in her living room. It didn’t sound like the Mandarin chinese she was used to but a different variation.

“Ah Cat,” Jin Fa turned toward her with a wide smile. His english was excellent though difficult to understand at times because of his thick accent. “I did not know that you had adopted a daughter, and one so smart too. She speaks Jin Chinese wonderfully.”

*Jin Chinese, that explains it.* “Kara is a recent addition to the family Mr. Fa. Her parents were very adept with languages and passed their enthusiasm on to her.” Cat turned her eyes to Kara and spotted something she had missed earlier. The girl was eating the potstickers she had ordered with gusto, nearly groaning at the taste with each dumpling that disappeared in her mouth.

“I miss speaking it,” Jin admitted. “My wife speaks Mandarin mainly and so do my children, but I miss my home language. She ever want potstickers again, you call me and I come and we will talk.”

Kara nodded happily and she reached out to hug the older man. Cat held her breath but nothing happened, Jin merely patted the top of a blonde head, took the tip Kara handed him and left the penthouse. “You speak Chinese,” was the only thing Cat could say once the door was safely shut and locked. She turned back to Kara to see her sheepishly looking up from the empty container of potstickers and smiled ruefully. “Try not to eat the rest of dinner before I put Carter to bed.”

“I can do that,” Kara hurried out, setting the empty container down as she walked over to the two humans. “I can put Carter to bed if you want to…” she gestured back towards the food, unsure of what to say. She may know multiple languages, but certain nuisances still escaped her. Cat nodded and wordlessly allowed the girl to take the snoozing toddler from her arms and pad down the hall towards his bedroom.

The older blonde set out containers and pulled out two clean pairs of chopsticks for her and Kara to use. She put her own food on a plate but knew that it would be useless to do so for the girl, she would be consuming her food far too fast for the plate to be of any use. She heard a soft sound coming from her son’s room, so she abandoned the table in favor of following the sound. It was Kara; she was singing. It wasn’t a language Cat could understand but she recognized it as Kryptonian from the few things that Kara had taught her over the last few weeks. After listening to it for a few moments, Cat recognized it as a lullabye Kara said her mother had sung to her when she was a child. Tears filled her eyes as she watched the girl looking down at Carter with fondness as she shared something with him that had just been hers, shared something with the both of them.

Kara glanced up at Cat when the song was finished and the woman blinked away her tears and motioned Kara to follow her back to the dining room table. The table suddenly felt inadequate and the penthouse stifling, and Cat glanced back at the girl. “Let’s eat out on my balcony instead. The temperature isn’t bad and I could use some more fresh air.” Cat motioned for Kara to grab a few of
the containers and moved to the sliding glass doors to step out on the balcony. She set her food and glass on the small table, and sat down on the bench. Kara followed carrying a few of the containers and she zipped back inside to grab the rest and her cup of water. Cat demonstrated how to use the chopsticks properly and Kara was soon digging into her food with gusto, exclaiming at the amazing flavors but stating that the “meat-filled pockets” were the best.

“So Kara,” Cat starting, finishing part of her own meal and giving the rest to the hungry girl. “I wanted to talk to you about what happened today…”

Kara flinched and looked down, folding in on herself slightly. “I’m sorry Cat, I’ll try not to listen to them so much, but she sounded so frightened…”

“No, no Kara no, I’m not reprimanding you for what you did, I’m proud of you,” Cat rushed out, grabbing one of Kara’s hands. “What you did today, I’m so proud of you, you saved that woman from unimaginable pain, quite probably saved her life.” Kara smiled slightly, but stayed silent, hearing the ‘but’ in the woman’s statement. “But,” Cat continued, hating herself, “You can’t just rush into danger like you were going to do. I know you’re bullet proof, but you, who you are, what you can do, Kara that has to stay secret for now.”

“My cousin is a hero,” the girl replied, her voice small.

“He is,” Cat admitted, “But he’s older and only recently became a hero. Judging by his fumbling and bumbling, he’s an untrained hero. Kara, I don’t want that for you. He’s okay, and he’ll be a good hero some day, but I want you to be great. You can help people, and I want you to help people, I want you to be able to use your gifts to help people.” Cat took a deep breath, “But you can’t put on a suit and save people like your cousin, not yet, you’re just 13 Kara.”

“So what do I do?” The girl asked, “I can’t just sit back and let people get hurt, not when I can help them. I wasn’t raised that way.”

“I know darling, I know, and you will help them, just the way you did today. And when the time comes, if you want to put on a suit and help people, I will support you.” Cat leaned back in her seat and took a sip of her wine, “But I’ll be damned if I send you out as a hero without any training.”

“Training?”

Cat waved her hands, “We’ll cross that bridge later. Let’s just say I know a few people that will be able to teach you a few things, made some contacts during my days as a reporter. I need to talk to you about something else though. I’ve been in talks to have my own talk show, you’ve seen a few of them on TV, though obviously they’re mediocre compared to what I’m going to be doing. I won’t be able to stay home with you and Carter every day, as much as I hate it, I have to get back to work.” She took another deep breath, “And the school year will be starting soon so we’ll need to do something about your schooling. We still have a few weeks before we really have to make any decisions and I start my talk show. I can be on call with the writers and director until then.”

“School, right, I read about that,” Kara sighed.

“The biggest part about school is teenagers being mean to each other, learning how to get through social interactions.” Cat hummed and bit at her nails. “I’m going to make a few calls, see what I can do.”

“Thank you Cat,” the girl said, gratefulness present in her tone. “I’m really glad that I’m here with you, with both you and Carter.”
“I’m glad you’re here too precious girl,” Cat murmured, pulling the girl into a hug, pressing a kiss into blonde hair. “You make us better, you make our family better.”

Chapter End Notes

P.S. Does anybody else get super uncomfortable when two characters have really good on screen chemistry it makes you feel like you're witnessing something private? Alex and Maggie have a ton of on-screen chemistry and I'm like oh gosh, should I be watching this?? This seems private, should we leave them alone with their drinks and pool table???

But seriously, people please write more stories, Supercat, Superlane, Supercorp, Supercanary, something. I'm dying here. Lots of Sanvers stuff, but I'm missing the adorable girl of steel cinnamon roll.
Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

Fyi, I checked, the creators of Superman envisioned Metropolis as New York City, and the guy who made Batman envisioned Gotham and Chicago. So, I'll just be using Metropolis and Gotham as names instead of New York City or Gotham, but they'll basically be the same, just, ya know, superheroes and stuff.

Thanks for all the comments and kudos, they really do keep me going and motivated to write this... this very odd story.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 4

“Kitty dear,” Kathryn Grant started, pushing passed her daughter as soon as the blonde opened the door. “What is this nonsense I hear about you adopting a teenager?”

“Hello to you too mother,” Cat sighed, rolling her eyes. She shut the door and followed after the older woman. “It’s been awhile since we’ve seen each other, Carter is a whole year older and is doing well, thanks for asking.”

Kathryn waved her hand dismissively, “He’s a child darling, a toddler, he barely even knows I haven’t been here. And it’s not like they do all that much as a child anyway.” She seated herself on the couch after scrutinizing it critically for a few moments. “And don’t dodge the question Kitty, it is beneath you. What is this nonsense about you adopting a child?”

“What about it?” Cat sat stiffly in one of the straight back recliners, both her arms and legs crossed. She knew it was a defensive position, but the woman always had a way of picking at her weaknesses and using them against her. She would need to make an appointment with her therapist soon to recover from this surprise visit.

“So it is true.” The older woman tutted, “When Aaron told me that you had adopted a teenager, I dismissed it, assuming he was mistaken. And then, when I saw this,” she pulled a magazine out and handed it to Cat. “Well, I had to find out if it was true or not.”

Cat looked down at the article her mother had indicated, and instantly cursed. It was a picture of herself, Kara and Carter from a few days ago when they were out at the park. Fortunately it wasn’t a good picture, and it wasn’t a magazine cover story but she was still upset that the pictures had been taken without her permission. Paparazzi were sloppy journalists, selling pictures of celebrities for shock value, destroying lives without any care or thought. Photographing children though, specifically when the parent of the child has voiced their displeasure, was a strict taboo. She would have the photographer and the magazine wrapped up in lawsuits for so long that their grandchildren could feel it. “Well what of it mother?” The younger woman asked, glancing up at the older woman. “What’s it to you if I adopted a child?” She tried to keep the impatient tone out of her voice, knowing that it wouldn’t help matters, but she came off as snappy and defensive instead.

“What’s it to me? Cat I thought I raised you better than to just take in other people’s children all willy-nilly,” Kathryn replied. “Yes yes, Aaron told me about the girl, orphaned as a teenager, you
were acquainted with her parents, all bleeding heart and a good way to generate good press for
yourself, a humanities piece. But I’m concerned about what Aaron said, that you might actually care
for this girl.” The older woman scoffed, “You had your picture taken, people know now, it’s okay
for you to ship her off to boarding school and start focusing on serious work.”

“I am not sending Kara to boarding school mother. And I didn’t take her in because of some desire
for good press. I took her in because she needed me. She lost everything and needed someone to
look after her, to care for her.”

Kathryn scoffed, “And you think that person is you? Need I remind you Kitty that you already have
a teenager? A son, Adam, remember him? You gave him up because you couldn’t care for him.
What makes you think that you’ll be able to care for this… this interloper when you couldn’t even
care for your own child? You’re just trying to replace him.”

Cat stood up and slammed her hand on the coffee table in front of her, breaking the glass with the
force of her anger. She could feel shards of glass cut into her palm, but she ignored the stinging pain
in favor for looking into her mother’s eyes. “Let me make it expressly clear,” she gritted out, her
teeth clenched. “Kara is my daughter, whether I gave birth to her or not doesn’t change that. And she
isn’t a replacement for anyone, she never could be. She is beautiful and perfect for exactly who she
is. In spite of what she’s been through, she is great with Carter and she is doing so well… What
happened with Adam was different, his father and I didn’t work out and I was just starting out. Kara
needs my help and I will give it to her, I don’t want a jealous, vengeful witch like you around
making her feel like she is less than just because she is different.”

“You want to feel needed, is that it? This forgotten, orphaned girl makes you feel needed so you just
latched onto her.”

“Get out Mother,” Cat insisted, pointing to the door. “I’ve known for a long time that your presence
is toxic, but I’m finally doing something about it. I don’t want you around Kara and Carter to
suffocate them like you tried to suffocate me as a child. I don’t want you to come back until you
locate whatever dark hole you stuffed your heart in and become a decent human being.”

“Kitty, be reasonable.”

“Out!” Cat’s voice was firm with no room for protest.

Kathryn sniffed before standing and making her way to the front door. “Make my words Kitty,
you’ll wish you had taken my advice.”

“Taking advice from you on how to be a mother would be like taking advice from a blind person on
how to drive,” Cat scoffed. “Get out, and don’t call me Kitty.”

The door slammed shut and Cat let out and aggravated but relieved sigh. As soon as her hands
twitched though, she felt the glass shifting in her palms and she hissed. “Cat…” She heard Kara’s
hesitant voice and turned to see the girl standing by the hall towards her room. Her heart nearly broke
at the terrified expression on the girl’s face.

“Oh Kara, were you listening?”

Kara nodded, her eyes fixed on the blood seeping from the cuts on Cat’s hands. “I’m sorry, I know
you said not to listen on private conversations, but I can’t help it sometimes.” The girl slowly
approached her, blue eyes trained on the slowly bleeding wounds. “Are you okay? Humans aren’t
supposed to do that, I read that when people do that, bleed, it’s dangerous.”
“I’ll be okay Kara, I just need to get the glass out and clean the wound,” Cat tried to reassure the girl. “If you want to help, can you get me a pair of tweezers, bottle of peroxide, cotton balls and some bandages please?” Before Cat even finished speaking, the items she requested were sitting on the table in front of her. Taking those first few days Kara started living with her to carefully show and explain every single item in the penthouse was paying off. Attempting to answer all of her questions was trying, which led to the mass of books coming to her door, but the girl’s thirst for information was something she could understand.

“What… what else can I do?” Kara asked, wringing her hands.

Cat contemplated the girl for a moment before gesturing towards the tweezers. “The glass needs to be taken out, but you have to be careful. I can probably do it if you don’t think you can, you have to be very careful.”

“I… I can do it,” the girl replied, determination evident in her voice. She took hold of the tweezers and Cat noticed her hand shaking.

“Kara grab my wrist with your other hand,” she ordered. The blonde hesitated but complied, wrapping her hand around the tiny wrist. “Good, now don’t use any more pressure holding the tweezers than you would holding my arm. Do not break them.” Kara nodded and took a deep breath. She gripped the tweezers between her fingers and used her enhanced eyesight to see every speck of glass in the cuts.

She flinched every time Cat winced and tears were streaming down her face but she finished picking the glass out. Cat told her how to wipe the cuts down with the peroxide and bandage them tightly. It was only when Cat wrapped her in a hug that she realized she was shaking. “I’m sorry you had to do that,” Cat whispered, running her fingers through soft blonde hair. “I’m sorry you had to hear all of that. Did Carter…”

Kara shook her head, her face buried in Cat’s shoulder. “He’s asleep. I had just gotten him to sleep when I heard you open the door.”

“It is late,” Cat sighed, reluctantly releasing the girl. “I guess now I have to be grateful that he’s always slept like the dead.” Kara cocked her head, her eyes wide and Cat realized her mistake. “It’s another expression, don’t worry about it.” She glanced down at her hands in frustration. “I’m sorry about her, you know. I do consider you family, not a burden. You make us better.”

“I don’t understand,” Kara’s eyes held an unfathomable look. “That woman, she was your mother, why would a mother treat their child in such a way? Why would she treat you that way?”

Cat let out another sigh and sat down on the couch, lightly stepping over the broken glass from the coffee table. “My mother and I, we’ve always had an… interesting relationship, one that I never want to have with my own children mind you. She’s never been proud of what I do, what I’ve accomplished or what I aim to accomplish. She never respected my career choice in journalism as a serious endeavor; she prefers novelists and writers blathering on about one thing or another in sprawling memoirs.” The older woman tilted her head back, leaning it against the back of the couch, “She’s always had a certain image in her head of what I should do with my life. Since I haven’t met any of her expectations, she tends to pick at what I have done. I may have scared her off for now, but she won’t stay away for long, not with me doing something else that she thinks is wrong.” Cat sat up and carefully set her bandaged hand on Kara’s knee, giving it a light squeeze, “Never let her words get to you. I want you here, Carter and I want you here.”

The girl still looked hesitant but nodded her head. “I… I think I’m going to go to bed down, maybe read one of my books.”
“Have you started *Through the Looking Glass* then?”

Kara smiled faintly, “And *Wicked*.”

“If you like it, I’ll see about arranging a trip to Metropolis to see the musical. It started running last fall, and I’ve heard adequate things,” Cat murmured thoughtfully to herself. “I’ll see about Christmas. Carter will be too young of course, but his father is usually in Metropolis that time of year so it’ll do him some good to spend time with his child.”

“Musical?”

“I’ll tell you tomorrow.” Cat smiled and tucked a stray strand of blonde hair behind Kara’s ear and kissed her forehead gently. She watched as Kara padded softly down the hall towards her room, one of the guests rooms that was slowly transitioning to look like the room of a teenaged girl, a bookworm anyway. The room wasn’t far from her own; she had given that one to Kara rather than the room near Carter incase he wanted a larger room when he got older and the nursery would be converted into a smaller guest room. It would discourage her mother from visiting at least. Cat glanced at the mess in the living room and resolved to deal with it the next day, she was mentally and emotionally exhausted from dealing with her mother and her hands hurt. She turned down the opposite hall to check on Carter briefly, finding him snoozing away with his thumb in his mouth. Stifling back a chuckle, Cat left the room and moved to her own bedroom, exchanging her clothes for silk pajamas as soon as the door shut. She settled into her bed and closed her eyes, falling into a fitful sleep.

A scream tore through the penthouse and Cat bolted upright in bed, her heart in her throat. “Kara,” she murmured, quickly scrambling out of her bed. She checked the baby monitor and heard Carter was still sleeping peacefully before moving to Kara’s room. “Kara,” she called, knocking on the door. She could hear ragged breathing and whimpers behind the door but the girl didn’t make a sound that she acknowledged her presence.

She pushed open the door and her heart broke when she saw the blonde teenager tangled in her blankets, shivering and whimpering. “Kara,” she whispered, not wanting to startle the girl. Cat saw Kara flinch slightly at the sound of her name and approached the girl, sitting on the bed next to her. She didn’t speak again, and she didn’t reach out to touch Kara. She remembered after her nightmares, the truly terrifying ones where she woke up with a scream in her throat and cold sweat covering her body, she didn’t want to be touched. She didn’t want comfort, she didn’t want platitudes, she just wanted a reassuring presence until she was ready for everything else.

“I saw it,” Kara croaked out after a few minutes of shuttering breaths. “What happened, Krypton’s destruction. I was late leaving the planet, I didn’t want to let go of my parents. Because of that, I saw everything and was knocked off course into the phantom zone.” Cat's heart shuddered and tears filled her eyes but she pushed them back. She had suspected that the girl might have seen something, but she didn’t want to believe it. “It was quiet,” the girl continued and Cat listened. “Most people assume that a planet exploding would be loud but it was silent, sound doesn’t travel in space. People I knew, my friends, my family, everything gone in an instant, one brilliant explosion.” Kara sniffled and wiped at the tears on her face, “I think your mom is right, I saw that, I saw my family, my world die. I'm broken, dangerous—”

“No Kara,” Cat tried to state but all that came out was a strangled voice. “No Kara, you aren’t broken. Don't you for a second believe anything that witch said. You are not broken.” She turned and gathered the girl into her arms, rocking the crying girl gently. “You're hurting, you're still hurting. You might never stop hurting but it will hurt less with time. I think you're doing remarkably well, all things considered. Moving to a new place is hard, moving to a new planet after losing your
own… Kara you’re quite possibly one of the strongest people I know, that I’ve ever known, don’t let anyone tell you any different, not me, not my mother, not yourself.”

Kara nodded slightly, her head burrowed against the older woman’s shoulder. “You remind me of her a little bit,” the girl murmured, and Cat froze. Kara glanced up in confusion before realizing what she said, “Oh, no, not your mother, you just, you remind me of my mother.”

The older blonde relaxed and smiled at the girl. “Will you tell me about her, your mother?” Kara hesitated slightly before moving over to let Cat fully sit on the bed next to her. “My mother, Alura Zor-El, Alura In-Ze to most of Krypton though. She was an adjudicator, a member of the justice guild. She was like a judge, though also like a lawyer on those shoes you watch, maybe a bit of both.” Kara wiped hastily away at tears and Cat’s fingers carded through long blonde hair that lightened every day with more exposure to the sun. “Every night she would tell me stories of what she did during the day. I think she was trying to talk me into going into the justice guild like she did instead of the science guild like my father.” She choked back a sob as her voice cracked, “I didn’t get the chance to tell them that I had chosen the arts guild.”

“I’m sure they would have been proud of you no matter what you did,” Cat shushed, trying to calm the girl. “They loved you, they gave you a chance to live because they loved you.”

“They wanted me to protect Kal-El…”

“They might have told you that to make it easier for you to leave,” the woman mused. “I can only imagine how difficult it is to send your child away, but if there was a chance to save Carter’s life, your life… Telling you that it was your job to take care of your cousin was probably their way to get you to leave.”

Kara scrunched her nose slightly and looked up at Cat, “You mean they didn’t want me to look after my cousin?”

“I’m saying that they wanted you to live first and foremost because they loved you, anything else after that would be up to you. They wanted to give you your chance to grow up, to become a scientist, lawyer, artist, whoever you want to be.”

“You think they’d be proud of me? They wouldn’t be disappointed that I didn’t protect Kal-El?”

“I think they’d be more disappointed that he hasn’t done much for you since you arrived to be honest.” Kara just hummed and Cat smiled at her loyalty to her cousin. She hoped that the girl would grow out of that eventually but also secretly hoped that she never changed. “You think you’ll be able to go back to sleep now?” Cat asked, smoothing the comforter down around the girl.

“You know I don’t need as much sleep as a human.”

Cat smirked, “When you’re eighteen and in college, you can keep whatever hours you want. For now, you’ll sleep the normal hours.”

“Can you stay with me until I fall asleep? Maybe tell me a story?”

The woman hummed and leaned against the headboard, “How about I tell you about the time I met the Batman.” Kara hummed and snuggled against the woman’s leg. “It was when I was a young reporter after I left the gossip column at the Daily Planet for a job in Gotham. I was on the trail of a notorious, ridiculous criminal named after a flightless bird…” Cat spun the tale of chasing a story and encountering the dark knight of Gotham himself, all the while Kara listened, her eyes drooping as Cat’s voice and her hand combing through her hair slowly lulled her to sleep. Cat smiled at the
blonde and carefully moved off the bed, tucking the eagle stuffed animal she had gotten Kara under her arm and setting the floppy brown puppy Carter had picked out by her head. She brushed stray bits of blonde hair back from Kara’s face before returning to her own room. As she crawled into bed, exhaustion seemed to hit her like a freight train and Cat dropped face first into her pillow. Cat drifted off to sleep with images of a blonde haired child running through silvery streets against the backdrop of a red sky.

“Are you sure this is a good idea?” Kara asked nervously, tucking a strand of blonde hair behind her ear as she looked up at the building hesitantly. She was in a simple black pull-over shirt and a blue plaid skirt that brushed the top of her knees. There was a crest on the shirt over her left breast, the same crest that was on the building in front of her.

“It’s school Kara, no matter how much reading you do, or how much you know, you still need to go to school,” Cat sighed. They’ve had this discussion several times in the past few weeks ever since Cat had started looking for a school for her alien daughter to attend. Kara was hesitant to be around so many people, though she has gotten used to being around more than just her and Carter during their daily outings to the park. “It’ll be good for you darling, I know you’re still hesitant to be around so many people, but you’re doing really well controlling your abilities.”

“You were right, constant use has helped,” Kara murmured, smiling up at her.

“I still find feathers from ripped pillows and rips in some of your clothes though,” Cat smirked. “You are doing really well though considering you’ve only been here a few months.”

“But what if—”

“Kara,” Cat interrupted her, “You can do this, I know you can. This, school, isn’t always pleasant. God knows I had a lot of trouble when I was in school, but it’ll teach you more about human interaction than any book can. Well, human interaction for people your own age.”

The girl smiled again briefly before frowning. “Are you sure I can’t just read a few more books and just stay with you all day?”

“You would be dreadfully bored staying with me. This is the best private school in National City. The headmistress assured me that bullying was not tolerated, but I’m sure it does still occur.” It was one of the best private schools in the state really. It had both middle school and high school, and served as a boarding school for students whose families live further away but wanted them to attend. They had a strong math, science and engineering focus, but they had an equal strength in the arts and humanities, which is why Cat picked this school for Kara rather than the more prestigious institution on the other side of the city. Though it was larger, it also let too many of the art programs fall through the cracks in pursuits to produce the next Stephen Hawking. “Hold your head up high darling and remember that no one has the ability to break you, to take your power,” Cat told her, rubbing her shoulders and tugging lightly on a strand of blonde hair. “And if you run into any… trouble, just remember what we talked about. Keep breathing, no one can make you feel inferior…”


“Remember Meredith is coming to pick you up after school today.”

“Carter’s minder.”
“His nanny, close, she’ll be picking you up and taking you to the park and then home. She’ll cook dinner, and we’ll eat together when I get home and I’ll cook you a second dinner.” She stifled down a smile as the girl bounced slightly at the mentioning of food. “You have your entire lunch?” Kara nodded again and Cat returned the gesture, stepping away slightly. “Then I guess it’s time for you to get in there. Don’t forget I love you and call me when you get home.”

“I love you too, bye Cat,” Kara said, shouldering her bag and striding into the school building. As soon as she entered the building, her steps faltered slightly and she gulped. She could hear Cat’s heartbeat outside for a few minutes before it started to fade, signaling her adoptive mother was driving away. If she focused, she could follow her heartbeat through the city and hear Carter's back at the penthouse. Keeping them in the back of her mind helped her keep from listening to too many things around her.

Kara glanced down at the schedule in her hand to double check her room number before making her way to her first class. Cat had brought her the week before to register and go on a tour, locating all of her classes beforehand. The woman had requested that she be placed in as many of the different art classes as possible along with the regular courses. English was her first class of the day so she quickly made her way to the room. There were different clusters of students in the halls as she walked, all of varying ages as far as she could tell. The books she had read about adolescents humans revealed that their frontal lobes, the decision making cortex, was compromised during the ‘teenage' years. High levels of ‘hormones' in their systems greatly affected them, causing teenagers to behave irrationally. She didn't quite understand what the book was talking about, but looking around her, she could tell see what Cat meant about not being able to learn everything from books.

The room was nearly empty except for the teacher and a dark haired girl sitting in the back of the room. Kara bit her lip, glancing between the girl and the empty seats in the room. It would be the perfect time to talk to a human, someone her own age. She claimed the seat to the right of the girl, quietly setting her bag on the ground and pulling out a notebook and pencil. She could see the girl watching her from the corner of her eye and studiously ignored the girl’s piercing gaze in favor for giving her a bright smile. “Hi, I’m Kara.”

The girl studied her for another moment before smirking at her sardonically. “You must be new,” she replied, turning her attention back to the book in front of her.

“Why?”

“You’re speaking to me, no one speaks to me.”

The blonde cocked her head and looked at the girl. She was in the standard uniform the rest of the students were wearing, though had opted for a slightly longer skirt than the one Kara was wearing. She had long, dark hair that was pulled back into a high ponytail and emerald green eyes, and was, by what she understood from magazines and books, very beautiful. “I am new,” Kara admitted, “I just moved to E- um, National City a few months ago. That doesn’t explain why I shouldn’t talk to you though.”

The girl shrugged, “Normally people don’t talk to me because of who my family is, what they’ve done.”

“I used to know people like that,” Kara admitted, “I’ve been learning recently though that you can’t always judge people by their families. My adoptive mother, she’s one of the nicest, kindest people I’ve ever met, but her mother is… not nice.”

“Adoptive mother?” The girl questioned, her eyes wide.
“Ah, uh, yeah,” the blonde replied, “I, um, yeah.”

“I’m adopted too,” the brunette whispered. She eyed the blonde for a moment before sticking out her hand, “I’m Lena, Lena Thorul.”

Kara stared at the hand blankly for a minute before remembering that some cultures of humans shook hands as a greeting. She reached out and took the hand, shaking it vigorously. “I’m Kara Zo-Grant, Kara Grant,” the blonde corrected.

“As in Cat Grant?” Kara nodded and Lena whistled, “She’s pretty, um, well I’ve heard stories. My parents aren’t big fans, she’s written a few articles that weren’t very flattering towards them, they weren’t amused.”

“Cat always writes the truth,” Kara defended, narrowing her eyes.

“Oh I know, I was just mentioning how my parents feel. I’m quite excited for her talk show, starts in a few weeks doesn’t it?”

“She’s been working on it, lining up guests and potential topics so yes.” Other students started filtering in so the two suspended their conversation to watch them come in. Kara observed the humans… the teenagers filtering into the room. Many of the girls clustered together and the boys pushed at each other or clustered around devices in each other’s hands. The girls all looked at Kara curiously but sneered when they saw Lena sitting next to her. “They really don’t like you do they?” She whispered, looking over at the dark-haired girl.

“Told you,” Lena returned.

Kara frowned then shot a big smile at Lena, “We’ll be good friends then.”

“Really?” Lena was surprised, “Are you sure you don’t want to be friends with…” She gestured slightly towards the other students, “Because being friends with me basically means that you’re an outcast.”

“I try to judge people based on who they are, and you seem like a pretty good person,” Kara replied, her smile even bigger than before.

Lena took in the bright, smiling blue eyes in front of her and believed her; this innocent, naive, orphan girl offering friendship without knowledge or care about who her family is. She could always tell when someone knew, even when using the anagram form of her last name, she could always tell when someone knew who she was. This girl, Kara, she either didn’t know, or didn’t care, and Lena would take either of those options just to have a friend. “Alright,” Lena said softly, lowering her voice when the bell rang. “Friends.”

Chapter End Notes

In Supergirl comics, Lena Thorul, aka Lena Luthor, was basically Kara’s childhood best friend. I really like Katie McGrath, she’s so cool, and I love Lena Luthor’s character, so I’m including her. This isn’t going to be Supercorp, despite how much I like it, still Kalex end game. Lena and Kara are just going to be good friends through the story, and she’ll show up now and then. As I said, I’ll add tags and characters as the story progresses.
I do have a tumblr account, but I don't really have a lot going on over there at the moment, so if I decide to start using it, I'll give it to you guys and I'll consider prompts. You can also find me on ff net, though I'm only posting Supergirl stories over here.
Thanks everyone for the continued comments, kudos and support. I really, really want to just skip to the cool parts of the story that I have planned, but argh, part of writing them is getting there. And Cat and Kara have a very unique relationship, and Carter is adorable, so I really have no idea how long this story will be but stay with me, I will get it finished.

Gotham and Metropolis are sister cities btw, just across the bay from each other, so while Gotham will be based on Chicago, it'll be like in the New Jersey area since Metropolis is basically New York City.

Also, SuperCat authors, where have you gone? Come back. There is plenty of material to work with for Cat and Kara, first season, beginning of second season, AU, just something please please come back.

“So you made a friend?” Cat questioned, a bright smile on her face as she spoke into her phone. She’s not going to lie, she’s been a nervous wreck all day since she dropped Kara off at school. Cat didn’t think she would have to deal with this for another few years until Carter went to school, but here she was, a new mother of two (technically three, but she didn’t like thinking about that) and sending a child to school. It was only her desire to keep her reputation that kept her from being a blubbering mess. She couldn’t let her employers or the other producers and director of her talk show see her cry or fret about in her office, so she snapped at a few employees, took them down with well placed barbs. It made her feel better in the end.

“I did!” Kara’s bright voice echoed out of the phone. Cat’s smile lessened slightly but still remained, no one would be able to tell that the bright, bubbly girl on the other end of the world had lost nearly everything just a few short months ago. Since Kara had told her about her nightmares just a few weeks ago, Cat had made it her mission to soothe every fear and wipe away every tear shed out of sky blue eyes. “Though she seemed to think that I wouldn’t want to be friends with her because of who her family is.”

Cat was intrigued. “What’s her name?”

“Lena Thorul.” That name stunned Cat. “None of the other students seem to like her, nobody talked to her all day, though a few people did talk to me.”

I can image none of the students talked to her, Cat thought, her parents might have enrolled her under a different name but people aren’t stupid. “I’m glad you made a friend darling,” she said, focusing back on the topic at hand. She wouldn’t question her daughter’s newest friend yet, especially since the girl was most likely living in National City alone, friendless, boarding at the school. No, Kara needed a friend and apparently Lena did too, no she’d leave the them alone, but she’d keep an extra eye on Kara’s new friend in case she turns out like her parents or the way her brother is going.

“I didn’t think I would make a friend on my first day, but I did!”
“Better than I did when I started middle school,” Cat returned, “Though I did start a few years earlier than you, during my even more awkward stage.”

“From what I understand from Ea- from books that it’s okay to have one really good friend, you think Lena will be mine?”

“She might, but don’t discount making other friends if you can. Having a few really good friends in your life is a gift.”

“I will Cat, do you want to talk to Carter? I think he’s waking up from his nap.”

The girl handed the phone to the toddler and Cat listened with a fond smile as Carter recounted his day with some input from her blonde teenager about what they did when she got home. He had just started telling her about how he ‘rescued’ Princess Kara from the big scary dragon, squealing that he got a kiss from the princess, when the head of the Catco broadcasting network appeared at her door. “Carter sweetie, I have to go but I want to hear more when I get home, maybe you and Kara can reenact this daring ‘rescue.’”

“Okay Mama,” he squeaked out, tossing the phone back to Kara.

“Kara?” She questioned, making sure the girl was listening. “I'm going to be home after six, Meredith is going to get everything out for dinner and we'll get it ready when I get home. Can you make sure that Carter eats? Meredith will have to leave before six to get to her class, so will you be alright with Carter by yourself?”

Cat could hear hesitation in Kara's breathing before she spoke again. “I… We'll be fine, I mean, it's not going to be long before you come home, so we'll be fine.”

“I'm sure you will, I have faith in you.” She lowered her voice so her producer wouldn't hear her. “If you start to feel overwhelmed, just listen to Carter's heartbeat or concentrate and listen for mine. I know you have no problem with it if you concentrate, I'll see you when I get home.”

The woman ended the call after she heard her daughter say goodbye and she turned her attention to the man waiting at the door. “Jerry,” Cat stated, narrowing her eyes. “What did I tell you about interrupting my time with my children? I have 3:30-4:30 marked off for a reason.”

Jerry Ordway, the broadcasting head and the producer for her talk show, sauntered into her office, a self-assured grin on his face. Cat narrowed her eyes at his behavior, wishing he wasn't so good at his job so that she could fire him for his cockiness and terrible comb over. He was very good at his job though and she was already used to him, she would hate to have to break in another producer. “Figured you wanted to know that your show received the official go ahead, we start in two weeks,” Jerry replied, seating himself comfortably in one of Cat's chairs.

“I knew this already Jerry, surely you have another, better reason on why you interrupted me, like you were dying and wanted to make a last request.” Cat’s tone was sharp and hard, making it clear to the man that she was not pleased with his interruption and that if he didn’t provide an good enough excuse, he might need to make a last request.

Jerry tugged at the collar of his shirt uncomfortably and straightened in the chair, unfolding his legs. “Right, well, um, I wanted to see if it was true, what they were saying.”

“What who has been saying?”

“That you adopted a child, a teenager.” Jerry leaned forward in his seat, “I mean, I saw the pictures in the tabloids, and heard that your lawyers were in the process of ripping them apart but I figured the
girl was just a new babysitter you were testing out for Carter. I don’t think I can imagine you adopting a kid.”

Cat sighed, annoyed at having to explain herself so often. “She was the daughter of friends of mine, I adopted her after they passed. Leave it at that Jerry.”

“Are you kidding Cat, this is major news. A celebrity adopting a baby, that’s old news, someone of your status adopting a teenager who is dealing with the trauma of losing her entire family, that’s major news. This is great publicity Cat! We can get you both on the show, have you two talk about how she’s settling in, the troubles and joys of adopting an older child-”

Before he could even finish his sentence, Cat had stood up, slamming her hands into her desk. “Let’s make one thing clear Jerry,” Cat sneered, “My daughter is not a publicity stunt. I do not want her in the public eye, I do not want her used in such a way, she’s already been through enough. If you so much as even suggest something so ludicrous again, you will find yourself in the unemployment line.” He opened his mouth to protest and Cat held up her hand. “If you think I’m joking, I remind you of your earlier statement. My lawyers are already ripping about several tabloids, which I will add to my growing empire, all because they posted pictures of my children after I expressly stated not to. What do you think I will do to you, my own employee, for going against my request?”

The man paled and adjusted his tie. “Um, right, yes, forget I said anything. I’m just, I’m going to go now.”

“Jerry, I don’t want to see you in my office again until we start running preps for the show. Send me the final approved list of guests and topics for the first month and I’ll make sure that the writers are on the top of everything, including current events.” Cat had returned her attention to the papers in front of her on her desk, and when she looked up the man was still standing there. “You’re dismissed.” Ordway practically tripped on himself on the way out of the office and Cat smirked. She didn’t feel bad about reminding him of his place; the man had insinuated that the reason she was always sniping at Lois was because she was jealous of the attention the superpowered Kryptonian showed to the Daily Planet’s stooge.

Cat set into her work, wanting to finish everything so that she could get home to her children, and a few hours later, her driver was pulling in front of her building. She bid the man goodnight and headed towards her private elevator up to the penthouse. “Kara, Carter, I’m home,” the woman called when she stepped through the door, knowing it was a futile point because her no doubt was able to hear her when the car pulled up.

Kara padded softly to the door and smiled at her adoptive mother, using her super speed to take her coat and purse, putting them both away. “Have I told you how nice it is having you around?” Cat sighed, pressing a kiss to the top of a blonde head. “Where’s Carter?”

“Sitting in his um… high chair?” The girl replied, ducking her head. “I got his food out and tore it up like you do, but um, I think I got a little enthusiastic?”

The older blonde ventured into the kitchen and chuckled as Carter was eating ripped up pieces of macaroni and cheese, chicken nuggets, and something green that was indiscernible. “I didn’t want him to choke,” Kara said anxiously, concern etched on her face. “I read a book that said that children have smaller throats, makes it difficult to swallow things, and I didn’t want to let you down…”

“Kara, Kara, it’s fine, calm down darling,” Cat shushed, cupping the girl’s face. “You didn’t do anything wrong, thank you for looking after Carter. I know he’ll always be safe with you.” She glanced back over at the boy and finally recognized the green on his plate, “And he seems to like what he’s eating, might be the only way to get him to eat broccoli.”
“Mama!” Carter cheered, looking up from the tiny pieces of chicken. “Look, Kar’ made me dinner!”

“She did, do you like it?”

“Mhm, mushy,” he answered, shoving tiny bits of food in his mouth.

Cat smiled and took a napkin off the counter, futilely wiping at the food smeared on his face. “I’m going to get changed, can you watch Carter and check the dinner Meredith made?”

“She cooked a pan of… lasagna? It’s almost done, the cheese isn’t quite bubbling yet though,” Kara told her after glancing at the oven.

“So nice to have a superpowered daughter around,” the woman murmured, stealing away to her bedroom to change into more comfortable clothes. She swapped her tight dress for a loose fitting shirt and yoga pants. By the time she re-emerged from her room, Kara was taking the lasagna out of the oven and placing it on the counter. “Hot pads, Kara, hot pads,” she said.

“What? Oh right.” Kara looked down sheepishly, and pulled out a few of the hot pads to set the container down on.

“I know that you can’t feel how hot it is, but you need to get into the habit of using them,” Cat chastised, “You don’t always have to when it is just us, but getting used to it for when other people around is a good idea.”

Kara nodded at Cat’s words and carefully took out plates while the older blonde opened the fridge, finding a large bowl of salad sitting on the top shelf. “I can always count on Meredith to make a good salad,” she murmured, pulling out the container and salad dressing to go with it. She sat down at the small table near the kitchen where Carter was sitting in his high chair, and cut out a slab of the lasagna before giving the rest to her daughter. “Make sure you eat your salad,” Cat insisted. Kara may be an alien and would always have impeccable skin and physique, but she would make sure that the girl ate healthy.

“Mama, Mama,” Carter called, “Kara and I played a game today, and I got to save her!”

“I remember, you told me,” she said, chuckling at the toddler. “I also remember you saying that you would reenact it for me.” Cat cut a glance at Kara and found that she had already eaten the rest of the lasagna and was starting in on the salad. She rolled her eyes, the fond smile on her face cutting out any sting of the gesture.

“Yes, yes, Kara get me down!” The toddler squealed, reaching for the girl.

“She’s almost done with her dinner sweetie, give her a few minutes-”

“Done,” Kara said, popping out of her seat as she stuffed the last cherry tomato in her mouth. Cat sighed and continued eat while Kara scoped her son out of his chair. She watched in amusement as Carter carefully explained how Princess Kara was kidnapped by an evil dragon and he, her brave, royal knight, set out to ‘rescue’ her. She let out a laugh accompanied by a fond grin when Carter’s face turned bright red as Kara pressed a kiss on his cheek as thanks for rescuing her. The toddler was infatuated and it was very amusing for the older woman. That crush of his is going to get worse with Kara being as affectionate as she is, Cat mused, stifling back a chuckle.

She finished her dinner and asked Kara to start cleaning up while she took Carter for a bath and to get him ready for bed. It was close to seven and she preferred that he be in his bed asleep by seven thirty or eight at the latest. Cat heard a loud crash coming from the kitchen and just called out to her daughter, “It’s okay, just put what’s broken on the list to be replaced.” While the girl had gotten
better at controlling her strength, the learning curve was steep and accidents still happened. Cat finished bathing the wriggling toddler and had wrangled him into his pajamas when Kara appeared at the door.

“Sorry, I broke the lasagna dish. I cleaned up all the glass though.”

“And you didn’t get hurt did you?” Cat asked, staring at the girl’s hands and feet. Kara dutifully showed the older woman that she wasn’t hurt and Cat nodded. She was about to say something else to the girl when she heard her phone ring from her bedroom. “Can you put Carter to bed while I get that?” She asked, handing the drooping toddler over to the alien girl.

When she reached her phone, her heart dropped at the number appearing on the screen. “Jason,” she said, answering the ring, “Is he okay, are you both okay?”

There was silence on the other end for a moment before the man spoke. “Cat...”

“Jason, is he-”

“What were you thinking?”

“What?”

“What were you thinking adopting a child? One nearly the same age as Adam.”

Cat’s heart iced over. “What’s it to you what I do Jason, need I remind you that you thought I was a terrible mother.”

“And I still think you’re a terrible mother, why would you subject another child to that?”

“Did you think of Adam at all? Did you think of what it would do to him if you adopted a kid, someone his own age? If you wanted to make it even clearer that you didn’t want him-”

“Don’t you dare,” Cat hissed out. “Don’t you say I never wanted Adam, I fought for him! I love him, but you were right, I was so focused on my career that I wouldn’t have had time for him. I gave Adam up because it was what was best for him, he deserved more. I took Kara in because she deserved more, needed something that I could give her.”

Cat could hear hear the man on the other side snort in disbelief. “What? What could you possibly give her? A mother? What do you know about being a mother, yours was horrible enough.”

“Don’t you even Jason Foster-”

“I’ve said what I wanted to say Cat, goodbye.”

Her hands itched to throw something and only her years of therapy managed to keep her from throwing her phone in frustration. Instead, her hand shot out and latched onto a glass sculpture sitting on her dresser and launched it at the opposite wall. She didn’t look, but waited for the sound of glass shattering. When she didn’t hear anything, Cat glanced over and found Kara gently setting the sculpture on her bedside table.

“I think enough things have been broken since I started living here,” Kara said nervously, tucking a strand of hair behind her ear.

“Were you listening to the conversation again?” Cat barked out, wincing slightly at her own tone.
She promised herself that she wouldn't yell at her children, she wouldn't be like her.

Kara was quiet for a minute before clear blue eyes looked up to meet her own. “Don't listen to him,” she said firmly. “You, you're a great mom. I'm glad I'm here with you and Carter. I don't think I would be doing so well if it wasn't for you supporting me and encouraging me.”

Cat was silent for a moment, just staring in Kara's eyes before glancing away. “That was Jason, Jason Foster,” she said sighing. “He, well, he's Adam's father, my eldest son. He's around your age, about a year older.” Kara didn't interrupt the woman while she was speaking, knowing that she had to get this out. “He, I didn't know him very well before I found out I was pregnant, we weren't together, not really. I was working at the Daily Planet, trying to get enough contacts and notoriety to build CatCo and Adam… Jason wanted to keep him, got sole custody. I fought at first, but then I realized then that I couldn't give him the life he deserved. I let him go, what kind of mother does that?”

She hadn’t noticed when Kara moved, but she felt her as warm arms wound around her and a small head buried into her side. “You're a good mom,” Kara whispered. “I… Mom's make mistakes, family makes mistakes, I've learned that. You gave Adam his best chance, the best opportunity for him and you so that you both wouldn't be miserable.” She pulled back and gave the woman a sad, teary smile, “Sometimes mothers have to make hard choices. You're nothing like your mother, you love Adam and Carter, so you want what’s best for them.”

“I love you too Kara,” Cat whispered, running a hand through blonde strands. “Never forget that I love you as much as my own children.” She gave her a wry smile, “You and your innocence, bright smile and amazing stories have wormed your way into my heart and planted roots.” Kara just grinned, an impish smile that had her smiling and rolling her eyes at the same time. “Alright pretty girl,” Cat murmured, tugging on blonde strands, “Let’s go to the living room and look at your schedule and you can tell me more about your day at school.”

Kara smiled and tugged the woman into the living room, telling Cat about everything that happened at school. Cat answered every question the girl had about what she saw with human interaction, smiling in amusement as the girl rambled about how unusual human girls were. When Cat finally went to bed, she wondered if she had fully prepared herself for raising a teenage girl. Her last thought before drifting off to sleep was thank God she only had to do this once.

“I love musicals!” Kara squealed as she and Cat left the showing of Wicked on Broadway that the woman promised they would see over Christmas break. “I mean, wow, the books were really good, but the music, everything, it just added another dimension. It was amazing!”

Cat smiled wryly as the girl babbled about the play. She wasn't a big fan of musicals but she had to admit, this one was entertaining. If one more person offered to take her and see Cats though… She snapped out of her thoughts when she heard Kara mention something about the actresses. “Yes I'm glad that we were able to see Kristen and Idina before they left the show. It's never quite the same without the original cast.”

“Weren't they on your talk show a few weeks ago?”

“I know, quite the coincidence don’t you think?” It wasn’t, Cat arranged for them to come and talk about their run on Wicked and asked them to stay a little longer so that her daughter could see the
show over Christmas. She didn’t ask that on air of course, she wanted to keep Kara out of the public eye so that meant not talking about her all that much. Every now and then she mentioned her children so as not to make them these big mysteries, which would mean even more curiosity about them, but her years in media gave her the experience she needed on how much information to release. Kara let out a yawn and Cat’s eyes snapped to her, the excitement of the day obviously draining on the normally endlessly energetic girl. The blonde girl had finished her term exams that morning and they had flown out to Metropolis that afternoon. The flight was hard on Kara, being trapped in a small space with all of the noise and smells of over a hundred other people. Cat could understand how everything had worn the girl out. She pulled her cell-phone out of her purse and immediately called for the car service that she had requested while they were in the city. Within fifteen minutes, a black car pulled up to the curb and the driver that picked them up from the airport got out of the car and opened the back door.

“So did you have anything specific you wanted to do tomorrow?” Cat asked once they were back at their hotel room. “I know today was pretty whirlwind, but the rest of our trip shouldn’t be that bad.”

“The park, and ice skating, Lena said we have to go ice skating in Centennial Park. When she found out I’ve never been to Metropolis, she told me we definitely have to go.”

“I remember you two talking about the trip when you were sitting in the living room watching the Thanksgiving day parade,” Cat said, pouring herself a drink from the mini-bar. She wasn’t sure what she was expecting for Thanksgiving that year, but having Lena Thorul, Lena Luthor sitting in her living room with her adoptive daughter and son sipping hot chocolate watching the biggest parade of the year wasn’t on her radar. When Kara came to her a few days before Thanksgiving with tears in her eyes saying that her only friend was going to be alone for the holiday… Tears in those bright blue eyes should be considered a lethal weapon. “Anything else you want to see?”

“Lena told me about the stores, all the decorations, something about a giant toy store? And Gotham is right across the bay…”

“We’ll do Gotham a different trip, I promise. We’re only in Metropolis for a few days, so maybe focus on that?”

Kara scrunched her nose, but nodded. “Okay, um, Chinatown? Potstickers, yum, and…” She hesitated, looking up at Cat with anxious eyes.

“What?”

“Can… do you think we could visit my cousin? I know you said he lives here in Metropolis, I don’t think he knows I’m here and I… I would like to see him.”

Cat froze, her glass touching her lips but the liquid still in the bottom of the glass. She cursed herself mentally for not having a better reaction to Kara’s request, for not preparing herself. She should have known that the girl would want to meet up with her cousin when they were in Metropolis. Despite her misgivings about the man and his behavior, he was Kara’s family, her blood family, and Cat knew how important that was to the girl. Arranging a meeting with the man would mean contacting that harpy, and she wasn’t sure how she felt about that. “Metropolis is his city,” Cat acknowledged, setting the drink down. “I’ll see if I can get in contact with him. I don’t know what name he uses here, but I know someone who might know how to contact him.”

“Really?” Kara questioned, looking up at her with large blue eyes.

The woman cursed internally again and nodded. “Yes, yes, I’ll make the call.” Great. “Now go get ready for bed. Super alien or not, you look dead on your feet. Shower, brush your teeth, go,” Cat
ordered, pointing towards the girl towards the bathroom. The girl hadn’t had an accident in weeks, so she trusted Kara not to break anything while they were staying in Metropolis.

She waited until she could hear the sound of the shower running and moved to the sitting room just outside of the bedroom. Letting out a heavy sigh, she pulled up a familiar number on her phone and dialed. The dial tone rang a few times before the queen bitch herself answered the phone.

“Cat Grant, who died? Someone must’ve died for you to call me? Did you die and are just giving me a courteous call from the grave?” Lois Lane’s voice purred out full of snark and vinegar.

“Oh Lane, I wouldn’t give you the satisfaction of my death,” Cat returned, sitting down on the sofa.

“And you probably wouldn’t be calling me about it anyway, what do you want? You must want something.”

Cat took a deep breath, mentally counting to ten and thinking she would love to reach through the phone and strangle the other woman. “I’m in Metropolis,” she said finally, “I need to talk to your flying man in tights.”

“Superman? Wh- oh, oh you’ve finally realized you’re in over your head with that cousin of his?” Cat narrowed her eyes as she heard Lois chuckle, “Have you come to return her or are you trying to arrange a time for him to pick her up?”

“She’s not a pet you insufferably stupid woman, despite how puppy-like she is. And she is my daughter, I took her in, I adopted her when her own blood relative couldn’t be bothered! I brought her to Metropolis for vacation, and she wanted to see her cousin, I’ll just have to tell her he is too busy to see her!”

“Whoa, whoa, Cat, calm down, geez, you can still strip the paint off walls with your voice can’t you?”

“You’re really trying my patience Lane…”

“Alright alright, look, Cl- Superman, he isn’t here. He said he had some things he had to take care of and wouldn’t be back for a few weeks.”

Cat let out another sigh, “That’s what I was afraid of when I haven’t seen news of him having disagreements with the Bat or helping little old ladies across the street for quite a few days.”

“It’s probably for the best Cat, things here are getting pretty tense with Lex Luthor spewing hatred of aliens. It would bring extra attention if Cat Grant met with Superman, and you know that someone would find out.”

“You tell anyone I said this and I’ll deny it and bury you in lawsuits, but you’re probably right, despite being a Lane.”

There was silence on the other end of the call and Cat waited, knowing that the other woman would want to get in one last dig. “Cat…” She started and the blonde woman was surprised. Lois sounded far more hesitant than she thought she would. “Can- Could I be able to meet her? Kara, your daughter. I know I don’t really have any right to ask, but I want to meet her. I want to make sure that she’s okay.”

Cat bit back the scathing ‘no’ that threatened to escape and truly thought about the request. This woman, her arch nemesis, asked something of her knowing that she had no right to the request, much like she did when asking to speak with Superman. “We’re staying at The Plaza,” Cat answered after
a moment. “Best not to meet in public lest someone thinks we’re getting along. Room 1210, one of the suites, I’ll order room service, but make sure you bring food with you as well. It might endear you to her.”

“I- thanks Cat, any specific type of food?”

“Potstickers and pizza is her favorite meal. Tomorrow night Lane, eight sharp.” She hung up the phone without waiting for a reply. The soft padding of Kara’s feet alerted Cat that the girl had finished her shower and was making her way to the sitting room.

“He’s not going to come a see me is he?” She asked when she saw the look on Cat’s face, her eyes sad but resigned.

“Oh darling,” Cat murmured, reaching out for her. She tugged Kara down on the couch next to her and tucked the girl into her side. “I called his keeper, she told me that he’s going to be away from Metropolis for a few weeks and she doesn’t have a way to get ahold of him. She wants to come and meet you though.”

“His keeper… you mean that Lois Lane person?”

Cat just hummed, “She’s going to be coming over tomorrow night for dinner to meet you.”

“I… I don’t know…”

“She’s bringing you food.”

“… Okay.”

Chapter End Notes

Jerry Ordway is one of the people who created Cat Grant as a love interest for Clark Kent. I am borrowing his name, not his likeness. I also reject the idea of Cat as a love interest for Clark, just ridiculous.

Guys! Did anyone watch the crossover?? Was anyone else shocked that Sara didn't hit on Kara at least once? I need some SuperCanary people to fix this.
Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

So apparently Lois is going to be playing a different role in this story than what I thought, and will show up more... I did not realize this until I was writing her scene and I was like mhmm. Anyway, descriptions of Lois's appearance are from the comics and animated series.

Anyway, someone elsewhere asked me what my OTP was for this fandom, and I have to say, Kara and Food... That's really the true OTP/canon pairing... ;) Anyway, my favorite for this fandom is SuperLane, I have a few that are in the process of being sorted out, and since Lucy hasn't shown up yet (Jenna's got that real life thing going on) I feel the need to continue to spread the pairing love. If I'm being truly honest, I don't have an OTP for this fandom, other than, you know, Kara/Food.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

A hesitant knock came on the door and Cat strode quickly to answer it. She opened the door and found a woman a few years younger than herself with long brown hair and slightly tanned skin. She was holding several pizza boxes and take-out containers, but still manage to muster an air of aloofness in her expression. The two women stared at each other, sizing the other up, almost as if they were waiting to see who would break first. It was only a small hand gripping at the back of Cat’s shirt and a hesitant blonde head peeking around the woman that broke the two from their stare-down. Cat glanced down and found Kara glancing between the two of them, her eyes drifting towards the offering of food before trailing to the ground. “Kara,” Cat started, bringing her hand up to scratch lightly at the blonde’s scalp with her nails, “This is Lois Lane. La- Lois, why don’t you come in so that you can be properly introduced and Kara can stop staring at the food like I haven’t fed her in years.”

Lois chuckled and Kara ducked her head shyly, and they moved back into the suite towards the small dining area. The brunette woman set the pizza and potstickers on the table and turned to the girl, her dark lavender eyes searching her face for familiar features. Kara didn’t look like her cousin physically, but Lois could see the family resemblance. It was more with her behavior, how she fidgeted with her long sleeves, the slight crinkle at the corner of her eyes when she smiled… and the longing look on her face as she stared at the containers of food. “Cla- Superman gets that same expression on his face when he’s staring at his favorite food,” Lois murmured, a fond smile gracing her face.

“Kal does? What, um, what are his favorite foods?” Kara asked. Her fidgeting had shifted her body closer to the table but knew that she had to wait for Cat to tell her it was okay to start eating.

“He’s a farm boy at heart, fried chicken, green beans, really big burgers,” the brunette replied, rolling her eyes slightly.

Farm boy? Cat mused before her eyes widened, Clark Kent! Of course, should’ve known that dopey, self-righteous expression anywhere. Rather than voicing her revelation, she pulled out the room-service menu and perused the selections. “Kara, if Lane says you can start eating the peace-offering she brought you, it is fine with me. I’m going to order room-service, so if you’re allergic to
Lois held out her hand for the room-service menu, glaring at Cat through the entire process. “Get me the lamb chops with cracked pepper cream, and do order a nice wine Kitty-Cat, red.” She turned to saw Kara still eyeing the food on the table, “Oh you can go ahead and eat sweetie, that’s all for you.”

“Slowly remember Kara,” Cat called when the girl made to grab the boxes. “And I’m ordering you a salad, you need your vegetables.”

Kara just nodded and delicately sat on one of the chairs, slowly pulling the food towards her. She debated between the containers of potstickers and the extra-large pizza before deciding she would eat one of the boxes of potstickers, then the pizza, then the other container of potstickers. She found chopsticks and sauce in the bag and pulled those out, slowly picking up the dumplings with the sticks and dipping them in the sauce before chewing happily. Cat placed Lois’s order and ordered a filet mignon with bearnaise sauce for herself and a Greek salad for Kara. Checking the wine listing, she added a bottle of cabernet to her order before turning back to the brunette reporter.

“You know she doesn’t look anything like him,” Lois murmured when she caught Cat staring at her. “I mean physically at least. Their behavior though, it’s almost insane how alike they are.”

“Their obsession with food maybe,” Cat replied, “Though now that I think about it, it’s almost laughable how simple Kal’s disguise is, I don’t know how I didn’t see it sooner.”

Lois looked at the woman sharply, “How did you-”

“Farm boy? Really Lois, you might as well have called him Smallville.”

“Cat, you can’t-”

“If you think I’m going to publish Superman’s secret identity, you must be insane. Despite how goody-two-shoes he is, Superman is needed. And exposing his identity would put my daughter in danger, and that is not happening.” She let out a low growl and her eyes flashed dangerously causing the other woman to take a step back.

The reported turned away from the older woman and focused her attention back on the little blonde alien at the table. “So Kara,” Lois started, sitting down across from the girl. “Tell me, how is living with Cat Grant? How are you adjusting to Earth?”

“Cat’s been great,” Kara replied, starting on the pizza, a simple pepperoni. “She encourages me to use my powers as much as I can so I can learn about them and control them better… Not the laser vision and freeze breath though, and I can only really float in the penthouse.”

“So she’s treating you well, and school?”

Kara mumbled a bit around her food and withered slightly when Cat sent her a dark look. She chewed quickly and swallowed, “Sorry, um, yeah, Cat’s the best. She got me all kinds of books to learn about this world, and then picked a good school for me where I could learn about human interaction and study what I want to. And I have a little brother now too, Carter, he’s really fun. We go on adventures and he tells me stories.”

A knock came at the door and Cat moved to answer it, letting the attendant in with their tray of food. “We can serve ourselves thank you,” she said, dismissing him with a wave and a large tip after he poured both of them a glass of wine. The attendant left and Cat placed the salad next to Kara’s pizza with the remaining potstickers container and grabbed her own plates of food off the tray.

“Never pegged you for a steak person Kitty-Cat,” Lois commented as she cut into her lamb chops.
“It’s good to enjoy the finer things in life Lane,” the woman returned, spearing a piece of steak with a cut piece of asparagus. “And don’t call me Kitty-Cat Lane, I would like to think cat puns are beneath you.”

Lois was about to retort when Kara spoke up. “Do you know where my cousin went?” She asked, her eyes large as she started in on her last container of potstickers. “Cat said that he couldn’t come see me…”

A sad look crossed the reporter’s face. “I’m sorry Kara, I’m not sure where he went truthfully, he just told me he’d be gone for a few weeks. And with the growing tensions here in Metropolis, it’s for the best really…”

“He could’ve come to see me again in National City,” Kara said, her eyes filling with tears. “I’ve been on Earth for nearly half a year and he hasn’t spoken to me other than when I first landed.”

“I-” Lois paused, blinking a few times as she mulled over her thoughts. “I’m not sure what Clark, Kal has been thinking. I know he’s probably thinking that it’s safer for you if he stays away, and truthfully he really doesn’t have time to be raising a kid Kara, he has work, he’s a new superhero, it’s a lot.”

Kara was silent for a minute before looking back up at the woman, “Do you know that I’m older than him, about 13 years older? I watched him for my uncle Jor-El and my aunt Laura, I took care of him, changed his diaper. My parents sent me after his pod when Krypton was exploding in order to protect him, to raise him. I wouldn’t have abandoned him like he has done me.” The girl sniffed and wiped at her tears, “I guess I should be grateful since I have Cat and Carter now because he couldn’t be bothered.” A bitterness crept into her voice that shocked the two women.

“Kara…” Cat started but Lois waved her off.

“I can’t make excuses for what he did, his decisions. Clark pretty much does what he thinks is best all the time. I can’t promise that he’ll come visit you, or call you, but I will. I will keep in contact with you about him, let you know what he’s doing. Eventually I might even get him to act like a grownup,” Lois said, winking at the girl.

The girl smiled and started in on her salad, crinkling her nose as she mulled over the taste of the cranberry dressing on the lettuce. It grew on her though the more she ate and she quickly demolished the rest of her food. The three sat and talked for a while longer, Cat and Lois trading barbs while Kara asked questions about Kal, his life, Lois’s job, working at the Daily Planet. Lois shared stories of what Cat was like when they both worked for the paper and the blonde woman returned with equally embarrassing stories about the brunette. It was nearing midnight when Cat sent a yawning Kara off to bed.

“Amazing we managed to get through dinner without killing each other,” Cat muttered, “Though it probably had something to do with a blonde haired, blue eyed alien puppy and a lovely bottle of cabernet.”

“Those eyes,” the brunette groaned, “I bet she could get Lionel Luthor to confess all his sins and donate his money to charity with those eyes.” Cat snorted at the irony and waved away Lois’s questioning eyes. The reporter glanced down for a minute before looking back up at the blonde woman with unfamiliar hesitance. “Cat… I know that you didn’t allow for any access for biological family when you adopted Kara, making sure that if any showed up that they wouldn’t be able to reverse the adoption or make decisions for her.”

Cat eyed Lois appraisingly, “What of it?”
“I think it was a good idea,” the woman replied, holding her hand up in a placating gesture. “You know Clark, he’s not the best at making decisions. He gets his head out of ass and decides he wants to be there for Kara, then he’d start making all of these demands, saying she needs to grow up in the country on a farm, or that she shouldn’t use her powers as much as you’ve encouraged her to do, she shouldn’t be a superhero, she should be a superhero, she shouldn’t get close to her classmates and make friends like a normal girl…”

“Your farm boy has always been a bit too self-righteous for my tastes and it carries over to his alternate persona.”

Lois shrugged, “Sometimes I think about the naive farm boy I met a few years ago, but then I think about Superman and I wonder which one is the act?” She nodded her head towards the bedroom where Kara disappeared, “That girl though? She’s completely authentic in everything she does.” The woman grabbed her bag and headed towards the door, pausing for a moment before she opened it. “You know Grant, I hate to admit this, but if she decides to don a cape like her cousin, you might end up with the better hero.”

Cat felt a tendril of warmth and pride curl in her chest but she hid it with smug superiority. “Never forget it Lane, make sure not to step in any puddles on your way home, I’d hate to have to explain why you melted.”

“Don’t look at yourself in the mirror Cat, I’d hate for you to petrify yourself.”

“A Harry Potter reference Lane? How juvenile of you.”

Lois smirked, “Says the one who recognized the reference.” Before Cat could say anything else, she swung the door open and the brunette disappeared out of the suite. Cat finished clearing things up in the room and pushed the serving cart back into the hallway before retiring to the bedroom. The sight that greeted her nearly caused her to melt in a puddle. Kara was sleeping, curled up on her side, clutching her puppy Krypto to her chest with one arm and one of the stuffed animals Carter had let her borrow in the other. One of Cat’s pillows that she had slept on the night before had migrated to Kara’s bed and the girl had her face buried in it with tiny sounds emerging from her mouth as she breathed deeply. Her fingers itched to brush away the strand of blonde hair that fluttered in front of her face with every breath, but she didn’t want to disturb the girl.

Her itching fingers won out and she stepped lightly across the room and knelt down next to the girl, softly brushing the hair away from her face. “Goodnight darling,” she murmured, “Sweet dreams.”

Kara shifted slightly in her sleep, nuzzling into the older blonde’s hand and Cat was afraid she had wakened the girl. “ leiú,” Kara mumbled and Cat’s breath caught in her throat.

She waited until Kara settled down again before retreating to the bathroom, tears forming in her eyes. Cat braced herself against the counter in the bathroom, her heart pounding in her chest. Taking a few shuddering breaths, she glanced up at herself in the mirror. “She called me mom…”

Cat rubbed at her temples idly as another round of squealing echoed through the penthouse. It was Christmas Eve and she had given her staff the day off and had decided to work from her home office so she could have the time between Christmas and New Years to spend with Kara and Carter. She arranged her schedule with her staff and the producers for her talk show (top rated talk show on
television, best rated show for her time slot, the accolades could go on) as soon as she and Kara returned from Metropolis. It was supposed to be a calm, family time into the holidays, and hopefully a time when she and Kara could talk about what the girl had inadvertently called her in her sleep.

That plan had been slightly disrupted when Kara had come to her with large, sad eyes saying that Lena was stuck at the school over Christmas break. Cat wasn’t quite sure how Lena ‘Thorul’ Luthor ended up sitting on her couch singing “We’re a couple of Misfits” from *Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer*, but she blames it on those eyes. If she wasn’t totally enraptured by Kara’s voice, she would be struck by how true those words were with the two girls.

Cat abandoned her desk and moved towards the living room to observe the rag tag group clustered on the floor near the TV. Lena and Kara were pressed together shoulder to shoulder with a popcorn bowl settled in the brunette’s lap, and Carter perched in Kara's. Two pairs of eyes, one set blue the other green, gazed at the screen while the third set of eyes drooped tiredly. A laugh near escaped her throat when Cat saw Carter amble slightly out of Kara's lap so he could spread out on the two girls as he fought to stay awake.

Lena let out an ‘oof’ as one of Carter’s knees dug into her ribs and moved the popcorn bowl out of the way. “At least he's not looking at me in suspicion anymore,” the girl mentioned to her friend. “I never thought a kid could glare but then his mother is Cat Grant after all.”

“Cat's ability to glare is legendary,” Kara agreed, “But you know she's really very nice and loving.”

“Better than my mother I assure you.”

A sad thought crossed Cat's mind as she retreated to the study once more to finish up the last of her work. Out of all of them, Carter was really the only one with a healthy relationship with his family, and she and his father have been divorced almost as long as the boy has been alive. She had a terrible relationship with her mother, Lena was adopted and if information proved correct, both sets weren’t model examples of parenthood, and Kara, Kara lost everything. They were forging their own type of family though and while Cat didn’t care for the Luthors in general, Lena was proving to be different than she expected. Kara adored the girl for being her first, best and so far only friend, so Cat resolved to make Christmas special for the both of them, for all of them.

She pulled out her phone and ordered her usual from the local place, adding an extra pizza on for Lena, and then called Jin Fa for a few orders or potstickers. In another life, one where she never adopted Kara and learned to deal with her high calorie appetite, she probably wouldn't have a regular order from the local, greasy hole pizza place. Though, she likes to imagine that Kara would've entered her life anyway and she would have, without a doubt, ended up with a regular pizza order. The girl was with her now, and Kara's growing love affair with food was both daunting and endearing.

“Kara, Lena,” she called, walking back to the living room. “I've ordered pizza and potstickers for dinner, it should be here in half an hour. You still have a few hours before you both need to get to bed, are you going to watch movies the whole time?”

“We have to read *The Night before Christmas*,“ Kara said, “We finished reading *A Christmas Carol* so we have to read that one. And we have to put cookies, milk and carrots out for Santa and the reindeer.” Her eyes were wide and earnest and Cat smiled at the honest belief in old Father Christmas. Kara embraced the Christmas traditions, beliefs and fables with open arms, setting up nativity sets, Christmas trees and reindeer in the same places. Cat didn't want to dissuade the girl's belief in Santa but knew that her classmates would say some things to the girl. Kara just brushed her off saying that most humans didn't believe aliens were real until her cousin started saving people. The woman didn't say anything else to the girl, just went along with the plans for greeting the man in the
red suit.

Lena wasn’t fazed by Kara’s belief either and just squeezed the other girl’s hand, and the two turned their attention back to the movie. The movie had ended by the time the food was delivered and they turned on the animated *How the Grinch stole Christmas*. At least it’s not that *Jim Carey nightmare*, Cat snorted and speared a piece of cucumber and cherry tomato with her fork. Kara slowly ate her way through an entire pizza and a container of potstickers, and Cat hoped that Lena either didn’t notice the other girl’s eating habits or didn’t care. Carter had eaten earlier and it was getting late so Cat picked him up and got him ready to bed with only minimal protesting from the already partially dozing toddler.

The girls had started *Yes Virginia, There is a Santa Claus* by the time Cat finished and returned to the living room. “That’s the last one and then you need to help me put things out for Santa and get ready for bed,” she told the girls, a stern expression on her face. “I let you stay up late because it’s Christmas Eve, but you still need to get to sleep.”

“Yes Cat” “Yes Ms. Grant” the two girls intoned, not tearing their eyes away from the TV. Kara had long since finished her food and was starting back in on the bowl of popcorn while Lena continued to munch away on her pizza. Whatever she had leftover when she was finished was quickly pushed over to Kara who hugged the brunette tightly before finishing the last of the pizza and popcorn by the end of the movie. Cat winced at the amount of junk food the girl just consumed but resigned herself to feeding both of them as many fruits and vegetables tomorrow as she could shove at them.

Once the movie ended, Cat shuffled the two girls into cleaning up the living room, making sure that Kara kept everything at a human pace. Encouraging the girl to use her powers helped her control them, but Cat had to make sure that she didn’t use them when there were visitors. The girls cleaned up the mess they made in the living room and Kara bounced around, setting out a tray of cookies, carrots and milk for Santa, along with a note for the man. A little over an hour later, they were dressed in their pajamas and sitting on the couch with Cat. The woman rolled her eyes and chuckled at the matching pajamas that the girls insisted they have. Kara’s shirt was a soft baby blue and her pants were a darker shade with golden retriever puppies splashed along the legs. Lena’s were a light green and had brown puppies on the legs, brown with black floppy ears. They were both so cute it was ridiculous, though Cat remembered another time when a different Luthor was best friends with a different alien with blue eyes. The rhetoric coming from Lex Luthor who, while still growing his business, is becoming very influential in the business and technology world. She hoped that with the separation from the elder Luthors that Lena would turn out different and the friendship between the two girls would survive the truth.

Cat pulled out *The Night Before Christmas* and Kara immediately snuggled up to her side, setting her head on her shoulder. She could see the hesitation in Lena’s eyes but before she could contemplate what that meant, the girl had moved so she was pressed into her other side, mirroring her best friend. “Comfortable?” Cat asked wryly and the two girls nodded, pulling in closer to the woman. “Alright, ‘Twas the Night before Christmas and all through the house, not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse...’” She read the poem to the two girls, pointing at the beautiful illustrations on the pages.

By the time she finished, Kara was dozing lightly against her shoulder and Lena was looking at her with a mixture of fondness and exasperation. “She’s like a puppy isn’t she?” The brunette murmured, “Lots of energy, easily excitable, eats everything, takes no time to fall asleep.”

“Mhm, she does have some puppy tendencies,” Cat agreed. “It’s those eyes.”

Lena let out a low groan, “Don’t even on those eyes, she has the meanest teacher at school wrapped around her fingers because of those eyes.” The brunette moved around Cat and gently shook her
friend. “Come on Kara, up we go, bedtime.” Kara let out a groan and Lena just rolled her eyes and tugged her off the couch. “You’re a lot heavier than you look,” Lena huffed out when the blonde wrapped herself around her like an octopus. “Nevermind, she’s a koala.” The girl let out a grunt and shuffled back to the room with a blonde alien draped across her back. “Come on Kara, get in.” Lena pushed the girl off her back and Kara sleepily crawled into bed with Lena not too far after her.

Cat followed after the girls and made sure they were both in bed before cutting the light off. She lingered outside the door for a few minutes and waited for the giggles and whispers to quiet down before moving back to the living room. “The things I do,” she sighed out, staring at the large plate of cookies and carrots Kara had left out for Santa. Cat bit into each of the cookies, biting the heads off the gingerbread men, and taking chunks out of the sugar cookies. She used part of the milk to wash down the cookies before biting into the carrots as well. Leaving the crumbs and remnants of the milk on the counter, Cat returned to her room and pulled her pajamas on, falling into a dead sleep as soon as she crawled into bed.

She was woken up the next morning by an excitable blonde and squirming toddler bouncing slightly on her bed. “Mama Mama, wake up! It’s Christmas, Santa was here!” Carter giggled, tugging on his mother’s arm.

“Alright, alright, I’m up,” Cat groaned, grabbing her robe as she rubbed her eyes and followed her children out into the living room. She stopped short when she saw piles of presents under the tree, more than what she stashed there the night before and the empty plate sitting on the counter with an empty glass next to it and note folded on top of the plate.

“Thanks for the presents Ms. Grant,” Lena beamed, her eyes shifting towards the small pile of presents in front of her. Cat counted four presents in front of the girl and tilted her head, she only got two for the girl.

The children excitedly opened their presents while Cat plucked the piece of paper from the plate. Opening it, she saw an old-fashioned, loopy ‘Thank you’ scrawled across the paper. Cat’s brow rose into her hairline and she glanced between the paper and the kids on the floor in front of the tree. Carter was playing excitedly with his legos and action figures that she had gotten him, but was clutching tightly to a toy train and a plush version of Thomas the Tank Engine. She had gotten Lena a book dealing with environmental science, something Kara had told her the girl was interested in along with a simple science project kit she had picked up at the store. Along with those gifts though, there was an incredibly soft looking plush tiger and a large sweatshirt with the Republic of Ireland’s national football team logo printed on the front. Kara had boxes of art supplies, paints, pastels, charcoal, everything Cat could find in the art supply store when she went asking around, along with paper, canvas, sketchbooks. The girl burned through sketchbooks in no time. She also received a sweatshirt matching Lena’s and a book on different dog breeds, which she was flipping through with interest. Cat frowned at that last present and glanced back down at the note in her hand. We are NOT getting a dog, she thought firmly before noticing the small print on the bottom of the paper. ‘Look under the tree.’

“Cat, there’s still a few presents under here for you,” Kara said, pulling a few boxes out from underneath the greenery. Cat dutifully opened the presents from her children and the one that was mailed to her from her mother out of some sort of familial obligation. Carter had drawn her a picture and had picked out a nice box of chocolates and bath supplies (courtesy of Meredith no doubt). Her mother sent her some useless trinket that was no doubt supposed to have some sort of meaning but would either become decoration in the hall closet to only be pulled out if her mother deigned to visit again, or as a glorified paper weight. Kara fidgeted slightly when she handed over her present. “Lena helped me pick out a frame,” is all she said before falling silent.
The woman looked at Kara curiously before pulling open the box. Her breath caught when she saw what was inside. It was a canvas, fairly decent size with a painting of herself, Kara and Carter sitting on a bench in the park with a few ducks at their feet. The sun was setting, the light casting a warm glow through the scene and dark shadows behind them. “Oh Kara, it’s beautiful.”

Kara ducked her head shyly, “I started working on it at the beginning of the semester when the art teacher said our final project could be anything we wanted. Getting used to the paint was the hard part.”

“Is it oil paint?” Kara nodded her head and Cat hummed, she must’ve sped up the drying process just a tad. “It’s beautiful, I love it, thank you, all of you.” The three returned to their presents and Cat looked at the last box in front of her in contemplation. Shrugging her shoulders, she opened the box and found one of her favorites vintages of wine and an aged bottle of single malt. She found another letter in the box with handwriting matching the one left on the plate. ‘A small token for giving one of the greatest gifts, the gifts of love and family for someone in need.’ Cat sat back on the couch after reading the note. She knew Clark Kent’s chicken scrawl and Lois Lane’s overly loopy handwriting, neither one resembling the writing on the notes she received. She glanced up and saw Carter playing with his train and Lena and Kara sitting side by side wearing matching hoodies, while the brunette explained the science project in the box to the blonde.

The older blonde excused herself back to her room to change clothes, all the while thinking Maybe there’s something more to this Santa thing.

Chapter End Notes

Before people ask, yes I do still believe in Santa, because like in Yes Virginia, I believe in the idea of Santa, and I think that Kara would jump in eagerly for Christmas traditions and such. Plus, Christmas is almost upon us so... ‘Tis the season. Aren't Kara and Lena adorable in their matching pajamas and hoodies? Lena is going to serve as part of what Alex does in canon, not quite a protector, not yet, but a shoulder to cry on, someone who is always there, confidant, sometimes even more than the Danvers sisters because their relationship in this is built on something different.

Also, anyone else waiting for the Mon-El/Kara romance thing to go away? If it was done properly, I might've could've gotten behind it, but she broke up with James because she needed time (and CW writes know better than to shove people together write away, Olicity disaster) and she just gets with Mon-El? Alex has a kickass storyline going for her right now, where is Kara's?? She needs some depth! We will give her some... Plus, Mon-El is totally a bad guy in the comics!
Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

Merry Christmas everyone!! I have a new story out that I wrote for the Supergirl Secret Santa Exchange, it's called The Magic of Christmas if you want to check it out. Anyway, I hoped to get this out by Christmas, and on Christmas is technically by Christmas right?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Why are you having to volunteer at an animal shelter again?” Cat asked, watching as her daughter moved around her room stuffing a few things into a small backpack.

“I told you that it’s a requirement of all students to participate in volunteer work during either the fall or spring semester, and my homeroom drew a spring semester slot.”

“That doesn’t explain why you’re volunteering at an animal shelter though.”

Kara grinned sheepishly and toed the tip of her shoe and little bit. “That’s, um, well Lena got a list of places to volunteer that the school accepts for this project, and we were going over the list and I saw the animal shelter listed near the bottom…”

Cat sighed and rolled her eyes, “You and dogs, you better not get any idea to bring a dog home with you. We talked about this.”

“I know, I know, no pets.”

The woman narrowed her eyes and just hummed, “So Lena is going to be volunteering with you today?”

“Yeah, she’ll be here soon.” As soon as the words left Kara’s mouth, the doorbell rang on the penthouse and Kara bolted to answer it.

Cat chuckled and followed after her exuberant daughter, finding her in the hallway by the door giving her brunette friend a tight hug. “Lena don’t let her bring a puppy home,” Cat warned, pointing a figure at the girl. “She’ll try to trick you with her own sad, puppy eyes, but it’s not allowed. I’m naming you responsible for her.”

Lena straightened and saluted, clicking her heels. “Yes Captain ma’am!” She squeaked out, fighting to keep a smile from appearing on her face.

“This isn’t the old west, don’t call me ma’am,” Cat replied, turning to head back to her office. Before she left she turned back to the girls and smirked, “And that’s General Grant to you Lena.” She started back towards her office before she paused and turned back to the girls. “On second thought, I’m coming with you both, you need supervision.”

“No Cat, you have work you need to do,” Kara said, “Carter’s at his dad’s house, you could use this chance to…”
“Sit at home by myself with a glass of wine and a mountain of paperwork to do?” Cat finished, her brow rising into her hairline. “Not a chance, and I don’t trust you not to bring a dog home.”

“But Lena said she would watch me!”

“I once watched her as she handed over her double scoop ice cream cone because you pouted at her,” Cat replied, grabbing her coat and purse from the hall closet. “I can’t trust her to remain unswayed, no offense of course Lena.”

“Those eyes, they’re lethal weapons,” Lena shivered, “I could use the backup.”

“You’re not the first person to tell me that,” Cat replied while Kara just pouted. The woman ushered the girls out of the penthouse and down to the parking garage. She opted to take her car rather than call for one of her drivers, and unlocked her Mercedes. Her mind flickered briefly to the muscle car she had stashed away at her beach house and sighed. When Carter was older, she would be able to drive it again with more frequency, feeling the power underneath the hood as she zoomed along the coastal road near beaches and scraggly cliffs. Cat glanced in her rearview mirror and checked on the two girls in the back seat, whispering and giggling conspiratorially. Warmth built in Cat’s chest and she smiled. This was better, having a family, doing seemingly mundane activities that she heard of from other kids when she was in boarding school, it was worth sacrificing one of her rarely free Saturdays to spend time with her daughter and her daughter’s best friend.

She still hadn’t had a conversation with Kara about calling her mom in her sleep. It was nearing the end of January, over a month since the incident had happened and Cat had meant to bring it up with the girl numerous times. She held back each time though, part of her terrified that the girl wasn’t thinking about her at all, but rather her other mother, the one that raised her for the first thirteen years of her life and made hard decisions to ensure the girl’s survival. Her heart yearned to know if the girl called her mom, loved her enough to give her that title, to share it with Alura, but her heart also remembered the sting of rejection. Her mother, Aaron, Jason, Adam… She didn’t think her heart could take the soft rejection and mournful apology that would no doubt appear in Kara’s eyes.

“Ms. Grant, the animal shelter is just up here,” Lena’s voice came, breaking Cat from her thoughts. She glanced around and spotted the sign for the shelter on her left and signaled that she was turning into the parking lot. She parked and shuffled the girls out of the car and into the building, pushing down a smile at the sight of Kara eagerly bouncing on the balls of her feet.

The woman waiting behind the desk inside the lobby bolted upright when she saw the enter. “Ms. Grant,” the woman stuttered out, “I didn’t, we didn’t realize you were coming today. Of course we knew that your um, well we saw her last name um… Hi, I’m Daisy, Daisy Marks, I am one of the full time staff here at the shelter. I deal with adoptions, volunteers, and general kennel and animal care.” She moved around the desk and smiled nervously at the media mogul before grinning brightly at the two girls. “You two must be Kara and Lena, your homeroom teacher emailed me and let me know you would be volunteering here a few Saturdays this semester.” Kara just bounced excitedly while Lena nodded. “Excellent, you’re the only volunteers we have from your school so far, though we’ll probably get a few later in the term.”

“I decided to come with them today Ms. Marks, but I don’t know if I’ll be able to every day the girls are volunteering. I wanted to make it expressly clear that my daughter is not to be bringing any animals home with her,” Cat said, her arms crossed over her chest.

Daisy shifted for a minute, pushing the long sleeves of her oversized shirt up her arms closer to her elbows. “No need to worry about that Ms. Grant,” she said after a few minutes, “We have a strict policy against letting our student volunteers adopt pets. They can, but only after they’ve stopped interning and with express parental consent of course.”
“I see that you’ve had this problem before,” the blonde woman commented sardonically.

“Occasionally, but not to often,” another voice replied and the four turned to see an older black woman walking into the lobby. “Tracey Green Ms. Grant, I’m the director here, I deal with all of the business aspects of running the shelter, lobbying for funds and donations, and arranging for adoption days at different festivals throughout the year. Daisy and Diego Reyes, our vet and resident handyman generally keep track of the animals and the kennels.”

“Only the three of you?”

“We rely a lot on volunteer help,” Tracey told her. “If you come with me Ms. Grant, I can give you some more information about our facility while Daisy shows the girls the ropes on what they’re going to be doing.”

Cat followed Tracey back to her office and Daisy took Kara and Lena back to the kennels where the dogs were kept. The smile on Kara’s face when she saw all of the dogs could’ve powered the entire city. The older brunette took them through the facility and told them that they would be helping to exercise the dogs, feed them, and clean the kennels. Older volunteers, generally college students who like working with animals, would take some of the dogs out for adoption fairs or feature adoption of the week, so Kara and Lena would mainly be helping in the shelter, occasionally taking the dogs out for walks.

A few hours passed as Daisy trained them on different safety measures and general care for the animals and the facility, making sure to go over everything a few times to stress the importance of proper procedure to the two girls. She left them alone in the kennels to play with the dogs during the last hour and returned to the front desk. Kara left Lena in one of the cages near the front playing with a few small terrier mixes while she explored the other kennels further back in the shelter.

“Lena?” The brunette glanced up and saw Cat standing outside the kennel looking in on her in bemusement.

“Hi Ms. Grant, did you have a good talk with Mrs. Green?” The brunette asked, reluctantly getting off the floor and leaving the enclosure.

Cat hummed, “It was very enlightening, I might see about covering animal adoptions as a special for my show, or cover local animal shelters in the Tribune. Something to think about anyway.” She adjusted the purse settled in the crook of her elbow and looked around in the nearby pens. “Where’s Kara? It’s time to go, I have to get you back to school. If we leave now, we can get dinner before you head back.”

“She’s further back, I think she said something about meeting as many of ‘the cute little puppies’ as she could.” Lena scrunched her nose, “Is this one of those situations where like calls to like?”

The older woman sighed and just continued down the line of kennels, “Quite possibly.” They found Kara in the next to last pen and Cat was speechless when she saw her daughter.

“Cat! Look!” Kara squealed, picking up the full grown St. Bernard mix, “Isn’t he so cute?! He was just back here, all by himself, lying down, so I came in here to sit with him and then he climbed on my lap so I thought he wanted a cuddle and isn’t he just the cutest?” Cat and Lena looked at the girl with flabbergasted expressions on their faces, which cued Kara in that she had done something wrong. She tilted her head, and wiggled her nose for a moment. The dog in her arms let out a soft ‘woof’ and it finally registered. “Oh,” she muttered, “I’m not supposed to be able to pick him up am I?”
Lena just giggled and Cat let out a loud groan, dropping her head in her hand. “Kara,” she growled, a note of warning in her voice.

Kara just winced and slowly set the dog down, a quiet ‘aww’ building in her chest as he melted bonelessly to the floor, lying on her feet. She heard her adoptive mother exhale in frustration and she flinched, glancing up at the woman. “Um, can we forget this happened?”

“So you have super strength too?” Lena blurted out, “Does that mean you also have super durability or else your bones would snap under the weight…”

“Not here,” Cat hissed, “and what do you mean she has super strength too?”

The brunette gave the older woman a sheepish look. “Um… well… Kara occasionally… floats in her sleep?”

Cat just let out another aggravated sigh while Kara looked at her friend thoughtfully. “I didn’t know I did that.”

“Kara!”

Lena and Kara just looked down at their boxes of takeout as they ate quietly on the couch, doing their best not to make too much noise in case they set off Cat who was pacing furiously in front of the couch. “So let me get this straight,” Cat said, stopping in front of the two girls, “You’ve known that… something was odd about Kara for how many months?”

“Um… since the first sleepover?” Lena said, looking up from her pasta. “Like, I knew something was special about her when we met, but I couldn’t quite figure it out until, well, the floating…”

Kara opened her mouth as if to say something but Cat just sent her a withering look that silenced her. “What exactly is it that you’ve figured out?” The older woman asked calmly, pinning the girl to her seat with a fierce glare.

“Well, Kara’s a meta-human right?” Lena asked, looking from the reporter, talk-show host, burgeoning hover mother, to her best friend, “Or an alien? Maybe a mutant like the X-Men, though that’s a comic book series. Though they could be real with my multiverse theory is correct, in which case Kara could also be a dimensional traveler…”

The throbbing in Cat’s head amplified the longer Lena talked. “Lena, Lena, stop, alright, we get it.”

Lena nodded sheepishly before looking over at Kara. “So what are you?”

“Um…” The blonde glanced up at her mother and seeing the older woman’s nod, she looked back at Lena. “Um, an alien?”

“Whoa,” Lena blinked, “That’s so cool! So you look just like humans, er, earthlings? But you can float and have super strength, do you know if you have super durability and invulnerability? How thick would your skin have to be in order to block like a knife, do you feel it when people touch you? I know that one guy in gym class ran into you the one time and you fell over, but I’m pretty sure he was hurt worse than you were…”
“Lena please stop talking,” Cat groaned out again, rubbing her forehead where a headache was
throbbing just under the surface. “So you’re alright with Kara being an alien?”

“Why wouldn’t I be?” The dark haired girl asked, her green eyes wide. Cat just sent her a knowing
look and Lena flinched, looking back down at her food. “So uh, you know about that huh?”

“I’m surprised more people don’t know Lena, though I will say that not many are as intelligent as I
am,” the older woman conceded.

“Know what?” Kara asked, her mouth full of spaghetti.

Lena ducked her head a bit before glancing up at her friend, her best friend. “Um, well, my parents
and older brother, they’re a little… outspoken about aliens. Bordering on hatred really, kind of like
anti-Semitism during the Natzi era, or the anti-mulism atmosphere that's cropping up lately.” She
sighed and gave Kara a mournful look, “Thorul isn't my actual last name, which your mom has
figured out. It's Luthor.”

“Luthor…” Kara blinked, “Like Lex Luthor?”

“My older brother,” the brunette supplied weakly, “He’s always been the favorite since he's their real
child. The stuff he's been saying, it scares me. You have to believe me, I don't agree with what he's
been saying, especially his war on Superman, that's just ridiculous.”

Kara stared at her friend for a few moments and a feeling of dread started to build in both Lena and
Cat. Suddenly the blonde did something neither of them expected she would ever do, she turned
fully away from her food in order to embrace the brunette sitting next to her. “You're not your
family,” Kara murmured, “You're Lena, doesn’t matter who your family is. You're my friend
and I love you.”

“Really?”

The blonde nodded her head happily. “Of course! You know you're my first friend on Earth so that
makes you special.”

“Thanks Kara,” Lena sniffed and wiped at bit at her nose using her sleeve, causing Cat to flinch
slightly. Satisfied that she had gotten all of the important answers, the older woman sat down to her
plated dinner, digging into a perfectly seasoned salmon filet.

“So Lena, what is this about Kara floating in her sleep?” Cat asked, eyeing the girl.

Lena giggled while Kara just blushed. “Oh Ms. Grant, it was the weirdest thing. The first night we
had a sleepover, I got up to get some water. When I came back, Kara was floating a few feet off the
bed.” She laughed when she saw Kara's face express a mixture of amusement and mortification. “I
didn't know what to think at first except that this was some kind of exorcist thing, but that's usually
all horizontal looking like a creepy corpse. Kara was in her normal starfish sleeping position so I just
shrugged and climbed back in bed. I was kind-of afraid that she would just drop out of the air and
squish me so I grab her hand and tugged her back down to the bed.”

“I wonder if floating in your sleep is the alien version of sleepwalking,” Cat muttered. She turned a
sharp glare on Kara, “You better grow out of it or you're never going to be able to go to college.”

The blonde just shrugged while her friend giggled. “So what else can you do? Can you do anything
else? Other than floating and strength?”

Kara glanced at Cat for a moment and seeing her nod, she looked back at Lena. “I have enhanced
senses, basically all of them are enhanced."

“Oh wow.” Lena blinked, “So like advanced hearing, sight, taste, touch, smell? That's amazing! Do you use them often?”

“Sometimes, my M- um, Cat, she encouraged me to use them as much as I could, as much as I could stand. She said it would help me with my control.” The woman in question caught Kara's brief slip and her heart clenched. She would have to have that conversation with the girl, soon. “Occasionally if I hear something bad Cat calls in an anonymous tip to the police, but I normally like to give people their privacy,” Kara continued, “It's working so far, I don't have near as much trouble as I did when I first came, though really loud noises still freak me out a bit. And really really bad smells.”

“How do you stand the smell of the boy’s locker room?” Lena scrunched her nose, “I'm human with average senses and it makes me want to puke having to smell that every day for gym.”

“It, it's not pleasant,” Kara replied, “Boys are gross.” Lena nodded in agreement and the two chattered for a while before Cat called her driver to take the brunette back to her dorm room, ignoring her protests that she could take the bus.

“I'm going to go do my homework for the week,” Kara said when Cat walked back into the living room, finding everything cleaned up and the room spotless.

“Kara wait,” Cat said, halting the girl’s movement. When the blonde turned back to look at the woman, her blue eyes large and inquisitive, all of the air escaped out of Cat’s lungs. “I um…” It was the first time in years that she uttered the word ‘um.’ The last time was her first day of college when her journalism professor snapped at her, demanding an answer for why she was pursuing journalism. That question scared her, but this, right here, with Kara looking at her with large eyes, waiting, it was terrifying. “I need to talk to you,” she said finally, sitting down on the couch. She waved the blonde girl over and took a few measuring breaths while Kara settled on the couch next to her.

“Is this about Lena finding out that I'm… you know because I didn’t know that I floated in my sleep, I promise…”

“Kara, Kara, easy, I’m not worried about it, I think you’ll grow out of it in time. And Lena’s your best friend, her knowing about you would give you someone else to talk to,” Cat replied, running her hand down Kara’s arm. “No, this… I wanted to talk to you about this for a while now.” Kara cocked her head and Cat smiled, brushing back some of the strands of honey blonde hair. “You… when we were in Metropolis, the night Lois came to visit. After she left, I checked on you in the room, dead to the world curled up with Krypto and Tyson.” The woman smiled fondly, remembering the image, “You, when I touched you, you murmured leiū.” Kara’s face whitened and she looked down, her entire body tensing. Cat pressed on, wanting, needing an answer. “I normally wouldn’t ask, but I have to know. Kara… did you mean it?”

The girl didn’t reply for a long moment, Cat’s heart was in her throat the entire time before she saw a hesitant nod. “I guess I’ve been thinking about it a lot, referring to you as ‘mom’ in my head, I just didn’t know how to do it outloud, or if you would even want that from me. I know I’m not your real child.”

“Kara, no,” Cat stated, pressing both of her hands on her shoulders. “I took you in, adopted you, loved you, I do love you as if you were my own child. Blood doesn’t always make a family, it’s love that binds us together and I love you. I don’t think I could love you more if I had actually given birth to you. You are my daughter, Carter’s older sister, nothing is going to change that. I can’t replace Alura in your life, but I can serve the same role in your life, if you want me to.”
Kara nodded, once, twice, tears streaming down her face before lunging at the older woman, wrapping her arms around her in a tight embrace. “I love you mom,” Kara whispered, burying her face in Cat’s neck.

The older woman closed her eyes, a few tears escaping to run down her own face. “I love you too Kara,” she whispered, holding the girl close. “I love you too.”

“Kara,” Carter asked, making his way over to the girl and climbing in her lap. He stood up on her legs and placed his hands on her face, giving her a serious look.

“Yes?”

“When’s your birthday?” He asked, the serious expression never leaving his face.

The blonde blinked for a moment and tilted her head as she thought about Carter’s question. “I’m not sure Cart,” she replied honestly, “We never really celebrated birthdays where I’m from, we celebrated Name Day, meaning the day we got our names a few days after birthday.”

Carter pouted his lip a bit as he thought and nodded. “Okay, so when’s your Name Day?”

“I’m not sure buddy, but I’ll let you know.” The little boy nodded his head in excitement and crawled off her lap to keep playing with his toys. Carter’s birthday was a few days ago, just after Kara had gotten out of school for summer break. Lena stayed in National City long enough to attend the little boy’s party before flying back to Metropolis on her family’s orders. The blonde was sad to see her friend leave, but knew that they would keep in touch during the break. Ever since the party though, Carter’s had birthdays on the brain, wanting to know when everyone’s birthday was. He asked Meredith, Lena, Cat and now apparently it was Kara’s turn.

The question stuck with Kara the rest of the day as she and Carter played until his nap time, and then later after he work up and they went to the park with Meredith. It lingered in her mind until long after Cat returned home and they were eating dinner around the table. “Alright Kara,” the older blonde started as she was trying to coerce her suddenly picky son into eating his vegetables along with his pasta, “What’s wrong? Your mind has been a thousand miles away tonight.”

“More like light years away,” Kara murmured.

“Mama!” Carter ‘whispered’ in his toddler voice, drawing Cat’s attention. “I asked Kara when her birthday was today.”

“You did?” Cat immediately knew what had her daughter so distracted but focused on his son and the story he was telling. “And what did she say?”

“She didn’t know!” The boy replied, his eyes wide. “Though she said that she didn’t really have birthdays, said that her other family did um… um…”

“Name Days,” Kara whispered to her brother and Carter’s eyes lit up.

“Yes, that, Name Days!” He squealed. “Do you know when Kara’s Name Day is Mama?”

“Why don’t we ask her darling?” Cat whispered back to the boy.
Carter turned his wide, pleading eyes back to Kara and the blonde hated to let him down. “I’m sorry buddy, I really don’t know. The um, the calendar was different, timing, days, things like that.” They still hadn’t told Carter that she was an alien, not really, just that she was special. Cat wanted to wait until he was old enough to understand, so they had to think of ways to talk around it with him.

A contemplative expression crossed Carter’s face and he set his head on his propped up hand, barely paying attention now as his mother shoveled vegetables into his mouth. He finished eating the last of the broccoli by the time he realized what had happened. “I know!” He cried out again, clapping his hands, “You can pick a new Name Day, any day.” He bounced excitedly in his seat, “You could pick Halloween! Then we could dress up, get candy and have a party every year for your Name Day!”

“Carter,” Cat chastised, “If Kara is going to pick a Name Day, don’t you think we should let her decide?”

The boy pouted but nodded reluctantly. “I promise to think about it buddy,” Kara whispered to him, causing the boy to grin. The three of them finished up their dinner, and Cat got Carter bathed and ready for bed while Kara cleaned the kitchen and finished eating the remaining food from dinner. She had just put away the last plate when Carter came barreling towards her, stark naked and dripping wet from having just gotten out of the bath. Kara caught him just as he was attempting to run passed her, and Cat appeared from the bathroom holding his towel and clothes with a disgruntled look on her face.

“I really thought he had grown out of this,” she sighed as Kara held the squirming boy. Carter just giggled and Kara helped her mother get him dried off and dresser with a little help from super speed.

“Kara, sing me a song,” Carter murmured, sleep finally catching up with him. The blonde had taken to teaching Cat and Carter about Krypton, including the language and culture. She lost the opportunity to teach Kal the ways of Krypton, the songs of their people, but Carter loved them, especially the lullabies her mother and aunt had sung to her as a child.

Cat waved her away to Carter’s room and Kara carried the little boy, softly singing her favorite lullaby and feeling Carter slowly falling asleep in her arms. She tucked him away in bed, running her fingers through curly brown hair as she finished her song. She quietly left Carter’s room and went out in search of her mother. “Mom,” Kara said when she found the woman in her study.

The older blonde looked up from the papers on her desk and moved around to embrace her daughter. “I’m so sorry if Carter's question brought up some bad memories,” Cat started but Kara just shook her head.

“No it's fine, I mean, it hurts, still hurts, but I think it's good to talk about it,” Kara admitted.

Cat wasn't convinced but nodded her head anyway. “Well Carter brought up a good point, do you want to celebrate your Name day? I can call up a few people and see if they can figured out when it was for our calendar.”

Kara just shook her head again, “No, while it would be nice to know, I have a new name now. I'll never forget my mother and father, but maybe a way to celebrate my new family.”

The woman smiled and tucked a loose strand of blonde hair behind Kara's ear. “What day do you want to celebrate then?”

“What day did you use for those official documents?” Kara asked after a few moments, “The day I landed?”
“No! No, that’s something that idiotic cousin of yours would do, why pick a day that might remind you of everything you’ve lost?” The blonde girl ducked her head but nodded in understanding. Cat smiled, “I used the day that you agreed to the adoption, just a few days after you started living here with me.”

Kara tilted her head, “I like that, can that be my name day?”

“June 21st,” Cat said, nodding her head, “Perfect for somebody as sunny as you are since it is the longest day of the year.”

“Thank you Mom,” Kara replied, embracing the woman. “I know that birthdays are the tradition here.”

“Shush Kara, it’s okay, I want you to keep as many of your traditions as possible. I don’t want you to forget where you came from just because you’re living here with us now. I’ll be happy to celebrate your Name Day with you.” Kara bounced with excitement and Cat wondered how she was to throw a party for her alien daughter.

Chapter End Notes

So a story on FFnet "I'll Carry a Plane for You" another Kalex story, you should def read it if you like Kalex stories, anyway, it had the idea that Kara floated in her sleep and I was like huh, I wonder if it was like the Kryptonian version of sleepwalking so I decided to go with that. I really really want to skip ahead and get to the fun parts, but how Kara grows up is very important for how this story plays out so we'll get there. I will skip around though, I hate writing about daily activities for school. Living it was bad enough.
Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

So I was devastated with Carrie Fisher's passing. I had already started writing this chapter before hearing about it and I was just... I know people are like don't get so upset by a celebrity passing, you didn't know her. But we did, Carrie was different, she was one of those people everyone knew because she shared everything. She was crass, blunt, unapologetic, tasteless, and basically our hero. Like General Organa, we shouldn't stop fighting for what we believe in, using our words and wits first but never backing down. After she passed, I basically deleted what I had written and started over.

Anyway, it might seem a bit choppy, but I really want to push forward along with the story line since there are so many things I have planned for this story. Fun and exciting things intermingled with Grant family cuteness.

Carter isn't in this chapter because he is 3. I don't know what to do with him when he's three... what do three year olds do?? I have no idea.

All the comments and kudos are really appreciated, I love the Supergirl fandom community on this site, you guys are awesome.

Kara sat up from her place on the couch and cocked her head as if she were focusing on something in the distance. Cat glanced up from her laptop computer and looked at her daughter, her eyebrow quirked when the girl glanced down and squinted her eyes. It was an expression Cat had grown used to seeing when Kara used her X-ray vision. “What is she doing here?” Kara exclaimed, jumping up to run to the door. Cat only had to wait a few minutes before she heard the door open and two girls squealing. Carter raced after his sister and soon his squeals were added to the mix.

“Mom, Mom, Lena is here!” Kara exclaimed, racing back into the room dragging the other girl behind her. “Did you know she was coming?”

Cat just hummed and closed her laptop, smiling at the two girls and the rambunctious three-year old racing around them. “Well, I just let her know when we would be celebrating your birthday, excuse me, Name Day, and that you would really appreciate your best friend being here. Anything else I left up to Lena to figure out. Knowing her parents, they wouldn’t have appreciated a phone call from me.”

“And that was a good call,” Lena replied, collapsing in one of the recliners. “My parents wouldn’t have been pleased that’s for sure. I told my father that there was a summer camp starting next week that I wanted to go to so he sent me back to National City early and will send the rest of my stuff once the school year starts.” She let out a soft sigh, “My stuff would already be there but I’m moving to the high school dorms and my room wasn’t ready yet, so I had to send my stuff back to Metropolis and go home for the summer.”

“How was staying at home?” Kara asked, folding her legs underneath herself on the couch.
Lena just shrugged, “I always used to think it was normal you know? Not really seeing your parents, having maids be the ones that take care of you, parents that ignore you but dote on your siblings, and other things… I barely remember my real parents since I was adopted as a child, but spending time here with you guys, I’ve realized that my family is far from normal. Actually qualifies more as dysfunctional really. The parties, false smiles, platitudes, it’s all so… fake.”

“But nothing happened to you right?”

“Yelling, slapping, emotional manipulation, nothing I can’t handle,” the brunette replied. “It’s easier now that I know that I have you guys, you’re basically my second family. Or really the only family that cares about me, Lex is getting too involved with the company and anti-alien politics to really care much about me anymore. Mother and father, well, I guess I was a convenience to them. Here’s hoping I don’t have to spend much more time with them for the next few years.”

“They hit you?” The idea was unthinkable to Kara, children were sacred and treasured on Krypton. To hit a child was the very betrayal of oneself, a betrayal of Krypton.

“Nothing bad,” Lena hurried out, “I just… my mother likes to slap people when she doesn't get her way, namely me. I won't be seeing her again for a while so it doesn't matter.”

Cat's fingers itched to write a scathing exposé about the older Luthors but knew that it would only end up hurting Lena in the long run. Before she met and adopted Kara, she probably would have written the story, without any care of possible collateral damage. The girl was teaching her about caring for people outside of her sons, caring for the misfits of the world. She wouldn't let up on her employees, they needed someone to push them, and politicians needed someone to question them, but she could call for more attention to certain causes and help people when she could.

“So what's the plan for Kara's Name day?” Lena asked, breaking Cat out of her thoughts.

“The actual day is on a Tuesday and I have to work, so we'll be having the party tomorrow on Saturday,” Cat replied.

“And what's the theme?”

“Star Wars,” Kara clapped her hands, “I’ve never seen them, but Mom says there’s five movies out and the sixth one just came out a month ago, though it’s called the third one? Mom said that we have to watch them in the order that they were released to get the true feel for them, but Lois said that Mom just likes ogling Harrison Ford.”

“Kara!”

“Oops,” the blonde girl smiled shyly, “But we’re having a Star Wars themed party.”

“That's so cool,” the brunette replied. “It’s been awhile since I’ve seen any of the movies. My parents and brother… They didn’t like space type things, nothing with aliens. First time I saw the movies was my first year at boarding school.”

“Well, we’re going to watch all five of them this weekend,” Cat said, momentarily resenting her morals keeping her from eviscerating the older Luthors, “And we’re going to see the most recent one since I promised Kara we would go see it. You’re more than welcome to come Lena.”

“I don’t want to intrude…”

Cat snorted, “You’re Kara’s best friend, you’re not intruding, she deserves to have her best friend here to celebrate her Name Day with her. Now that walking fashion disaster inviting herself to my
“Lois Lane,” Kara supplied, catching the confusion on Lena’s face. “We’re sort of… family.”

“But don’t she and Cat sort of hate each other?” Lena asked, glancing over at the older woman as she stared unseeing in the distance, a ripped tissue in her hands.

“No? Yes… Maybe, they’re working on it.”

Cat snapped out of her daze when she heard the two girls whispering and turned her glare on them. “Now Lena,” she got back to the topic at hand. “You said you told your parents that you were going to a summer camp. Are you really going to a summer camp or was that just an excuse?”

“Oh no, there’s a camp for people interested in science starting the first week of July. I just used it as a reason to leave earlier so I could come here.”

“And it’s in National City?”

“Just outside of it actually, it’s focused on the green sciences and technology, I’m really excited about it.” Lena perked up as she talked, “I always dreamed of transitioning the country to green, more eco-friendly energy sources and this might be the first step towards that.”

Cat nodded, glancing absently at the clock as she did. “Alright girls, bed for the both of you, it’s late. Lena, I’m putting you in the guest room since you’ll be here longer than a couple nights.”

“But sharing a bed with a floating alien is fun…” Lena protested as Cat steered her to her room.

“March.”

“Your mom is basically a nerd isn’t she?” Lena whispered gleefully as she tugged at the new clothes she found on her bed that morning. It was a dark set of jedi robes complete with a plastic lightsaber that glowed blue with motion activated sound effects from the movies.

“She’s the biggest nerd, but don’t tell her that,” Kara giggled, wearing a lighter set of robes and carrying a green lightsaber. “I’m assuming there’s a reason for these clothes and this… sword thing.”

“Sword thing? Excuse you, this is a lightsaber,” the brunette countered, waving the saber around, grinning gleefully at the sounds that accompanied it. “This is the weapon of a jedi. You will have to grow strong with the force if you want to be a jedi.”

“No one gets to be a Jedi unless they’ve brushed their teeth and made their beds,” Cat’s voice came and both girls turned to find the older woman standing just in the hallway from her bedroom. She wasn’t wearing a robe like the two girls, just a simple pair of yoga pants paired with a tank top. Kara smiled, showing her teeth while Lena just pouted. “No pouting, back to the bathroom with you and then you can have breakfast and start watching the movies.”

The brunette sighed and turned back to the bathroom with Kara following behind her. “It must be nice,” Lena murmured as she pulled out her toothbrush.

“What?”
“Having someone that cares enough about you to make sure you've brushed your teeth.”

Kara smiled sadly, realizing what her friend was saying. “Yeah,” she replied quietly, “It is nice.”

Cat stood just out of sight outside the bathroom and smiled sadly at the conversation. They were a couple of misfits looking for a home, but Cat surmised she was a misfit as well; it was only fitting they all find a home with each other. If Lillian and Lionel Luthor wouldn’t love that intelligent, kind-hearted girl then Cat would. The doorbell rang and Cat left her post to answer the door, finding Lois Lane on the other side. “Darth Vader I presume,” the blonde woman drawled out, cackling slightly at the offended look on the brunette’s face.

“How hilarious as always Cat,” Lois sniped, stepping into penthouse looking for her honorary cousin (niece?). “Where’s Kara?”

“Lois!” Kara squealed, hugging the woman tightly.

“Oof, happy Name Day Kara,” the older woman said, “Thanks for inviting me.”

A shy, hesitant look crossed Kara’s face as she released the brunette. “Is, um… is he?”

“Clark doesn’t know I came,” Lois said, interpreting Kara’s stammering, “I don’t think he would approve my coming, so I didn’t bother to tell him. He can be a real stick in the mud when he wants to be.”

Kara cracked a smile and motioned the brunette girl behind her forward. “Lois, this is my very best friend Lena Thorul, Lena this is Lois Lane. She’s my cousin’s keeper.”

“Dating,” Lois said hurriedly, “We’re dating, I’m dating her cousin.”

“Mom said that you were Kal’s keeper?” Kara cocked her head in confusion.

“I’m sure she did,” the woman stated dryly, glancing over at her rival. Cat just smirked and proceeded to finish the breakfast she had started cooking, making sure to make extra for the bouncy, blonde puppy. Lois rolled her eyes at Cat and turned her attention back to the girls in front of her. “Now you said that your name was Lena Thorul…”

Lena winced, “You’re probably like Ms. Grant, not fooled by a simple anagram. It’s Luthor, my name, it’s Lena Luthor. I’m not like my brother or my family though, I know that your know Superman, and I don’t believe in what my brother has been saying about aliens. It would be hypocritical of me since…”

Lois’s brow furrowed at the girl’s horrified look and it dawned on her what she was going to say. “You know,” she said, “About Kara I mean.”

“That she’s um… special, yeah. It’s hard not to be notice when your best friend floats in her sleep.”

Kara looked at Lois anxiously but the woman just smiled. “It’s okay,” she said, reassuring the two teenagers, “You know that Superman and Lex were best friends once upon a time, well before Superman became Superman. He never did tell him that he was an alien, and I think that started the end for their friendship. It’s good that you already know about Kara, Lena, because that way your friendship isn’t built on deceit.”

“You occasionally say wise things Lane,” Cat said, appearing in the living room again. “Breakfast is done, waffles, bacon and sausage, and fruit. Kara, Lena, make sure you both eat some of the fruit.”
“Yes Mom,” “Yes Ms. Grant” both girls said as the dashed to the kitchen, Kara using just a bit of her super speed to reach the waffles before her friend. Lena wasn’t too far behind her friend and squealed when she saw the food. “Oh this is awesome,” the brunette cried, “Death Star waffles!”

“You’ll understand when you watch the movies.”

“Don’t you think this might be a little triggering for her?” Lois whispered to Cat, tugging on her elbow to turn her away from the girls in the kitchen. “I know that you’re a huge nerd and you’ve seen all the movies, but you do remember what happens in the first one right?”

Cat sighed and steeled her gaze as she look at Lois, “Yes I remember, yes I remember that a planet is destroyed. I know it’s not the same thing that happened to Krypton, but it’s the same end result, a whole civilization gone. I’ve had to deal with it in panicked screams, whimpers and nightmares for the past year Lois. It’s why I haven’t suggested the movies before until now. I told her that it happens in the first one, and Kara said she would still like to see it, like to deal with it. If she deals with it now, in a safe space with people around that love her, it might not be so bad.”

The two made their way to the kitchen and found that Kara had already demolished three of the death star waffles while Lena was still working on hers. Cat chuckled as she daughter nibbled on the bacon with a satisfied smile on her face, pulled out her own food, cutting one of the waffles in half and pulling some of the berries on top of it. The older blonde put Episode IV in not too long after breakfast and sat down on the couch with her laptop nearby. She would have to do some work later, but she wanted to make sure that Kara would be alright before she got swept up in idiotic problems. Kara sat next to her and curled up under her arm, snuggling into chest right where the sound of her heartbeat was the strongest.

The girl watched the movie in rapt fascination and murmured about how various things in the movie weren’t possible, but other things, like traveling at light speed or faster was possible for a few of the planets she visited. Her eyes screwed shut and her entire body clenched when the Death Star fired and Alderaan was destroyed. Cat ran her fingers through long strands of blonde hair until the shaking had stopped and the girl peeked out from where she was hiding her face pressed into the older woman’s side. She soon became engrossed with the movie again, intrigued by the interplay between the different planets and galaxies, called star systems in the movies. She sat up when the lightsaber battle between Darth Vader and Obi-Wan Kenobi started, intrigued by the concept of the weapons, cried out when Obi-Wan disappeared, and cheered with the Death Star was destroyed. The blonde shifted to the seat where Lena was perched for *The Empire Strikes Back*, both of their small frames fitting into the large, overstuffed recliner.

Cat pulled her computer out and started working, only looking up when Kara let out a surprised ‘what?!’ when Darth Vader uttered his most famous line. She turned her attention to the two girls and found they were both muttering furiously about what was happening on the screen. Glancing over at Lois, Cat saw that the woman was also scribbling away on her tablet and she had to restrain herself from rolling her eyes. The technology for those tablets was rudimentary at best, Cat wouldn’t consider purchasing one until they could rival the power provided by a laptop or full computer. They broke for lunch, Cat ordering Kara’s favorites of course, and cake and ice cream.

“Are you having a good Name Day?” Cat asked her daughter later that day once they had finished Episode I.

“It’s different than what we did on Krypton, but the atmosphere is the same,” Kara replied, smiling faintly. “Spending time with your loved ones, celebrating your life. Movies, potstickers, cake and ice cream are a nice touch though.”
“You and food…”

“Potstickers are one of the best things about Earth.”

“Just one? What are the other things?”

“Lena, Carter… you, the people that I love.”

Cat smiled and tugged the girl closer, kissing her softly on the head. “We love you too Kara.”

Cat bolted upright in bed when a loud boom filled the penthouse, coupled with a pained scream. It was a few weeks after Kara’s Name Day, Lois returned to Metropolis and Lena was squirreled away in her tree-hugger science camp. Catco’s weatherman had been predicting that a massive storm system was going to be passing over National City, the first one in well over a year. She hadn’t paid any attention to it, thunderstorms were troublesome but not overly so, the smell of electricity crackling in the air was thrilling to the woman. She hadn’t accounted for how thunder would sound to someone who could hear a dog sneeze on the other side of the city, and how it would affect a soul kind enough to say ‘bless you’ for the unknown dog.

Carter never had any problems with thunderstorms. Ever since he stopped teething, he slept through the night like a rock without any problems. He slept like the dead while her daughter had to learn to shut out the noise and clamor of the bustling city. The girl had learned to sleep peacefully, but storms brought new sets of problems. She rushed into Kara’s room and found the girl curled into a ball pressed towards the wall, her hands clamped over her ears and tears rolling down her face.

“It’s too loud,” she cried, flinching as another round of thunder echoed overhead.

“Shh, Kara, shh, it’s okay.” Cat murmured, crawling into the bed next to her daughter. She knew that with the girl in such the distraught state that she was, it was a high chance that she could lose control of her abilities. She didn’t care so much about that possibility as Kara continuing to suffer the way she was. The woman pulled the girl into her chest, cupping one hand over her ear and pressing her head over her heart. She pushed the girl closer to the wall, hoping to distract her from the noise by overwhelming her other senses.

“Kara,” Cat said, drawing the girl’s attention. “Kara, I want you to do something for me. I want you to open your eyes and look outside, look to the sky.” The girl quivered for a few more minutes before opening her eyes, looking out through the wall and buildings to the storm above them. “I want you to watch the storm, watch the lighting as it forms and crackles across the sky, watch as the molecules collide together to create the lightning, watch as its movement creates thunder, watch the movement of the clouds. If you see how it works, the beauty and power of the storm, it might not be so scary anymore.”

The blonde did as her mother asked, she watched. She watched as tiny molecules collided with each other, seeing the sparks emerge from the collisions. She watched as the sparks grew in the clouds until a great light appeared, leaving a great crack in its wake. The more she watched the storm with the steady beat of Cat’s heart sounding in her ear, the less Kara shivered, the less she quaked.

“It’s beautiful,” she murmured, her eyes wide.

“Mhm, what can you see?”

“Mhm, what can you see?”
Kara told her. She told her about the ice molecules and how they fell down from the very upper parts of the clouds, colliding with the water molecules to form the electric sparks. She told her how she could see as the lightning formed, see the vacuum it created as it moved through the cloud, struck out towards the ground. She told her how the wind pushed the clouds around, how the lightning seemed to move with the cloud as the rain beat down. “Sounds like you have your next painting idea,” Cat murmured, scratching her scalp lightly. “Portraying a storm from the inside.” Her little girl was turning into quite an artist; the paintings and drawings of Krypton were her favorites, but she also enjoyed seeing the world from unique perspectives, something that only someone with supervision would be able to portray.

“It would be beautiful,” Kara murmured, sleeping pulling at her as her eyes drifted closed. The sounds no longer bothered her as images of how thunder was formed danced in her mind. Cat smiled down at the girl and stayed a few moments longer, sleep eventually taking her as well as she was lulled into morpheus's arms by Kara’s steady breathing.

“High school Kara,” Lena said as she and the blonde girl walked through the hall towards their lockers. “We’re in high school. This is it, four more years and then we’ll be adults and off to college, ready to make names for ourselves.”

“That’s still not for another few years Lena,” Kara chuckled as they stopped at their lockers to put their books away. They had received their schedules a few days prior with their locker assignments and were pleased to find they had a few of the core classes together along with lockers near each other. “This is our first day of high school, can’t we just, I don’t know, enjoy it for a while?”

“It is high school, what’s there to enjoy really?” Lena replied sardonically. “Work, work, work, this is the big time.” Kara rolled her eyes at her friend’s antics and grabbed her books for her morning classes before shutting her locker.

“What’s your first class again?” The blonde asked when Lena finished grabbing her books.

“French,” the brunette replied, twisting her face. “You’re lucky you placed out of foreign languages. They didn’t accept Irish as a good foreign language the leathcheann so now I’m stuck taking French.”

Kara giggled as her friend slipped into her native language briefly. “Don’t worry, I’ll practice with you, so it shouldn’t be too bad.”

“Thanks Kara,” the other girl smiled, “I’ll see you second period in world history.”

The blonde waved to her friend before navigating the halls to locate her first period class. The high school division of the school was located in a separate building from the middle school, something about keeping the younger age ranges separate from the older ones. It was good in that sense, but it also meant that Kara had to learn the layout of a new area, learn the sights, sounds and smells in this new building. She glanced around her and saw a variety of new people around her, the majority of them older and more mature in their appearance. Her nose crinkled slightly as she heard a rhythmic thumping coming from one of the single occupancy bathrooms just down the hall. The sound was accompanied by grunting and groaning, something she was familiar with having had to listening to it from the apartments below her mother’s penthouse. She knew those sounds, knew what they meant, and barely a minute later she heard a low moan followed immediately by indignant squawks and
A girl stumbled out of the bathroom, hurriedly straightening her clothes, knocking into Kara as she went.

“Watch where you’re walking freshman,” the girl groused, pushing passed Kara as a boy followed tucking his pants in along the way. Kara nearly gagged at the smell.

“Don’t look at them, don’t look at them,” she muttered to herself as she walked. She knew if she looked at them, she would inadvertently look at them and she didn’t want that image in her head on her first day of class. She had already seen that more times than she cared to since coming to live with Cat.

Morning classes flew by and before Kara knew it, she was waiting for Lena just outside the cafeteria. Her brunette friend had told her she had gym class right before lunch and it would take a while for her to get from the other side of the school. She felt a hard nudge on her shoulder, and remembered to move with it so she wouldn't hurt anyone. She turned and saw the girl from that morning standing there, a sneer etched on her face.

“Watch where you’re standing freshman,” the girl spat out again, knocking into once more as she pushed her way passed Kara into the cafeteria. The force of the push and the movement Kara needed to take so she wouldn’t hurt the girl was enough to send her to the ground. She lay there for a minute propped up on her elbows looking at the ceiling, contemplating the irony that she basically knocked herself to the ground.

“Oh my god, are you okay?” A short haired brunette appeared in her line of sight and Kara focused her vision on her. She was older, Kara could recognize the slight maturing of her features, more than herself or Lena had, probably a junior or senior. She was short, shorter than Cat but around average for human women she had observed since coming to Earth. There was something familiar in her features, though Kara knows she hasn’t met the girl before.

A hand appeared in front of her face and Kara realized that the girl was waiting for a reply. “I’m fine,” she replied, grabbing the hand and letting the other girl pull her up. “I was just surprised that’s all. I don’t know what I did for that girl to push me.”

The other girl laughed, her hazel eyes sparkling, “That’s just how Rachel is, she’s a bit of a bitch when she wants to be. I think she’s been having some trouble with her boyfriend, which generally means she likes to make everyone around her miserable.”

Kara nodded, “I think… I think I saw her, saw them this morning on my way to class?”

“Ouch, yeah that would do it, that means that you’re her new target of the year.” The other girl frowned and glanced towards the door of the cafeteria. “I’ll keep an eye on her, it’s not nice to pick on anyone, especially freshmen.” She turned her hazel eyes back onto the blonde girl, giving her an appraising look, “Especially such cute freshman.”

The blonde blushed and looked down, tucking a stray strand of blonde hair behind her ear. “Thanks,” she muttered, glancing back up at the girl shyly.

“Kara, hey Kara,” Lena’s voice came and the girl appeared at her side. “Are you okay?” She asked, looking at her friend. She had noticed the slightly mussed look of her clothes and knew that something must’ve happened for her to be in such a state.

“Your friends just had an altercation with the resident bully and supposed head bitch in charge,” the other girl said, smiling wryly at the two freshmen.
Lena scrunched her nose for a minute before her eyes widened, “Rachel Berkowitz? She’s kind of infamous in the dorms.”

“I’ll keep an eye on her,” the girl replied before turning her attention back to the blonde. “Kara was it? I hope I see you again sometime.”

“Wait, we didn’t get your name,” Lena called after the girl when it appeared that Kara was too embarrassed to ask.

“It’s Lucy,” the girl replied, “Lucy Lane.”

Chapter End Notes

So, Lucy is here! SuperLane is my favorite ship on this show, not gonna lie, I love it bunches. I do have stories planned for the pairing, and more Kalex, some SuperCat, Supercorps. The relationships are all really amazing. I kind of wish for more Supercanary, but I take what I have. Superflash is another love of mine, and if you need a good, really long story to read, I recommend Call me Kara on fan fiction net. Written by an acquaintance of mine, really long, really good.

Though, random question about episode 2x08, so the Medusa virus was designed by Zor-El to protect Krypton, why didn't it kill humans then? They're not Kryptonians. I feel like it was addressed in the show, but I don't remember, I was caught up in the drama with Lena and Kara that I wasn't paying attention.

So I do have a tumblr account guys, haven't used it much but I have it. @ArtistiaFox if you guys want to leave me a message or something to talk about literally any ship on this show, or just anything. Also I'm really good at giving people prompts if you want to start writing but can't think of anything.

*Note, Rachel Berkowitz is an actual character, the villain Blackstarr. Her origin story is being adjusted slightly, I might use her later in this, idk
I will get this story to grown-up show time, I will. It might kill me, but I will get there. And it will be Kalex, I have planned Kalex since the beginning, yes I have, so it will be done. Not that I'm changing my mind or anything like that, but this is taking a lonnnnggggg time.

Carter isn't in this chapter again because small child... what do you do with small children?????

Lena grit her teeth as Kara continued to prattle on and on about Lucy fucking Lane. The two girls were sitting in Lena’s room in the dorms working on a project for their history class when Kara brought up the older girl who had tracked them down in the library after school. Ever since her blonde friend had met the brunette a few weeks ago at the beginning of the semester, she has spoken of little else. At first Lena was amused by her friend’s babbling, but after a few days, the constant praises for the other brunette started to grate on her nerves. Lena was worried, worried that the older girl was trying to poach her best friend, her only friend if she was being honest. Now that she was in high school, people have started talking to her, especially with Kara hanging around and people loved talking to the bubbly girl, but she wouldn’t call any of them her friends. She has come to depend on the other girl, like having an a sister, a family, and she knew it was irrational to think of the older girl as someone encroaching on that bond but she was a teenager, it was her job to be irrational.

“And Lucy is really smart you know. She’s taking mostly AP classes as a junior and she’s on the cheerleading team,” Kara continued to gush.

The brunette snapped her book closed with a huff and glared at her friend. “If you’re going to talk about Lucy for the rest of the day, we should probably work on the project on a different day. I have other homework I need to do if I want to be able to start taking AP classes next year.”

Kara looked at her friend in confusion as she started pulling out her other books. “What’s your problem?” She asked, “Every time I mention Lucy, you get mad, and every time she comes over to hangout with us at lunch or after school in the library, you leave. Do you not like Lucy?”

“You’ll forgive me if I don’t want to spend any time with that… that, that best friend stealer!”

“Best friend stealer? What do you mean?”

“You talk about her all the time Kara, you spend a lot of your time with her, time that we would spend together,” Lena snapped, her green eyes blazing. “You might have other friends Kara, but I don’t.”

“If you actually talked with other people, you might be able to make some friends!”

Lena flinched but hardened her eyes. “This isn’t about that, this is about you spending all of your time either with Lucy or talking about Lucy. If you want a new best friend, fine.” She grabbed her
Kara watched in disbelief as her best friend stormed out of her room, slamming the door along the way. She felt a pressure developing in her chest, an emotion she hadn’t felt before started building in her with that pressure. She felt her eyes starting to burn and knew that she had to get out of there. Kara packed up her bag and bolted out the door, remembering to lock it on the way out. No matter how irritated she was with Lena at the moment, she would still do as she asked. Luckily Kara had stayed late to work on her project with Lena so it was dark out when she ran out of the dormitory. She ducked into a nearby alley and checked to make sure that no one was watching her, and tugged her hood over her head and took off into the sky.

The girl hadn’t flown much since coming to National City, choosing instead to simply float around the penthouse. There were too many people living in the city to fly safely without cover, and Kara didn’t want to endanger her family if someone were to see her. It was an overcast night though and the anger welling up inside of her kept her from worrying about such things. Once she got high up enough over the clouds, the burning in her eyes intensified until she let out a scream, two red beams emerging from her eyes. Her breaths were coming out in heaving gulps when she finally stopped screaming, her rage burning away like the tiny clouds she had disintegrated. She continued to float in the sky, her eyes searching the heavens until she located Rao. It was just a distant speck in the sky, a brilliant star that she could see far better than many with a telescope.

She wasn’t sure how long she stayed up there but when she noticed frost forming on her hoodie, she knew she had to head back down. The blonde glanced down, searching through the clouds down towards the buildings, looking for home. It wasn’t lost on her that she had just been searching the heavens for the same thing and was now looking towards Earth. She found the penthouse and headed towards it, moving slower than she normally did and feeling far more sluggish. As soon as she neared the penthouse, she dropped out of the sky, fortunately landing on her mother’s balcony.

Kara groaned and weakly pushed herself off the floor and into the penthouse, shutting the door behind her as she went. The light flickered on above her and Kara flinched, the light assaulting her eyes and causing a throbbing in her head. “Kara Catherine Grant,” Cat seethed, glaring fiercely at the girl. “Where the hell have you been? Lena called me hours ago in tears saying that you had a fight and that she changed her mind and came back but you were gone.”

“I’m sorry Mom, I… I don’t feel well,” the girl’s words slurred and her vision darkened. Cat stared in shock as her daughter seemed to wilt before her eyes and crumpled to the ground. She darted forward and caught her before she could hit the floor. “Oh you’re burning up,” she said, lifting her as best as she could, Cat maneuvered the girl into her bathroom and in the bathtub. She striped her and started the water on cold with only a slight bit of hot water before pulling out her phone and hitting the speed dial.

“Kitty, do you know what time it is?” Lois’s voice mumbled out as she answered her phone.

“I don’t have time for this Lane, has there ever been a time when Superman got sick?” Lois was silent for a moment before she spoke, “What’s wrong, did something happen to Kara?”

“Not now Lois, my daughter is sick, running a fever and just passed out, I don’t have time for questions!”

“Alright, alright, calm down. The only times I know when Superman got sick was when he was either exposed to Kryptonite or blew out his powers. Kryptonite is pretty rare, so she must’ve blown
out her powers.”

“What would cause that?” Cat asked as she turned the water off.

“Excessive use of them, usually heat vision, that generally takes a lot out of him. I’m guessing Kara blew them out, has she been upset?”

Cat groaned, “No, but I think I know what happened, but that’s beside the point, how does Kara get them back?”

“Just take care of her Cat, normal medicine should help her for a while if she’s sick, but she’ll need a lot of sunshine. They should come back on their own in a few days, that’s how they come back for him, or a shot of adrenaline. Since she’s only fourteen though, I wouldn’t recommend that, they’ll come back on their own. Her immune system is weak though so take care of her.”

“You don’t have to tell me to take care of my daughter Lane!”

“I know I don’t Kitty, geez, I know you’re a good mother. It’s just, this is probably the first time Kara has ever been sick, though I don’t know about Krypton. She’s gonna be confused without her powers for a while, and something upset her so just be there for her okay?”

“I’ll let you know how things go,” Cat replied, hanging up the phone. She stared down at her daughter shivering in the tub, her mind calculated what she needed to do. She could take a few days off to watch her, the producers could show reruns of her talk show or one of the pre-taped episodes she had for such an occasion. The woman didn’t think she would need them to take care of her sick, alien daughter, but never let it be said that Cat Grant didn’t prepare for every possibility.

Kara started to stir a few minutes later and Cat drained the tub, helping the girl out and into a towel. She left Kara to weakly dry off and rummaged through her medicine cabinet, finding what she needed to combat a bad cold and fever. “I wonder if I can arrange for you to have your shots while you don’t have your powers,” Cat mused as she doled out the correct dosage of medicine. “It’s worth looking into.” She set Kara down on her bed and retrieved some clothes for the girl, helping her dress before forcing her to swallow the cherry tasting medicine. It looked as if the blonde girl was going to spit it out, but Cat covered her mouth and pinched her nose, forcing her to swallow.

The girl grumbled but dropped off into sleep again. Cat bundled the girl in blankets and sprayed some lavender in the air, knowing it was good for sleeping and Kara needed rest to sweat out the fever. She called Carter’s pediatrician and arranged for Kara to come in for her first round of immunization shots the next day, spinning a tale of the girl being born in an isolated community and hadn’t been able to get her shots. The doctor set a schedule for the girl, and Cat stared at Kara thoughtfully. “Well, you’ll have to blow out your powers a few more times, I’m not taking any chances that you’ll contract the measles or mumps when you don’t have your powers. At the same time, your body might break down the shots later, but I’m covering all of my bases.”

She turned her attention back to the girl sleeping on her bed and sighed, “I don’t know what happened Kara, but we’ll talk about it when you’re feeling better.” The woman pulled out her phone and sent a text to Lena, letting her know that Kara was home but she was sick so she would be out of school for a few days.

Kara woke up the next morning without a fever and her cold mostly dissipated due to Cat shoving cold medicine and tylenol in her throughout the night. She was less enthusiastic about being told that she was being taking to the doctor’s to get her shots, and pouted the whole way. The girl proved to be terrified of needles and clung to Cat the entire time she was getting her shots, and refused to speak to her on the ride back to the penthouse when Cat informed her that she would have to do this again.
The older woman just let her sulk for awhile and told Meredith to take Carter to the park while she had words with the girl. “Kara, you’re going to have to blow your powers out again in a few months to get your shots, stop pouting, you aren’t getting out of it,” Cat told her when she walked out on the balcony and found the girl lying in the sun. Kara just pouted and shifted slightly in her seat. “Kara sweetie,” the woman started again, “I need to know why you were so upset yesterday, what set you off?”

Kara was quiet for a moment but opened her eyes, confusing and sadness swimming in the blue orbs. “I don’t know really, I’m still confused about it,” she replied, her eyes shifting over to her mother. “I was working on the project with Lena, and then I started talking about my new friend Lucy, I told you about her.” Cat nodded, she had heard about her daughter’s new friend quite a bit in the last month. She didn’t think that the blonde girl knew that her friend was Lois Lane’s kid sister, but since the two Lanes didn’t talk much it didn’t matter. Kara sighed, “I don’t know what happened, one minute I was talking, the next Lena was jumping all over me, accusing me of replacing her as my best friend just because I was talking about Lucy a lot. And then we started arguing, and I said some things I didn’t mean to, and she left and I just got to mad!” She shrugged and looked away, “I ran out of there and flew up above the clouds, and my heat vision triggered. I disintegrated a few clouds.”

Cat hummed and leaned back in her seat, thinking about what Kara said, something about it sounded familiar. The overreactions from both of the girls could be attributed to rampant teenage hormones that it seems Kryptonians also deal with, but something else was going on. She thought back over the course of the month and skimmed over every moment where Kara mentioned the younger Lane; there were quite a few moments. Cat recalled a time when she was in boarding school and had a similar fight with her best friend over another girl at school, a senior, and Cat remembers what she was feeling at the time. “Kara,” she started slowly, gaining the girl’s attention, “Are you… do you possibly have a crush on Lucy?”

“A crush?”

The woman cursed, how was she supposed to explain this to the girl? “Do you like Lucy? As in have feelings for her?”

“Feelings,” Kara murmured, her nose scrunching. “I don’t… I don’t know.”

“Will you tell me what you do feel?”

Kara shrugged, “I don’t know. I like being around Lucy, she’s smart and nice and pretty. She’s helped me out a lot since I started high school, and she’s really easy to talk to. I get this warm feeling in my chest when I see her, and I look forward to seeing her and I’m sad to see her go when she’s not around.”

Cat smiled when Kara basically confirmed what she was thinking. “Kara sweetie, ukiem, you have a crush on Lucy, meaning that you like her, zhao.”

The girl blushed, a dark pink staining her cheeks. “What-what?” She sputtered, “No, just, no, why would I- no.”

“Kara, Kara, calm down,” Cat said, shushing the girl. “It’s not a bad thing, did you not have crushes on Krypton?”

“Wha-No, relationships weren’t like that,” she replied, avoiding Cat’s gaze. “Marriages, things like that, they were arranged, especially for the noble houses. It wouldn’t have been proper for me… No.”
Cat reached over and grabbed the other girl’s hands and squeezed, drawing frantic blue eyes back to her own. “It’s okay to have a crush on someone Kara, it’s okay to like someone. It’s perfectly normally, I had my fair share of crushes growing up in boarding school, there’s nothing wrong with it.”

“Re-really?”

“Yes, there was one girl in school, a few years older than me, dark hair, dark eyes, she was beautiful. I had a horrible crush on her the entirety of my freshman year in high school.”

“What happened?”

The woman shrugged, “I never said anything, she graduated, I moved on, dated a few girls, then I graduated, went to college and met Adam’s father.” She waved her hands around a bit, “The rest is history I guess, though I have dated casually in the time between, nothing recently though since I seem to have my hands full.”

“So is that what you recommend I do?” Kara asked, “Do nothing? Lucy isn’t a senior though, she’s a junior.”

“That’s up to you darling. I wasn’t brave enough to do anything, but you are a hundred times braver than I am,” Cat said, squeezing her hands again. “Of course, you’re already off to a better start than I was, the girl I was crushing on didn’t even know I existed, Lucy talks with you on a regular basis. She might be crushing on you too.”

Kara squeaked and her eyes widened as her legs jerked up on the chair with her. She pressed against the back of the chair, making herself look smaller than she actually was. “Real-what? No, impossible, Lucy is-no, she’s really popular and pretty, why would she-no.”

Cat just hummed out a sigh, “Well, my original plan was to forbid you from dating until you were thirty, but if you were to get a date, you have my blessing, though not a night until I meet her first.” The girl just let out another squeak, a terrified expression on her face. “In the meantime, I think you owe Lena an explanation, if she hasn’t already figured out what’s been happening to you.”

A deep red flush appeared on Kara’s cheeks again and she glanced away shyly, “Do I have to?”

“Yes, she’s your best friend and she’s been worried,” Cat ordered. The doorbell rang on the front door and Cat glanced towards it, “Actually, that might be her now if I know you two.” She got up and answered the door, finding the brunette girl on the other side.

“Hi Ms. Grant, is Kara here, is she okay? You said she was sick? I brought her work from today,” Lena started to babble, wringing her hands together. “I didn’t think she could get sick she’s you know… Did something happen?”

“She’s fine Lena, calm down, she was sick last night but better this morning and I took her to get some of her immunization shots. She’s on the balcony if you want to see her,” Cat replied, ushering the girl into the penthouse and pointing towards the balcony outside her bedroom.

“Kara! Are you okay?” Lena asked, running to her friend and giving her a tight hug.

“Oof, Lena, too tight,” Kara winced, causing the girl to immediately release her. The blonde greedily sucked in a lungful of air, “Now I know how other people feel when I do that.”

“Sorry, are you okay?” The brunette sat down next to her friend, looking at her with concerned eyes.

“What happened?”
The blonde shrugged, “I got mad after our argument so I went and blew off some steam, a little too much I guess. I should be back to normal in a few days.” A petulant look crossed her face, “Though Mom said I have to do this again in a few months to get the rest of my shots. She’s evil.”

Lena stifled back a laugh, “Well it is a good idea to get them, though there are some people who choose not to based off of religious beliefs. Most of us get them as babies, so you’re just playing catch up.”

“It’s torture, pure and simple torture,” Kara groused, folding her arms. The two girls giggled for a few moments before falling silent, both looking at the ground. “Lena… I’m sorry about yesterday, I didn’t mean it, anything I said really.”

“No Kara, it’s okay, I over-reacted.”

“No, you were only reacting based on what you knew, and what I knew really. The truth is…”

“You have a crush on Lucy, I know, I figured it out shortly after our argument, that’s why I came back to my room trying to find you. I figured that you didn’t know.”

“Mom had to tell me,” Kara admitted, blushing, “How did you figure it out?”

“ Seriously? Did you not notice me babbling about Veronica Sinclair the second half of last year?”

Kara’s eyes bugged out, “Veronica Sinclair, really, but she’s so…”

“Scary?” Lena giggled out, “I know, it didn’t last very long because it was mostly superficial, but I definitely had a major crush on her. Sometimes crushes are like that, they can be fleeting or they can turn into something else, depends on the people involved and how deep the crush is.” The brunette eyed her blushing blonde friend for a moment, “I think yours is a little more than a regular crush. I think you actually like Lucy.”

“Mom told me that too,” Kare replied, “I’m not sure how she knows that though…”

“Other than the fact she’s your mom? She also happens to be Cat Grant, the woman who single-handedly has told three celebrities this year that they’re pregnant before they even knew. The woman can either tell the future, or read minds, or something.”

“And don’t you forget it girls,” Cat said, walking out onto the balcony. She had been monitoring their conversation just out of sight in her room, just in case they needed her. It seemed as though they were well on their way to patching things up. “Now Lena, are you planning on staying for dinner?”

Lena glanced at Kara for a moment and just shrugged, “I could, I mean, it is Friday so it wouldn’t be any problem.”

“We’re having bolognese, so you two can help me. Meredith is going to be back soon with Carter, and I would rather start prepping dinner while there isn’t an excitable three year old underfoot.” The older woman sauntered off the balcony and back towards the kitchen, leaving the girls to follow her later.

“I really am sorry Lena,” Kara said to her friend, squeezing her hand.

“I know, I’m sorry too Kara.” Lena hugged her friend again, gently this time so as not to hurt the usually strong girl. “But look at it this way, this is our first official fight as best friends, so that’s one more hurdle down.”
“Really, why’s that?”

“Well, we know that even if we fight, we’re still friends.”

Kara grinned and tugged the girl back into the penthouse, “We should watch Fox and the Hound tonight before you leave.”

“Not on your life.”

“Who said that getting to high school would be a good idea,” Lena groaned, dropping her on a pile of books in front of her. “Did I say that? I take it back.”

Kara giggled from her chair across from the brunette, her own pile of books on the table in front of her. The two were in the library working on their homework. Cat had to work late and Carter was with his father so the older woman didn’t want Kara to come back to an empty penthouse. On those days, she stayed after school, joining a few clubs, and doing homework in the library with her friend. Occasionally Lucy would join them when she didn’t have cheer practice or an ROTC meeting. Kara was surprised when her petite friend told them that she was planning on going into the army when she finished school, but could recognize the warrior spirit and desire for justice in her eyes, the same look she recognized in her aunt years ago. “Come on Lena, we only have another month before we’re out for the summer. You can do it.”

“Shut-up,” the girl grumbled, “I don’t need your bubbly, perkiness right now.”

The blonde giggled and returned to her work. Her Kryptonian brain allowed her to have an easier time understanding math and science, despite how backwards the disciplines were on Earth. She had a bit more trouble with English, mainly dealing with analyzing the literature and writing papers, but with her mother’s help, she was improving. “So what are your plans for the summer?” Lena asked, drawing Kara’s attention. Kara looked at the girl suspiciously and the brunette just rolled her eyes, “I need the distraction, this assignment is killing me.”

“It’s just art history Lena, it’s not like it’s going to kill you,” the blonde rolled her eyes.

“It might, now talk to me.”

Kara fidgeted slightly in her seat, not really looking at the brunette. “You remember when I told you about… about my cousin?”

“And his propensity to flit about the world, yes, keep going.”

“Well… he called a few days ago, first time in nearly two years we’ve spoken.”

“I bet Cat was thrilled to talk to him.”

Kara winced, “It… it’s wasn’t pleasant, I didn’t think you could threaten someone using polite words, but she did. Anyway, he called to tell me that when he was close to fifteen years old, his body went through some changes, like… physical changes…”

Lena stared at Kara for a few minutes before it dawned on her, “Oh are you going to get to go through puberty all at once and get it over with? Like literally one day they weren’t there and the
next day they were.” The brunette looked sadly down at her shirt, “I’m already fifteen and I’m still waiting for these.”

The blonde stifled back a giggle and smiled at her friend, “Yeah, that’s what Kal seemed to imply. Said my body would tone up, muscles would develop and I would start looking like a grownup basically.”

“Must be nice,” Lena sighed.

“What about you? What are your plans for the summer?”

“Summer program at Oxford, I applied months ago, so I’ll go home for a few weeks then I’m going to England for 8 weeks.” A mournful expression crossed her face, “I’ll have to miss your Name Day unfortunately.”

“It’s alright, when Mom heard what Kal said about me developing, she got in contact with an old acquaintance of hers that knows about my cousin and might be able to help me learn how to deal with the changes in my body.”

A curious expression crossed Lena’s face, “Really? Who?”

Kara shrugged, “I don’t know, she didn’t say. She did ask if I would be okay with spending a few weeks with them over the summer. If I liked it, she would arrange something similar for next summer.”

“So we’ll both be out of town then,” Lena murmured, “Me off to England and you… where are you going?”

“Gotham.”

Chapter End Notes

So the first fight, both with bestie and with mother, needed to get it over with, plus I don’t think I’ve pulled out the whole name yet, and I thought you guys would get a kick out of her name being Kara Catherine Grant. It was actually in one of the drafts for an earlier chapter, but it was axed in editing.

Anyway, so who could Cat possibly know in Gotham that knows about Superman and can help Kara with coordination at least? Hmmm... This is Cat being supportive, wanting to help Kara because she can see how much Kara wants to help people.

Also, my theory is that this is like Earth 43, we all live in Earth 0, where DC and Marvel are just comic books and these are just shows we get wrapped up in. Earth 7 or something probably has all the Marvel people doing weird stuff, Earth 38 is the Supergirl we know and love, Earth 39 is where Kara came on time and ended up dating Cat Grant, Earth 19 is where Kara fell to Earth, lived with the Danvers, but changed her name to Carol Danvers, rose through the military and became Captain Marvel... I spend too much time thinking about these things...
Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

I'm afraid I might be starting to slow down with this story. You know how you really get into writing something, so you steam forward, but then somewhere down the line, you slow down. Not because you don't like writing it anymore, but you have other things to focus on or the plot is getting more complicated so you need to recenter and focus a bit. I feel like it's getting there. I have certain things already planned, but not everything.

Anyway, thanks for the continued kudos and comments, you guys are awesome. Anyway, this chapter, while not directly inspired, I did think of PinkRabbitPro's Chasing Fog will writing a little bit of it.

Kara spent the few days leading up to and after her fifteenth Name Day groaning in pain as her body adjusted from the constant exposure to Earth’s yellow sun. Her muscles burned in her body and her bones creaked as they seemed to lengthen practically overnight. It was a few days after her fifteenth Name Day when Kara blearily opened her eyes and finally felt the pain abating from her body. She shakily stood from the bed and wavered slightly, unused to the new height she found herself with. She padded softly to the full length mirror on her closet door and took a good look at herself. Her body had toned and developed, any excess baby fat she had from her time on Krypton melted away leaving toned, trimmed muscles. She felt guilt well in her as she brushed her hand along a flat stomach and sculpted arms. Kara knew that it was only the effects of the Earth’s yellow sun that allowed her to attain a form many worked their whole lives for; she also knew that it won’t take anything for her to maintain her new trim form and she could still eat her weight in potstickers and pizza.

She felt a slight draft around her ankles and glanced down, seeing that her pants had ridden up slightly with her new height. “I’m going to need to get new clothes,” Kara groaned, “Good thing it’s summer, I can get away with wearing shorts at least.” She ambled into the bathroom, striping off her pajamas as she went, mourning the loss of her puppy dog pajama pants. She showered quickly and pulled on her underwear along with a simple tank top and shorts. Her bra no longer fit over her suddenly larger breasts, so she chose a simple sports bra and wrapped her hair in a towel before leaving her room in search of her mother. It was still early in the morning, so she expected to find the older blonde in the kitchen getting her breakfast before heading into work.

“Good Lord,” Cat muttered as she saw her suddenly taller than her daughter shuffle softly into the kitchen. “Those shorts are almost indecent Kara.” Her eyes had drifted downward and saw the muscles flexing in her legs as she moved around the room. “And when did you get taller than me?”

“Ugh, Mom,” Kara whined, “Almost none of my clothes fit anymore. I magically shot up six inches overnight, and developed in… other areas.” Her voice trailed off as she turned a bright red and fidgeted slightly.

Cat snickered quietly at her blushing daughter but pulled out her phone, sending a message to her
personal shopper. “If you think you can control the embarrassment, I have a tape measure around here somewhere. I’ll send my personal shopper your new measurements and have her pick up some new clothes for you. We’ll go shopping for new clothes tomorrow before we go to Gotham.”

“Thanks Mom,” Kara blushed, refusing to look at the older woman.

The older blonde rolled her eyes at her daughter’s bashfulness and motioned the girl back towards her bedroom. She found the measuring tape in the bathroom cabinet and took Kara’s new measurements, noting the newly formed muscles all over the teenager’s body. They weren’t overly pronounced like one would find on a bodybuilder, but they were still toned. “You’re going to have to make up a lie about how you managed to get so toned,” Cat said was the blushing girl was dressed again. “A growth spurt will only explain away so much.”

Kara shrugged, “I figured I could say I picked up a sport? Or spent a lot of time swimming this summer? I don’t think many people will ask truthfully.”

“Lucy might notice,” Cat teased, sending Kara’s measurements to her shopper. She smirked at the prominent blush coloring the younger blonde’s face and chuckled slightly. Another ping from her cellphone and she glanced down away from the blushing girl. “Josie said she would drop off some clothes for you this afternoon while I’m doing my talk show.

“Her name is Joanna mom,” Kara corrected, walking back to the kitchen to get her breakfast.

Cat just waved her hand dismissively and continued to make her breakfast, a simple bowl of fruit and yogurt with a cup of black coffee and the crossword puzzle. She handed Kara the sudoku as the girl passed by to get her own breakfast out of the refrigerator, eight hard-boiled eggs, a container of cottage cheese mixed with peanut butter and grapes. The concoction looked disgusting but Cat’s nutritionist assured her that it was high in protein for energy. A whole carton of the mix was also high in calorie, but her bubbly daughter needed the calories to support her high metabolism and the use of her powers. She could only imagine how much food she’ll need to provide the girl if and when she started using her powers actively. *It’s a good thing I’m rich,* Cat thought for the thousandth time as she watched Kara eat her breakfast happily. She finished her crossword and moved to her son’s room to get him up and ready for the day.

“Is Meredith going to be coming to get Carter soon?” Kara mumbled out around the grape in her mouth when Cat brought the waking child into the kitchen. At four years old, the boy was starting to develop a personality and it seemed having a younger sister was doing wonders for his socialization. It was obvious he was still painfully shy and intellectually he was presenting ahead of his peers, but having Kara and her bubbly, outgoing personality around was a boon for the child.

Carter’s crush on the girl was still evident and Cat continued to find it both endearing and amusing. “He has tiny tots soccer practice this morning,” the woman gave as an answer. “I know you normally like to go…”

Kara squeaked, “I can’t go out in public like this! I mean, it’s just, no! My shorts are too short, and my shirt barely reaches the top of my shorts, no!”

“You’re not body shaming yourself are you, you know we’ve talked about this, perhaps we should have the talk again since you seem to have developed—”

The blonde girl rushed to place a hand over her mother’s mouth, her eyes wide. “No! No, we don’t have to have the talk again. It’s not body shame, more… embarrassment. And you have to admit, the length of these shorts are almost indecent on me.”
“I’m joking Kara, though if Jacqueline—”

“Joanna.”

“- gets here before Meredith and Carter leave for tiny tots, I would suggest you go. You’ll be in Gotham for almost all of July and Carter will miss you.”

“I’ll miss both of you, and will probably end up calling every day,” Kara said, inhaling the last of her food. A pensive look crossed her face and she looked up at her mother hesitantly. “Will your… do you think you acquaintances will like me?”

“If they know what’s good for them,” Cat muttered, a dark look crossing her face. “They’re going to find it extremely difficult to get in their bodysuits if so much as a hair on your precious golden head is out of place…”

“Mom?”

“Nevermind me darling, just know that they’re professionals and they can help you if you want to be a hero. You will not be donning a cape though until at least after college and after you’ve had some training. I’m sure you would’ve done fine, but having some training at least will help you avoid common mistakes. And even if you decide not to be a hero like your cousin, they can help you learn to control your powers in ways that I can’t.”

“You’ve been great Mom,” Kara said, hugging the woman tightly. “I can’t even imagine what growing up on Earth would’ve been like without you.”

Cat barked out a laugh, “Probably a lot of hiding and denying who you are. I can understand protecting your secret from unsavory government types, but denying your power, something that is essentially part of who you are?” The woman scoffed, “It has taken a lot of years to start to accept things about myself and to learn to never deny my power, to keep challenging myself, keep diving. I won’t have my children growing up denying themselves, alien, human, straight, gay, you are accepted here.”

“You’re a good mom,” Kara said, embracing the woman, “I don’t know what I would do without you.”

“Girls are yucky,” Carter announced from his seat, finally awake enough to start tapping on the table for food. He was big enough to sit in a booster seat to reach the table and he insisted on having his seat be right next to his big sister. “I don’t like girls.”

“What about your friend Stacie? You play soccer with her and have playdates in the park, she’s a girl.”

“Stacie pushed Jackson down and put mud in his hair when he was being mean to me,” Carter replied grinning, “She’s not a girl.”

“And how do you describe a girl then Carter?” Cat asked intrigued. “Kara’s a girl, I’m a girl, there’s nothing wrong with the term ‘girl.’”

“Stacie has an older sister, she’s not one of the nice ones like Kara, or Ben’s sister Melanie. Melanie
plays firetruck with us because she wants to be a firefighter when she grows up, but Stacie’s sister Jessica is not nice. She makes her wear dresses and makeup and have tea parties.” Carter stuck out his tongue, “Gross.”

“Yeah Mom, you heard him, girls are gross,” Kara chuckled, winking at her mother.

“You’re both hilarious. Meredith or Jonnie-”

“Joanna.”

“- should be here soon, so I have to get to work.” She kissed both of them on the head before grabbing her purse and slipping on her shoes. “I’ll see both of you tonight.”

“Bye Mom,” Kara and Carter called as the woman left. The blonde girl made a small bowl of oatmeal and blueberries for her brother and the boy dug into his meal with gusto. Half an hour later, the doorbell rang and Kara answered it, finding Joanna on the other side with a few bags for her. The woman handed over the bags with a smile before she left, leaving Kara with her new clothes. She spotted Meredith walking down the hall before she closed the door and waited for the woman, making sure she got to Carter who was back in his room before she took her new clothes to her own room. Tugging off her clothes, Kara sighed in relief when she pulled on a pair of panties and a bra that actually fit, along with a t-shirt and pair of shorts.

By the time she had slipped a pair of flip-flops on her feet, pulled her hair into a ponytail and returned to the living room, Carter and Meredith were ready to leave to head to the park with the boy’s tiny cleats packed in the bag for when they got to the field.

“You two ready to go?” Meredith asked, smiling at the two as they walked out of the door.

“You ready for soccer buddy?” Kara asked, smiling down at her brother.

The boy nodded, his whole body bouncing with him. “So long as I don’t have to play with girls…”

“That’s right, girls are icky,” the blonde agreed, winking at Meredith. The older girl chuckled and stifled back a smirk as she led the two to the elevator and down to her car.

“So icky!”

——

“Carter is staying with Meredith for the night since his father is away on a business trip, and I wouldn’t leave him with my mother if she was the last person on Earth,” Cat said, turning her phone off as she settled into her seat.

“Mom, you know that flights don’t bother me that much anymore,” Kara said as she turned away from the window to look at the older woman. “I could’ve flown in coach and you could’ve stayed home with Carter.”

“Nonsense,” Cat replied, brushing her concern off, “There’s a few people in Gotham I need to speak with personally about coming on my show, they’ve been dodging my producer’s calls. And you know I don’t fly anything but first class.”

“It’s a domestic flight mom, there’s not that much of a difference between coach and first class,” the
girl replied, pointing to the curtain dividing the main cabin from the first class seats.

“Yes, but first class serves alcohol darling and you know I need it to get through these flights,” Cat said, her hands clutching the armrests as the plane started taxiing down the runway. Kara kept one hand on her mother’s arm but her eyes were glued on the outside world. She had gotten used to flying in planes after her first few trips with her mother to Metropolis and then more trips to Chicago or up to Seattle. She wanted to be able to fly on her own though, without having to worry about staying fastened in a seat or with hundreds of other people with her. She longed to fly but knew that Cat was right, she would have to wait.

The plane reached the correct altitude and leveled off, causing the older woman to release her death grip on the chair. Cat waited a few moments for the flight attendant to get settled and started serving beverages to the first class passengers, and ordered a scotch for herself and some juice for Kara. She knocked back the drink before settling in to read a few papers while Kara continued to look out the window. The girl watched as the sky changed from afternoon to evening, and as the landscape below them changed rapidly with the geography of the country. Five hours, and four glasses of Scotch, later the plane was landing at the Gotham airport.

“Are you alright?” Kara asked as her mother stood up and wavered slightly on her feet.

“I’m fine,” Cat said, shaking her head slightly, “That last scotch just hit me a little bit that’s all.” The girl eyed her mother suspiciously but just shook her head. She collected the carryon bags from the overhead compartment and followed the woman off the plane, winding their way down towards the baggage claim. They waited a few minutes for the luggage to be empty from the plane. Cat pulled out her cell-phone and returned calls that were missed during the flight and Kara glanced around at the other people waiting around the baggage claim. Even in the airport, Gotham felt darker and more stifling than the brightness of National City. It was a city full of crime and darkness, some of the country’s most twisted and insane villains stalked the streets of Gotham.

Kara spotted her bags along with the one her mother packed while she stayed in the city for a few days and darted forward to grab them. “Kara, this way,” she heard Cat call and turned around to see her mother striding across the lobby towards the car lot.

“Mom!” The blonde yelled, scurrying after the woman. “Do we even know if your acquaintance is here?”

“Of course he’s not here, he wouldn’t show up here, no he sent his butler.” The older woman scanned the waiting cars until a balding, gray-haired man in a suit stepped into her line of vision. “Ms Grant,” the man intoned, his British accent smooth, completing the overall look.

“Correct Miss Grant, if you would follow me, the car is this way.” The man led the two over towards a limo waiting on the curb and helped Kara place the bags in the trunk before helping them both in the back.

“The acquaintance of yours we’re seeing is Bruce Wayne?” Kara asked, looking at her mother wide-eyed.
“Well, I’m going to be talking with him about coming on the show to discuss his business and plans for the future, but if things go the way I think, you’ll be working with someone else,” Cat replied evasively, a mysterious smile etched on her face. They drove through the city, and Kara kept her face glued outside the window to take in the sights of Gotham. Although it was only across the bay from Metropolis, the city felt darker, colder. The buildings were tall and imposing, dwarfing the streets and casting long shadows in their wake. Kara wondered if there were places in Gotham where the sun never touched. They headed towards the outskirts of the city and Kara could see they were heading towards a large, gothic style manor situated on the cliffs overlooking the ocean.

“Welcome to Wayne Manor Ms. Grant, Miss Grant,” Alfred said as he opened the car door to let to two women out. “Master Wayne is waiting for you in the drawing room I believe.”

“I remember the way Alfred, I’ll leave you to deal with the luggage, come along Kara.”

“But, um,” Kara said, glancing between the bags and the woman striding towards the front door of the manor.

“It’s alright Miss Grant,” Alfred said, smiling at the girl, “You can go on in, I’m assuming that you want to meet Master Wayne as soon as possible.”

“I have read a lot about him,” the girl replied reluctantly, “But I don’t want to leave you with the bags, Mom packed a lot of stuff in her suitcase…”

“I’m aware that Ms. Grant likes to be prepared for every occasion, it’s no trouble Miss Grant, in the house you go.”

The blonde looked at the older man for a moment before trotting after her mother. She reached the door just as the older woman strode passed the threshold, and the two made their way inside. Kara glanced around the manor while the walked as Cat led them to the drawing room. They reached the room and found a man that looked to be in his mid to late 30s helping himself to the mini-bar in the room. Kara instantly recognized him as Bruce Wayne, but wondered who the red-haired woman that was also in the room was.

“Cat Grant,” Bruce greeted, handing the woman a tumbler of whiskey, “I have to say I did not expect the phone call I received from you.”

“What can I say Bruce,” Cat replied coyly, making Kara let out an imperceptible sigh, “I like surprising people.”

“I’m sure you do,” the man replied before gesturing towards the other woman in the room who was lounging on the couch with her legs crossed. “May I introduce Katherine Kane.”

“Kate,” the woman stated, standing up, “Kate Kane.”

“Mhm, yes, the name is familiar, another wealthy young heiress,” Cat mused, looking the woman up and down. “I believe it is Batwoman I presume.”

Kara’s eyes widened while the woman just chuckled. “Now how did you figure that out?” Kate asked, giving Cat a bemused look.

Cat just scoffed, “It’s my job to know these things. Wealthy young heiress, former playgirl, former military, out and proud lesbian, disappears for a few years on a worldwide trip before reappearing in Gotham to take over her family’s company. Quite coincidental that Batwoman appeared a short time.” The blonde woman sighed and sat down on one of the chairs, crossing her legs as she sipped at her drink. “It’s a wonder more people don’t figure it out, but I’ve found that people often miss
“What’s right in front of them.”

“Remind me to never get on your bad side,” Kate chuckled before she turned her hazel eyes on the blonde girl. “And who is this?” She sauntered over to the girl and circled her slowly, letting her eyes trail over her form.

“Underage and too young for you,” Cat barked, narrowing her eyes at the woman.

“Ka-Kara,” the girl stuttered out, extending her hand, “Kara Grant.”

“I heard rumors about Cat Grant adopting a daughter but I didn’t expect you to be so,” Kate gestured at the girl, indicating her tall, strong frame. She heard Cat growl at her again from behind her and realized that her life was endanger if she kept on the line of conversation. She might have been a martial arts master, but even she knew not to mess with a mother protecting her child. “So, Bruce,” Kate said, turning to the man, “Why am I here? To meet with Cat Grant?”

The man sipped at his own drink, his own eyes assessing the blonde girl before looking at the red-haired woman. “Not exactly,” Bruce replied as he set his glass down. “Ms. Grant called me for a favor after keeping my secret all these years. She wanted me to help her daughter, to train her. Since I’ve mostly retired at present to focus on Wayne Industries, though I will do what I can, I thought that you would be a good replacement.”

Kara studied the man for a moment before glancing around the house again, using her x-ray vision to see through the walls into the heart of the structure. “Oh,” she blinked, focusing back on the man, “You’re Batman! Or you were? Still are?”

Bruce nodded as he glanced back at the girl. “And you are Superman’s cousin.”

Kate whirled around to look at the girl again. “What? No way?” She blinked before really looking at the girl, “Well you obviously got all the looks in the family.”

“Watch yourself Kane…” Cat warned again before glancing to Bruce. “Since Batwoman starting cleaning up the crime in Gotham last month with no sight of Batman, I assumed that you had stepped back for a while. I want to prepare Kara for every possibility in case she wants to take after her cousin. I don’t want her relying on bullet proof skin and super strength.” She gave the man an assessing look, “You’re one of the smartest heroes I know, if anyone can teach Kara how to survive being a hero, it’s you.”

Sighing, the man leaned back in his chair and studied the blonde woman for a moment. He understood what she was saying, he often clashed with Metropolis’s hero because of the destruction he caused due to his inability to properly think through situations. “I think we both know of one other hero that would probably be more beneficial for Miss Grant to learn from, what can Kate and I teach her that she can’t?”

“Speak for yourself Bruce,” Kate snorted, draping an arm around Kara’s shoulders. “I already can tell that Kara here and I are going to be great friends. How long are you going to be in Gotham? You can stay with me in my penthouse, much homier than this drafty manor.”

“Kate…” Bruce groaned, rolling his eyes at the younger woman.

“Bruce,” Cat started, gaining the man’s attention, “Yes she could teach Kara much, how to fight with super strength, how to fly, how to be a warrior. But you, there is a lot you and your counterpart can teach Kara, stealth, secrecy, how to be a hero. Kara isn’t ready for her yet, she’s too young and I… I’m not willing to part with her just quite yet. You, you can teach her.”
Before the man could respond, Kate interjected herself into the conversation. “I’m going to help her,” she said, squeezing the girl’s shoulders. “While you two were having the intense conversation thing, we were bonding. Since I’m not technically part of your “Bat Family” unit you’ve got going on, I don’t have to listen to you. I’m just as skilled as you, and since you’ve semi-retired, I’m taking the reigns. We need more female superheroes around.” Kate turned her grinning eyes on the younger girl, “Even if you decide not to officially don a suit and a cape, you’ll still be a hero. And one better than your cousin if I have any say about it.”

“Why did you retire?” Kara asked, “Oh that’s rude, I shouldn’t have asked, don’t mind me, forget I said anything.”

The former dark knight blinked and glanced over at the blonde woman on the couch. “She came to me babbling, that’s all her,” she said, sipping on her drink.

Bruce just hummed and looked back at the blonde girl. “A lot of things have happened over the years that have made me re-evaluate many of my choices. Several of the people working with me have left, gotten hurt, died… It got to me.” He wandered towards the window to look out at the darkness surrounding the house, “If I’m being honest with myself, I probably will become him again, the dark knight.” He looked back at Kara, “I’m not sure if I’ll be able to help you, but I will answer your questions and show you a few of the things I have. Kate is probably the best person to help you at present, and it doesn’t hurt that she already likes you.”

“As I stated, Kara can come stay with me after staying here for a few days with you,” Kate replied, a large grin on her face. She turned to the younger girl and nudge her shoulder lightly, “We’re going to have so much fun.”

Kara just giggled and nodded her head, biting her lip in the process. Cat smiled at her daughter whispering with the older woman. *They would be good for each other,* she thought, *Kate can help her with so much more than just being a hero.* She recognized that the light flirting from the younger woman earlier was just a teasing jab, a way to lighten the normally gloomy atmosphere of Wayne Manor. The woman wondered if the redhead could become the older sibling she didn’t know but felt her daughter needed. She shrugged away her thoughts and turned her attention back to the former dark knight and current CEO of Wayne Industries. “This turned out exactly as I predicted,” Cat said, crossing her legs again, “And since you won’t be occupied with teaching my daughter, you have no excuse not to agree to come on my show.”

“Cat…” Bruce groaned but the blonde just waved her hand dismissively and started pulling out her schedule to give him a list of dates she had available.

“I wouldn’t even try it Batty,” Kate said, a smirk on her face, “You’re numerous interactions with Catwoman should’ve clued you in, Cats are smarter.”

“Damn right we are,” the older woman said, looking up at Kate. “And if you make another cat pun, you’ll find out first hand if I’ve got claws or not.”

Kate gulped and scooted slightly behind the blonde girl next to her, using the woman’s daughter as a shield. “Yes Ms. Grant.”

Chapter End Notes

Right, so, you guys were sort of correct about Batman, but I was really thinking of
Batwoman helping Kara out. Bruce will probably give Kara some tips about meditation or something to gain complete control of her mind, but I arranged the timeline of this story for Batwoman to help Kara.

So, right now, current story time puts this chapter in June and July 2006, June 2006 is when the newly remastered version of Batwoman, aka Kate Kane, was re-introduced in comics. Her character was shifted away from being Batman's love interest, aka Kathy Kane's Batwoman in her first run way back in the day, to an out lesbian character to increase diversity. (Also Jewish, but that isn't pushed as hard). Anyway, Batwoman started defending Gotham, and while I'm not super sure what happened to Batman during this time, he might still have been around doing stuff, I'm retiring him for a little while. 2006 also saw Cassandra Cain walking away from being Batgirl and the supposed death of Stephanie Brown, so Bruce was having a hard time that year, it's possible. Plus Kate can be fun, Bruce is broody, very broody.

Plus, Kara does need someone in a big sister role since Alex will be otherwise occupied ;)
Chapter Notes

Pft, I thought I knew how many chapters this was going to be but nope, no I do not. Let's just all enjoy the ride that I have somehow created. What have I done...

Anyway, descriptions of Kate Kane and her batsuit is taken mostly from the new art being released for the upcoming revival series for Batwoman. The first pre-issue comes out in February, check it out! Of course and a new Captain Marvel series started this month, totally excited.

And briefly while I was writing this chapter, I contemplated making Kara Powergirl rather than Supergirl. If you guys don't know, Powergirl is Supergirl from like Earth 2, but universe changing so she becomes Powergirl. I like the idea for her name, basically she wanted to distance herself from Superman, be her own hero, but I just... idk, I never liked Powergirl as much as Supergirl. Plus her costume... well, Supergirl's original costume wasn't much better, but I digress. I scrapped the idea though, Kara will become the Supergirl we know and love, just a bit smarter and more badass... And I kind of miss Supergirl doing stuff on the show, anyone else notice that? She doesn't have as much fight time as she did first season, which is weird because the CW loves fight time.

Thanks for all the kudos and comments guys, really, you have no idea how much it means that someone takes the time to comment or just push the kudos button. It's really nice.

Oh and Sanvers writers, if you're reading, I need more stories of Kara and Maggie interacting in a cute and adorable way. Ugh, desperately need it.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Alright, so this is my apartment, er, penthouse,” Kate said as she escorted Kara out of the elevator. The blonde girl had been in Gotham for a week, originally staying at Wayne Manor with her mother while the former dark knight taught her a few meditation tricks that would help keep a tighter control on her powers and not use as much of her strength when she didn’t need to. He believed that having a tighter control on her mind would help her have a tighter control on her abilities. While Kara was working on meditating, Cat was needling the billionaire for an interview, asking hard hitting and occasionally invasive questions about his business, and completely ignoring his extra-curricular activities. The woman claimed that people didn’t really want to know who superheroes really were, they enjoyed the anonymity of heroes, the thrill, the secrecy. Once the novelty of their identities wore off, they would become just like everyone else, someone fallible, someone breakable. While there was a small percentage of the population that desired to know superheroes’ identities for nefarious purposes, the larger part of the population truly did not want to know.

“It looks nice,” Kara replied, glancing around the penthouse. “It’s very um… very clean.”

“You can say it, it’s a bit bare, I know,” Kate laughed, “You can blame my military upbringing, it taught be to be very spartan with my decor. I tried to liven it up a bit while you were staying with Bruce but um, well, all I managed to do was making a mess in one of the guests rooms. It was the only one furnished, but it’s no problem, you can stay in my room while you’re here.”
“Oh no, I couldn’t do that, I don’t want to put you out,” Kara hurried out, looking at the woman with distress written on her face.

Kate just waved her hand, “No it’s fine, I barely sleep in my room anyway. I’m usually either at the office or you know, out and about. When I do sleep here, I just either collapse on top of my bed or the couch. It’s no problem, and hey while you’re here, maybe you can help me liven up the place a bit. Doesn’t really help with the ladies if I live like some kind of weird psycho.”

“Ladies? So what my Mom said is true you’re a… what was the word…”

“Lesbian?” Kate offered and Kara nodded. “I am, why? Not many lesbians where you’re from?”

Kara just shrugged, “No labels really, matches were formed to advance the house, gender didn’t matter. Male, female, it was a secondary issue.”

The older woman hummed, “How very forward and yet archaic at the same time. Arranged marriages really?”

“There were some made for love, like my uncle and his wife. My father and mother grew to love each other, my aunt and her husband though…” Kara shook her head, “Anyway, it doesn’t matter, on Krypton marriages were for life.”

“So if you were to ever get married, it would be for life then,” Kate inquired, her curiosity piqued by an alien culture. She had an alternative motive for agreeing to teach Kara what she knew, she had always loved traveling, experiencing other cultures, learning their language. She was dying to know more about life on another planet, the things the younger girl had seen. She’d been tempted to track down Superman and ask him, but from the things she had learned in the past week, he didn’t know anymore about what Krypton was like than she did. The only one that knew, that remembered and was willing to talk about it was the girl in front of her. She wasn’t passing up this opportunity.

The blonde girl nodded shyly, “Yeah. Mom said I should hold on to as many of my beliefs as possible, and that’s one that I have to keep. I’m afraid that Rao’s light wouldn’t shine on me anymore if I were to disregard marriage vows, whether they were taken following Kryptonian tradition or not.”

“Rao, that’s your god?”

Kara just hummed and waved her head around slightly, “Rao is the name of our sun, but yes he was the first. He put the planets and stars in order and made Krypton long ago.”

“Fascinating,” Kate murmured before realizing what she said. “Oh no, I sound like I’m studying you or something, don’t mind me. I just love learning about other cultures. Anything you want to tell me about Krypton, your culture, your language, I totally want to know. You don’t have to though. I won’t tell anyone either in case you’re worried, I’m a vault.”

“The only one I’ve really talked to a lot about Krypton is Cat, my mother. I’ve told my best friend a little bit, but she doesn’t want to know much because of her family, just in case something slips,” she replied, smiling wryly, “They don’t much care for aliens.”

“It’s difficult for humans to like each other, I can’t even imagine how a lot of them feel about beings from another planet.” The girl just hummed again, knowing that what she said was true. Kate studied her for a moment, “Look, all I’m saying is that if you need someone else to talk to, I’m here. We all need someone other than a parent to talk to, and we’ve already got the gritty part over with, you being the Cat Grant’s daughter.” A faux-terrified look crossed Kate’s face, “I watched her make a
grown man cry on live TV, and this was a hardened politician. It was beautiful and terrifying at the same time, and I had never been more attracted someone before in my life…”

Kara blushed, “Ka-Kate, that’s my mother.”

“She’s a beautiful, strong, terrifying woman, I’m alive, it’s only natural…” Her voice trailed off as she took in the uncomfortable look on Kara’s face and smirked. “Alright, I’ll stop, now let’s get you settled in and then I’ll order some dinner. You like Thai food?”

“It’s food, I’ll eat any food,” Kara grinned.

“Good girl,” the older girl replied, leading the blonde towards her bedroom. “Now, no more of this about putting me out, you make yourself at home. How much do you need to eat a day? How many calories?”

“When I’ve been using my powers, somewhere between 12,000-15,000 calories, depending on how active I’ve been. Normal activity around 8,000 calories. Mom likes for me to limit the junk food, so I have to eat more healthy food in order to meet the calorie requirements.”

“So no junk food but everything else is fine, good to know,” Kate murmured. She pulled out her cellphone and dialed her favorite Thai food place, ordering enough food to feed herself as well as make sure that Kara received the amount of calories she need. She and the girl were going out later so she needed her energy. “I’ve never, you know, taken care of a kid before so if I do something wrong, just let me know.”

“It’s fine Kate,” Kara replied, setting her hand on the older girl’s arm. “I’ve never really spent this much time away from home before, from Cat and Carter so if I get homesick, forgive me.”

“Nothing to forgive on that front Kara, I understand.” Kate leaned back against the wall and looked up at the ceiling. “Did Cat or Bruce tell you my story?” She glanced over at the girl who was sitting on her bed looking at her. When the blonde shook her head, Kate continued, “My family is wealthy, has been for a long time. Whatever the Wayne industries didn’t own, we did. I had an identical twin growing up, Beth. When we were twelve, my mother, sister and I were taken hostage by this armed group. My father, an army colonel, led a rescue mission to save us, but my mother and sister were killed. I have a stepmother now, she’s fine, but I joined the military as soon as I could, but I was dismissed for being a lesbian.” She pushed off the wall to turn and stare out the window, “I kind of lost my way a little bit, took up the party girl lifestyle until I was saved from a mugger by Batman. I wanted to be like him, so my father sent me on a trip to learn, to train.” The redhead turned back to the girl and sat down next to her, staring into entranced blue eyes. “I didn’t have anyone to turn to in that time, not my father, not my stepmother. I have been basically floating aimlessly, so never apologize for being homesick, for missing your family, either of them. I only wish I had a stable environment to call home at your age, or someone to really call family.”

Kara was quiet for a moment as she took in Kate’s words. “I’ve learned a lot since coming to Earth,” she started. “On Krypton, one’s bonds, blood, it was everything. But here, I’m learning that family is more than just the people we share blood with, it’s the people that we love, that we care for, a found family.” The blonde stood quietly and moved to the woman, softly taking her hand, “You could be part of my found family if you want? I have a mom, Cat, a little brother in Carter and a best friend but… I could use an older sister?”

It took all of Kate’s training not to cry at the girl’s words, but she still teared up a little from the emotions welling up within her. “It’s been awhile since I’ve had a sister,” she replied, wiping away a few of the traitorous drops that escaped her eyes. “Even longer since I’ve had a moderately functional family, mine’s mostly dysfunctional.”
“Mine too, but that doesn’t mean it’s a bad thing,” Kara replied. “Sometimes it’s more fun.”

Kate let out a barking laugh, nodding her head in agreement. The buzzer from the security guard at the front desk rang and Kate made her way to the intercom, the guard telling her that the delivery man was there. Kate took the elevator back down to the lobby and returned a few minutes later. She owned the entire building, the majority of it being offices for her business empire, but she made the top floor into her own living space, which included her own private elevator. Nearly ten minutes later, she was watching in fascination as Kara inhaled her food in record time, while she dug through her own. They talked about random things, Kate telling her about her on and off again ‘thing’ with police detective Renee Montoya, and Kara tentatively told her about her ongoing crush on her schoolmate Lucy Lane. The woman pulled her into a tight hug when the younger girl told her that, murmuring words of support for coming out and not to pay any mind to closed-minded bigots.

“It sure is different from Krypton,” Kara muttered. She has used her abilities to report several hate crimes throughout National City, feeling incredibly guilty that she hadn’t intervened to stop it sooner. Cat had consoled her, telling her that she couldn’t stop everything, couldn’t save everyone, but to take comfort and focus on the ones she did save. “There was still crime and discrimination, but not like this.”

“I don’t think any society is advanced enough to completely rid themselves of crime,” Kate said when she released the girl. They both returned to their food and finished within a few minutes, Kara inhaling the last of her cartons while Kate continued to watch in amused fascination. Kate tossed the boxes in the garbage and glanced out the window in the living room overlooking the downtown region of Gotham. Night had fully set on the city and darkness pressed down on the streets. Even the streetlights seemed overwhelmed by the oppressive darkness, emitting only a dull light that barely reached the ground.

“Alright, it’s dark out, you ready to head out?” Kate asked, looking over at Kara.

The blonde perked up, “I get to go out with you?”

Kate nodded, “Yes, but you’ll have to stay out of sight and you’ll have to put on something to cover up…” She waved her hand gesturing towards Kara’s body, “All of that.”

“Do I get to be Batgirl?” Kara asked bouncing.

“No, but you do get to wear all black and put grease paint on your face,” the older girl chuckled, pulling some of her old army clothes out of her closet and tossing it at the girl. She hit a hidden switch inside her closet and the wall shifted to reveal her bat suit, all black with blood red accents and the bat symbol on the chest.

“That’s so cool,” the blonde girl murmured, staring in awe at the suit. She had seen Batman’s old suit, Bruce kept it in the batcave where he taught her some meditation techniques and showed her some of the weapons and gadgets he used during his tenure as the hero. Although Bruce felt he wasn’t up to being Batman anymore at present, he knew that he would take up the suit again one day so he kept everything safe and in good condition. “Batman’s suit is dark though, black and gray, why red?” Kara asked, turning her attention back to the older woman.

“Other than the fact it goes fabulously with my hair?” She smirked, flipping her long red mane, “It looks badass. Sure having this dark figure cloaked in shadows coming at you is wicked cool, but a dark figure accented in blood? It’s visually terrifying and I love it.” She motioned for Kara to turn around, and shed her clothes when the girl had turned, quickly pulling on her suit. “So what do you think?” Kate asked after placing the mask over her face. It was a special type of mask that created a vacuum seal around her face so that it wouldn’t fall off and could only be removed by her.
Kara turned around and blinked before an excited look crossed her face. “You look so cool,” she squealed, bouncing slightly. The redhead grinned and grabbed her cape, lifting it up to complete the look. “Oh it makes a bat, that’s cool,” the blonde murmured again. She reached out a softly touched the material of Kate’s suit, expecting leather but finding it to be a different material. “What is this made of?”

“Experimental military fabric,” the woman replied, “It’s mostly bullet-proof, like kevlar, but lighter and breathable. My father had it made for me so that I could do this stuff, be Batwoman.”

The blonde hummed and continued to examine the suit and Kate let her, knowing that the girl was curious and the innocent brushes of fingers along her arm were born out of that curiosity. “What about the mask?” Kara asked, her eyes turning to Kate… no, Batwoman’s face. “You’re eyes are white and glowing, and it doesn’t look like it has any ties on it.”

Kate reached up and grabbed the mask, triggering the release and pulled it off her face. “It forms a vacuum seal on my face so it doesn’t fall off no matter what,” she explained, showing Kara the mask. “The eyes of lenses over them that also act as night vision, thermal sensors and other things. The glowing eyes helps to hide my identity.”

“The mask is probably very useful for that,” the blonde murmured, “Kal, Superman, he doesn’t wear a mask.”

“There are a few superheroes that don’t,” Kate agreed, “But even more that do and I feel like that’s something we should talk about before going out.” The redhead led Kara back over to her bed and sat down, still letting the girl hold her mask. “Kara… if you do chose to become a hero, or if being a hero chooses you, will you wear a mask?”

Kara considered the woman’s question for a few minutes. “On Krypton, it was considered distasteful to hide your face,” she murmured, “It was an ancient custom, one that had grown lax as time progressed, but a few of the traditionalists kept to that belief. My uncle Jor-El, Kal’s father, he was steadfast in this belief. I’m assuming that Kal learned from him and that’s why he chose not to wear a mask.”

“That was Superman’s choice, but what will yours be?” Kate pressed again. When the girl didn’t respond, Kate reached over and grabbed one of her hands, squeezing it with more pressure than she normally would, knowing that it would help ground the Kryptonian. “Kara, if he opted not to wear a mask while he was Superman, that means that he has to wear a disguise when he is in his normal life. The normal life, working, having a family, that should never be the disguise. Being a hero, it’s a hard life, but it shouldn’t be our only life. It should be the part of our life where we’re disguised, where we can help people with our anonymity. Our personal lives should be our refuge where we can be free without having to be in disguise.” She softly took the mask out of Kara’s hands and put it back on her face, feeling the material adhering to her skin. “Plus, with the way technology is going, you’ll always be afraid of someone running your face through facial recognition technology. The mask is good for disguising certain features to make that impossible.”

The girl nodded, she knew what Kate was saying and had observed it when she saw her cousin out of his super suit and in street clothes. He was dorky looking with large glasses and the buttons of his shirt buttoned all the way up to his neck. Kara wasn’t sure what to make of it. He didn’t need glasses, so why wear them? She had assumed it was part of hiding his identity, but from what Kate said, it is easier to wear a mask, to hide yourself as a hero rather than hiding in a normal life. She would have to think on it for a little longer. “So I can’t wear a suit when we go out?” Kara asked, changing the subject.

Kate rolled her eyes and rifled through her closet, finding some grease paint and a hate. “Go on, put
the clothes on and then put this on your face,” she said, handing the container to the girl. “And cover your hair, it’s pretty distinguishable in the dark.”

“So’s yours,” Kara shot back but went to the bathroom to change her clothes. It was only a few seconds before she was walking back in, a hat covering most of her hair and smearing grease paint on her face. “This stuff feels really weird on my skin.”

“What I wouldn’t give for just a little super speed, just a little, it would make changing so much faster and convenient,” the older girl grumbled a bit. “Alright, so rules for tonight. You’re coming out with me, you are staying out of sight and observing. If you hear something, you tell me and I will investigate or report it as necessary, but you are not to get involved.”

“But-”

“No.”

Kara sighed, “How am I supposed to learn if I don’t actually do anything?”

“Observation, watch what I do. If you decide to be a hero one day, you’ll be different from me, but you’re supposed to stay back and watch. I’m teaching you how to think through problems, how to analyze situations. You’re going to stay back, watch what I do, watch everything and learn to think.”

“Learn to think?”

Exactly, let’s go.” Kate led the girl back to the elevator and she stuck the key card key in to take them down to the subterranean level she had installed in the building. It was her own secret lair, her personal bat cave where she kept her bike, car and other things that she needed. She had different tunnels that went under the roads surrounding the building that emerged further away from her building. Unlike Bruce, she didn’t have the luxury of a house outside of the city to disguise her coming and going, so she utilized her other connections to hide her movement. Though she did pop out to Wayne Manor to the bat cave and “borrowed” the batcopter when she needed it. Alfred always let her take it, despite Bruce’s grumblings. “We’re taking the bike, so grab a jacket and hop on.” Kate swung her leg over the back of the black and red motorcycle and started it, reviving the engine.

Kara grabbed one of the leather jackets that was hanging up in the room and briefly glanced at the different weapons lying on the table and hanging on the wall, before jogging over to the bike. “I thought Batgirl was the one that drove a bike?”

“She did, doesn’t mean she has a monopoly on motorcycles,” Batwoman replied. She pulled her customary helmet over her head and handed one of her spares to the younger girl. She took off down one of the tunnels and triggered the remote on her bike that opened the hidden door, and she zoomed out onto the streets, weaving in and out of traffic. Circling around the city once, Batwoman soon pulled over in a dark alley, abandoning her bike. “Do you think you can fly?” She turned and asked Kara. “If not, I have a grappling hook, but I know you mentioned you’ve really been wanting to try flying.” She pointed upwards towards the top of the building. “Up we go.”

The blonde bit her lip for a moment before slowly floating off the ground. She picked Batwoman up and zoomed towards the top of the building, landing only a few seconds later. The female dark knight was disoriented for a moment before steadying herself. “Okay, so much better than a grappling hook,” she muttered, slowly walking to the ledge. She concealed herself in the shadow of the billboard situated above her and the door leading to the building staircase. “One of the best vantage points for dealing with a problem is above,” she told Kara as she motioned the girl over. “It helps you see all of the angles and allows you to assess the situation faster. Batman and I obviously
prefer building ledges, though you’ll be able to fly. This area is usually rife with crime so it’s a good place to start.”

Kara nodded but perked up when she heard what sounded like alarms a few streets over. “I think you were right,” she muttered, “a bank robbery, about three blocks away.”

“Can you see them from this distance?”

She narrowed her eyes and peered through the buildings, and spotted the criminals running out of the bank and tossing bags of money in their car. “There’s four of them, three broke into the bank and one is driving the car,” Kara replied, “They’re coming this way, they must’ve triggered something on the way out of the bank.”

“Car chase, this will be fun,” Batwoman muttered. “Okay, I’m going back down to my bike. You follow above on top of the buildings, and stay out of sight. Use that super speed to your advantage, but don’t run into any buildings.” She looked back and saw the nervous but excited twinkle in the girl’s eyes, “Are you having fun yet?”

Kara bounced a little as she nodded, her mouth fighting a bright smile. “So much fun!”

Cat settled onto the chair she had on her balcony, a glass of wine on the table next to her and a book in her lap. Normally she would be busy going over papers, checking in with her lawyers about acquisitions, or jotting down questions and discussion notes for the guests on her show. She had recently acquired a publication in France, getting closer to her goal of having Catco be worldwide, and the writers for the show were adequate after nearly of year of working for her so she felt comfortable to take the rare night off. It was quiet in the penthouse, quieter than it had been in a few years. Carter was spending the weekend with his father and Kara was still in Gotham having a wonderful time with her newly acquired older sister, former party girl Kate Kane, and shadowing Batwoman at night as she fought crime and terror in the dark city. The blonde woman wasn’t pleased when she heard that the woman was taking her daughter out at night, especially with all of the psychos that terrorized Gotham on a regular basis, but both Kara and Kate assured her that the girl was staying out of sight and out of danger, only observing. She could hear the longing in Kara’s voice though, the wish to be out there with Kate fighting crime. Cat resigned herself to it not being an if Kara decided to be a hero but a when. She hoped that her daughter listened to her and heeded her rules to waiting a few more years until she was older and better equipped to deal with the stress.

She sipped at her wine, relishing the smooth, bittersweet flavor as it slid down her throat before returning to her book. Whenever anyone questions her as to what was her favorite book, she makes the appropriate replies with books by Toni Morrison or whatever thought provoking book was popular at the time. The truth would most likely startle people, but the well-worn copy of Mary Shelley’s Frankenstein in her hands was truly her favorite book. The dark and disturbing content, the torn nature of the main character, and the humanity of the monster in the end, the desire for companionship that was denied by another’s choices, it all spoke to the woman. She has always been a lover of the science fiction genre, having an alien daughter just proved to increase her fascination. And she was of the opinion that Mary Shelley was the first author of modern science fiction, and no one could tell her differently.

Her mind was lost in the sad, twisted tale of an ambitious scientist attempting to play god with his experimentation, only to find that his creation is more monster than man. The constant sounds of the
city dulled in her mind as she became lost in the words, but not lost to the point where she wasn’t aware that someone was watching her. The feeling had been a steady tick in the back of her mind, a fleeting awareness that someone was there for a brief moment but gone the next when Cat whirled around. At first, the irrational side of her mind harkened back to childhood fantasies of ghosts and spirits, and she believed she was being haunted, for a total of five seconds. She dismissed the idea after pinpointing the original time frame for the sensation, starting only a few months after she had brought the bubbly, blonde girl into her home. Her suspicions grew after the gifts from ‘Santa’ that first Christmas and then again last year, but she had never been able to nail down anything concrete.

At present, Cat had two choices. She could continue ignoring the sensation, no matter how irritating it was and just peacefully accept that someone was watching and occasionally interfering with her family, or she could call out and confront the person. The former of those options was the safer route, although it could prove costly in the long run, the latter though could prove dangerous at the present moment and that is what had Cat hesitating when she felt the sensation for the past month. Both of her children were away at present though, and never let it be said that Cat Grant ran away from a confrontation. She chased down the Penguin and stared the Dark Knight right in the eyes during her first few months as a reporter, demanding an interview. She would not be deterred.

“I can feel you, you know,” Cat said, not looking up from her book. The sensation would always disappear if she even moved her head so she waited. “You’ve been watching my family for years now, an explanation would be nice.”

The sensation didn’t disappear like normal, it seemed to intensify. The hair on the back of her neck pricked and she heard the sound of wind shifting, something she had grown accustomed to living with Kara and having her floating around the house every now and then. Cat chanced a glance up and her eyes fell on a tall brunette in dark clothes floating just off her balcony. The prominent white streak in her hair was stark against her dark clothes and hair, even her eyes were dark as the gazed down at her with an unreadable expression.

Cat set her book down and took another sip of her wine before she addressed the woman. “Santa Claus I presume?”

Chapter End Notes

So some of the head canons I had developed for other stories, and just the Supergirl universe in general made their way into this story. One being that Kate Kane has like a power crush on Cat Grant, like super, hardcore power crush at the same time as being total terrified of the woman, which is probably a turn on for her, and that Cat likes to read science fiction novels. That one was stemmed from notes for another story I'm currently writing which I'll start posting once I get done with this one. Basically I worked out what movies and books the different characters liked in order to get to know that and y'all, what I found out for Clark/Superman was hilarious.

So kudos to the commenter who thought that Astra was Santa, bonus points for you.
I love this story so much right now guys, so much cool stuff happening, and so much stuff is going to happen. I can't wait for Alex to get here! Ugh, her and Kara meeting is literally the second thing I thought of when I thought of this story. It made me laugh, made me cry, everything and I really can't wait, so that might be why I'm writing so fast (and ignoring other stories I need to work on... sorrynotsorry)

So glad you guys liked the inclusion of Astra, I thought it was always weird that if Astra knew Kara was alive, why didn't she go looking for her. There were some inconsistencies on if she knew Kara was alive before she came out as Supergirl, but I'm going with she did.

The brunette and the blonde continued to stare at each other, assessing, calculating. Cat wasn’t sure what to make of the woman in front of her, but it was clear that she was a leader, a warrior. She just wasn’t sure why she was watching her family. “You are either a very brave or very stupid human,” the dark woman spoke, her eyes narrowed.

“You aren’t the first person to say that to me,” Cat replied, still sipping at her wine. “Though those who did say that were quickly proven wrong on the latter part.”

The woman landed softly on the balcony, her stance wide, rigid, definitely a warrior’s stance. “You dare call me by that… that silly human fantasy?”

“Well you were the one leaving presents from Santa for me and my children for the last few years, so I believe the saying goes if the shoe fits…” The blonde took great pleasure in seeing the other woman faltering in her stance, even just slightly and for only a moment before righting herself.

“I do not know of what you speak,” she stated, looking away from the piercing hazel eyes in front of her.

Cat rolled her eyes and finished off her glass of wine. She collected her book and wine glass as she stood and sauntered over to the sliding glass door, the sway present in her hips even when she was dressed down in yoga pants and a loose shirt. She could feel the woman’s suspicious gaze on her as she moved and Cat turned back to look at her when she reached the door. “Well,” she started, “Are you coming to come in or are you going to continue stalking around in the shadows?” She didn’t wait for the woman to answer, just walked into the penthouse leaving the balcony door open. Cat retreated to the kitchen, instantly cursing herself in her mind for being so foolish as to invite the unknown woman into her home.

“I don’t even invite men back here after dates,” she chastised herself as she refilled her wine glass.

She turned around and her hand involuntarily flew to her chest at seeing the woman standing in her kitchen looking around. “I’ve never really looked around before,” the woman explained seeing Cat’s look, “I’ve only ventured to that tree you put up and leave gifts, I had heard that that is what is done during the dark time of the year, delivered by some rotund, flying elf.” Her brow furrowed as she thought about the Christmas legend, “I never saw him and I didn’t want Kara to be disappointed.”
“So you are coming around for Kara,” Cat murmured, “I had wondered since I only started to feel your eyes watching us a few months after Kara came to live here. So who are you and what do you want with Kara?”

The woman was silent for a few moments before fully turning her attention to the shorter blonde. “I wanted to see the woman who adopted my niece, the woman she now calls mother,” she said, her gaze hard but searching.

Cat processed what the woman said and her mind flickered back to Kara talking about her family, mentioning an aunt, her mother’s twin sister. “You’re Astra,” she stated, “Astra In-Ze.”

“My niece has informed you about her family.” It was more of a statement than a question but Cat still felt like answering her.

“She has instructed me about many things,” Cat replied, the kryptonese rolling off her tongue with ease.

It was only years of training that helped Cat recognize the surprise in the other woman’s eyes. “She has taught you her native language.”

“I asked her to, I didn’t want her to have to sacrifice any more of her culture, her heritage than she already had,” the blonde woman replied. “And she learned our language, a lot of our languages really, so it was only right that my son and I do the same. Thankfully we’re both brilliant so it hasn’t taken us long to learn it.”

“The Kryptonian tongue is rather difficult.”

Cat shrugged and reverted to English, “It has some similarities to languages on Earth, similar sounds so it wasn’t completely foreign.”

Astra nodded, “I have underestimated humans, I apologize.”

The blonde studied the alien woman for a moment, downing a bit of the wine in her glass. “Would you care for a glass? I would point out that Kara wasn’t here, but I think you already know that.”

“Yes, apparently you sent her somewhere to a city of bats?” Astra’s face was puzzled, “I am unsure how she will learn to control her powers from bats.”

“They’re special bats,” Cat smirked, pouring a glass of wine for the woman and handing it to her. “Just sip, don’t gulp.” The blonde watched at the dark woman sniffed experimentally at the drink before taking a sip. “So why are you here Astra?” Cat soldiered on, “How are you here?”

Astra ignored the questions and just continued to sip at her drink. “I don’t want Kara to know that I’m here,” she said finally after a few minutes. “She can’t know that I’m here.”

“Why not?” Cat demanded, “Do you know how many times that girl has cried over losing her entire family, her entire world? Do you know how many nights I’ve held her as she cried, comforted her after her nightmares? Do you know how many tears she has cried for her father, her mother, you?”

She glared at the woman, a hiss building up in her throat, “Do you know how much it’ll mean to her that you’re still alive?”

“Do not test me human,” Astra commanded, her eyes glowing with the light from her heat vision.

“You can drop the dramatics, you don’t scare me Astra,” Cat replied, setting her hands on the counter. “You should be afraid of me truthfully.”
Astra scoffed, “I am invincible on your planet, what can you do to me?”

Cat’s eyes narrowed and she moved around the counter to stand toe-to-toe with the other woman. “I don’t know what type of woman your sister was, obviously she was a good mother because Kara turned out as wonderful as she has,” she started, “But I’m her mother now, she’s my responsibility, and I will be damned if I let anyone hurt her. If you do anything, hurt her in anyway, I will use all of my resources to be able to kick your ass from here all the way back to Krypton’s galaxy.” Her eyes darkened as she glared at the woman, “Are we clear?”

“You are a strong woman Catherine Grant,” the brunette replied after a few moments. “I still do not want Kara to know that I am around, I was merely checking on her to make sure that she was taking in by a good family. I see now that she was adopted by a warrior.”

“I’m not going to make you be in Kara’s life, I’m not going to make you see her. She should only have people that want to see her around her, she’s lost enough already. But if you aren’t going to talk to her, she cannot see you,” Cat emphasized, “You cannot hang around where she could see you. It would hurt her to know that you’re still alive but don’t want to see her.”

Astra nodded and downed the rest of her wine in one gulp before moving to leave the penthouse. “For what it’s worth, I do want to see Kara,” she whispered before she left. “I want to hold her and kiss her and never let go. I couldn’t love a child more if she was my own daughter.”

“Then why won’t you see her?”

“It’s because I love her,” she replied, “That I can’t see her. Things are complicated, things about me, about the world. I cannot drag her into that, not when she’s so young and still growing.” A sad smile crossed her face, “She is beautiful though, so beautiful. It is enough for now for me to see her from afar, to see her happy, to see her being loved.” She glanced over at the smaller woman, “And I have you to thank for that, for raising her, loving her. The house of El, the house of In-Ze owes you a debt for taking care of our heir without any reward for your own house.” The woman left the dining room, retreating towards the balcony. She was about to take off when Cat approached her again.

“I did receive a reward,” Cat said before the woman left. “The greatest reward is having Kara as a daughter, having her in my family, in my life. I wouldn’t be the same person that I am now if I hadn’t met her two years ago. The reward is having her around, just remember that. If you sort yourself out, I’m sure Kara would welcome you with open arms.”

“That’s what I’m afraid of,” Astra whispered before taking off into the night.

Cat sighed as she watched the woman flew out of sight. “At least I know now where Kara got her height…”

Kara flew slowly over the city, her dark clothes cloaking her figure and she stayed well out of sight from anyone that might be looking out of their windows. Mostly out sight anyway. A grappling hook flew out of nowhere and wrapped around her form with a rope tied to it and she was yanked down out of the sky onto one of the nearby buildings. “I keep telling you,” Batwoman’s voice came as Kara groaned into the concrete. “You’ve got to pay attention to your surroundings.”

“I was,” Kara whined, pulling the rope off and setting the grappling hook down. “I mean, I was watching everything, and listening, you snuck up on me!”
Batwoman scoffed and stared down at the younger girl. “Sneaking up on a Kryptonian? I don’t think so, what if some villain had gotten hold of you?”

“It’s not like there’s anything they could do to me,” Kara refuted, pushing herself off the ground. She folded her arms in front of her and her lower lip pushed out in a pout.

“Don’t try the pout with me, it doesn’t work anymore, and you and I both know there’s at least one thing in this world that can hurt you,” the dark knight replied, stepping closer to the younger girl. “And that’s what we have to be careful of since nefarious people seem to have their hands on it, shady government types. What if they decide to capture you and experiment on you, or do other horrible things like make you do your own taxes without the help of a consultant-”

“Kate…”

“What I’m saying is that you’re not completely invulnerable,” the woman said, setting a hand on Kara’s shoulder. “I mean, Bruce is working on building a device that emits red sun rays to limit your powers so that you can train with us better, so that will be another thing that makes you vulnerable, though way less toxic than Kryptonite.” Batwoman sighed and ran a hand through her hair, “I don’t want you to get hurt, someone catching you unaware with Kryptonite or who knows what else might be able to knock you out is one of the best ways for someone to hurt you.”

Kara nodded, “I understand, so what do you suggest I do? I mean, I didn’t even hear you sneaking up on me.”

“I think it might have something to do with your powers. You block out a lot of stuff don’t you? Small noises, things that seem inconsequential?” At Kara’s nod, Kate continued, “I think you need to learn to train your mind to listen for things without letting them overwhelm you. Meditation will definitely help with this, so will practice and learning how to listen, what to listen for.” She lightly scuffed her boots on the ground and cocked the gun for her grappling hook, “These are the sounds I made while I was stalking you on the rooftops, other people looking to take you down quietly will make similar sounds either from rooftops or the ground. Honing your reflexes will probably also help in this area.”

“So what do we do now?” Kara asked, her mind cataloguing the sounds Kate mentioned.

“Now we head home for the night, watch some movies, eat some junk food. You only have a few days left in Gotham before you head back to National City, and we’re resigned to communicating through phone calls and texts only until next summer when you must come back.” She linked her arm through Kara’s and escorted her to the edge of the building.

“I’m going to miss you Kate, but I will definitely be coming next summer to hang out, maybe you could come to National City for Thanksgiving or Christmas?”

“I can probably do Thanksgiving, and I’m jewesh so I celebrate Hanukkah rather than Christmas, and I usually celebrate with my father and step-mother as a way to honor my mother’s memory, even though I’m not really a practicing Jew.”

“What is Hanukkah?” Kara asked, recalling that she heard the term mentioned around Christmas but no one really told her what it was.

“I’ll tell you when we get back to the penthouse. In the meantime, I didn’t bring my bike when I left for the night, but I left the balcony door unlocked so…”

“You just want to fly don’t you?”
“Yes!” Batwoman grinned, “I just really want to fly, please give me a ride.” Kara turned around and pointed to her back, letting the dark clad woman to grab onto her back and wind her arms around her neck. She could barely contain the grin on her face when the blonde lightly pushed off the roof and flew back to the penthouse. It was only a matter of seconds before Kara was landing on the balcony just outside of her living room and Batwoman released the younger girl, stumbling slightly to the ground. “Oh that was so much fun,” she breathed, “We so have to do that again sometime.”

Kara giggled and the two slipped into the penthouse through the balcony door. “So what movie are we going to watch?” The blonde called out to the older girl as she shed her clothes for a pair of pajamas.

“Harry Potter, I figured we could watch the first two tonight and maybe the other two tomorrow.” Kate popped the movie in the DVD player when she returned from ditching her bat suit. The movie began playing and when they reached the scene with the sorting hat, Kate turned to the younger girl. “So what house would you be in?”

“Mom said I’m basically a Hufflepuff,” Kara replied. “We had a movie marathon one time with my best friend Lena. Apparently she and my mom are in Slytherin, and both of them were like if anyone hurts my sweet, caring little Hufflepuff… I wasn’t quite sure what they were talking about.”

Kate snorted into the beer that she had retrieved from her fridge, choking back a laugh. “I can picture Cat being in Slytherin, and as for what they meant, well… Any future boyfriend or girlfriend of yours better be very wary of your mother and best friend. Slytherins are scary.”

“Okay…” Kara muttered, still unsure as to what the older girl meant. “So what house would you be in?”

“Definitely Gryffindor, though I do have some Ravenclaw tendencies, but my penchant for running into danger, fighting people, developing a hero persona to protect people and my military upbringing, definitely Gryffindor, all the way.” She set her beer down and leaned over the back of the couch and wrapped her arms around the younger girl’s neck. “And I won’t let anyone hurt the cute, sweet little Hufflepuff, no sir.”

“Kate,” Kara whined, “just watch the movie.”

“I will, I will, I’m just going to call in some pizza for us. There’s a place nearby that delivers late.”

“Didn’t we have dinner a few hours ago before we went out?”

“Are you saying that you’re not hungry?”

“… I could eat,” came the murmured response and Kate smiled. They had gone over this a few times since the girl started staying with her a couple weeks ago. She had enough money to cover the blonde’s food expenses, and it wasn’t any trouble for her to whip up a meal or order something from her when she was hungry. Kate wasn’t sure where the girl’s hangup about how much food she needed to eat came from, but she was almost positive it wasn’t from Cat. The woman could afford practically anything, and judging by how large her media empire was growing, Cat could keep the girl well fed for years to come. She suspected that the girl’s self-righteous cousin had something to do with her insecurities but she didn’t know for sure. As far as she knew, Kara didn’t have much contact with the man, but when she wanted to, the girl was surprisingly good about keeping secrets. Kate would have to send a message to Cat and let her know about her suspicions.

She dialed the number for the local pizza place before letting the doorman know to expect a delivery and headed back to the couch. Kara was engrossed with the movie so Kate pulled out her phone and...
sent a text to Cat.

You awake Cat lady?

Of course I’m awake, sleep is for slackers, and what have I told you about calling me that Batty?

About the same things I’ve told you about calling me Batty.

Whatever, what do you want, is Kara okay? If one hair on her head is out of place?

Geez, chill woman, she’s fine. Now I can see the Slytherin traits Kara told me about.

What was that Batty?

Nothing, look, the reason I texted is because Kara has some serious food insecurities, and I doubt that is your doing, so what gives?

Still? I thought we had gotten over this. I don’t know, it crops up every now and then, started a few months ago.

Kate paused for a moment when the buzzer rang, and she went down to the lobby to retrieve the pizza. She set two of the pizza boxes in front of Kara, knowing that the girl would eventually eat her way through both of them throughout the movies, and probably what was left of hers too. Does she have much contact with her cousin? She typed out to Cat, This seems like one of those things that can only be caused by family.

He does have her cell-phone number, despite my thoughts about it. It wouldn’t surprise me if something he said got to her.

Do you want me to talk to her or do you want to do it?

… She might listen to you more in this case than me, I’m sad to admit. I will, however, be having words with the man in blue who can’t help but stick his nose in other people’s busy. Let me know how it goes with Kara.

I will.

Oh and Batty? If even one hair is out of place when she comes home next week…

You’ll rip off my wings, got it Cat Lady. Kate set down the phone and turned her attention back to the movie, glancing at Kara every now and then as the girl happily munched at her pizza. She wasn’t sure how to approach the issue with Kara, but she decided to wait until the girl had eaten more, just in case it caused her to feel guilty and she stopped.

Kara was halfway through her second pizza and Kate had just put the second movie in when she realized that it was as good a time as any to have the discussion. “Kara,” she started, turning on the couch to look at the girl, “I have a question.”

“Mhm,” the blonde murmured, her mouth still full of pizza and her eyes still trained on the screen.

“Where did your hangup about food come from?”

Kara paused and set her pizza down, looking down at her lap. “What do you mean?”

Kate crossed her legs on the couch as she faced the younger girl, a serious expression on her face. “I mean why do you get so nervous sometimes about being hungry, about having to eat so much? From
what I understand, Cat has never made you feel like a burden for how much you need to eat, and she has enough money to buy you as much food as you need. I have enough to buy you what you need, so what is the deal?”

“It’s nothing,” Kara sputtered a bit, “I just… I just realized that I shouldn’t be such a burden is all, that I should try to control how much I need to eat-”

“Bullshit,” Kate spat out, a hard look on her face. “That’s bullshit and you know it Kara, you need to eat, you need calories. Despite what people think, you can’t just supplement sunlight in for all those calories. Did someone say something to you?” The blonde glanced away, studying the weave pattern on the couch. “Did Superman say something to you?” The girl hunched even further and the woman growled, “I knew it, that pompous, primary color wearing, self-righteous blowhard, when I get my hands on him-”

“No, Kate, it’s okay,” Kara rushed, setting her hands on the redhead’s knee. “He didn’t- I didn’t- I mean, I shouldn’t have listened to him really. He just said some things and it got to me, it’s stupid.”

“It’s not stupid Kara, what did he say to you? When did you even talk to him?”

The blonde shrugged, “It was a few months ago when he called and explained what would happen around my fifteenth name day, I guess the day that Mom and I chose was close to the actual day on Krypton. Kal… he asked a few questions about how I was doing, coping with everything, and I guess I was just really glad that he was showing an interest you know? So I just started talking, though I didn’t get very far. When I started explaining how it was difficult to get used to eating so much on Earth, he chastised me, saying that I need to learn to eat less in order to fit in, so that I wouldn’t be a burden.” She shrugged and sighed, “I shouldn’t have let it get to me, I’m sorry.”

“Kara,” Kate murmured sadly, hating the despondent look on the younger girl’s face. She reached out for the girl, tugging her lightly into her arms. She turned the girl around to that she sat nestled between her legs, her back pressed to front. “Shhhh,” Kate said, setting her head against the blonde’s shoulder and pressing it against Kara’s. “No talking, more hugging.”

“I just… I wanted to be normal, I want to be normal, I don’t want to be a burden,” Kara whispered, tears slowly trickling down her cheeks. “I can’t help but think if I wasn’t a such a burden then maybe, maybe he wouldn’t have…”

“No, Kara, no,” Kate said, holding the girl even tighter. “You aren’t a burden, everyone who knows you knows that. You aren’t a burden, you are loved. You are loved so much, all of us. I already think of you as my little sister and I’ve only known you for a few weeks.” The redhead could feel tears forming, her eyes burning from the salt water. “Yes you eat a lot, yes you occasionally break things when you get excited, but these are some of the things that make you you. Some of the reasons why we love you so much. You’re changing lives Kara, without even becoming a hero you’re changing people, making us better.”

“Really?” Kara sniffed, wiping at her eyes. She turned around and her gaze met Kate’s, smiling faintly at the red around her eyes.

“Really,” Kate replied emphatically. “I mean for one, I was always a bit of a loner. I know you can’t really tell from the coziness of this penthouse, but I was pretty much alone all the time, outside of a few dates every now and then. And then you come along, and I’m going to have to learn to cope without you around to brighten my day, and I’ll be worrying about my little sister that’s all the way on the other side of the country. And Cat Grant, you’ve definitely changed her, I mean, she was always a hardass before you came into her life, but now she’s an even bigger hard ass with a more visible, softer side. And Bruce! Don’t even get me started on Bruce. He may look all stoic, but he
doesn’t just let anyone run around his batcave and doesn’t spend time and money developing
technology just anyone either.” Kara giggled at Kate’s words, and the redhead smiled at the carefree
lilt in Kara’s tone. “You are loved Sunshine, don’t let anyone who hasn’t spent more than a few
hours with you tell you what you need to be, don’t let anyone tell you who you need to be. Just
being yourself, food gobbling, goofy, kind-hearted self has already changed so many people.”

The blonde turned and snuggled into Kate, pressing her head under the older woman’s chin.
“Thanks Kate,” she murmured.

Kate hummed and pulled her legs up to better surround the younger girl, letting her use her as an
anchor. “I love you Kara,” she said, brushing a kiss against blonde hair. “We all do.” She felt the girl
get heavier as she fell asleep, relaxing back into the older girl. Her head was pressed against Kate’s
chest and she realized she must’ve been listening to her heart. Without waking the girl, Kate grabbed
her phone and typed out a quick message to Cat.

Situation taken care of Cat Lady. It was the blue oaf.

That moron. If I ever see his perfectly symmetrical face again…

Leave it to me Cat Lady. I have ways to annoy him that you don’t, and I only live across the bay
from him after all.

Location is everything. How is Kara?

She’s good, we talked everything out and she’s currently sleeping snuggled up against me. I’m not
sure what I’m going to do when she goes back to National City.

It’s the eyes isn’t it? They’re large and blue, looks so much like a damn puppy.

Yes! It’s ridiculous. Kate glanced down at the sleeping girl on her chest and sent the picture to Cat.
She’s a pretty cute puppy though.

She is. Thanks for taking care of her Kate.

It’s no problem Cat, thank you for bringing her here, for letting her stay.

She has a way of settling into people’s hearts doesn’t she?

It’s those eyes.

Damn blue eyes.

Chapter End Notes

Kate is precious and I’m so happy that Kara has her. Next chapter should be back to
regularly scheduled programing, though I wonder if Kara will do anything about Lucy,
or wonder if Lucy will do anything with this newly buff Kara?

So, last episode, who watched it? I’m still kind of eh, meh about the Kara Mon-El
storyline being tossed at us, but as long as Kara is still who she is then I can get over it.
Need some really good fight scenes from her. I am not on board with this Guardian
thing with James though, that’s a bit much. Also I want Lena and Cat to come back, but
I think Katie has already been in the number of episodes she's going to be in, which is ridiculous because introducing characters that are supposed to be around and never talking about them again (I'm talking about you Lucy, Susan, Max Lord), that's ridiculous.

Maggie and Alex are adorable though. Maggie is cute, and she will be involved with this story, but not with Alex obviously.

And like even though I don't like the Kara Mon-El storyline, I think he's cute in a frat boy kind of way and I could do that.
Alright guys, I have to say one thing, that last episode, what was it, 2x10? I didn't like it, too much focus on James, Winn and Mon-El, and not enough on like hmmm, idk, Supergirl? And then like Alex and Kara, probably the best relationship on the show, was like non-existent. The stuff with J'onn and M'gan was good, that part was fine, and him being such a good space dad.

And how does James have the training to be a vigilante? Obviously Mon-El makes a terrible superhero based on that episode, but wondering about James's background. Oliver Queen became a vigilante then hero, but he also had a shit ton of training. I'm legitimately curious on this one, they explain him having the instincts to be a hero without explaining how, and he started because he was jealous of Superman and Supergirl... Sorry, mini rant over...

Anyway, if anyone wants to read and unusual pairing but really good stories, zathara001 is writing a Kara/Oliver (superarrow?) series Of Two Worlds which is excellent. I was an Olicity fan, but it is better that they're separated, I could get behind Kara and Oliver, I mean he's like all kinds of hot so yeah.

So I'm also thinking about maybe writing a Super Canary story, but I'd have to watch Legends, which I haven't yet, and I'm not familiar with Sara's character. I have plans for more Kalex and SuperLane stories, nothing for SuperCorp and maybe another SuperCat, idk.

Thanks for all the comments and kudos, you guys are awesome!

“You have abs,” Lena blurt out as soon as Kara opened the door, her eyes wide as she took in her friend. The blonde had been in the middle of changing her clothes when she heard Lena's heart beat just outside of the door and forgot that she was only in her pants and a sports bra. “Since when did you get abs?” Kara just gave the girl a flat looking, causing the brunette to chuckle. “Alright alright, I'm done, but you seriously look hot. I guess those Kryptonian genes and the weeks spent in Gotham has worked well for you.”

“Yeah, I had a lot of fun,” the blonde replied, a bright smile on her face as she thought of Kate. “How was England?”

“It wasn’t bad,” Lena replied, plopping down on the couch. “I don’t know why people say it rains all the time. I mean it did a little bit but it wasn’t bad. It had a weird feel to it though, not gloomy or anything, just... I’m not sure, old maybe? Had an old feel to it if that makes sense.” She cast a critical eye over her friend and pouted slightly when she pulled her abandoned shirt on over her head. “Can I feel your biceps?”

“Lena!”

“What? You’re really buff, but not in like a overly buff, body builder kind of way, but like a lean,
swimmer or dancer kind of way and I really just want to feel your muscles flex.” She stuck in lip out in a pout, one that she had picked up from the other girl over the past few years and Kara sighed.

“Fine.” She held out her arm and Lena squealed, running her fingers over the musculature in Kara’s arm. It was more of a clinical, curious prodding than anything sensual but it still had heat flooding the blonde girl’s cheeks which caused the brunette to cackled wickedly.

“I think it’s funny that despite how mature your body is becoming, you’re still this adorable, blushing puppy,” Lena giggled. “Though I can’t wait to see everyone’s reactions at school especially Lucy. She’s going to love the new you.”

“Lena,” Kara groaned out, falling back on the couch away from her friend.

“Considering how short she is and how tall you’ve gotten, she’s going to climb you like a tree—”

“Lena!”

“Alright, alright, I’ll stop,” the brunette smirked. “So you know what I did in England, history, work, science stuff, what did you do in Gotham? You were very secretive about that when we were texting, and it was extremely annoying.”

Kara grinned and sat back up, “I got to meet Batman and Batwoman, hangout in the batcave, and go crime fighting with Batwoman.”

Lena’s eyes widened and her mouth dropped open. “You’re lying.”

The blonde shook her head mischievously, “Nope, and Batwoman even taught a few things about fighting, being a hero.”

“That’s so awesome,” the brunette breathed, her eyes wide. “So you know who Batman and Batwoman really are?”

Kara bit her lip, “I do, I can’t tell you who Batman is, but I can tell you who Batwoman is if you want, she said it was okay. Besides she’s going to be in my life from now on, so it will probably be easier if you know.”

“Tell me!” Lena said, jumping over to shake the girl.

“Alright, calm down, Batwoman is Kate Kane,” Kara gasped out as Lena’s fingers started tickling her sides, “No don’t do that, don’t do that.”

“Kate Kane is Batwoman?” Lena yelled, her knees digging into Kara’s shins, “Kate freaking Kane? Really? She’s like a giant in the tech and business world, I mean she basically owns half of Gotham, wow… How does she have time to run around at night fighting bad guys and other various villains?”

“I have no idea. I mean she took some time off while I was there, but I listened in on a few of her meetings one time and she is like always busy, it’s crazy.” Kara shook her head, “Of course Mom is also always busy with meetings, her show, things like that, and taking care of Carter and I.”

“Me too, when I’m here anyway,” the brunette added before sighing. “I hope we’re that industrious when we’re that age.” Kara nodded in agreement and the two friends sat in silence for a few minutes before Lena spoke again. “Are your thigh muscles also super taut?”

“Lena!”
“Holy shit,” Lucy muttered quietly to herself as she spotted her younger blonde friend for the first time that day. It was the first day of the new term, the first day of her senior year and she was already swamped with classwork, homework, and extracurricular activities, and it was barely lunch time. She had missed the two younger girls she had befriended the previous year, Kara especially. Something about her was different, enchanting in an adorable, innocent kind of way. Lucy knew that she had a slight infatuation with the girl, and she knew that Kara definitely had a crush on her with the adorable stammering and blushing. But the girl was just a freshman, and she still looked so young so she never did anything about it, simply enjoying being friends with the girl.

That was until she had spotted Kara sitting in the cafeteria on the other side of the room at their usual table with Lena sitting next to her. The blonde was giggling and nodding at whatever her friend was saying to her, completely oblivious to the stares of everyone in the room as appraising and appreciative eyes glanced periodically back at their table. She couldn’t see much from her position, but she could tell that Kara hit a growth spurt over the summer and must’ve spent at least some time in the sun. Her hair had lightened even further to a pure honey blonde with bits of platinum highlights and her skin was kissed with a healthy, golden tan.

Lucy made her way back to the table, glaring fiercely at anyone who she caught staring. She was planning on going into the army to become a lawyer and with years learning from her father, she knew that she could put the fear of God into someone with her glare. She took pleasure in the few gawkers she caught leering stuttering in fear when they saw the look she was giving them and stumbled out of the cafeteria, their tails tucked between their legs. The gawkers were mainly guys though there were a few of the more brazen girls that she also sent running off with her glare. The majority of the girls in the room that were most definitely ogling the blonde sophomore were more subtle about it lest they face the rather of Lucy Lane. She turned her furious gaze back to where she was headed and her eyes were caught by the amused gaze of Lena Thorul. The girl had a smirk on her face and mirth was present in her eyes and Lucy knew that she was in trouble.

Lena nudged her friend in the arm and gestured behind her. “Lucy’s here Kara,” she muttered, barely containing the laughter that threatened to erupt from her chest.

Kara whirled around, her blue eyes landing on her other brunette friend and she smiled, standing up to embrace the older girl. “Oh sweet Jesus,” Lucy muttered when she saw and felt how much the girl had grown over the summer. Not only was she now at least a few inches taller than her, but her breasts had filled in and she has muscles everywhere. Not large, overly buff, but taut, tight muscles irradiated strength with every ripple, every moment. She felt Kara release her and a warm hand press against her forehead. “Are you alright Lucy?” Kara asked, concern written all over her face. “You’re face looks flushed, are you sick?”

“Oh yeah, she’s sick alright,” Lena muttered, a snicker escaping at the end of her words.

Lucy shook herself out of her daze and glared at the younger girl who merely smirked at her and returned to her lunch. “I’m fine Kara, really,” Lucy said, sitting down across from the blonde. She was half afraid that she would jump the girl if she sat next to her. The brunette prayed that the table provided a decent enough buffer between them. “So how were your summers?” She asked, glancing between the two sophomores.

“Summer program through Oxford,” Lena supplied, “I was there for eight weeks, only got back to National City in August and stayed with Kara a few weeks before moving back into the dorms. It
was pretty good once I got back, we spent a lot of time at the beach.” A wicked grin crossed Lena’s face, “Even managed to talk her into a bikini.”

The other brunette’s brain short-circuited as the image floated through her mind, derailing any attempt at conversation she thought about making. “Lena,” Kara shushed her friend. They had gone to the beach pretty much every day in August leading up to the start of the school year and Kara had worn a bikini, but the beach they went to was a secluded one a few hours up the coast that she had flown both of them to, utilizing the practice she had received from Kate at learning to fly undetected. It was a nice beach, basically a small strip of sand surround by cliffs and forest, completely unreachable except for by water. She didn’t want Lena to accidentally spill about that part of their beach trips.

“Wha, um, sounds like fun,” Lucy sputtered a bit. Oh god, what is wrong with me?

“Stop talking Lucy, just shut-up.”

Kara blushed and glanced down at the table, shyly tugging at the sleeves of her shirt. “Ah, um, I spent July in Gotham with a new friend and an old colleague of mom’s. June was more of a family month as all three of us did stuff together when Mom wasn’t working.”

“That must’ve been nice,” Lucy murmured, envy coloring her tone. It had been a long time since her family had done anything together, not with her father’s job and she at boarding school for most of the year. “Why Gotham though?”

“Well, Mom, er, Cat asked one of her colleagues to teach me some self defense moves so that I’ll be able to, you know, defend myself in the future.” She hesitated slightly with her answer, not liking to lie, but she realized that it was basically the truth, just not the whole truth. Self-defense lessons, beach, probably included swimming, that explains the toned physique, Lucy thought to herself, a light smile on her face. “What did you do over the summer?” Kara asked, drawing the brunette’s attention again.

“Oh, boot camp, basically what I do every summer,” Lucy replied, rolling her eyes. “Dad said it would looked good to the recruiters at West Point, and I spend a lot of time during the school year doing activities and internships so I don’t really need them over the summer.”

“So you’ve settled on West Point then,” Lena said, having gotten control of herself once it seemed that Lucy was over her shock at seeing the new Kara. It was endearing, hilarious and better than she could’ve hoped for, but the future army officer and lawyer seemed to recover quickly so Lena had to as well.

“West Point, then Harvard and then into basic training and officer’s school,” the other brunette replied, nodding her head. “With a degree in Defense and Strategic Studies from West Point and a Law degree from Harvard, I should progress pretty quickly and get placed in JAG in no time, which is what I want.”

“So no combat for you then?” Kara questioned.

Lucy shook her head, “No. I mean, if I’m deployed, I’m deployed, but that’s a lot of moving around and that’s the life my father shoved me into before putting me in boarding school here and I don’t want to do that anymore. I want to join the military, just not the nomadic lifestyle.” Kara thought about her aunt, a high-ranking member of the military guild, and how she would rarely see her when she was sent to the cities of Krypton to check the garrisons or when out on deployment. It was hard not seeing her favorite aunt for months on end and she could sort of understand where Lucy was coming from. “So what about you two?” Lucy asked, breaking Kara out of her thoughts, “I know
that you’re both sophomores but you have to at least thought about where you want to go for college.”

“Mom has talked to me about it a little,” Kara admitted, “She wants me to look all over the world, anywhere I want to go, but I want to stay in National City. National City University is basically an ivy league school, and it has an amazing fine arts program if I want to pursue that or other things…”

“Other things?” The older girl asked.

Kara shrugged shyly, “English, creative writing, journalism maybe. Mom said I don’t need to take after her and go into journalism, but she took me in, adopted me, gave me a home, I feel like I kind of owe her a little.”

“That might be a conversation you’ll have to have with your mother then,” Lucy said before turning to Lena. “What about you? Plans of world domination?”

Lena scoffed, “Too much paperwork. I’m planning to go to MIT, though I might have to Yale since it’s a family thing. Unlike you two it isn’t fully up to me where I go.”

“You’re family really sucks Lena,” Lucy muttered before starting in on her food. Kara and Lena glanced at each other momentarily before setting in on their own food. It was still kept from common knowledge about Lena’s family, though with the way some of the professors treated Lena it was suspected that they knew. Lena had originally thought that the students knew as well and that’s why they avoided her, but it was typical teenage things that kept others away, misplaced jealousy, wariness, ideas of self-importance. If only Lucy knew how true her statement was though, especially with Lex’s growing outspokenness about Superman and aliens on Earth. Despite loving her brother and appreciating how he welcomed her into the family when she was adopted years ago, she didn’t agree with his views, especially once she learned about Kara and who she was. It was hard for her to be colored with the same brush, to bear the weight of her family name, but at least she had a secondary family in Kara, Carter and Ms. Grant.

“Well, it was good catching up with you two, but I’ve got to go meet up with some of my other friends,” Lucy said, pushing away from the table. Her eyes fell back on Kara, drifting from her bright blonde hair and brilliant blue eyes to her toned body causing her mind to short circuit again. “Um, right, bye, I’ll see you guys later.” She turned and hurried away, shooting glares at people she caught staring at Kara again.

“She has it bad,” Lena sniggered, cackling slightly.

“She’s just a little frazzled from the beginning of the school year,” Kara defended, “It is her last year.”

“Oh huh, and it has nothing to do with her eying you like you like someone on a diet who just caught sight of the most delicious sundae ever.”

Kara blushed and gave her friend a chiding look, “Lena…”

“Girl wanted to have you for dinner and dessert.”

The blonde groaned and turned back to her lunch, she wondered if her face would ever return to its normal color.
“Hey Kara,” Lucy called, jogging lightly down the hallway to catch up with the blonde. School had been in session for about a month and everyone had settled into the schedule of the new year. She had spotted Kara when she was on her way to cheer practice and her gaggle of admirers gathered around her as she headed towards her own club activities. The sight made Lucy’s blood boil, causing her to call out to the younger girl.

Kara turned when she heard her name and beamed at her friend. The brunette shot glares at the people around her, causing them to scatter to leave the two alone. “Hi Lucy,” Kara greeted, reaching out to hug her friend. “What’s up? Don’t you have cheer practice?”

“I do, I just…” She was having difficulty thinking with Kara’s hands on her arms and her concerned blue eyes staring at her. “Um…” Lucy shook her head slightly to knock out her hazy thoughts and glanced back up to meet Kara’s eyes, “I was wondering if you wanted to get dinner, with me, tonight.”

Blue eyes lit up and Lucy was struck speechless. “I would love to,” the blonde replied, “Do you want to meet up somewhere?”

“No huh, no I’ll pick you up, 7:30 sound good?”

“You know where I live?”

Lucy blinked, “Uh, no, I’ll probably need that information to pick you up.” Kara giggled and gave the other girl her address before they both headed to their club activities. The blonde met up with her best friend after finishing up with art club and they headed to the library to work on some homework.

“You want to hangout tonight? Junk food and movies?” Lena asked, pulling out her AP biology textbook.

“I can’t, Lucy asked me out to dinner,” Kara replied as she started taking notes for her English class. She heard a strangled noise come from her friend and before she could glance up, she was seized by her shoulders. “Wh-what?” She sputtered out, seeing the wide eyes of her friend.

“Lucy asked you out for dinner,” Lena stated, her eyes hard. “Lucy, asked you out for dinner.”

“Yeah, she stopped me before art club and she asked if we could get dinner later, she’s going to pick me up.”

Glee and excitement filled Lena’s eyes and Kara stared at her friend in confusion. “Stop being such a dope, she asked you out on a date,” Lena squealed, receiving a harsh shush from the librarian. ‘Sorry’ she mouthed at the older woman before turning back to her friend.

“A date?” Kara squeaked, “No, it’s not a date, just dinner between two friends.”

“Uuhh, and what were you doing when she walked up to you?”

“I was just heading to art club, and I was talking with a few of the people from my classes and Lucy called out to me.”

“Right, it was more like you were being followed by your admirers and Lucy saw and got pissed so she decided to mark her territory,” Lena murmured, leaning back in her seat. When it looked like Kara was about to protest, she just waved her hand to cut Kara off. “She asked you out to dinner, said she’d pick you up, it is totally a date.”
Kara made to protest again but Lena’s words slipped in her mind and she actually started considering them. Her eyes widened when she came to the same conclusion that Lena did. “Oh Rao, I have a date with Lucy tonight!”

“You do! Oh you need to go, you need to call your mom, get ready.” Lena started scrambling, shoving Kara’s books back in her bag and grabbing her own. She grabbed Kara’s arm and tugged her towards the library door, and the blonde had to remind herself to shift with the movement due to the abruptness of Lena’s actions.

“Wh- Lena?”

“You have to go home and get ready for your date,” Lena stated firmly, “And you should probably call your mom and let her know, plus you might want to ask if her you can go, but you can’t just dally here.”

“But Lucy’s not going to pick me up for another few hours.”

“Right, so you don’t have much time, so you better be quick about it.” The brunette shooed her away and Kara hurried home, using a bit of her super speed to reduce the amount of commute time.

The second she reached the penthouse, she pulled out her phone and dialed her mother’s number. “Come on Mom, pick up the phone,” Kara muttered, pacing frantically. Cat had put Carter in preschool and daycare that year since Meredith had finished school and accepted a job at an elementary school closer to her parents so the blonde was alone at home. She was grateful for that at the moment since she didn’t want Carter worrying about her.

Just before Kara was going to hang up, she heard the dial quit ringing and her mother’s voice through the phone. “Kara? What’s wrong?”

“Mom I, I have a problem,” Kara started, her mind whirling.

“What’s wrong? Aren’t you still at school? Did something happen?”

“I’m at home, something happened.” She could already hear the panic in her mother’s voice so she pressed forward, “Date I got, um, I mean, huh…”

“Kara, breathe, words.”

The blonde took a deep breath, “Lucy asked me out on a date, tonight, she’s supposed to pick me up at 7:30. I need permission to go, and then I need help, I don’t know what I’m doing.”

Cat was quiet for a few minutes before she answered, “I’ll be home in half an hour, I have to finish up here and pick up Carter from daycare. Take a shower, wash your hair, extra conditioner, make sure you zap your legs and thank good genes that you don’t grow hair under your arms.”

“Does that mean that I can go?”

“Yes you can go on the date, but I am having words with Lucy before you two go anywhere.”

“Mom…”

“Don’t ‘mom’ me, I don’t hear you racing to the shower.”

“I’m going, I’m going, see you soon Mom!” Kara squeaked out, hanging up the phone and rushing to her bathroom. She pulled off her clothes, narrowly avoiding ripping her shirt when she heard the
seam whine as she tugged it off her head. Turning the water on, Kara jumped in, instantly sticking her head under the cool stream to soak her long hair. She grabbed one of the extra bottles of conditioner her mother started stocking once she realized that flying and super speed was murder on her hair.

She finished her shower after washing and conditioning her hair and turned the water off. Kara glanced down at her legs and grimaced; she could see the stubble growing in, hard and prickly. She was grateful that unlike humans she only grew hair on her head, arms and legs, but figuring out how to shave her legs was difficult when she decided to start shaving them. Her classmates in high school, including Lena, all started shaving their legs at a young age, and it was one of the ways that she wanted to fit in. Cat figured out she could style her hair with a strong pair of titanium scissors, but she had to learn to use her heat vision on her legs. She zapped both of her legs and slathered body butter on them knowing that the heat would’ve dried out her skin.

A knock sounded on the door as soon as she finished rubbing her legs and Cat’s voice came through the door. “Kara?”

“Just a minute,” the blonde replied, spinning a towel around her body and twisting her hair into a different one. She opened the door and found Cat staring there, her hands on her hips and her brow raised.

“Well you can’t wear that, come along Kara, I’ll help you sort that out and you can tell me how Lucy asked you out.”

“I didn’t even know it happened until later when Lena told me,” Kara stated ruefully as she followed her mother into her room. The two talked while Cat helped the girl pick out something to wear, briefly taking a break to feed Carter his dinner. Kara was fixing her hair when the doorbell rang and Cat left to answer it.

The older blonde left Kara to finish getting ready and checked on Carter who was sitting in front of the TV entranced by the cartoons dancing across the screen. She schooled her features before she opened the door. This was her daughter’s first crush, her first date; Cat wanted her face to be a mixture of welcoming and ‘I’ve made senior military officers cry’ without it being obvious that that’s what she was going for. Relaxing her posture to appear more casual but still intimidating, Cat opened the door, finding a wide-eyed Lucy Lane staring back at her.

She assessed the younger Lane, letting her eyes run over her form in a scrutinizing fashion but also curious. Lois had mentioned that she had a younger sister when they were working together at the Daily Planet, but she hadn’t gone into too much detail about the girl. From what she could tell, they weren’t close since the younger brunette had moved around with her father since their mother had died while Lois remained in Metropolis. Apparently the General found that too difficult and had placed the girl in boarding school while he was on assignment. Cat could see why Kara developed a crush, but also why it didn’t register with her that Lucy and Lois were relating, they didn’t look anything alike. Where Lois took after her father in appearance, Lucy clearly resembled her mother.

“I, huh, Miss Grant, hi, I didn’t um,” Lucy stuttered for a moment before firming her spine. “Hello Miss Grant, I’m Lucy Lane, I’m here to pick up Kara.”

“So I hear,” Cat replied, stepping aside to let the girl in the penthouse. “I could start by asking what intentions you have towards my daughter, seeing as you’re what, seventeen and she’s fifteen but I don’t think I need to do that do you?” Green stared into green as the older woman sized up the younger, “I think you know how special Kara is and you know better than to hurt her.”

Lucy shook her head emphatically, “I definitely don’t want to do that. I mean, we’re young so it’s
Cat couldn’t help but to chuckle at the younger girl, “Relax Lane, I don’t expect you to marry her, I just want to make sure that you treat Kara well, and that my daughter does the same thing for you.”

The brunette let out a barely perceptible sigh of relief and Cat smirked at the sound. Kara walked into the room and shot her mother a withering look, which the older woman ignored. She was used to Kara listening to basically everything in the house unless she specifically told her not to listen; if she happened to overhear something that she didn’t like, it would teach her to stop listening into other people’s conversations as much.

“Hi Lucy,” Kara greeted shyly, tucking her blonde hair behind her ear, a nervous habit she’d picked up over the years.

“Hi Kara,” the brunette replied with just as much nervousness in her voice. “You look great.” The blonde had decided on a nice pair of jeans and a peasant style blue top that Cat said matched her eyes. Kara smiled at Lucy’s words and hugged the older girl, getting a closer look at her outfit as she did.

“Thanks,” she said, releasing the girl. “You look great too.” Lucy had on dark jeans that were frayed slightly on the knees, keeping up with the style of the time. She had a simple red top on that made the slight reddish tinge in her hair stand out, and a black leather jacket completed the look.

“Mhm, yes, we all look nice don’t we,” Cat murmured, humor lacing her tone as both girls jumped, forgetting that she was there. “Now both of you be safe, Lucy make sure she’s home by 11:00, no later.”

The brunette nodded, “Yes Miss Grant, come on Kara.” She reached out her hand to grab the younger girl’s, “I figured we could get some dinner and then there’s a concert in the park, folk music mainly, but the instruments make beautiful sounds.”

“Sounds great,” Kara replied as the walked out the door. “I hope you picked a place that serves a lot of food, because I eat a lot.”

Lucy smiled at the girl with fondness in her eyes and squeezed her hand, “Oh I know, but don’t worry, the place I picked does serve a lot of food, and it’s not super fancy. Plus, there are vendors in the park if you need a snack to feed that bottomless pit you have. I don’t even know how you manage to eat that much food.”

“High metabolism,” Kara blushed, “I uh, I work out.”

The older girl’s traitorous eyes gave Kara a quick once over before she blushed slightly and turned her attention back down the hallway. “I can tell.”

Green eyes tracked her prey as he flew high above the streets of Metropolis, keeping to the shadows to avoid detection by the blue and red clad figure. She winced slightly at the brightness of the costume, the flashy, primary colors standing out in the darkness. A small part of her mind registered that she used crimson on her own suit, but that created a different effect combined with black than the bright red and blue of the super powered hero. Kate only hoped that if Kara decided to don a suit, she would pick different colors, or at least ones that aren’t so bright. The moment the thought entered
Batwoman turned her attention back to the man flying over head, and she pulled out one of the toys that Bruce had let her ‘borrow.’ It was a small remote controlled drone, a smaller version of the bombers starting to be used by the military. It had a camera on the front that streamed to the screen on the remote so that she would be able to control it and see where it was going. Drones like this had yet to be developed for civilian use, but Bruce had been curious about the technology and developed one of his own, making it smaller and improving the range so that he could possible use it in his role as Batman. Since he’s semi-retired, Kate has taken to borrowing the Bat-drone when she wanted to, and seeing how its purpose tonight was of extreme importance, the man had gladly let her borrow it.

She held in a slight cackle as she zeroed in on her target, and pressed another button on the controller, releasing the weapon of the drone. A large glob of green paint sailed through the air and hit the back of Superman’s head. He whirled around to face the drone, but Kate was already firing again, this time hitting him right in the middle of his face. She might not be able to confront you for being a jerk to Kara, Kate thought as she maneuvered the drone, but I can still get payback.

Superman’s eyes lit up in anger under the green paint, and Kate activated the backwards camera and took the superhero on a chase above Metropolis. She took the drone down so that it was weaving around the city, silently thanking Bruce that he had the foresight to power up the motors to reach higher speeds on the small device. She knew in a straight confrontation between the drone and Superman, the Kryptonian would quickly catch the device and destroy it, but she never claimed to play fair.

She used the lights of Metropolis buildings and streets combined with the shadows to confuse his X-Ray vision as she hid the drone around buildings and continued to pelt the man with green paint. Kara had told her all about her powers and some of the problems she had noticed with them that she was trying to overcome, and Kate was using that insider knowledge to her advantage to annoy Metropolis’s wonderboy.

By the time Superman had given up on chasing the drone, Kate had run out of green paint to pelt at him because it was covering the other superhero. She could see him glaring at the drone through the camera, and she had to fight to keep down the snicker as she let out another stream of paint, this time red as it coated his chest in the shape of a bat symbol. Kate directed the drone back to Gotham and returned to her bike, hitting the highway to take the bridge back across the bay. She’d be back to annoy him another day, it was no less than he deserved. A large grin crossed her face at the thought of the pictures that would be splashed across the news tomorrow. Cat Lady better be appreciative of the things I do for her, Kate thought, also hoping that the pictures would make Kara smile.

Kate directed the drone as she drove, directing it to the roof of her building so that she could pick it up when she returned. She retrieved the drone, backing it away in her basement lair before returning to the penthouse, shedding her costume as she collapsed in bed. When she woke the next morning and turned on the news as she started breakfast, smirking as the pictures of a paint splattered Superman crossed her screen. It didn’t surprise her that the station running the pictures was the Gotham City News, currently being rebranded as the CatCo station in Gotham. The woman managed to purchase it from Bruce, who was a majority shareholder.

It was a three hour time difference between Gotham and National City, and while she knew that Kara always woke up with the dawn and Cat was also likely to wake up early, neither would be up at four in the morning. Kate finished her breakfast, the image of Superman covered in green and red paint popping up in her mind as she ate. She cleaned up in the kitchen and got ready to head down to the office to start her day. Just as she was getting ready to take the elevator down, a chime on her phone alerted her to a text message. Checking the device, she saw it was from her favorite talk show...
host and budding media mogul.

*Nice job with taking Superman down a peg or two.*

Kate smirked at Cat’s words, *I take it that you approve?*

*Yes, it was quite funny when my division chief in Gotham alerted me of the story, Metropolis is being strangely silent for some reason.*

*Can’t imagine why.*

*Kara will be up soon and since the picture is all over the news, she’ll no doubt call you. She also had her first date last night, so make sure she tells you everything. She didn’t tell me anything of course other than coming home and squealing that she had such a good time.*

The red-haired woman’s face lit up with a wide smile. *There are some things that you don’t talk about with your mother Cat.*

Right after she sent the text, her phone started ringing and Kara’s face appeared on the screen. “Kara hey,” Kate greeted. She listened with a fond smile on her face as the girl babbled about how funny ‘Kal-El’ looked covered in paint, and thanking her for making her feel better. The older girl waited until Kara took a breather in her babble before directing it to a different conversation. “So I heard you went on a date last night?” She couldn’t contain her laughter at Kara’s squeak and a new round of babble starting, this one centered around *Lucy Lane* and the ‘most awesome’ first date she’s ever had.

Chapter End Notes

Grrr, that episode.... Sorry, I'm done... maybe.... Grr....

Anyway, I am really tired of writing first dates and first kisses, so I'm going to skip that with Kara and Lucy, and save up for when Alex shows up.

Who all liked Kate's revenge on Kal? I was like what should she do... mock him, that will work. Some time skips coming up in the next two chapters, if I don't they'll just be filler chapters and those things are soooooo boring to write.
Chapter Notes

You guys... That episode... I don't even know, through the majority of the episode I was like someone needs to give Alex the shitty big sister award. And then at the end, with the cupcake, I was like okay, this is better, and then Alex has a talk with Kara about how she's just avoiding Mon-El, and she really likes him, and I'm like Alex... you do not want your sister with him, she has said no repeatedly, don't do this, really don't do this, don't make it so that girls start to see that when a woman says no they actually mean maybe, and have them wait around pining, do not do this!

And Winn and James, really, constantly want to slap them, so much slapping. Kara didn't want to be in a relationship with either of them, so they form this weird bond thing and start a new relationship, they deserve each other...

Sorry guys, I just don't like where the characters are going, what they've been doing. Getting like zero Maggie/Kara screen time, which is upsetting, and Alex is like absentee sister, and I don't know about you guys, but I have one of those "sisters before misters" policy with my best friends so like I can't even comprehend this.

Anyway, this has just made me realize that I will be writing a story to work out my frustrations with Alex. This story was meant to work out my frustrations with Clark and the Danvers as a whole, but I will address Alex in a separate story.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“Two you are disgustingly cute,” Lena commented as she looked at the pictures Kara had handed her that she and Lucy had taken when they went to the fair the week before. The two had been dating for a little over a month but going to the fair together was only their second official date since they were both busy with school work and their extra activities. They still managed to see each other most days during lunch though.

The fair was an annual tradition in National City, an autumn festival during the third week of October that usually coincided with the fall break for most of the local schools. Cat had taken Kara every year since she started living with her, and when Lucy asked her to go to the fair with her, she didn’t want to break family tradition. She ended up going twice, once with Cat, Carter and Lena during the day, and went with Lucy in the evening on a different day. Kara got to eat as much fair food as she wanted twice, and she got to spend time with her family and her girlfriend.

“I’m also kind of disgusted that you managed to win that hotdog eating contest,” Lena continued, “I didn’t really need to know how much you could fit in your mouth at one time. That was a little gross.”

“But it was free hotdogs and I got that check and a nice trophy,” Kara replied, “And a coupon for free hotdogs for a year, within reason.”

“They’re probably glad that they put that stipulation on there,” Lena muttered, “I mean, you ate 24 hotdogs in five minutes, if it had been the full ten minutes like standard contests, you would’ve blown the women’s eating champion out of the water, maybe the men’s too if you didn’t slow down...
to savour the food.”

Kara scrunched her nose slightly, “They were boiled hotdogs, I’m not a big fan of boiled unless they’re from a street cart and they’re covered in stuff. Plain is just... Boring calories.”

Lena cackled a bit at Kara’s words, “That’s what you said about all of the salad and vegetables that Miss Grant made you eat for dinner that night to make up for the amount of hotdogs you consumed. She didn’t even let you dunk the vegetables in something.”

“Boring calories,” Kara shivered slightly. “I mean, I like vegetables just fine, so long as they have cheese on them or I can dip them in something. They do make me full though, and nuts, so many nuts.”

The brunette just hummed and returned to her lunch, handing the photos back to Kara. “So what are you doing this weekend? Any time for study-buddy session or are you having another date with Lucy?”

“I’ve got study time on Sunday, but I’m watching Carter on Saturday,” the blonde replied. “There’s a halloween carnival at the planetarium and I promised Carter I would take him. Costumes encouraged by not required of course, do you want to come?”

“Sounds fun, us nerds have to stick together,” Lena laughed. She and the little boy had bonded over their love of science and nerdy things. It was difficult to see the stars in National City, so Cat had taken Carter and Kara to the planetarium every chance she could so that Kara could tell them of the stars. Trips there were intermixed with visits to the natural history and natural science museums for Kara to learn more about Earth and so Carter could stare at the rocks and gemstones. Lena has accompanied them occasionally and listened to Kara tell stories about the stars once she learned the truth about her friend.

“If you want to come with us though, Carter will insist on you wearing a costume.”

“Who’s wearing a costume?” Lucy asked overhearing what was said as she approached the table. “Hi sweetie,” she said, pressing a quick kiss to Kara’s lips before sitting down next to her.

“Hi Luce,” the blonde replied with a wide smile. “I was telling Lena that I’m taking Carter to the planetarium on Saturday for their Halloween festival. Carter and I are wearing costumes and Carter will definitely demand that anyone who comes with us must wear a costume as well, a ‘real’ one as he said, not a lame one.”

“So what are you two going as?” Lena asked, “Since Carter has insisted on a ‘real’ costume.”

“He wanted to be Batman, so I’m going as Batwoman,” Kara smirked, a slight twinkle in her eye when she glanced over at Lena. “He kept pushing for Robin but I insisted.”

Lucy missed the amused look between her girlfriend and Lena, and just hummed as she bit into her apple. “Batwoman, she’s a pretty new hero in Gotham, but she’s made a significant dent on crime in the city, not to mention what she did to Superman a few weeks ago.”

“You mean with the incident with the paint? I thought they couldn’t prove it was her?” Kara asked, fully knowing that Kate was the one to pelt her cousin with paint. Lucy didn’t know about her though, about who she really was and her cousin, and that her pseudo-older sister was the lady dark knight of Gotham.

“It was kind of obvious with the red bat symbol plastered on his chest,” the older girl pointed out, “Not to mention that she pelted him with batarangs that exploded into a sticky, tar like substance,
causing everything to stick to him.” Lucy smirked a bit thinking of the images of Superman covered in feathers when a pillow ‘mysteriously’ ripped over his head. “I don’t know what Superman did to draw her ire, but must’ve been something significant.”

“Probably was,” Lena returned before turning back to Kara. “So I’m in for this Saturday, and let Carter know that I’ll have a ‘real’ and proper costume.”

Kara nodded her head excitedly, “Awesome, I’ll let him know.” She turned her attention to her girlfriend, “Do you want to come too? I promise not to let my little brother and best friend make you feel inadequate in how nerdy they are.”

Lucy chuckled a bit at Kara’s words but sadly shook her head, “I’m afraid I’ll have to pass. I have drill competition for ROTC on Saturday, it’s a few hours away so it’s going to take all day.”

The blonde girl pouted, “Awe, I wanted to see what you would choose as a costume.”

“Trust me, I definitely want to see you in your Batwoman costume, so we’re in the same boat there.” She smirked as she saw Kara’s cheeks reddening, “I would say that if Miss Grant didn’t have that rule about no dates on a weeknight, we could go out on Halloween but since it’s on Tuesday…”

“You could always wear an elf costume for her over Christmas, Tiny,” Lena muttered, breaking the two out of their bubble. “It’s like you both forget I’m here sometimes.”

“Probably because you’re annoying,” Lucy bit back, “And don’t think I missed that short comment Thorul.” Lena just smirked at the older girl. In the past few months, Lena had started to come into her growth spurt. While it was clear she wouldn’t be as tall as her best friend, she was definitely taller than the senior. The older brunette rolled her eyes and pushed away from the table, “I’ve got to head out, I have to go to the guidance counselor’s office to finish some paperwork, I’ll see you later Kara?”

“Bye Luce!” The blonde replied, a bright smile on her face. Lena made gagging sounds when the two kissed again, this time a bit longer than a brief peck and Lucy shot her a withering look before she got up from the table. Once she was out of sight, Kara sent her best friend a similar look, “You’re terrible.”

“You ready to go to the planetarium buddy?” Kara asked as she pulled at the stretchy cloth material making her Batwoman costume. She chose to leave the mask off and just painted a red bat symbol around her eyes, and left her hair blonde rather than attempting to dye it red or wear a wig.

“I’m not buddy, I’m Batman!” Carter proclaimed, hands on his hips, chest puffed out proudly.

Unlike Kara, he went with the whole costume, complete with the mask pulled on over his head. The gray suit with the yellow and black bat symbol on his chest was completed by the black mask on his face and the cape he had attached to the back of his costume.

“I’m sorry,” Kara apologized, fighting the grin on her face, “Batman, are you ready to go? Lena said she would meet us at the planetarium, in costume of course as per your specifications.” Carter nodded seriously, grunting slightly in approval and Kara stifled down even more laughter. “Come on, let’s take a few pictures to send to Mom and Kate, and maybe she’ll even show the pictures to Batman and Batwoman.”
Carter’s face lit up and he started to bounce excitedly, “Really?”

Kara finally let a giggle escape as she nodded. She had Carter pose for a few pictures and then snapped a couple of herself holding Carter and sent them to Cat before ushering the little boy out of the apartment. They headed down to the street and stopped at the bus stop a block down from the apartment building. Kara knew that she could walk the blocks to the planetarium without any problems but Carter would get tired. Cat offered to have her driver take them but Kara insisted that they would be fine taking the bus.

Around half an hour later, Kara and Carter were getting off of the bus at the stop just down from the planetarium and walking towards the building. She saw other children with their parents or guardians in their costumes gleefully making their way up the stairs to the planetarium. The blonde girl couldn’t help but grin at their exuberance, and their bouncing excitement when they saw her and Carter. When Kate heard that she was going to dress up like her for Halloween, she sent an exact replica of her own costume to the girl made of a softer material. It was a better quality than the one being sold in stores and judging by the looks on kids’ faces nearby, it must’ve look good enough to make her look like a blonde Batwoman.

“Where’s Lena?” Carter asked, peering around as best as he could at three feet tall.

Kara glanced around, her height and superior vision allowing her to scan the crowd and faces at a faster rate than her brother. She spotted her friend and bit back a grin at the sight. Bending down to pick up Carter, she pointed out Lena to him, “There she is, she’s waiting in the shade for us over there.”

The boy’s eyes lit up when he saw her and he wriggled for Kara to set him down, dashing off in the direction as soon as his feet touch the ground. She followed behind him, making sure that he didn’t trip on the stairs as the tiny Batman sped up the steps towards the green Ninja Turtle waiting for them. “Hey Carter!” Lena greeted when she saw him making a beeline for her. She spotted the slight shake of Kara’s head and the small smile on her face so corrected her words, “I’m sorry, Batman, how are you today?”

Carter just grinned, his excitement evident despite the mask that was slipping off his head. “Hi Donny!” He greeted, recognizing the purple bandana tied around her head and the staff strapped to her back. “You ready for the planetarium?!”


“Donatello,” she returned, “I always knew you were a huge geek.”

“I was going to get a Wonder Woman costume,” Lena corrected as Carter returned to Kara’s side and took her hand. “But they were out and then I saw this one and I was like why not, who doesn’t love the Ninja Turtles?”

“Mikey is my favorite,” Carter said looking around, “Kara likes Raph and Leo, Mom’s favorite is Donny.”

Lena straightened a bit and adjusted her costume, “Hear that, I’m Miss Grant’s favorite.”

“You’re hilarious Lena, oh wait pictures.” Kar took her phone out again and snapped a few pics of Lena and a few of them all together before they headed into the planetarium. The building was slowly filling with families and children decked in various costumes. Kara made sure that Carter knew not to let go of her hand, sandwiching him in between her and Lena so that she could grab his
other hand as a precaution. The girls let the little boy tug him from booth to booth, playing games and collecting different prizes at each booth. Eventually Lena gave up keeping up with alien and little kid stamina and went to the observation room to look through some of the telescopes. The main show for the event wouldn’t be until later that afternoon, so she was content to look at the stars herself while Kara took her little brother around to play the games.

The star show started at 3:00 and everyone slowly trickled into the auditorium, Kara and Carter catching up with Lena as she entered the room. They watched as the ceiling spun tales of constellations and stars, creating images of mischief and fright that dazzled and amazed the audience. While the rest of the visitors were entertained by the stories of the staff narrators, Lena and Carter were listening to whispered words as Kara spoke, telling stories of the stars her father told her as a child. The constellations looked different on Earth than they did on Krypton, her former home being twenty-seven light years from her new planet, but the stories were still mystical and fascinating.

After the show was over, Kara, Lena and Carter left the auditorium to find that the booths and games have been covered with makeshift cardboard houses decorated with different themes, all dealing with space in different ways. Kara pulled out what was left of the money that Cat had given her that morning and used some of it to buy Carter one of the souvenir bags and she escorted him to each house, a loud ‘trick or treat’ coming from the boy every time he knocked on a ‘door.’

It was close to five when the event started winding down and families were taking their exhausted children home. Kara was carrying Carter with bags bursting with candy and prizes looped over her arm. “And he’s asleep,” the blonde murmured, glancing over at her brunette friend, “You want to come back to the apartment? We can have a sleepover and work on homework tomorrow like we planned.”

“I’ll come over, but I want to head back to the dorms first and get my books and take a shower.” Lena winced a bit as she scratched at her neck, “No one ever told me that this paint would be so itchy. I’ll be over at your place around seven, just order my usual.”

“See you later Lena,” Kara waved before heading down the street back towards the apartment building. It was easier for her to carry Carter back to the penthouse than attempt to take the bus at that time of day with him asleep curled around her. She imagined that it was an unusual sight, to see a teenage carrying a little boy for any distance, but she ignored the odd looks and made her way back home.

“Well don’t you two look adorable,” Cat said once Kara walked into the penthouse. By that point, Carter was slowly waking up, his short power nap giving him a second wind.

“Mama!” He cried, wiggling to be set down again. Once Kara set him down, he ran to his mother, proudly showing off his costume, “Do you like my costume? Kara said that Kate might show a picture of it to Batman and Batwoman.”

“She might, if she runs into them,” Cat chuckled. “Now, Batman, why don’t you go change so you can have dinner. I don’t want any Bats at my table.”

Carter just grunted and zoomed off towards his bedroom, his cape flying behind him as he ran. Cat shook her head ruefully and turned her attention to Kara in her own costume. “I’ll change, don’t worry,” the girl said, “Lena is coming over in a bit. We were going to order in, have a sleepover, and study tomorrow if that’s alright?”

“Of course, you can have dinner with Carter and I first, and then order food for you and Lena later, after you’ve taken your shower and changed.”
“Yes Mom,” Kara said with a slight giggle as she disappeared down the hallway and reappeared only a few minutes later, freshly showered with her still slightly damp hair floating around her head.

“Sometimes the use of your super speed is extremely annoying, though a great time saver, and my water bill isn’t as high,” Cat sighed before motioning Kara to the kitchen. “Go, you can help me fix dinner and tell me about your day before Carter comes back out and gives his own version of it.”

They talked while they made dinner, Kara’s speed and heightened reflexes from the mediation and training she’s kept up with made chopping ingredients go much faster, and the teenager told Cat all about their day. Carter came back out a short while later after having gotten distracted by grabbing a few of his action figures to better illustrate the story for his mother. The older blonde smiled as Kara helped Carter re-enact the day, complete with dramatic voices, sound effects and a plot of Kara fending off an evil monster (Carter was scared of one of the other kids dressed up as Predator). Kara ate her own dinner, complete with the entire serving of vegetables that Cat insisted that she have throughout the day, and went to order pizzas for herself and Lena.

Lena arrived with the pizza and had already helped herself to a slice when Kara managed to open the door. It was constantly amazing to Cat, to see the adopted daughter of Lionel and Lillian Luthor giggling and laughing on her couch, but to see her standing in the hallway balancing her overnight bag, backpack, pizza box and managing to eat a piece of pizza at the same time; it was definitely a sight to behold. The two started bickering about the food as Cat half listened in amusement while she helped Carter take a bath and wriggle into his pajamas. Kara was complaining that Lena had grabbed one of her pizzas and started eating it, and it was only fair that she eat some of Lena’s in exchange. The brunette just declared that she would have to fight her for them if she wanted a slice of her pizza.

Cat laughed and shook her head, marveling at how much fuller her life had gotten in the past few years. She heard a crash and knew that one of the girls had ended up breaking something in their fight for the pizza and headed out to the living room, hoping that it was one of the vases her mother had sent her for Christmas. It would make her already full life that much better.

Months flew by, and before anyone really knew it, it was nearly spring break, meaning that the semester was half over and it was a race towards finals and graduation day for the seniors. It was one of the few days during the week when Kara didn’t have club activities or plans to meet Lena in the library, so she was headed home. Bruce had finished a device that emitted light that mimicked the red sun rays of Rao that she grew up with and greatly reduced her powers. Cat had purchased one of the smaller apartments a few floors below her own, just a simple one bedroom apartment, around 700 square feet, for Kara to use as an art studio and gym for her to use the lamp Bruce built her without needing to worry about other people. The small bedroom was filled with art supplies and numerous easels to support her budding talent while the living room was outfitted with a treadmill, weight machine, and other items to keep up the training that Kate told her would help with her powers. She had taken to working out every now and then with the use of the red sun lamp; she liked to feel the strain on her muscles that was normally non existent, and she didn’t have to worry about damaging something when she started working on the self-defense techniques Kate and Bruce had taught her.

“Hey sweetie,” Lucy’s voice came from behind her and Kara turned around and smiled when she saw her girlfriend. They had been dating for about six months, and Kara knew that she was on the verge of falling in love with the older girl if she hadn’t already.

“Hi Luce,” she returned, bending down to press a quick kiss against Lucy’s waiting lips. The
brunette hummed when Kara broke the kiss and followed her back, pulling her in for a quick but definitely not chaste kiss. The blonde’s face was as red as a tomato when Lucy finally released her. Their relationship had grown more heated in the past few months, more petting, more tongue and definitely more passion, nothing further though. Despite dating for nearly half a year, the older girl still managed to fluster her. “Do, um, what?”

Lucy giggled at her girlfriend’s flustered expression and grabbed her hand, lacing her fingers together. “Come on, I know you don’t have any club activities this afternoon and neither do I, I want to spend some time with my girlfriend before my friends drag me off for spring break for a few days and then we’re consumed with studying for finals.”

“What do you want to do?” Kara asked, grabbing her backpack and shutting her locker as she let the smaller girl tug her out of the school.

“Well, I figured we could go to the park and look at the ducks you love so much. If you play your cards right, I might even buy you a few cheesesteaks from that vendor you like so much.”

Kara smiled brightly and immediately started pulling Lucy to the park, excitement evident in her eyes as she was eager to see the ducks. The brunette didn’t understand Kara’s fascination with the waterfowl, but she thought it was adorable so she enjoyed taking her to the park for dates and watching the blonde fawn over the birds. Once they reached the park, Kara’s body seemed to calm as she watched the ducks floating peacefully on the water and ambling on the shoreline. Lucy left her girlfriend sitting on one of the benches staring at the water for a few minutes and returned holding three cheesesteaks. She set two of the sandwiches next to Kara and bit into her own, eating half of it before giving the rest of it to her girlfriend. She had noticed early on that the younger girl ate a lot and tried to downplay how much she needed to eat during their dates. Lucy just shook her off and continued to provide her with meals, using her monthly allowance her father sent rather than just letting it sit and collect interest in her bank account.

The blonde munched on her food happily while she watch the ducks and Lucy just gave her a soft, fond smile. The girl had an innocence about her that Lucy marveled at despite the hardships that she had faced. She knew that Kara had been adopted by Cat Grant, but she didn’t know that it was right after witnessing her parents die in an explosion. It was one of the things that Lucy loved about Kara, though she wasn’t ready to say the words out loud.

“Kara,” she said, gaining the younger girl’s attention. “I’ve been wanting to ask you something, but I didn’t want to just toss it at you while we were at school.” Kara looked at her with questioning eyes and a ring of cheese around her mouth, causing a wide smile to cross her face. She wiped at the cheese with one of her napkins and looked into Kara’s bright blue eyes. “Um… will you, will you go to the prom with me? It’s kind of short notice, only a month until prom, but I’ve been kind of afraid to ask you…”

“Yes,” Kara said, but Lucy continued, not registering what she said.

“… Prom’s not usually my thing, but I didn’t go last year, so this is my last chance to go, and I just, I really want to go with you.” Her eyes widened when she realized what the other girl had said, “Yes? You said yes!”

“Of course I did! I was wondering if you were going to ask me,” Kara giggled, “I mean, even Lena is going to prom and she wondered if you had asked me yet.”

“Wait, Lena is going to prom?”

Kara nodded, finishing her food before answering the brunette’s question, “Yeah, one of the juniors
in the chess club, Morgan, she’s super quiet. She wanted to go to prom, but didn’t want to go alone and didn’t feel comfortable asking anyone so Lena agreed to go with her as a friend.”

“Morgan, Morgan, Morgan Fevier?” Lucy clarified. At Kara’s nod, the brunette leaned back in her seat, “Hmm, she is really quiet, though she’s a wiz a math. Why is she insisting on going to prom this year though?”

“Apparently she was granted early admittance to Princeton. Lena said she wrote an article correcting some math problems by this famous mathematician, and it attracted a lot of attention. She has enough credits to graduate with the AP classes, so this is her last year too.”

Lucy nodded, “Then we can all go together? You and me, some of my friends, and Lena and Morgan if they don’t mind.”

Kara smiled as her girlfriend thought to include her best friend in their evening and darted in to press a warm kiss against her lips. “Sounds perfect.”

“There is so much glitter,” Lena muttered as she looked around the room, an unimpressed expression on her face. “Like I get that the theme this year was Enchanted Forest, but did there really need to be this much glitter?” She looked over at Kara, accusation in her eyes, “Did you have something to do with this? I know the art club made most of the decorations.”

Kara shook her head and held up her hands in defense, “The only thing that I did was paint the backdrops, the table decorations and the props were done by the other club members, not me.”

Lena narrowed her eyes and poked Kara viciously in one of her ticklish pressure points, “I’m still blaming you though.”

The blonde winced and rubbed at her side before returning to Lucy who had been talking with Morgan. “The backdrops look great sweetie,” Lucy said, wrapping an arm around Kara’s waist when the girl approached, tugging her in for a hug.

“They really do Kara,” Morgan said, and blue eyes shifted to look at the dark-haired girl. “I can’t imagine to ever hope to be able to do stuff like that, numbers are easier to me.” Kara smiled and the older girl and nodded her head in thanks. Lena came up a few minutes later and the two girls started talking, and Kara overheard Lena say something about how the other chess club members had set up a few boards at one of the tables in the back and she chuckled as the two walked away.

“The backdrops really do look nice Kara,” Lucy said and Kara gulped, instantly mesmerized by the green eyes in front of her. The brunette had selected a long, back evening gown style dress that had a high neckline that covered her entire chest and back, but a long slit that left the majority of her leg uncovered. She had paired the dress with a tall pair of heels that put them at about equal height since Kara went with a pair of strappy, flat sandals rather than heels. Cat helped her pick out a royal blue dress that wasn’t the puffy, princess prom style dresses that the older woman hated. It had a generous cleavage that was still tasteful for a teenage, and flared out slightly on the legs to allow for more movement.

Lucy couldn’t take her eyes off of her when she opened the door and Kara was as equally mesmerized by the older girl. “Come on Kara, let’s dance and then you can drag your best friend away from the chess tables and eat all of the hors d’oeuvres.”
Kara giggled and followed Lucy onto the dance floor, her body instantly finding the rhythm of the music. They danced for a little while before stopping for a breather and to get some water. Lucy instantly found a few of her friends and started talking to them while Kara went in search for her best friend. She found Lena and her date in a ‘fierce’ battle over a chessboard, neither willing to give an inch. Kara rolled her eyes at the two nerds but dutifully sat next to Lena as her king’s knight moved to take the queen’s rook. It was a few more moves and the brunet managed to corner her date into check, but Morgan just smirked and moved her remaining rook, putting Lena into checkmate. Lena’s eyes narrowed and the short-haired girl sitting across from her just giggled.

“I demand a rematch,” Lena stated, and Kara just groaned, grabbing both of them by the hand.

“No, come on you guys, you have to dance just a little bit, come on!” The blonde pulled both girls onto the dance floor during a fast paced song, and her girlfriend found them a few moments later. It was a song that you didn’t have to have a partner for so they all just moved together with the music. The two girls begged off when a slow song came on and Kara just moved to Lucy, wrapping her arms around the older girl’s shoulders.

Something had changed between them in the last few weeks, something that changed the tone of their relationship. It wasn’t that Kara’s feelings for the girl diminished, she was still very much in love with Lucy Lane, but it felt like their time was coming to an end, that what they had was like a shooting star, beautiful and spectacular but ultimately short lived. Despite how naive people think she is, Kara knew the reality of their situation. She was nearly sixteen years old and Lucy was eighteen and graduating high school, going off to West Point and joining the military. A long distance relationship wouldn’t be ideal, really impossible in their situation.

Lucy felt a change in her girl’s body language, and she knew that the younger girl felt it too. A sad smile crossed her face and she pulled away from the taller girl. “You want to get out of here?” She asked. It wasn’t unreasonable, they had already been there a few hours, and Lena had told them before she left the dance floor that Morgan was going to give her a ride back to the dorms before heading home herself. Kara nodded and followed Lucy outside to the lobby of the building that the school had rented for prom. They moved away from the entrance towards the wings of the building where they wouldn’t be noticed and looked out of the glass windows down to the street.

“This is the end isn’t it,” Kara stated, her eyes not straying from the streetlights.

The brunet let out a sigh and nodded her head. “Theoretically we could keep dating all the way up until graduation, but I think we both deserve better than that.” She unclipped her short tresses and raked a hand through them, glancing over at the blonde, “I don’t want to break up, you must know that, but I don’t see anyway for us to go forward. Our lives are moving apart. I’m going east for school, going into the military which still frowns at relationships like ours. Long distance relationships are messy, and I would rather have you as a friend in my life than not at all.”

Kara gave the girl a sad smile and nodded her head, “Me too. I knew what you were going to do after you graduated when we started this but I guess… I wanted to be with you for however long I could. I just forgot for a while that we were on limited time.”

“Maybe in the future if we haven’t found anyone then we can pick back up where we left off,” Lucy replied. “I doubt that’ll be the case though. There will be people lining up for you, and who knows, maybe someone you like as much as me, maybe more.”

“Don’t sell yourself short Lucy,” the blonde cracked a grin, “They’ll be lining up for you too.”

Lucy grinned but then sobered a bit at remembering the conversation. “You’ll still come to my graduation won’t you?” The brunet asked, a pleading look in her eyes, “And we’ll still talk.”
Kara nodded, “Of course, we were friends before we started dating it’s just… It’ll take me awhile to get back to that, to just being friends.”

“It’ll take me awhile too,” Lucy murmured before straightening slightly. “Come on, it’s getting late, and I promised Miss Grant I would get you home by midnight.”

The blonde followed Lucy down out of the building and they caught a taxi back to the apartment building and Lucy asked it to wait while she saw Kara up to the penthouse. The elevator ride was no less quiet and awkward than the ride over in the taxi. They lingered just down from the door, neither wanting to get caught by the older woman no doubt waiting inside.

“So I’ll see you in school on Tuesday?” Kara asked, Monday being a scheduled teacher workday.

“Yeah, um, I might not sit with you guys at lunch that day, but I’ll definitely see you,” Lucy said, “It might be a good idea to take a few days though, get back in a different place.”

“Yeah that’s probably a good idea,” Kara murmured. Lucy hesitated for a moment in front of the blonde before she started to head back to the elevator. A thought filtered through Kara’s mind, a regret, and it was enough of a push to cause her to reach out towards the other girl and stop her in her tracks. The brunette looked back at her in confusion and Kara pulled her close, pressing their lips together.

It was a last kiss, their last kiss, and they both knew it; it was a kiss goodbye. Not to each other, but their relationship. “I love you Lucy,” Kara whispered when they broke the kiss, breathes coming out in pants. Lucy’s eyes widened and Kara put a finger over her lips. “I know, I know, not great timing, it doesn’t change anything, it shouldn’t. I just wanted to tell you, you deserved to know.”

Lucy’s eyes changed, a sad understanding entering her green eyes. “I love you too,” she returned, a light smile on her face.

“Bye Luce.”

“Bye Kara.” Lucy disappeared back into the elevator and Kara stood in the hallway for a moment before taking a shuddering breath and unlocking the front door. She could hear that her mother was still awake and waiting in the living room, typing away at her laptop to pass the time. She contemplated briefly if she could make it to her room before the woman noticed she was home, but she knew as soon as the woman halted in her typing that Cat knew she was home.

“Kara?” The voice came and Kara sighed before moving to the living room.

“Hi Mom,” she greeted, willing the tiredness and emotional strain out of her voice.

“Did you have a good time?” Cat asked, not looking up from her computer.

“Yeah, um, yeah we had a good time.”

The older blonde paused and shut her computer before looking up at her daughter. She took in the slightly slumped posture, forced smile and exhaustion in her eyes, something she knew only came from emotional pain. “What’s wrong?” Cat asked softly, gesturing towards the space next to her on the couch.

Kara’s eyes watered and her lip trembled as she slowly shuffled to the couch, collapsing down onto the furniture and slumping against her mother. Cat carefully ran her fingers through long blonde hair, knowing that the girl would speak when she was ready. “I,” Kara started, sadness evident in her tone, “Lucy and I broke up tonight…”
Cat’s eyes instantly narrowed. “What?” She hissed, “Did she do-”

“No, Mom, no, she didn’t do anything, neither did I,” Kara explained. “It’s just, it was a mutual thing. We both knew it couldn’t last, not with her graduating and going into the military, and me still be here and….” She gestured her hand around, indicating that she was a woman without having to state it.

Her ire calmed significant at hearing her daughter’s words but her heart still clenched at the heartbroken expression on Kara’s face. “Knowing that a relationship won’t last and actually ending it are two different things,” Cat murmured, pulling the girl in closer, “Doesn’t make it hurt any less.”

Tears started to fall out of ocean blue eyes and Kara pressed her face against her mother’s shoulder. “I loved her mom,” she whispered through broken sobs, “I really did.”

Cat held her as she cried, doing her best to soothe the heartache and wishing that this would be the last broken heart her daughter would have to deal with; she’s already dealt with more than her fair share of heartbreak.

Chapter End Notes

And the promo for the next episode! wth, they're going to make Lena evil? That's where it looks like it's going!... You do know that this is to shut down the Supercorps shippers right? Sanvers is canon so they're fine with it, canon is good, they control canon, rogue shippers shipping non-canon ships, not good. Cat left because Callista has family obligations, totes fine, they haven't even gotten her up for like a phone call at least, boom, goodbye Supercat. Lucy has vanished into the unknown, goodbye SuperLane. It's like a thing that these guys do. It was nice to see Vasquez back, though no explanation that I caught on where she's been... Anyone? Arrgggh!!!

Sigh, anyway. So I finished this chapter up a few days ago, and I was legit crying by the end, since SuperLane is like my favorite for this show, and my friend was like you can still make it SuperLane, and I was like nooooo, this relationship was not meant to be in this story, but I still felt sooooo bad. And then I was writing the next chapter, and I went back to look at this one to see what had happened and I started crying again and feeling like a terrible person.

Anyway, major time skips coming up, if I have to write much more of high school or much of college, I'll scream. I have a check list of things coming which I add to so I have a method.

Oh and I don't write smut, not detailed anyway, so you won't be seeing that from me, so don't get your hopes up.
I was going to wait and post this tomorrow like normal, but I needed to talk to you guys. So... That episode... I love the Supercorp/Karlena stories, I do, but there's just something so beautiful about just friendship, hence why I have them as besties in this story. So the episode was good, it wasn't as bad as I thought it might be, and I figured they would find a way to make Lena an actual Luthor, and I guess they did. Lillian will be a problem for the rest of the season, but Lena intrigues me. For one, I almost convinced she knows who Kara is, and two, I'm almost positive she's playing her own game in this. She's not stupid, but I don't know what that game is. I'm hoping she'll be like an anti-hero, still have heroic qualities but not so defined morals, or at least a villain with more interesting plot than "kill all the aliens" how boring is that. I'm betting total galactic domination, that would be fun.

Anyway, that episode, no major problems except James being whiny, and that last few minutes. Though I'm looking forward to Mr. Mxyzptlk... the character, not the episode. I always found him a fun villain. At this point, with the Mon-El storyline, I almost prefer her with James.

But then I want Cat to come back because the writers are clearly pretending she didn't exist, not even a mention, though Eve did a brief mention this week.

And idk about Alex anymore, what are you even doing? The coming out to your friends was good, but what else did you do through the episode? Nothing...

Anyway, about this chapter, I'm like two chapters ahead in writing, and I have yet to find Alex, it's pissing me off, but all of these things are building Kara, creating her, so I know it'll happen. I did find another relationship for her, and more friends who I hope you'll love, so look forward to that in a few weeks.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Excitement filled the air as students gathered in rows of matching gowns with tassels, sashes and cords adorning the crimson polyester blend. Kara tugged lightly at the fabric, smoothing down the wrinkles visible only to her mother Cat Grant. Her golden honors club sash draped around her neck while the colorful cords for art and drama hung down on either side, providing stark contrast to the crimson and white robes.

“Kara!” Lena screeched, coming up behind her blonde friend and wrapping her arms around her neck. “We’re here! We finally made it, graduation day!”

“I know!” The blonde replied, bouncing along with her friend. “This is so exciting!” She pulled back slightly to look at her friend, taking in the black sash rather than gold to indicate her status as valedictorian. “You have your speech ready?”

Lena scoffed, “Of course I do, dummy, you better be ready to be blown away by it.”

Kara cracked a grin and nodded, “I'm totally prepared to be blown away.” The number of students
gathering in the hallway started increasing as more of the graduates filtered in. Graduation was held in the theater auditorium which limited the guests but was much more comfortable than being outside during this time of year. “It’s a little sad though,” she said, drawing her friend’s attention, “I mean, we won't be in school together anymore, and you're moving to the east coast.”

“You and I both know that you could get across the country in like twenty minutes, so if we wanted to hangout, we could.” Lena reassured her friend. “Besides that we have Skype and FaceTime, and I'm spending like all of June at your place so you'll probably be sick of me by the time we both leave with you visiting Kate in Gotham and me heading to spend time with the family.”

The blonde’s eyes darkened in irritation at the mention of Lena’s family. “Are they here? Your family?” Kara asked. She didn't hate many people, but she really disliked Lena’s family for how they treated her. Her friend deserved more than that, deserved better than that.

Lena shrugged as an answer, “I don't know, probably not. I mean, I've been going to school under a different name so I'm not graduating as a Luthor. Plus I didn't actually tell them, though the school might've sent a message to them.” She gave her friend a smile and squeezed her hand, “Besides, I've got a better family here cheering for me. I'm sure Miss Grant, Carter, Kate and Renee can cheer louder than any of the families here.”

“You know you can call her Cat right, she wouldn't mind.”

The brunette gave her an incredulous look, “Um, no, she still scares me, though I am still upset that she ended her talk show.”

“It's been over a year Lena.”

“It was my favorite show!” She defended, “It was my favorite show, and she ended it.”

“She expanded her company and managed to syndicate it into CatCo worldwide media. She didn’t have time to do a talk show and be queen of all media.”

Lena let out a frustrated sigh, “I know, I know, I can still be sad though. She should get them put on DVD so I can have them.”

“I’ll ask her.” Kara chuckled. One of the teachers came along and started bustling the students into line and the friends separated, Kara moving to stand with the other ‘Gs' while Lena moved back to the ‘Ts.’

The graduation march started shortly after and they filled into the auditorium to take their seats. Kara focused her hearing and immediately picked out Cat, Carter and Kate’s heartbeats in the crowd. She had only met Kate’s girlfriend Renee a few times, so wasn't as attuned to her heartbeat as she was her family. She turned her head, her eyes searching for the little group before finding them. Of course her mother managed to secure seats in the front so she would have an unobstructed view. She knew that the woman was planning on it, but Kara worried that she wouldn't get the seats she wanted. She shouldn’t have worried, no one can stand up to Cat Grant.

Kara turned her head again and found Lois sitting with Lucy on the other side of the auditorium. It took her a few weeks, but she had managed to get back to the point of only viewing Lucy as a friend right before she graduated two years ago. They kept up communication, though not as often as she imagined she and Lena would be talking in the future. They called each other a few times a month, but texted more than anything else. It was a few months after Lucy started college that she told her she got back in touch with her sister and Kara realized that the estranged sister that Lucy told her about was Lois Lane. She didn’t know if Lucy knew who Clark was or if he was her cousin, but the
next time that she saw the older girl in person the brunette hugged her a little tighter and touched her a bit more. The brunette became even more critical of Superman, sniping about different things and Kara thought she detected something more personal in her tone, something other than just be critical of him as a hero. They never talked about it, never acknowledged or even hinted at it, but Kara thought she knew.

She turned her attention back to the front and noticed that Lena had broken off from the group and taken her place on top of the stage as the valedictorian. Although her face was perfectly arranged in a neutral expression with a slight bit of excitement and nerves showing, Kara could tell from her eyes that Lena was bored stiffed. The headmaster of the school over the high school division was at the podium, prattling on about one thing or another. She never had to converse with the man, but her mother told her that he was an insufferable, brown nosing fool that was good at raising money and left the dealings of the school to his deputy-head. Cat took her word for it since she was generally a good judge of character but she preferred not to think about it.

The man quit talking and the senior class president stepped up and made his speech, followed by the head of student council and the valedictorian. The class president was one of the more popular guys in the school, but still held significant academic standing which allowed him to be nominated for the position though his popularity is what secured it. The student council president was more of a stickler for rules, her position being appointed by the faculty rather than the students. She had worked on a few theatrical productions with Kara, and she knew that the other blonde was fierce as nails though had an anxiety problem. Lena’s speech was different from the other two though. While they had spoken of pushing forward, looking ahead to the future, Lena talked about how it was important to remember where they had been, the friends they had made as they went their separate ways.

Kara had tears streaming down her face by the time Lena was done and judging by the sounds in the auditorium there weren’t many dry eyes in the room. The principal started the diploma ceremony and soon Kara heard her name called, and smiled as her family and friends cheered for her. Kate and Carter were much louder than her mother, but she could still hear her among the crowd. As she sat down, she idly wondered what excuse Lois gave her cousin for her to be able to come. Kara hadn’t extended an invitation to him; she didn’t want him to come. She still loved him because he was her cousin, her blood, but he had made it very clear over the years that they weren’t family, not with how he’s treated her. She knew that he visited his adoptive family, Lois told her he had a good relationship with them. He was more Earthling than Kryptonian, ignorant of their culture, so Kara focused her attention on the family that did want her, her chosen family and friends.

The ceremony ended not long after that and Kara grabbed Lena and they went to meet up with her family. “Congratulations kid!” Kate cried, wrapping her arms around Kara’s neck in a tight hug. “You too other kid,” she corrected, sticking her arm out to bring Lena into the hug. “It was such a good speech, such a beautiful ceremony, everything was so beautiful. Renee and Cat of course cried like babies.”

“Um, excuse me,” Renee Montoya started, her hands on her hips. The Latina gave her girlfriend a hard glare and stuck one of her fingers in her face, “Who was the one exactly who was a blubbering mess going ‘my baby is all grown up’?”

Cat scoffed, “Even I didn’t get that choked up Kane.” She hugged the two girls once Kate released them. “It was a good ceremony, I’m so proud of both of you.”

“Kara, Lena!” Lucy called out, jogging up to the two. “Congrats on graduating, now you can get ready to join the rest of us sleep deprived, overworked, underfed college students.”

“Underfed,” came out of Kara’s mouth before she could really stop herself, causing the surrounding
“Don’t worry darling, I have got you the most expensive meal plan at NCU,” Cat assured her, patting Kara’s head. “And if you get really hungry, you can always come home and I’ll feed you.” The woman frowned a bit, a put-out expression on her face, “I still don’t know why you want to live in the dorms anyway, if you wanted some space, you can always convert that second apartment I bought back into an actual apartment.”

“Mom, living in the dorm, it’s part of the college experience,” Kara said, “And you already arranged for me to have a single room in a suite, despite the fact that I don’t flo- don’t have problems like that anymore.”

“She doesn’t, it’s kind of disappointing,” Lena pouted. “She’s all boring now.”

Kara shot Lena a dark look and nudged her harshly on the shoulder. “That’s not very nice.”

“I’m not nice? You’re the one abusing me here, I should probably get a new best friend.”

The two bickered lightly and the people around then just rolled their eyes at the two. Lucy turned to Cat, ignoring the younger girls, “My sister wanted me to let you know that she’ll be at your place for the graduation party, something about how it wouldn’t do for her reputation to be seen with you breathing the same air, some nonsense like that.”

“Typical Lane,” Cat rolled her eyes. “It should bring you comfort that you’re the superior Lane.”

“Of course Miss Grant,” Lucy smirked.

“Alright, girls stop bickering, let’s get back to the Penthouse, I have enough food coming to feed an army, I’m sure Kara will leave some of it for us,” the blonde woman replied, mischief twinkling in her eyes.

“Mom!”

“’We should do something crazy,’” Lena said as she and Kara were lying on the floor of the blonde’s room staring at the stars on her ceiling.

“Define crazy,” Kara replied, looking over at the girl warily.

“Well obviously we can’t go on a raging bender since we’re only eighteen and your mom would definitely find a way to kill us both,” the brunette returned.

Kara rolled her eyes, “Alcohol doesn’t affect me anyway Lena, so you’re the one that would end up drunk, not me.”

Lena scoffed, “There are ways around that and you know it. Remember your mom made you blow out your powers so that you could get your shots.”

The blonde groaned, “Don’t remind me. I know babies are more sensitive, but they have no idea how lucky they are to get those things spread out over a few years. I could feel the fluid stuff flowing in me, and it just felt weird and there was a lot of it, just so much, and my butt, they shot me in my butt; it was all very traumatic.”
“You’re such a baby sometimes,” Lena rolled her eyes before a thought whirled through her mind and she sat up. “We should get tattoos.”

Kara’s eyes widened, “What?!”

“No, we totally should, it will be our first thing that we do as adults, and something that we can both have, though it doesn’t have to be the same, that’s weird.”

“Lena, have you forgotten that my skin is bulletproof? I can’t get a tattoo, the needle would break.” The brunette just gave Kara a significant look and the blonde remembered the conversation they were just having, “No, no no no, I am not blowing out my powers just because you want to get tattoos, besides what would I even get?”

“You don’t have to get one now, but you are coming with me to get one. I wonder if Miss Grant has any recommendations…”

“Well she does have a tattoo so probably…”

“What?!” Lena cried, grabbing Kara by the shoulders. “What do you mean she has a tattoo?”

“She has a tattoo, I saw it once when I lost control of my,” she stopped, gesturing towards her eyes. “What is it? Where is it?”

Kara pointed to her hip, “It’s not big, it looked like a couple of flowers but I can’t be sure. It was a few months after I came here that I saw it so I didn’t recognize the flowers. I didn't really think about it again.”

“Flowers,” Lena murmured thoughtfully, her eyes distant. “You should ask her about it later, when she’s home. It might be nothing, but Miss Grant doesn’t seem like the type to get a tattoo for frivolous reasons and if it’s flowers… well, you might be surprised.” Kara cocked her head as she looked at her friend, her long hair trailing down to the side and Lena snorted, the girl couldn’t look more like a puppy if she tried. She glanced around and pulled her laptop out of her backpack and googled tattoo parlors in National City, and looked through some of the better rated ones. “Can you text your mom and ask her which one of these is better?” Lena asked, showing Kara the list.

The blonde gave her friend an unbelieving look and when Lena just motioned her to go ahead, she sighed and texted her mother. *Lena wants to know which of these places is better?* She said, typing out the list Lena had showed her.

When the older woman didn’t reply right away, Kara made herself a snack and Lena scribbled down some ideas on what she wanted as a tattoo while they waited. It was over half an hour before her phone chimed with a reply. *Don’t tell me that she wants a tattoo,* Cat’s message read and Kara could imagine the expression on her mother’s face.

Okay…

*Kara.*

*Alright, yes, she wants to get a tattoo. Well, she wanted both of us to get one, but the needle would break against my skin, so she said that I had to get one the next time I blew out my powers, but I don’t think the ink would stay when I got them back…*  

*Kara, do you want a tattoo?*
... Maybe...

We’ll talk about that when I’m home. If Lena wants a tattoo, tell her to go with the second one.

Is that where you got yours done?

What do you mean?

Kara winced, she didn’t mean to say that. Um, the flowers, on your hip? I saw it once years ago accidentally...

We’ll talk about that when I get home too, but yes, that’s where I got it done. They have some of the best artists in the city. If she’s going to get a tattoo, then that’s the place to go.

Alright, I’ll tell her, thanks Mom.

“Cat said the second one,” Kara said, looking up at her brunette friend.

“Oh good, come on, it’s on the other side of town. If we go now, might get done before you have to get Carter from daycare.”

“Today? You want to do it today?”

“When else am I going to do it? My plane for Metropolis leaves in a few days, so if I’m going to get one, it has to be today,” the brunette stated, pulling her friend off the floor. “Now come on, let’s go, you’re the one with the car.” Lena bullied her friend out the door and down to the parking garage below the apartment building. Cat had gifted the girl with a car for her sixteenth Name Day two years ago. It wasn’t fancy, a used Dodge Dakota truck with a quad cab for her to transport her art supplies and drive Carter around as needed.

“You still disappointed that Miss Grant said no to the motorcycle?” Lena teased as she buckled herself into the forest green truck.

“Yes,” Kara groaned as she drove out of the parking garage. “Kate let me drive hers a little when I visited last summer, and it was so much fun.”

“I don’t know why you need a motorcycle, I mean you can fly. The truck at least lets you all things around without being afraid of dropping something.”

“But I can’t really fly all the time can I?” Kara returned, “A bike lets me feel like I’m flying without actually flying.”

Lena nodded her head in understanding, “You can always get one in the future, though your mom will still be furious with you about it. I bet you already have one picked out don’t you?”

Kara bit her lip lightly, “Maybe… It’ll never happen though.”

The brunette just hummed and directed Kara to the tattoo parlor. It was closer to the center of town than the apartment building, but not in the same area as CatCo’s offices. The neighborhood was more on the artistic side just judging based on the shops and the appearances of the buildings, a few artisan shops, art galleries, and a new DiY bakery. Kara glanced at the bakery curiously and resolved to look around when she wasn’t pressed for time. She located the tattoo parlor and quickly found street parking about a block away from the building.

“Miss Grant was right, this place really looks nice,” Lena said as they walked up to the building.
"Classy, clean, not in a sketchy location like some tattoo parlors are."

"I’m wondering where the proper Lena Thorul learned to use common, slang terms such as ‘sketchy’ and ‘totally’,” Kara remarked, looking at her friend with mirth in her eyes.

"From you, you dork, especially since you insist on using them so much to fit in better or something ridiculous like that," Lena quipped before dragging Kara towards the door. "Now come on." Lena pushed the girl into the store and the both stopped for a moment to look around, the walls were a plain cream color and held sporadic photos of examples of tattoos designed in house. There were a few chairs scattered around and a binder full of more pictures sat on a table next to a few of the chairs.

"Hello," the man behind the counter greeted them and they turned to look at him. He didn’t look like someone that would be working at a tattoo parlor; he had the typical frat boy looks, dark hair brushed back on top of his head, dark blue eyes, clean-cut smile, and no tattoos in sight. "Welcome to Ink Paintings, I’m Justin. I’m assuming that one or both of you are here for a tattoo?"

"I am," Lena said, walking up the counter.

"Well you’re in luck," he replied smiling, "This is one of the few days that we’re not busy, not a customer or appointment today so we should be able to get it done today if you know what you want."

"Really? I figured I would have to make an appointment first to go over what I want," Lena stated, looking at the man curiously.

Justin nodded his head, "Normally that’s true, but you picked a good day. Our only appointment for today was cancelled, so we were just going to deal with walk-ins anyway. Come on back, my brother is the one that does the tattoos. I run the counter and occasionally help with designs when he’s backed up."

The girls followed him to the back where they found Justin’s carbon copy hunched over a desk, only he had on a wife-beater rather than a muscle shirt that displayed a bear inked on his shoulder. "Josh, dude, this one would like a tattoo, you have time?"

His brother (twin?) looked from the desk, his blue eyes falling on the two girls. "Yes! I need something to do," he replied, pulling on an unbuttoned dress shirt, and moving around the desk after motioning towards the seats he had in his office. "Thanks man." Justin waved, leaving the two girls alone with his brother, and Josh glanced over to Lena. "So you want the tattoo correct?"

Lena nodded, “I want a plumeria blossom and a shooting star on my shoulder blade, my right one.”

"You’ve thought about this before haven’t you?" Kara questioned, glancing over at her friend.

“Well of course, I wanted one, and it’s a good way to piss my mother off so why not,” the brunette replied conspiratorially, “Only needed to see if I could talk you into getting one.”

“Maybe another day,” Kara said and the tattoo artist cleared his throat.

“So a plumeria blossom?” He confirmed. At Lena’s nod, he gestured back at his computer, “I’m going to have to look one up, but in the meantime, look through this book.” He set a binder in front of them on the desk, “Just flip through until you find the star section, there will be a few designs for shooting stars in there, see which one you like best or which one is close to it so we can adapt it. I’m assuming this is going to be small since it’s on your shoulder?” He received another nod from the girl, “Alright, so the design won’t take long then.”
Josh pulled out his sketchbook and instantly googled the flower the brunette wanted, drawing various designs on the page in a matter of minutes. Lena and Kara glanced through the book and settled on a simple shooting star design, a few small blue stars with curvy lines around them to represent movement. “This is good,” the tattoo artist said, looking at the selected design, “I can do the stars in blue and have them positioned overlapping the plumeria and coming off on the right side, and the lines will be white to flow nicely with the flower.” He quickly sketched the shooting star design on top of one of the blossoms, and showed them what he planned to do.

“That looks perfect,” Lena breathed, excitement building in her. “When can we start? Can we start now?”

The man nodded, “It’ll take a few hours, but no problem, let’s get you set up.”

Lena bounced a little on her feet and grabbed Kara’s arm excitedly with both hands, “This is going to be so awesome!”

“That was so awful,” Lena moaned when the left the shop several hours later, a fresh bandage plastered over her shoulder. “How could you talk me into something so awful?”

Kara didn’t reply and just smirked as she helped her friend in the truck before climbing in the driver’s seat and speeding off to pick up Carter. At seven years old, the little boy was growing into quite the nerd, encouraged by Lena discussing all things science and engineering with him. He still adored his older sister though, and enjoyed running and playing with her in the park. The curly haired boy was still painfully shy, but living with Kara helped him learn how to interact with people. Kara encouraged him to keep playing on the soccer team and he found friends there that loved science and video games almost as much as he did.

“Hi Lena!” Carter greeted when Kara lifted him up into the backseat of the truck and buckled him into his booster seat.

“Hi kid, how was daycare?” The brunette asked, twisting around slightly to look at the boy, wincing when she pulled at her shoulder.

“Good, we played a lot outside today, and the teacher started teaching us Spanish while we played. She made a game out of it, that was really fun.”

“Hmm, perhaps you will learn to speak Spanish,” Kara murmured, slipping into the language, eliciting a scowl from her best friend.

“There’s no need to show off,” Lena huffed, “Shouldn’t you be driving?”

Kara rolled her eyes and pulled out while Lena and Carter kept a running chatter. Lena smirked for a moment and asked Kara something about Lucy, causing the little boy in the back seat to scowl at the name. Carter hated Lucy Lane, hated her with a passion that rivaled Cat’s former hatred of Lois Lane, and made no secret that he didn’t like her. Kara wondered if it was a biological trait of the Grant’s to dislike Lane’s, completely forgetting that the boy also hated the guy she briefly dated during her junior year as well. Jay was a senior and the starting receiver for the school football team, and he had a kind smile, if a little boring. They went out on a few dates, but it only lasted a few months, especially since Carter kicked him in the shins every time he came to pick her up. Lena found it all extremely amusing that Carter’s crush on his adoptive sister hadn’t really faded per say,
but shifted into a fierce protectiveness over the older girl. Fortunately Lena had the good sense to keep her romantic affairs away from the boy unless they end up with bruised shins like Jay or be on the opposite end of a Grant scowl like Lucy.

When the trio returned to the Penthouse, they were surprised to find Cat was home and bustling around the kitchen making dinner. “My meetings finished early and I figured I would come home rather than staying in the office and working,” she explained. “Dinner won’t be ready for another hour or so, I just got home. Kara, do you want to help me?”

Kara nodded and Lena turned to Carter. “You want to show me that new game your mom got for you?”

Carter brightened and tugged Lena to his room, “It’s called Settles of Catan and it’s a strategy game…” The two disappeared into the boy’s room and Kara chuckled a little every time Lena forgot about her tattoo and moved in a certain way that disturbed the bandage.

“So did Lena get her tattoo?” Cat asked a few minutes later after directing Kara to start chopping vegetables for a salad.

The younger blonde nodded, “Yeah, a plumeria blossom and a shooting star, though she didn’t explain it really. It looks really nice though.”

“Plumeria and a shooting star,” Cat murmured thoughtfully, “Simple but with depth I should’ve expected from her. I’m sure her parents will be pleased when they find out.”

“She did say that was one reason why she wanted one,” Kara laughed.

Cat hummed, and glanced over at her daughter as she sped through piles of vegetables. “Do you want one? I said we’d talk about it later, so I want to know.”

“I doubt if it would even stay,” the girl replied, “as soon as I’m exposed to sun, or my powers come back, it would just close up and disappear, so what would be the point?”

“That wasn’t what I asked Kara, do you want a tattoo?”

Kara hung her head a little bit, staring blankly at the counter. “I- yes. Decorating your skin, it wasn’t really done on Krypton at all, but I was always fascinated with drawing on myself. And then, when I came here and found out that people actually decorate themselves with images, words, things that are special to them, things with meaning, things that make them happy, or even just stupid things in the spur of the moment… I wanted that, to experience that, even more just a few minutes before the yellow sun took it away.”

“Then we’ll just have to plan for you to get one the next time you have a tantrum or Kate works you too hard you blow out your powers,” Cat replied, smirking lightly. They were silent for a few minutes as Cat finished cooking the meat and she started layering in the noodles, cheese and sauce for the lasagna. “It’s flowers,” the woman said after a few minutes. She could feel Kara’s eyes on her, looking at her in a questioning manner. “My tattoo,” she clarified, “It’s flowers.”

She finished making the lasagna and put it in the oven so she could turn her attention on Kara and their conversation. “I got the first one shortly after Adam, after everything that happened between me and his father. It’s a chestnut blossom which means ‘do me justice.’ I got it as a reminder that I tried to do what was right for Adam and myself, and to make up for not being in his life.” Cat placed her hand on her left hip, over where she had the blossoms forever imprinted on her skin. “The next one was a gardenia and I got it a few months after Carter was born, meaning joy and good luck.” She
laughed dryly and reached for her wine glass, taking a healthy sip, “I think I was wishing myself good luck with this new child in hopes that I wouldn’t fail as miserably as I did with Adam.”

“So those are the flowers I saw,” Kara murmured, glancing down. Lena was right, flowers did have meaning and she was surprised by the reasoning behind her mother’s tattoo. She wondered briefly what Lena’s tattoo meant; she wasn’t the type to get something without meaning.

“I have another one,” the woman said softly, drawing Kara’s attention. “You must’ve ‘accidentally’ seen it before I got the other one but it was almost a year after you came to live here, and I decided to add another flower, a bellflower, meaning unwavering love.”

“You… you got that for me?” Kara asked, tears filling her eyes.

Cat smiled and cupped Kara’s cheeks, softly brushing at the falling tears with her thumbs. “Of course, my sweet girl, you are one of my children, of course I would get one for you. I chose the bellflower because the color reminded me a little of your eyes, and so that you would always know that you were loved and wanted. I know that your cousin is an ass and you think he doesn’t love you the way family should, but I wanted to have a reminder of you. That you give love to everyone, and that you’ll always get it back from me.”

Kara wiped at her face and hugged the shorter woman, wrapping her arms around her in a tight hug. “I love you Mom.”

“I love you too Kara.”

Chapter End Notes

I have a check list of things I'm working towards, and at the very bottom of that list it says Kalex if it kills me! So I will get there and it will be beautiful and angst filled and amazing.

Anyway, the next few chapters will be heavy on the Kara focus, with minimum on Cat or Lena, which saddens me, so I'm attempting to correct it by having scenes for Cat, and video chats with Lena. I went back through the DC characters and dug out a few that would fit with the story as reoccurring characters. I originally picked out one, but I didn't like the way she meshed, so I went with a different one and it led me down a rabbit hole, let me tell ya.

Just little things, Josh and Justin aren't DC characters, sometimes I use filler characters to suit a need. The briefly mentioned Jay though was based on Jay Garrick, one of the Flash incarnations. He was a football player for a brief time and I was like eh, I can use him, but he's not important. Don't you guys love Carter? And Lena on how she would be with a supportive loving family?
Chapter 16

Chapter Notes

Sigh... that is all I have to say about that episode. That's a lie, where the hell was Alex when Kara was having problems with Myx following her around? Sisters before misters Alex, that applies for girls too. Originally I was like okay, Alex and Maggie have way too much tension going on, this is awkward to watch, I feel like we should give them some alone time. But now that they're dating, I'm like okay, this is boring now... I need more Kara/Alex moments, some Kara/Maggie moments because they have minimal screen time together, especially moments of just them spending time together without Winn, James, J'onn or Mon-El around, bonding time.

I'm not touching the last few minutes of the episode, it was like not the right message to send. Just no, but aahhhhh!! The promo guys!! Aaaaahhhhh!!! Did you see that?!! Aaaaahhhhh!!!

Anyway, the story, again, I'm like two chapters ahead in writing and I haven't found Alex yet so it's like :( but I kind of expected this since this is a story focused on Grant family stuff and Kara growing up more assured of herself, stronger, choosing to hide to keep herself and her family safe, not being forced to hide and forced to act and be more human. So a Kara who was giving a choice basically.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“I’m not ready for this,” Cat muttered as she watched as finished putting up the last of her stuff in her new dorm room. It wasn’t everything from the penthouse, Cat had purchased quite a few new things for Kara to have, mostly new things, almost all new things. “Are you sure you don’t want to stay at home for your freshman year before moving to the dorms? Or maybe all four years…”

“Mom,” Kara sighed, hugging the shorter woman. “You know this is part of the whole college experience right? Something, something normal, something that you’re letting me do because you trust me to be normal.”

“I do trust you Kara, but I don’t trust you to be normal,” Cat clarified, “I trust you to be you, and if that means you floating around your dorm room, well, make sure to lock the doors and listen for anyone coming your way.”

“I’ll be able to manage Mom, don’t worry, Kate made sure that I was well trained on being aware of my surroundings,” the younger blonde answered as she released her mother.

Cat nodded but still looked around the room in distaste, “And you’re absolutely sure you don’t want to stay at home, it’s not too late to change your mind, or if you decide to just move home in the middle of the semester…”

“Mom,” Kara sighed out in exasperation, “I’ll be fine. The scholarship I got stipulates that I have to live on campus in order to keep it.”
“Well, at least I’ll save on your food bill while you’re here, the university cafeteria is all you can eat if you can stomach the food, and since you’ve never had a problem with that, you’ll be fine.” The older woman sighed a bit, “It’s going to be quieter without you in the penthouse.”

Kara scoffed, “With all of the kids Carter is inviting over to play those games you bought him, it won’t be quiet for long. And his new nanny, Daphne? She’s definitely not quiet.”

“I can’t decided if she wants to be an elementary school teacher or an aerobics instructor,” Cat groaned, thinking of the bubbly brunette woman she hired to look after Carter when she wasn’t available. “I didn’t think it was possible to reach that level of cheer in the morning without caffeine unless you were an alien…” Kara stifled a laugh at her mother as she continued unpacking her boxes, using little bursts of speed to speed up the process.

“Kara,” her mother’s voice came again, and Kara turned her attention back to her, finding the woman with a serious expression on her face. “Kara, you’re an adult now, child protection laws won’t keep you out of the public eye any longer, and while most people don’t know that you’re my daughter, Grant isn’t an uncommon surname, it wouldn’t be hard for people to track down that information.”

“So basically keep my head down, don’t get in trouble,” Kara said, nodding her head. “I can do that Mom, I can avoid them, I’ve gotten good at it over the years. They’ve never gotten a good picture of me, despite them trying to work around the protection laws, and I know there are a few people with Grant as a surname here, there were a few at school anyway. I’ll be fine.”

Cat nodded and she opened her mouth to say something else but Carter came bounding into the room and jumping up on his sister. “Kara, this place is so cool,” he said, wrapping his legs around the older girl, “You have to let me stay over sometime, I met some really interesting people in the hallway.”

Before Kara could reply, Cat interjected into the conversation, “Oh no young man, there is no way you will be sleeping over in a college dorm. Who knows what you’ll be exposed to, oh no.”

“Awe Mom,” Carter groaned, tucking his head into his sister’s neck, “Kara, make her let me stay over.”

“You know as well as I that we can’t really make Mom do anything,” Kara chuckled, setting the boy down. “If she says no, she means no.”

Carter pouted before looking back up at his sister, “You have to come home for game night then, every week!”

“How about every couple weeks,” the girl returned, ruffling Carter’s hair lightly. The boy grinned and hugged his sister tightly before Cat ushered him out the door.

“Call me if you need anything,” Cat said, “We’re not that far away.”

Kara waved her family away and let out a sigh once the door was shut. She loved her family, loved them dearly and desperately, but she was glad to get this chance to live away from them for a while. She was technically an adult now; she was glad to get this chance to live away from them for a while. She was going to college and she was going to start looking for a part-time job soon. It was time she start learning how to be an adult. Her mother and Kate didn’t do everything for her, but she still felt like she was in a protective bubble when she was with them. She wanted to learn, to make her own mistakes, but it was nice to know that her family would be there to catch her if she fell.
A knock came on the door to the connecting room of the suit and Kara turned to see a blonde with light blue eyes poking her head through the door. The girl looked her up and down, once, twice, three times and a wide smirk appeared on her face, enough to make Kara blush. "Hi," the girl greeted, holding out her hand, "I'm Sara Lance, one of your suitemates and I have to say, I'm not a photographer, but I can picture me and you together."

"I, what?" Kara questioned, her body stilling as she tried to process what the other girl just said.

"Damn, didn’t work, let’s try this again, I was wondering if you have an extra heart, mine seems to have been stolen," Sara said, clasping Kara’s hands between both hers.

Kara just looked at Sara in confusion when a dark skinned girl walked into the room and rolled her eyes at the scene. "Sara, I told you, those don’t work," the girl said, crossing her arms over her chest. Her voice had a slightly higher pitch than the blonde girl, and her words were tinged with a slight Australian accent.

Sara just glanced back over and the girl and shook her head. "No, no Megan, you don’t understand, one of these will work," she said, turning her blue eyed gaze back to Kara. "Are you lost ma’am? Because heaven is a long way from here."

"Ignore her," the other girl said, walking up to Kara, "I suspect she was dropped on her head a lot as a child. I’m Megan Morse, your other suitemate, I hope Sara introduce herself before she started with the pick up lines. She tried one on me earlier when she moved in, but she’s mostly harmless from what I can tell."

"I don’t go after straight girls Megan," Sara scoffed, glancing at the darker girl, "And these work, trust me." She looked back at Kara, "When I saw you, I looked for a signature because every masterpiece has one."

Kara’s confusion shifted to amusement and her brow rose in a questioning manner. "Do these really work?"

Sara sighed and released Kara’s hand, straightening from her semi-kneeling position. "Sometimes… occasionally… never really, unless I was aiming to make the pretty girl laugh," Kara giggled at her statement and Sara winked, "Which I have, anyway, I, well, we thought we should probably introduce ourselves since we’re going to be living together for a while."

"I’m Kara Grant," Kara replied, smiling at the both of them, "It’s nice to meet you, how long have you two…"

"I moved in a few days ago when I flew in from Sydney," Megan answered, "Met Sara this morning when she moved in."

"And you used a pick-up line on her?" The taller blonde questioned glancing at the other girl.

Sara shrugged, "She gave off the straight vibe, but I figured I would give it a go. Now you on the other hand." She gave Kara another once over, causing the other girl to blush, "You are definitely speaking my language."

"Not looking for a relationship anytime soon Sara," Kara sighed, "Especially not from one of my suitemates. Imagine how awkward that would be."

"Fair enough," the other blonde replied, "But I reserve the right to flirt, being shot down by two beautiful women in one day is not something I’m used to."
“Probably used to more women turning you down,” Megan said, rolling her eyes.

Sara glanced at her roommate, an offended look on her face. “I’ll have you know that my last girlfriend seduced me.”

“Right, so,” Megan started, turning back to Kara, “I suggest that since we’re all going to be living together for at least a year, we should go out and get to know each other. At least we can try to be friends right?”

“You guys like hot wings?” Kara asked, brightening, “There’s a place not far from here that serves the best wings, and they’re really cheap. It’s kind of a… sketchy looking building, so not many students will frequent it, but the food is excellent. It’s supposed to be all you can eat, but they cut me off after like fifty wings or so…”

“Damn, you look like an angel, have a totally ripped body and you can eat, I’m in love,” Sara sighed. “But flirting later, food is a must.”

“I have a really fast metabolism,” Kara explained as she and Megan followed Sara out the door after grabbing their bags.

Megan gave Kara an inscrutable look and the blonde had trouble placing the flicker just behind her eyes before the darker girl smiled and hooked her arm through Kara’s. “I imagine you do.”

“Okay, you were right,” Sara said as she bit into another wing, “These are really good, though the outside of this place is really sketch. How’d you know it was here?”

“I live here, in National City, on the other side of the city though. My best friend and I would go around looking for cheap places to eat that had a lot of food, and this was one of the places we found,” the taller blonde replied. She stuck a whole wing in her mouth and moved it around for a minutes before taking it out completely stripped of meat. “Fun little party trick I learned,” she gave as an explanation when the other two girls gave her incredulous looks.

“Mhm, well, we probably should at least briefly introduce ourselves,” Megan said, “Get to know each other a little better rather than talking about our favorite foods.”

“That was fun though, I’ve never had a kangaroo burger, I didn’t know that was a thing,” Kara told her. “An Australian speciality?”

“Just at a few places, but they are really good,” Megan groaned, “I’m going to miss it. Anyway, I’m Megan, I’m twenty years old. I originally lived in Gotham, but then I moved to Australia a few years ago. I thought about moving back to Gotham though when I wanted to go to school, but doesn’t have fond memories for me, so I decided to try a different coast. I’m looking to get a degree in business… hopefully.”

“Australia is weird,” Sara said before shaking her head, “I grew up in Starl City, so I’m already from the west coast, though I’m looking forward to the sunshine down here. I’m twenty as well, though I’ll be turning twenty-one in a few months, on Christmas actually. I have an older sister, she’s two and a half years older, going to law school. I took a few years off after college to travel the world, much to my parents’ distaste, they like Laurel better anyway so I don’t care. I decided National City was a good place, away from my parents and sister, and large enough for me to get lost in. Lots of
“Let me guess, you weren’t out and proud back home were you?” Megan asked.
Sara shrugged, “I had a boyfriend, and I was sort of sleeping with my sister’s boyfriend for a while.” She held her hands up at the looks she was getting, “I know, I know, I’m a terrible person. In my defense, I was sixteen, stupid, and she’s always been annoyingly perfect, it’s frustrating at times. I just wanted to get one over on her. It didn’t last, and they broke up, I left as soon as I graduated and haven’t looked back. Figured out I like both while I was out traveling, but I definitely prefer women; there’s just something about taking a woman to bed that’s not as… messy as taking a man. Plus women make far better lovers.”
“I’ll take your word for it,” Megan stated dryly before turning to Kara. “So what about you stretch, what’s your story?”
Kara shrugged, “My, uh, my parents died when I was thirteen in a fire. My only living relative put me up for adoption, and I was adopted and moved to National City. My new mom is great though, always encouraging me, and she hates my cousin, like really hates him, doesn’t let him come around at all. I have a younger brother, he’s seven, and an honorary older sister, but she lives in Gotham. I went to one of the private schools in National City where I met my best friend. She moved across the country to go to MIT for school; her mother wanted her to go to Yale as family tradition, but her father let her go to MIT so long as she went to Yale for a Masters.” The blonde scowled a bit at that, “Her family aren’t the nicest of people.”
“I’m so sorry Kara,” Megan said, grabbing the blonde’s hand while Sara just looked pissed.
“Who’s your cousin? I hate him as well, who could do that to family…”
“It’s okay Sara,” Kara chuckled, gasping a little bit to push back the feelings building in her chest, “Well, it’s not okay okay, but it doesn’t hurt as much as it used to. I’ve been with my family for five years now, and I love them dearly. My mother… well, you guys should know just in case, but don’t tell anyone, my mother is Cat Grant.”
“Like Queen of all media Cat Grant?” Sara questioned, “I loved her talk show, used to watch it every day after school.”
“She is both impressive and scary,” Megan agreed, “There was a station in Sydney that aired her show. I only caught it every now and then, but I loved when she made grown men cry.”
“Yeah, she’s the best, but I figured I should tell you guys because…”
“Because you’re obviously lying low and avoiding the paps, we got it. They don’t know who you are though do they?” Sara asked.
Kara shook her head, “No. I mean, they know she adopted a teenager a few years ago, and sort of got a blurry picture of me, but Mom basically destroyed them. Grant isn’t uncommon as a name, but if they figure out I’m that Grant, well, any privacy will basically go out the window.”
“We get it,” Megan told her, “This is National City though, so there are paparazzi everywhere. They shouldn’t come on campus much, but off campus might be tricky. They might not know who you are, but if they get your photo accidentally, they might figure it out later.”
The blonde gave her two suitemates a mischievous smile, “I’ve gotten pretty good at avoiding cameras in the past few years.”
Sara took both of Kara’s hands again, ignoring the sticky bbq sauce stained fingers and looked earnestly into the other blonde’s eyes. “Don’t worry Kara, we won’t tell anyone who you’re mother is, I understand how important privacy is. My dad is a cop, and was always getting in our business, so I get it.” Her expression shifted slightly, which was the only clue Kara got for what came out of her mouth next, “Can I take your picture though to prove to all of my friends that angels exist?”

“Still didn’t work Sara.”

“Damn, I thought that one would work.”

Cat sat back in her chair in her office and let out a loud groan, thankful that she was the only person left on the floor. If her employees had heard her, she would’ve been forced to fire them, and find all new staff. CatCo was a growing brand in a competitive market, and having to take the time to find a new editorial staff at the moment would just be a waste. And human resources was already on her case about going through a different assistant every few weeks.

“Do try to keep from releasing such noises Kitty, it is so unlady like,” her mother’s voice came, causing her eyes to snap open and flash to the entrance of her office.

“Mother,” Cat replied, her teeth clenched, “I wasn’t aware that you were in town, usually the crows herald your arrival and they’ve been strangely silent.”

“What are you blathering about Kitty, oh it doesn’t matter,” Katherine waved her hand dismissively, “I am in town to promote my new book, and I figured it was a good time to see my grandson. I understand that miscreant you took in is no longer living with you.”

“Miscreant,” Cat repeated the word, “You don’t mean my daughter do you?”

Katherine scoffed, “You don’t actually think of the girl as one of your own do you? She’s just an orphan Kitty, nobody of importance.”

“She is my daughter Mother, your granddaughter, though you don’t deserve the title of grandmother,” the blonde woman bit out, glaring at the older woman. “And just because she’s not living with me at the moment doesn’t mean she’s out of my life, she’s just in college mother, maybe you remember what that was like.”

“Will I be seeing my grandson this visit or not?” Katherine huffed out, a hard look in her eyes.

“He’s with his father this weekend, but I will call him and let him know that you wanted to see him. Maybe next time Mother.”

The older woman nodded and pulled out her phone, “I’ll call you Kitty, I’m not sure when I’ll be in town next, I don’t know why you decided to settle here of all places. Metropolis is much more sophisticated, and of course we have Superman. What do you have out here Kitty? Celebrity scandals?” Katherine scoffed, “No, you could’ve been like me and done something with your life, literature, works that mean something, not the useless drivel you spit out.”

“It’s news mother, not useless drivel.”

Katherine just waved her hand, “Whatever you say Kitty. Next time I’m in town, I’ll see if I have
The younger woman scowled as her mother sauntered back out of the door without a care in the world, not understanding that she left her daughter with an emotional mess stewing in her chest. She loved her mother, as much as anyone could love a fire breathing dragon, and wanted her approval; approval that never came. She never wanted that for Kara or Carter, and she knew that Adam was never exposed to that witch so he was safe. Thankfully the woman hadn’t come around much because she did not approve of Cat adopting the bubble ball of personified sunshine, so her little family was spared her mother’s judgemental ways for close to five years.

“I had no idea you had Dominators here,” Astra’s voice came, causing Cat’s eyes to snap towards her balcony. “Or that they could shapeshift to appear as humans.” It was the first Cat had seen the woman in several years, but it didn’t appear as if they Kryptonian had changed at all over the years. Same long brown hair with a tacky white streak, and same cold, distant expression in her eyes, it made Cat want to throw something at her face.

Cat leaned back in her chair and folded her arms, an unimpressed look on her face. “I see you stayed away,” she said, raising one perfectly sculpted eyebrow. “No wayward presents from ‘Santa’ for the children the past few years, though I did provide some of my own. I know that Lena never really believed in the jolly old elf, but I would hate for Carter and Kara’s spirits to be crushed, especially since Kara already believes the man to be an alien.”

“Little One has always had faith; faith in what she could not see, faith in things she could, faith in those that don’t deserve it…” Astra’s voice trailed off at the end as she looked over the city glowing brightly in the dark.

“When was the last time you checked in on her?” Cat asked after a few minutes, stepping out on the balcony with the woman. “I doubt you’ve managed to completely stay away, not if you claimed to love her as much as you did.” She propped her arms on the railing and looked out over the city, “Though I still have doubts about that, seeing as you won’t even talk to her, tell her that you’re alive.”

Astra’s eyes narrowed but she didn’t rise to the bait, knowing that the other woman was just goading her into a confrontation. While she had spent the majority of her time in the city watching over her niece from afar, she couldn’t help but watch the blonde woman. She watched how she moved, how she acted, how she commanded both respect and fear from those she interacted with. Journalism wasn’t something that existed on Krypton, the high council believed that information should only be shared with those that need to know, and guarded it closely. Astra blamed this practice for the destruction of her home, the jealous guarding of secrets and hoarding of information, the majority of people had no idea what was coming until it was too late. She believed that people deserved to know what was happening, what was coming, maybe there would’ve been a way to stop it. It was too late though, everything she had done, it was all too late.

The Cat woman, Kara’s new mother, she exposed secrets, demanded that people be told the truth, a certain level of truth considering she is housing an alien refugee, but still the truth. They were alike in that way, seeing that people needed to know the truth, deserved to know the truth, but they differed in how they went about it. Astra fought for it at every turn, not caring who got hurt in the desire for truth, but Cat didn’t hurt people in her quest for the truth, she protected them, fought for them.

“It’s been a few weeks,” Astra admitted, “Since before she moved out of your penthouse. How… how is she?”

“She’s busy, college isn’t easy but she’ll find her stride soon enough,” Cat responded, “And I know she likes to use her super speed to get through the readings sooner so she has more time to work on

time for lunch, or something of that nature.”
“Kara is smart, she will succeed in whatever she does.”

Cat hummed and studied the woman for a minute. “You know she's getting a degree in Fine Arts? She told me about the guild system on Krypton and that she had selected the artist’s guild rather than science or law like her parents, or even military like you.”

Astra barked out a laugh, “She was always drawing on things so that doesn't surprise me. Drove Alura crazy since she always seemed to find permanent materials to draw on the furniture and walls. Unlike others on Krypton, she was a natural birth so she was born with the ability to choose what she wanted to do. I'm glad she's choosing to follow her passion.”

“And you still won't see her?”

The woman shook her head, pushing off from the ground. “Things are complicated. I fear we will be on different sides when everything comes to head, I won't let her lose another world, no matter what.” With that, she disappeared into the night leaving Cat looking after her.

Cat let out a frustrated sigh and turned back to her office. “I hope Kara doesn't grow up to be that stubborn.”

Kara let out a frustrated sigh, not knowing she sounded exactly like her mother, and continued to stare at the computer in front of her. She was in the Mac lab in the fine arts college using the computers to work on her projects for her graphic design elective class. It was her second semester at NCU, and she was progressing further in her degree after taking the introduction to design and drawing classes her first semester. She opted to take graphic design for her elective class since the introductory class was offered in the spring. The majority of the students in the class with her were people closing to major in graphics and were already familiar with the editing program. Kara was used to sculpting, drawing, painting, editing and creating art with a computer program wasn't something she was used to.

“Having problems with the program?” A voice to her left questioned and Kara glanced over to see a guy sitting at one of the other computers. His eyes didn’t stray from the screen in front of him but Kara knew that his question was directed to her.

“Yeah,” Kara sighed, looking back at her own computer, “This is really the first time I've taken a graphics class, and I have no idea what I'm doing except trying not to fail.”

The man clicked a few things on his screen before turning his attention to Kara and the blonde got a better look at him. He had dark hair and eyes, and pale skin with a slight tint to it that looked like he had a parent or grand-parent that was Hispanic. His eyes crinkled when he smiled and he rolled his seat over to look at what Kara was doing on the screen. “You got Banks for intro?” He asked after glancing at her assignment. At her nod, he shook his head, “Yeah, Banks is a great graphic artists, and is one of the better professors for it, but only if you know what you're doing. He sucks at teaching intro because there’s always one student that doesn’t know anything about the different programs before the start of the class and explaining the basics isn’t something that Banks can do very well. It’s like asking a native speaker to describe the rudimentary grammar points of their language in great detail without using slang, it doesn’t work. I can help you get the hang of the basics
and then the rest of your projects shouldn’t be a problem.”

“So you know the basics?”

“Yeah,” he smiled, “I’m a senior with a graphics specialty, this is my last semester. I’ve been working on my final show since last summer so most everything is done except finalizing everything, I’ve got time to help out a lost and confused freshman.”

“Thanks,” a wide smile spread across the blonde’s face. She offered her hand to the man to shake, “Kara Grant, painter.”

“Kyle Rayner, graphic artist,” he replied, winking at the girl. “I’m basically like a really big nerd, that’s what my girlfriend says anyway.”

Kara peered around to glance at the screen he was working on and rolled her eyes at an image of Dragon Ball Z character Goku battling with a cartoon version of her cousin. “I can see that,” she muttered, gesturing towards the screen.

“Oh, ah, um, that, I’m just goofing off,” Kyle said, a redness on his cheeks, “I was just theorizing on who would win in a fight, Goku or Superman.”

“Goku, obviously,” Kara replied, “It’s not that difficult to figure out. When Goku goes full Super Saiyan, he is strong and fast, not stronger than Superman, but definitely faster. He could out pace Superman no problem.”

“I disagree, I think is Superman caught him with a good punch, he would be done,” Kyle countered. “I mean Ki energy is one thing, but we all know that Superman is solar powered, so he would be able to last longer.”

“But Goku is a warrior, Superman is not, Goku knows how to strategize during a fight, how many times has Superman been caught unaware during a fight and been forced to scramble about to catch up?”

Kyle pondered her words and nodded, “Okay, fair enough, and we already know that Superman and Batman were pretty evenly matched when Batman confronted him with his super Batsuit on, but now we must ponder the real question.” A serious expression crossed his face as he stared at Kara, “Who would win, Goku vs. Wonder Woman?”

They both looked at each other before saying ‘Wonder Woman’ at the same time.

Kara giggled a little and focused back on the screen as Kyle showed her different tools on the program and how to use the layer system to protect her work. “So you said you had a girlfriend? She also a nerd?” Kara asked, glancing over at him.

The other student just shrugged a bit, “Uh, not really, she doesn’t mind all of my nerdiness, but she’s not big on it herself. She’s a photographer for the Tribune, she just graduated last year. We were friends before we started dating a few months before she graduated, and we moved in together a few months ago, and I think I’ve been talking too much…”

“It’s okay Kyle, I ramble a bit too,” Kara giggled. “Thanks for your help. If you have time, do you think you could help me out a few more times with my projects? I really like graphics, the things the program can do are way interesting and I can use some of this stuff for my paintings, but I need to learn a few more things before I get to that point…”

“Whoa, Kara, whoa, I can see what you mean about the ramble, and yeah, I’ll be glad to help you
out. I’m basically always in this computer lab unless I’m home or eating, so basically you can find me here throughout the day.”

“Thanks Kyle!” Kara blanched as she checked the time on the computer, “If I don’t leave in the next five minutes, I’m going to be late for my lit class.” She saved her progress to her drive folder on the server and logged off, grabbing her bag off the floor. “I’ll see you later!”

“Bye Blondie!” Kyle waved, “Maybe next time we can debate the differences between Green Lantern and Superman.”

“Deal.”

Chapter End Notes

And so we have introduced our new cast of characters! First up we have the suite mates, roommates Sara Lance and Megan Morse, aka, the White Canary and Miss Martian, both of whom should be making an appearance in future chapters. I don’t know how yet, but I’ll get there. Some 1st season stuff, maybe some second season stuff, definitely some comic stuff since I did introduce Neo-Nazi Rachel Berkowitz aka Blackstarr earlier. And then our final character introduced this chapter was Kyle Rayner, aka the Green Lantern. He will also be making an appearance later. I’m basically building my own super friends because I can. I was going to use Courtney Whitmore aka Star Girl instead of Sara Lance, but I read up on her and I don’t like her. Plus Sara was fun to re-invent. And for Megan, the reason she has an Australian accent is because she worked with the Teen Titans in Gotham for a while, but then she left and was a hero in Australia for a period. I kept that part because it’s fun. Same actress from the show though, just a bit... younger... and with a slight accent.

If anyone missed, I’m using National City as LA and Metropolis as NYC since those are the locations that DC comics has assigned them. Midvale was apparently moved to the west coast? It used to be a suburb of Metropolis but I guess it was moved.
I don't really like Alex that much since she started dating Maggie. I have nothing against Maggie, Maggie is fun, I like Maggie. Alex though... Alex has turned into a wimp, a softie, a mushy idiot. What happened to Kara and Alex's relationship from the first season? Though that wasn't all that great either really, Alex yelled at her for saving her life, Alex yelled at her for being Supergirl, Alex constantly exposed her to a substance that would hurt her, Alex killed her aunt, etc etc. So ups and downs I guess, but they're still the backbone of the show and its being ruined.

That being said, there is a way to fix it. If you're upset about the way they're treating characters, or particular aspects of the show (coughcough Mon-ElKara relationship coughcough) then let them know. Tweet them, email them, let them know some things aren't acceptable. They write based on demographics, and if enough people ask for something, then it happens.

Also, have you seen the rumors that Alex might become Batwoman?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Kara!” Lena squealed, running up to her friend after she just walked out of the gate at the Gotham airport. “It’s been so long,” she wailed about dramatically, swinging her friend around a bit.

“Oof, Lena, we saw each other literally a week ago remember? You came out to National City for my birthday, you met my new friends, you bonded with Megan over business type things and Kyle over nerd things.”

“And Sara hit on me with a few pick-up lines before tossing a few at you as well,” Lena replied, chuckling, “Before trying with you again. Truthfully I didn’t believe you when you said that she was that forward, but I believe it now.”

Kara laughed, nodding, “Sara is… Sara is Sara. She’s pretty much a harmless flirt, but you don’t want to cross her. She’s learned some interesting things traveling the world.”

“I can imagine, did you see that look she gave that guy that kept hitting on Megan when we all went out to that bar? I thought for sure she was going to rip his intestines out through his mouth.”

“She probably could too,” Kara agreed before stopping for a moment, “Wait, what are you doing in Gotham? Aren’t you supposed to be in Metropolis this summer or still in Cambridge at MIT?”

“I was, but Kate got me an internship in the newly renamed Kane Consolidated in one of their tech departments, which is way better than being shuffled about to various functions or staying in a lab theorizing about projects.”
“What are you gonna be doing?”

A slightly maniacal look crossed Lena’s face and she giggled, “In robotics, it’s going to be so much fun, though I had to sign a confidentiality agreement so unfortunately I can’t tell you what we’re doing.”

“I doubt I’ll even be able to understand what you’ll be doing,” the blonde replied, shaking her head. “And I thought you were in the robotics club at MIT?”

“I am, but freshmen don’t get to do much other than grunt work, none of the fun stuff,” Lena sighed, “Even though I was technically listed as a sophomore academically, bunch of… nerd jerks…”

“How many of them have you dated?”

Lena glared at her friend before looking away, “Just one, a junior. She was nice, if a little boring. It’s different now since I’m going to school using the Luthor name, and it’s a bit… infamous really. Especially now since Lex is getting worse…”

Kara remembered the news that Lex Luthor was speaking out more and more against her cousin and aliens in general. It was frightening, what he was saying, the direction he was heading and she worried for Lena. “Enough with family drama,” Kara said, distracting Lena from her thoughts, “We have to plan fun things to do outside your internship and me helping Kate out with her Batwoman stuff.”

“You can talk Kate into teaching you how to drive a motorcycle, I know you still want one.”

“Mom will kill me,” Kara groaned, “But I’m definitely going to ask.”

“And who knows, maybe you’ll blow out your powers and finally be able to get that tattoo you designed.”

The blonde chuckled lightly, “Lena, Kate hasn’t caused me to blow out my powers during any of the times I’ve stayed with her, I doubt that she’ll be able to do it this time.”

“I can’t believe you made me blow out my powers,” Kara groaned, her body sore and aching as she was stretched out on the couch in Kate’s penthouse.

“Sorry little sis, but Lena dared me to see if I could,” Kate replied apologetically. “And really, you shouldn’t get so pissed off that you overuse your heat vision and burn yourself out.”

“You were having your little robot drone things shoot lasers at me,” the blonde countered. She attempted to cross her arms in a petulant manner but all she managed to do was lift them weakly before they fell back to the ground. “I don’t like weird little robot drones shooting lasers at me.”

Kate just shrugged and continued with her sandwich making, “That’s pretty much a weekly occurrence for me, and if you’re going to take up this life, you’re going to have to get used to it. It’s annoying, yes, but no need to lose your temper.” She finished making her peanut butter and banana sandwich and bit into it, humming in pleasure. “Is that how you blew out your powers before? Overusing your heat vision?”
“Yeah, that’s how it happened the first time anyway, and when mom made me get those shots, I used the same tactic. I don’t know if anything else will do it.”

The redhead made another sandwich for the younger girl and set it on the coffee table near the girl. “I wonder if it has something to do with you extending all of the sunlight you absorb in your cells? Your other powers aren’t really offensive abilities like the heat vision, it’s more of a weapon so naturally it would drain you faster than say flight or even being bullet proof.”

“So, do you think if I blow out my powers more that I’ll train my cells to retain more solar energy?” Kara asked, opening one eye to look at the older girl before she focused on the sandwich on the table. She wiggled her fingers a bit until she had enough feeling in her arm to grab the sandwich off the table.

“Mhm, difference between a battery as opposed to a muscle, where a battery only has so much storage capacity or a muscle that can grow stronger with use,” Kate hummed and sipped at her coffee. “Did it seem like it took longer to wear you out this time as opposed to the other times?”

“I don’t know, it’s been close to five years since I last blew out my powers, so I don’t remember, and I am not blowing them out again any time soon, I feel awful,” the blonde whined. “I think I might be coming down with something, maybe it’s the flu, or cancer, or smallpox….”

“It’s literally been half an hour, you can’t get the flu, or cancer or smallpox in half an hour,” Kate rolled her eyes, “And smallpox has been virtually eradicated in this part of the world anyway, stop being so whiny.”

The elevator dinged and few moments later, Lena rushed around the corner, her hair slightly singed with soot on her face and smoke rolling off her clothes. “Is it true, did you blow out your powers?” Lena asked, looking wide-eyed between Kate and Kara. The blonde just groaned around her sandwich rather than answering, and a wide grin appeared on the brunette’s face. “Oh you know what that means, tattoo time!”

“Lena…” Kara groaned, smushing her face back into the pillow beneath her. “Go away.”

“Nope, nope, you said when you blew out your powers, you would get one, designed it and everything.”

“I’m not getting on a plane and flying back to National City just to get a tattoo.” Her words were muffled a bit but Kate and Lena still understood them.

Lena smirked and trailed her fingers along the ticklish spots on Kara’s sides, causing the girl to squeal and bolt upright away from her friend. “Oh good, you’re up,” the brunette said, clapping her hands, “and we’re not going to National City, lucky for you Josh is in Gotham helping his cousin with her tattoo parlor here.”

“Then who’s holding down the fort in National City? And why do you know Josh is in Gotham?”

“We text.” Kara gave her friend a suspicious look and Lena waved her hand, “Not like that, Josh is gay. I got his number just in case I wanted another tattoo, or something like this happened and you lost your powers on short notice.”

“I always lose my powers on short notice, it’s not like I do it on purpose.”

“When you needed to get your shots you did.”

“That’s because Mom made me,” Kara yelled, “Look, we’re getting sidetracked, I’m not coming
with you. I’m tired, I think I have malaria. I just want to stay here and order some pizza.”

“You’re coming.”

“Kate,” Kara whined, glancing over at her honorary big sister.

The redhead just shrugged and smirked at the younger girls, “I would love to visit a tattoo parlor, might see what they got before getting one of my own.”

“Josh is pretty cool, and from what he says, his cousin Jessica is just as talented an artist as he is, she just hasn’t developed her brand here yet.”

“Does everyone in that family have names that start with J?” Kara asked as Kate and Lena pulled her off the sofa.

“Did every house on Krypton only have one syllable in the name?” Lena retorted.

Kara tilted her head slightly, “Good point.”

“While we’re semi on the subject, what is it with you two and this tattoo business?” Kate asked as they grabbed their bags and descended to the lobby in the elevator.

The blonde rolled her eyes and pointed to Lena. “Last summer, this one-”

“You agreed.”

“- decided to get a tattoo and roped me in with her.”

“Like I said, you agree,” the brunette returned.

“Wait, Kara, do you even want a tattoo or is this some weird peer pressure thing?” Kate questioned, glancing between the younger girls.

Kara nodded her head slowly as they walked out of the building to Lena’s waiting car parked on the side of the road. “I do want one, it’s so different than what we did on Krypton. Everything else about me, my abilities, what I can do, my religion, and occasionally how I behave, it’s all about remembering Krypton. This way, I can have another physical reminder of my new home.” The girl shrugged and gave a sheepish smile, “Plus they’re really cool and I really want the experience even though it’ll probably only last until my powers come back.”

“It’s the experience I want you to have if you can’t keep it,” Lena said, pulling away from the curb. “Experience is the fun part.”

“You just want to see if I crack like you did.”

“It is so annoying that you can’t get sick or feel pain like all the time, just let me have this one time,” Lena pleaded.

Kara shot her friend a dirty look, “You’ve seen me sick before.”

“Doesn’t count.”

“Why are we friends?”

“Because you love me.”
The blonde pouted and looked out the window, taking in how dark Gotham looked even during the daytime. Lena drove across the city away from the skyscrapers towards the more residential areas with apartments and condos. She turned down a street and pulled into one of the first parking spaces she could find and waved the other two out of the car. “It’s just down the street, one the first level of one of these mixed-use condos that are going up all over the place.”

“My construction company is contracted to put up quite a few in different cities around the country,” Kate said, “They’re really convenient if the first floor is a grocery store or pharmacy, even a coffee shop.”

“Mhm, or a pizza parlor,” Kara groaned, “Or Chinese food…”

“Wouldn’t the whole building smell like pizza and potstickers then?” Lena asked, a smirk on her face, “Definitely know why you would like that. The orders you place alone would keep them in business.”

“Mhm, pizza,” Kara hummed, daydreaming about one of her favorite foods. Lena continued tugging her down the street until they reached the desired shop and she pushed her through the door.

“Hey Lena!” Josh greeted, stepping around the counter. “And Kara! I see you finally managed to talk her into that tattoo,” he said, ushering the three back into the backroom. “I’m glad you called, I was able to clear out the rest of the day.”

“When did you call him?” Kara asked her friend, a suspicious look on her face.

“As soon as I heard from Kate,” the brunette replied.

“You must be Kate,” Josh said, glancing over at the redhead.

“Kate Kane,” she answered, “I’m here to see if you’re truly as good as they’ve told me.”

Josh grinned, “Oh I am that good, but I won’t be able to take credit for this masterpiece. No Kara designed it herself, and we showed it to me a few months ago, I knew I had to be the one to do it.” He pointed to the seat and waved the other two into the other seats in the room. “I’ll grab the sketch, you go ahead and get ready.”

“You designed the tattoo?” Kate asked, glancing at the blonde.

“Just wait until you see it Kate, it’s beautiful,” Lena said, nudging the older girl with her elbow.

The tattoo artist came back in and handed Kate a piece of paper and the redhead gasped. “Oh Kara, it’s beautiful,” she breathed, taking in the design. There was a large red and orange tiger lily with vivid green leaves and an elegant cursive script around the flower. “‘No one controls your destiny. Even at the very worst- there is always choice,’ that’s beautiful, what’s it from?”

“Wicked, it’s one of my favorite books,” Kara murmured, a deep blush on her face.

“It’s very you,” Kate smiled, handing the design back to Josh.

The man clapped his hand and rubbed them together in excitement, “Let’s do this!”
“I heard you lost your powers,” Cat greeted her daughter with those words when she came home and found the blonde laying on the couch in the living room. Carter was with his father and she fully expected that her daughter would have headed back to her dorm when she flew in earlier that day so she was pleasantly surprised to find the girl in the penthouse instead. She had missed the bubbly blonde around the previous year, despite the fact that the girl came around every week or so for dinner and to play Settlers of Catan with Carter. Cat was slightly bitter about the now annual trip for Kara to Gotham to spend time a few weeks with Kate, but didn’t say anything to the blonde since she knew how much she looked forward to the trip. Kara gave her mother a curious look and Cat continued, “Kate called me, said she wore you out.”

“She had her evil robot drones shooting lasers at me,” Kara sighed, shifting down slightly on the couch. “It’s okay though, I got them back on the plane here. Apparently I don’t care much for flying when I don’t have my powers.”

“Looks like you’ve been given a taste of what the rest of us have to deal with on a regular basis,” Cat smirked, sitting down by Kara’s head so she could run her fingers through soft blonde hair. She noticed a sad expression crossing the girl’s face. “What’s wrong?”

Kara sighed, “I got a tattoo while I was in Gotham, the one I designed since the artist, Josh was in town helping his cousin. I’m just kind of sad I didn’t get to keep it longer than a few days.”

“What did you get it?”

The younger blonde sat up and pointed to her right shoulder blade, “Same place as Lena. I felt it heal up when my powers came back, so I know that it’s gone. It wasn’t as painful as Lena said it was, but it was nice having it while it lasted.”

Cat hummed as she listened to Kara’s babble and tugged a little at the collar of her loose t-shirt. She caught sight of a flash of color on her shoulder and chuckled. “I don’t think you have to worry about it being gone,” Cat said, “I think it’s still there.”

“What?” Kara disappeared off the couch and the older blonde saw the drapes rustle and a few of the loose pieces of paper around the room flutter back down to the ground. A loud squeal came from Kara’s room and Cat got up from the couch to follow the sound. “Mom, mom, look,” she squealed, turning around and lifting her hair out of the way to show off her new ink on her back. She had traded her t-shirt for a tank top, allowing for her shoulder blades to be visible. The older woman took in the brilliant tiger lily with deep orange and red petals, and rich green leaves. Her eyes skated over the black cursive lettering of the quote as it blended beautifully with the lily underneath it, and she smiled.

“It suits you,” Cat said, causing Kara to spin around with a bright smile on her face. “Why the tiger lily though?”

Kara shrugged, “I like it, it’s beautiful, and I wanted to keep with the flower theme we have going on. Plus it means ‘I dare you to love me’ and I kind of like that.” Cat could tell that Kara wanted to say more so she sat down on her bed and waited for her to sort her thoughts out. “I mean, I worry sometimes that with everything, who I am, that I won’t be able to find someone that will be able to love me, all of me, or that it’ll be too dangerous for them to love me, be with me.” She sighed and sat down next to Cat. “But I figured that the person, whoever they are, will have to be brave, and strong, like you Mom, so being with me, loving me is kind of a dare.”

“You do deserve all of the love in the world Kara, and you’ll find someone special, someone who will love all of you and be able to match your love with the ferocity of their own.”
“Thanks Mom,” Kara smiled, “You’ll find someone to you know, you can start dating now. I’m not in the house, and Carter won’t mind.”

“I might,” the woman conceded, “I did date casually while you were here, but it was just casual, I couldn’t bring them home and risk you and Carter was so young…”

“Carter is eight now, and I’m not in the house, so you can date if you want,” Kara insisted, “You’re a beautiful woman Mom, you have your best years ahead of you, you don’t have to worry about Carter and I anymore.”

Cat nodded her head, “John Stamos has been asking for a date.”

“Or you can see if Harrison Ford is available,” Kara teased, “I know you have a crush on him.”

The older woman just brushed her off, “I do not, besides, he’s married.”

\[...\]

“Shit shit shit!” Sara muttered as she ran into Kara’s room, her face halfway between panic and annoyance.

Kara glanced at the other blonde questioningly. “Sara,” she started, “We literally just came back from summer vacation, you haven’t had time to get into a crisis.”

“This crisis followed me here.” Sara let out a sigh and started pacing around the room, mumbling incoherent sentences to herself. Kara ignored her friend to continue putting away her clothes and cleaning up the dust that settled in the room while she was in Gotham. Since NCU had an extensive summer school program, they allowed many of their students to stay in their dorms over the summer and keep their same rooms if they wanted. Kara, Megan and Sara got along well so they decided to keep with the same room arrangement rather than try and break in a new roommate.

Megan walked into Kara’s room a few minutes later looking for her roommate and suitemate, and found Kara sitting on her bed and Sara pacing around frantically. “Is she okay?” Megan asked the younger girl, glancing at her roommate with curiosity etched on her face.

“I don’t know, she’s been like this for a while. I’m assuming she’ll snap out of it soon,” Kara replied, her eyes not straying from her computer.

“Mhm, how was your summer by the way?”

“Good,” the blonde answered, “I spent time with my family, visited my sister in Gotham, got a tattoo, now I’m here. What about you?”

“You got a tattoo? That’s pretty cool. I spent my summer working at one of the local bars, just a dive really, but good money.”

“I can hear you both you know,” Sara said, glaring at her two friends. “I’m going through a crisis here and you’re both discussion how your summers went? Though Kara don’t think I missed that comment about you getting a tattoo, you’re definitely showing that to me later, especially if it’s some place naughty.”

“And she’s back,” Megan groaned while Kara giggled. “Alright Sara, spill, what’s wrong?”
Sara sighed and pinched the bridge of her nose for a moment before opening her eyes again and glancing between her two friends. “You guys know that I left Star City after I graduated high school and I haven’t been home since. I haven’t been in contact with my family at all for years since I was basically the black sheep of the family, and I know that my parents like my sister Laurel better. It hurt growing up, I’m not going to lie, but I’m okay with it now, I mean I loved my sister, it wasn’t like I hate her, but I’ve moved on. New life, new friends, new family, and all that.”

“Why do I feel like this is going somewhere bad,” Megan said, glancing over at Kara who nodded in agreement.

“Because you both are as intelligent as you are beautiful,” Sara replied, only half-heartedly flirting because her mind was still whirling. “So, what I’m saying is that I haven’t been home. A few friends from Star City let me know how they’re doing, because I still love them, they’re my family, but… Ugh, sometimes…”

“Sara, spit it out, what’s going on?” Kara asked, urging her friend to get to the point.

“My friends told me that my family found out where I am and that my sister is going to be moving down here to take a job in a law firm to ‘spend some time with me.’” She rolled her eyes at that, “I bet that my dad sent her down to convince me to come home or keep an eye on me or something, I don’t know…”

“Isn’t that a good thing though that’s she’s coming?” The other blonde questioned, “She could’ve stayed in Star City, but she chose to come down here to see you, build a relationship with you. I can’t help but think that’s a good thing.”

Megan placed a hand on her roommate’s shoulder and gave it a soft squeeze, “I agree with Kara, I think this will be a good thing if you let it. Plus, we get to meet her and maybe hear about more of your embarrassing childhood moments.”

“You wish, I’ve always been cool,” Sara blustered. “Anyway, Laurel called me, I never changed my number but I stopped taking their calls after a while, but she called me and left a message that she would be moving to National City and would be in town tonight and would like to meet for dinner.” She turned to her two friends, her ice blue eyes large and pleading, “Will you two come to dinner with me please?”

“What?” Kara and Megan yelled, flabbergasted expressions on their faces.

“I need a buffer. I love my sister, but we haven’t always had the… best of relationships…”

“Didn’t you sleep with her boyfriend…”

Sara waved her hand around a bit, “Technicalities, and I did her a favor in the long run. But still, I need a buffer, and who better than two of my best friends.”

“I don’t know Sara, this is family stuff, and should we really get involved with family stuff…” Megan stated hesitantly.

“You guys are family by now, please!” The blonde tried again, pleading with both of her friends. Megan and Kara sighed, glancing at each other for a moment before nodding. Sara grinned and hugged the two girls, pulling them in tightly around their necks. “You guys are the best. Now Kara, tattoo, spill.”

“Lena finally talked me into getting one,” was all that Kara said as she took off her shirt, leaving her in only a thin tank top. She lifted her hair out of the way and the two gasped at the sight of the ink on
her shoulder blade.

“Damn Grant, that is one beautiful tattoo, I might have to give your tattoo artist a spin,” Sara said, running her fingers along the petals of the tiger lily. “The lily almost looks real.”

“Thanks, I designed the tattoo, but Josh really made it come together,” Kara replied, letting her hair fall back down as she turned to face her friends.

“I’m definitely going to look him up then,” Sara said before her eyes landed on the clock. “Shit, Laurel said she would be at the restaurant at seven, we only have a little over an hour to get ready and get there.” She ran back to her room, calling back at the other two girls, “Megan, Kara, hurry up!”

“Such a drama queen,” Kara sighed, shutting her laptop before she started riffling through the closet for clothes.

“You should see her after she comes back from a successful night out,” Megan sighed before looking at the blonde curiously. “I didn’t think your kind could get a tattoo.” The words caused Kara to fall headfirst into the closet and Megan rushed to help her up. “Oh my god, are you okay?”

“I’m fine, just, what do you mean ‘your kind?’” Kara sputtered a bit, looking at the darker girl wide-eyed.

Megan gave her a blank look, “You know, an alien, a Kryptonian… Oh, did you not know?”

The blonde shook her head, “No, no, I knew, but how did you know?”

“I’ve been spending too much time with other aliens, I just assume everyone can tell,” the girl sighed before looking back at Kara, “I’m an alien too. I assumed you could tell but didn’t care.”

“No I couldn’t tell, but this is exciting!” Kara squealed, bouncing a little on the balls of her feet. “Where are you from, when did you come here, why did you come here? How could you tell that I was an alien?”

“Whoa blondie, you need to slow down,” Megan replied, trying to calm the hyperactive girl. “I’ll tell you, just stop bouncing.” The younger girl nodded and looked at the other expectantly. “Alright, well, I’m a Martian from, you know, Mars. A…” She looked up hesitantly at the girl, “A white Martian, the reason I could tell that you’re a Kryptonian is because white Martians, all Martians really are psychic shapeshifters, we can read minds when we want to.”

“Oh that’s cool, so you read my mind?”

Megan shook her head, “No, from previous experience with Superman, I found that Kryptonian minds are resistant to my psych powers. When I couldn’t read your mind, I assumed that you were Kryptonian, or at the very least an alien.”

“So you’ve met my cousin,” Kara said, sitting down, “How?”

“This and that,” came the reply. “I wasn’t all that impressed.” The Martian sat down next to Kara with a sigh, her hand playing with the long sleeves on her jacket. “Truthfully I’m here running from my own people. White Martians they, we… we did a lot of bad things, especially to the Green Martians. I didn’t want to be like them anymore, I didn’t want to be a monster. I tried to stop it, but I couldn’t and I got scared, so I left, came here where I could hide even more. I want to be a green Martian, but I’m afraid I’ll always be one of them… a monster.”
Confusion and questions started filling Kara’s mind, each one attempting to get out, to bombard the girl, to press her for more information. She held them in though, she knew this wasn’t the time to ask those questions. Before she could say anything else, Sara burst back in through the door. “What are you two doing?” She asked, looking at them with wild eyes. “We have to get ready, go!”

“We’re coming Sara, keep your undies on,” Megan sighed, waving her roommate out of the room.

“I’m not wearing any!” Sara called back, causing the two girls to sigh again.

“She’s… I don’t know what to do with her sometimes,” Kara said, rolling her eyes though there was a slight smile on her face. Megan nodded in agreement and moved to head back to her own room when the blonde called out to her. “Megan, you’re my friend, and if you want to tell me more about… Well, I’ll be here to listen.”

Megan smiled at her, a small but relieved smile and nodded. “Thanks Kara,” she murmured before disappearing through the adjoining door.

The blonde locked her door and then sped around the room, creating a whirlwind of papers and clothes as she got ready. When the whirlwind stopped, Kara was standing in front of her mirror and sink fixing her hair, and putting a slight bit of eyeliner and lip gloss.

“Kara!” Sara banged on her hallway door and she groaned, opening the door to give her friend an irritated look. “You look great, let’s go,” the shorter grabbed her hand and Kara moved with the tugging motion, locking her door on the way out.

“Where are we headed?” Kara asked as Megan crawled in the backseat of Sara’s mustang and Kara settled into the passenger seat when she was done.

“Nick’s, it’s across town,” Sara replied, pulling out into traffic.

The other blonde nodded, “I’ve been there, not upscale fancy, but not a casual place either. Huge portions.”

“Seems to be a common theme with you,” Megan said from the back, poking her friend lightly on the shoulder.

The three traded barbs the whole way to the restaurant, Kara and Megan hoping that the lighthearted conversation would ease the other girl’s nerves. Sara pulled into the parking lot of Nick’s about twenty minutes later, irritated at having to deal with downtown traffic on a Friday night. She took a few deep breaths before getting out of the car and striding towards the restaurant, her two friends right behind her.

“So where’s your sister?” Kara asked Sara as they stepped into the restaurant after informing the hostess that they were there to meet someone. The shorter blonde glanced around before pointing to a table at the back and making her way to the table. Kara felt her heart skip a beat in her chest and her breathing stuttered as she caught sight of the brunette woman standing up from the table. The woman pulled Sara into a tight hug and the moment allowed Kara a chance to study her more. She was wearing a fitted business suit that looked tailored to her body with stiletto heels that looked ready to press someone into the floor. With the heels on, she was several inches taller that Sara, and slightly taller than Kara.

The woman pulled back from her sister and Kara’s breath caught in her chest when dark, hazel eyes landed on her. Megan nudged her in the side with her elbow, using a bit of her Martian strength to make sure the other girl felt it and Kara jolted forward. “H-hi,” she stuttered, “I’m Kara, and this is
Megan, we’re friends of Sara; she wanted us to come tonight to meet you.”

“I’m glad that Sara’s found such good friends,” Oh Rao, Kara thought, her voice. It was the perfect combination of lilting and smoky, and she could already feel the flush starting to creep up her neck. “I’m Dinah Laurel Lance,” the woman said, sticking out her hand for the other two to shake, “But you can call me Laurel.” She shot a wink at Kara and the honey blonde nearly combusted. I’m in trouble.

Chapter End Notes

So, good things for this story. I have chapter 18 written, update next week as scheduled, chapter 19 is outlined and i’m writing it as we speak, I have chapter 20 being formulated, and if everything occurs as scheduled, unless another character decides to pop and do things, then Alex should show up by the end of 20 or beginning of 21 at the latest. I have no idea how long this story will be at this point. I’ve already had to start a new doc on google docs to keep chapters since the first one got too long for me to type on my phone when away from my computer.

If anyone has anything they want to see happen with the later part of this story, ie. stuff from season 1, just drop a comment, I will consider suggestions. I know certain aspects of the story of course, but I can implement them with suggestions. Let your imaginations run wild guys!
Well... I don't exactly know what to say about that last episode. I loved the Kara and Alex moment towards the end, but it wasn't enough. They're the foundation of the show and they've barely been spending time together. I don't like Mon-El, well, I don't like him and Kara together because he's lying to her, and she's compromising her morals by being with him. He's trying to be good, be a hero for her and that is not a good enough reason, you have to want it yourself. Mon-El's character is amusing and provides a type of comic relief, but I wish they didn't pair him and Kara together. I also wish they would do something with Maggie and Alex, they're so boring.

And now is a good time for Cat to come back since Kara was fired. Alot of people have felt that Kara's job at CatCo was a bit redundant at this point, so do you think that Kara will stay full time Supergirl? And for future reference, I have been thinking of Supercat stories, but I hesitate a bit because I had a friend who was in a relationship with someone with that kind of age difference between them and it wasn't good, so it makes me a bit wary but I know that Cat is different from that scuzz ball.

“Kara, you have a crush,” Lena’s voice came through the computer while she looked at her blonde friend with amusement.

“I so do not have a crush,” Kara blustered, waving off the comment.

“You so do, you acted the same way around Lucy before you got your act together and started dating her.”

The blonde sputtered for a bit before letting out a sigh, “Alright, okay, yes, I have a crush on Sara’s older sister, but Lena, you should see her. She’s gorgeous, and smart, and funny, and she’s passionate about helping people, about changing the world.” Kara let out a sigh, “She’s… amazing.”

“Then ask her out girl, talk to her.”

“No, no way, she’s like twenty four, and I’m nineteen, why would she be interested in somebody like me?”

“Kara, my friend, I don’t know what mirror you look in every morning, but it needs to be cleaned. You are smoking hot, not to mention insanely talented and one of the sweetest people on the planet, why would anyone not want to date you?”

“Jay didn’t want to date me,” Kara muttered bitterly, “Lucy didn’t want to keep dating me.”

“Jay was a baby and scared off by your terrifying little brother kicking him in the shins,” Lena retorted, moving out of range of the camera to grab her drink off her nightstand. “And I thought you made peace with your break up with Lucy. I mean you’re still friends and it’s been years.”
“I know, and I have, it was a mutual breakup, but that doesn’t mean it still didn’t hurt and leave a bit of an impression on me.”

Lena nodded sympathetically, “I get it, I do. I mean, I didn’t have a serious relationship during high school but…”

“What about that one girl from the debate club you were dating for the majority of junior year?”

The brunette waved dismissively, “That was purely physical, we had a really good time while we were hanging out, but it wasn’t serious, no emotional connection like you had with Lucy or that base attraction and infatuation with Jay.” Her green eyes sparkled in amusement, “But it seems you’re feeling this type of intense, physical attraction right now.”

“Lena,” Kara groaned.

“Spill, what does she look like, I know you said she’s beautiful, smart, etc etc, but I need details.”

A dazed expression crossed Kara’s face as she lost focus and trained her unseeing eyes on the wall, “She has brown hair with blonde highlights, beautiful dark hazel eyes, bright smile. She’s actually a little shorter than me, but she definitely rocks the heels and power suit look. She’s a lawyer, working at one of the big firms in the city for awhile while she tries to reconnect with Sara…” Her voice trailed off as Lena burst out laughing, falling back on her bed away from her laptop. “What’s so funny?”

“Oh my god, seriously, you can’t see it?” The brunette asked, propping herself up, “You seriously can’t see it?” When Kara shrugged, Lena let out a frustrated groan, “You have a type!”

“What? No I don’t, I like all kinds of people.”

“Oh I know,” her friend replied, her eyes rolling, “Remember, movie nights where you and I discuss our celebrity crushes and what not, and you basically named someone from like every continent that you’re infatuated with, but that’s different from this. Those are just brief infatuations that you giggle over, this is something that causes you to ruin your knickers at night or at random times during the day.” She smirked at Kara’s flushed face. “You have a type, badass brunettes with dark eyes that have a weird savior complex apparently turn you on and leave your insides a quaking mess.”

“Wh-what?” Kara sputtered, “No, of course not, no, that’s not, no.”

“Uhuh, right,” Lena said, rolling her eyes, “I have to go to bed, Metropolis is like three hours ahead of you, so I’m exhausted, I’ll talk you you later. Oh and Kara, ask Laurel out already.” Before Kara could sputter out a protest, Lena had turned the video off, leaving Kara to stare at herself on the screen.

“I knew it!” Sara yelled, slamming open the adjoining door, “You have a thing for my sister.” She pointed an accusing finger at the girl who had yelped and slammed her computer shut when the door burst open. A small part of her was disappointed that Kara had a thing for her sister rather than her, but she to stamp down those feelings. She was attracted to Kara, even a blind person would be able to notice how beautiful she was, but she didn’t have feelings for her beyond that, Sara knew enough about herself to be able to tell that. The taller blonde was her friend and she had experience on the dangers of entering into a physical relationship with friends. The majority of her was torn between amusement and delight though, it would be hilarious if her sister and Kara started dating. Laurel needed someone to remove that stick up lodged up her ass and who better than a bright, bubbly blonde?
“I do not,” Kara sputtered, but Sara just grinned and shook her head.

“No, you so do, and we’re going to discuss this apparent type of yours later, but for now, we need to figure out how to get Laurel on a date with you.”

Kara knew it was futile to keep denying her growing feelings for the woman and fell back on her bed with a flop, letting out a low groan. “I don’t, she’s just, there’s no way she would go on a date with me,” she said, her arm tossed over her face. “I mean, I’m only nineteen, what could she see in me?”

Sara just scoffed and waved away Kara’s excuses, “That’s only five years Kara, it’s not that big of a deal. She just graduated law school and took the BAR exam like the freaking over-achiever that she is; it’s not like she’s some hot shot lawyer just yet, she’s just starting out.”

“But she does have a job, I’m just a simple art student that just got a job at a coffee shop a few weeks ago, what do I have to offer?”

“A devastatingly hot body,” Sara deadpanned, “A wide smile, a beautiful personality, a mom with more connections than the government.”

“Sara…”

“Look, Kara, you are an amazing person, and I don’t understand how you can’t see that; anyone who doesn’t see that is obviously crazy,” the shorter blonde said, sitting down at the foot of Kara’s bed. Kara just grunted and turned away to face the wall, pressing her face into the faded stuffed dog that Carter had given her years ago. “Kara,” Sara murmured, rubbing her calf, “How much have you and Laurel been talking in the past few weeks?”

Kara just shrugged, “I don’t know, we text, sometimes we meet up and I show her around the city…”

“These are classic signs that my sister is into you,” Sara said, “If she wanted to be shown around the city, she would just call me, what she wanted was to spend time with you without being too obvious about it.”

“Really?” Kara asked, looking over her shoulder at her blonde friend.

“Really,” she emphasized, “Besides the fact, whenever my sister calls me, she just ends up asking about you most of the time, nothing intrusive, but she’s curious.”

Kara froze, her eyes wide, “Oh Ra- golly, what do I do?”

“Ask her out on a date!”

“I can’t do that!” Kara stated, sitting up to look at her friend. “What if you’re wrong, what if she doesn’t- no, I can’t do that, no no no.” The taller blonde buried herself under the pillows and blankets again, and Sara sighed, leaving the room.

“She okay?” Megan asked when her roommate walked back into their room.

“She’s just being a baby,” the blonde sighed, collapsing on her own bed. “She’s totally into my sister, but she’s convinced that Laurel would never go for her. She’s currently hiding under all of her pillows and blankets like a weird Kararrrito.”

“‘Kararrrito?’”
“You know, Kara burrito,” Sara continued, “Stupid thing is that Laurel is into her as well, but Laurel isn’t the type to ask anyone out on a date, she’d rather be the one being asked.”

“That’s stupid.”

Sara just waved her hand, “She’s always been that way, ever since we were kids she had all these guys and girls following her around, so she didn’t really need to ask anyone on a date.”

“So they’re both hopeless then,” Megan sighed, “So what are you going to do?”

“What makes you think I’m going to do anything?”

“Because I’ve lived with you for more than a year and I know how much you love to meddle.”

The blonde just shrugged at her words and fell back down on her bed. She stared at the ceiling for a few minutes before sitting up again. “I just have to get them on a date, without knowing that they’re going to be going on a date.”

“And that is going to work how?”

“It’ll get them talking, maybe more if Kara is lucky,” Sara replied. She searched around her bed for her abandoned phone, locating it under her pillow and quickly sent her sister a text. Her phone chimed a few minutes later and Sara smirked, a pleased expression crossing her face. Her plan was so going to work.

“Are you insane!” Kara yelled, using her mother’s patented ‘Grant glare’ on her blonde friend. The shorter blonde had burst into her room over an hour ago, claiming that she was in the mood for wings and wanted to go out, and bullied her into going with her. Kara showered and dressed, and followed her friend out to her car only to find that it was a set up. “I can’t, I mean, what, what were you thinking?”

“I was thinking that one of you needed to woman up and ask the other on a date, and since that clearly wasn’t going to happen, I decided to do it,” Sara retorted. Kara turned to leave when the shorter blonde latched onto her wrist, drawing the girl’s attention back to her. “Look,” Sara started seriously, “I know this wasn’t what you expected, and it was pretty low of me, but if I had to wait for either of you to get your act together, we would’ve graduated by that point.” She gave the taller girl an unimpressed stare and Kara glanced away, refusing to acknowledge that Sara might be right.

“Kara, my sister is sitting in there expecting to have dinner with me, but she’s going to be meeting with you instead, you don’t want to let her down do you? Leave her stranded?”

Kara scuffed her shoe lightly on the ground and sighed, “No.”

“Good, now go enjoy your date. And maybe if you play your cards right, you’ll get lucky,” Sara winked at the girl and Kara squeaked.

“Sara!” The taller blonde cried, “I don’t, I haven’t, I don’t do that on a first date.”

“Second date then,” Sara mused.

Kara rolled her eyes and walked towards the door of the restaurant before glancing back at Sara, “I
should’ve known this was a setup, you have an American History midterm on Monday.”

Ice blue eyes widened in terror and Sara muttered an emphatic “Shit!” She turned to head back to the car, waving at Kara as she left. “Bye Honeybun, have fun!”

The Kryptonian rolled her eyes at her friend and took a deep breath before walking into her usual haunt. Her eyes instantly found the elder Lance seated towards the back of the pub, a dark leather jacket wrapped around her frame and a bottle of beer lazily clenched in her hand. Her brown hair was pulled into a loose ponytail at the base of her neck and tumbled over one of her shoulders. Hazel eyes captured blue as Kara approached, causing the blonde’s breath to hitch and her palms to sweat. She wondered momentarily if she blew out her powers, but Laurel’s voice halted her growing panic.

“I figured this was some kind of setup,” she murmured, leaning back in her seat, “I didn’t think you would be in on it though.”

“I- what?”

Laurel cocked her head and scrutinized the girl for a moment, “Sara, my sister, she texted me a said she wanted to hangout tonight despite the fact that she has a midterm on Monday. I figured she was up to something and decided to humor her, but I didn’t think that you would be part of the package.”

Kara sighed as she dropped into the seat across from Laurel, “I didn’t know, not until a few minutes ago when Sara told me.” The waitress came around and set down Kara’s usual drink order, a large root beer and a glass of ice water, before taking Laurel’s food order and disappearing back into the kitchen.

“I take it you’re a regular here,” Laurel mused, sipping at her beer.

“Yeah, I’m here at least two or three times a month during the school year,” Kara replied, “Look, Sara set this up as a… I don’t know, her own weird way of trying to help, I’m not sure. But you don’t have to stay if you don’t want to.”

“What’s your usual order?” Laurel asked, staring at the girl curiously.

“Um,” Kara blinked at the change in topic but answered the question. “Wing platter, 25 wings, five different flavors with sweet potato fries and steamed broccoli.”

Laurel’s eyes at the amount of food the younger girl could consume and took a long gulp of her drink. “I like a woman that appreciates her food,” she whispered, looking at the blonde through hooded eyes. “Since Sara went through all this trouble of setting up this up for us, let’s make the most of it and enjoy the evening. Besides, I’ve already ordered and I really want to see you eat 25 wings in one sitting. We can use this time to get to know each other more outsides of texting anyway.” She winked at the suddenly blushing blonde and leaned back in her seat again.

“Huh, right,” Kara blinked, willing the blood to dissipate from her face.

They talked about different things, Kara asking what law school was like and how the law firm was working out for her, and Laurel asked how her art projects were coming. By the time the food was set down on the table, Kara’s large platter of wings, sweet potato fries and broccoli, and Laurel’s pub burger, the two had shifted away from small talk towards more meaningful discussions. Laurel was watching in fascination as Kara inhaled her plate of chicken wings before starting in on her side dishes.

“So Sara’s always been doing those pick-up lines then,” Kara laughed, tears forming in her eyes as she and Laurel walked out of the pub towards the parking lot. The older girl had been telling her a
story from high school about her first girlfriend when she was in 9th grade and how Sara turned into a blubbering mess around her and tried to use every pickup line she knew on her, despite the fact that she was only in sixth grade.

“She has,” Laurel laughed as well, “I wasn’t sure what to do with her when she started spouting this corny lines she no doubt heard from kids at school so I just let her keep rambling as she made a complete fool of herself.”

“Sara also said that she slept with your boyfriend,” Kara commented before she could stop herself. At the wince from the older girl, she knew she probably shouldn’t have said anything but Kara knew it was probably best that it was addressed sooner rather than later.

“Yes, she did do that,” the brunette sighed, “My sister and I haven’t always had the best of relationships, but I’m trying, we’re trying. It’s just… it’s complicated, there’s a lot of history there.”

Kara nodded. She understood, she did. Kal, Clark, had attempted to reach out to her a few times since she started college, and while she took his call the first time, listening to him babble on about his life, growing up on Earth, how Metropolis was, things that she should be doing, she realized that there was too much history between them to have a meaningful relationship, too much bad history.

Laurel studied the blonde girl and knew that she understood the difficulties between her and her sister. “I had a lot of fun tonight Kara,” the brunette said after a few minutes.

“Me too,” the blonde replied, “I haven’t had this much fun in awhile, not since the last time I went on a dat-um, it’s, it’s been awhile.”

The brunette caught the almost slip from the younger girl and smiled, stepping closer to the blonde. Night had descended, casting National City in shadows; there weren’t as many street lights in the area like there were downtown, so there were dark shadows along the ground and sides of the buildings. Laurel subtly guided Kara back into the shadows of the building, a predatory smirk on her face. “So you had a good time, I had a good time,” Laurel said, running her fingers up and down Kara’s arm. “Seems to indicate that we should do this again sometime.”

“It uhuh,” Kara replied, nodding her head slightly.

The smirk on Laurel’s face grew as her fingers shifted from light brushes to teasing strokes. Kara felt heat build in her chest and face as her blood rushed through her. “You know, I don’t think I’ve seen a girl enjoy her food as much as you did,” Laurel murmured. “I would love to go out with you again and see what other noises you can make.” The blonde felt the blonde in her face increase and she was sure that she was turning a bright shade of red. She nodded her head and Laurel’s grin widened before she pulled the blonde into a hot, wet kiss.

Kara’s hands twitched and they instantly find place on either side of Laurel’s face. The woman’s tongue slipped between her lips, pulling a moan from deep within the Kryptonian, and an answer groan from the brunette. Laurel’s curled around her own and Kara matched her thrust for thrust. By the time they broke away, they were both breathing heavily and Kara’s hands were fisted into long strands of golden brown hair. “I knew you would make the best sounds,” Laurel murmured, her lips brushing against the blonde’s.

“Mhm,” Kara replied, her mind still lost in a daze.

Laurel laughed at bit at the blonde’s expression, “Do you need a ride back to your dorm?” Kara nodded and Laurel led her over to a classic black motorcycle. She unlocked the helmet from the seat and handed it to Kara before she straddled the bike.
“Not exactly the ride I expected from a lawyer,” Kara said coyly as she eyed the woman on the bike trying not to drool, “And where’s your helmet?”

“I have a different car I use for the office and official things, and I like to live a little dangerously.” She winked at the girl again and Kara felt her heart thud loudly in her chest she thought for sure the woman could hear it.

Kara gulped and pulled the helmet on over her head before straddling the bike behind the older girl. She pressed herself closer to the lithe brunette in front of her and wrapped her arms around her waist. “You ever ride a motorcycle before Kara?” She heard Laurel's voice and Kara set her chin on her shoulder.

“Oh, just a crotch rocket,” she breathed in Laurel's ear, “Not a classic motorcycle like this one.”

“Crotch rockets are fun,” Laurel smirked, “But nothing can beat a classic Harley.” She revved the engine and Kara felt the hum and vibration race through her entire body, causing her to shift lightly on the bike pressing in closer to the older girl. “Hang on,” the brunette said, peeling out of the parking lot.

The ride to her dorm was shorter than Kara would've liked. She was enjoying the feel of the power between her legs, and the firm press of the body in her arms. Laurel pulled over in front of her dorm and put her foot down to prop up the bike for Kara to climb off. “That was so much fun,” the blonde laughed as she climbed off the motorcycle and took off the helmet, shaking out her long hair.

“So just as good as a crotch rocket?” Laurel asked, a teasing lilt in her voice as she took the helmet from Kara's hands.

“Mhm,” Kara hummed as she reached up and combed her fingers through long brown hair. She tilted Laurel's head back, fishing her hands in her hair for leverage, and leaned down to capture her lips in a passionate kiss. The blonde pulled back after a moment and watched as Laurel’s eyes fluttered open to look up at her. “Does that answer your question?”

Laurel blinked and grinned, “We’re definitely going to have to do this again if only so that we could do that again.” Kara stepped away from the curb and Laurel drove away after pulling the helmet on over her head. The blonde's stomach clenched as Laurel revved the engine as she drove away and she walked back to her dorm in a daze with a dopey smile on her face. She unlocked her door and pressed herself back against the door, letting out a long sigh as she slumped down a little.

“So how was your date?” Sara’s voice broke her out of her daze and she shrieked, spotting the blonde sitting on her bed with a shit eating grin on her face.

“Rao, Sara!” Kara yelled, placing a hand over her chest. “Why are you sitting in my room in the dark?!”

“I heard you in the hallway and you were taking too long so I came in here to wait,” Sara replied, “But nevermind that, how was your date?”

“Good, really good,” Kara sighed again. “I haven’t had that much fun in a while, and Laurel is so... she’s just so much, so sexy, beautiful, and she drives a motorcycle.”

“You’re one of those kind of girls aren’t you?” Sara smirked, “The bike really gets you going.”

“Mhm,” Kara said, sliding back against the door, “I am in so much trouble.”
“Are you sure your girlfriend doesn’t mind you posing for me?” Kara asked, looking up from her large sketchpad to glance warily at her friend who was lounging on the chair she brought into her private studio room. Most of the art majors in the drawing or painting specialties received small studio rooms to store supplies and work when the regular studios were full with classes or too loud to concentrate. It wasn’t a large room, but it was big enough to suit her current purposes.

“I’ve told you that Lexie is totally fine with this,” Kyle replied as he rearranged the sheet that was partially covering his private parts and adding a unique coupling of line and shadow to the composition. “I took figure drawing too you know, I know how difficult it is to find people willing to pose as a nude model outside of class.”

“I just don’t want it to cause problems in your relationship. I mean, you guys have been together for a while now.” The blonde set aside her sketchbook and stepped away from her drawing horse to fiddle with the spotlight she had borrowed for her work.

“She’s cool with it,” the man replied flippantly, “In fact she thinks it’s kind of hot, wouldn’t mind coming to watch a session, maybe even a threesome if you’re into that kind of thing.”

“Kyle!”

“What? My girlfriend thinks you’re hot, even hotter when I told her you were bisexual… pansexual…”

“Undefined,” Kara corrected. She never felt that the labels humans give themselves and their own sexuality fit with her since she wasn’t really human.

“Right, that, so she was totally intrigued.” He pouted a bit when he looked up at her as she was positioning the spotlight, “I think she was more impressed by your muscles than mine.”

“If you worked out more, she might be impressed by yours too,” the blonde replied, turning on the spotlight.

Kyle blinked at the sudden increase of light to clear away the spots in his eyes. “Speaking of girlfriends, does yours mind that you’re using me as your nude model?”

“Laurel isn’t my girlfriend,” Kara corrected, returning to her sketchpad to start her warm up drawings.

“But you guys have been going out for a month.”

“We haven’t really talked about it yet,” Kara replied, “And stop moving so much, this is for my final project, the model isn’t supposed to move.”

“The model also isn’t supposed to get a stiffy, but that’s happening as we speak.”

Kara glanced up from her sketchpad and grimaced as she saw the tent forming in the draped fabric. “Kyle!”

“What? It’s cold in here, it’s a natural reaction I can’t help it.” Kara gave him an unimpressed look and he sighed, “Fine, I’ll try to make it go away. Third grade Mrs. Lewinski always does the trick.”

The blonde rolled her eyes and went back to her drawing; she sketched Kyle for half an hour, getting
enough information on the composition and value to complete the drawing later before getting him to change position for another drawing. She needed to have five full figure drawings with different instructions for each one, along with the portfolio of assignments she had completed in class. Two of the drawings had to be self-portraits, which she had already finished, but she need a full figure drawing in an environment, one depicting a particular mood, and one with an unusual viewpoint.

“So why didn’t you ask Laurel to model for you?” Kyle asked. He finally warmed up a bit from the heat of the lamp and images of Mrs. Lewinski floating through his mind instantly caused his penis to shrivel down to a manageable size.

“I told you we haven’t really reached that stage in our relationship, I mean we haven’t even labeled what we are yet.”

“But you want to,” the man pointed out.

“Of course I do, Laurel is funny, caring, beautiful, sexy, a little bit on the dangerous side, why wouldn’t I want her for a girlfriend, or want to be her girlfriend?”

“Then why don’t you talk to her about it, that way you can get her to be your model for one of these drawings. Just imagine, hot brunette lawyer, naked, laying in your bed covered only in your bedsheets; it would be hot.”

Kara gave Kyle another dry look, “Originally I was wondering why you, a guy, were talking about these things, but then I realized that you just like imaging it don’t you?”

“I can be sensitive, feminism and all that, liberating men and women from the roles that society has restricted them to!” When the blonde continued to glare at him, the man winked, “And it is hot.”

“If I promise to talk to Laurel later, would you please stop talking about it?”

“Fine fine, but we’ll have to talk about something else because it is boring just laying here when I can’t sleep.”

“Fine, what do you want to talk about?”

Kyle hummed as Kara told him to change positions again and he adjusted himself into a new pose. “Who would win in a fight, Superman or Batman?”

“Is it a fair fight or real fight?”

“Real fight.”

“Definitely Batman, no contest,” Kara replied. She had gone up against the Dark Knight a few times when she visited Kate in Gotham and despite being human, the man was strong and smart. He used all of her superpowers against her and took her down without any problem. She had been learning from both Batman and Batwoman so she was able to hold her own well enough but she knew her cousin wouldn’t stand a chance against either of them. It had been proven by Kate's string of pranks against Metropolis’ hero; she had eased up over the years but still caught him in a net of foam and spray paint just to keep him on his toes.

Kara and Kyle debated between superheroes and fictional characters, debating who would win in a fight. It was something they did each time they hung-out, but they would make it more inventive with different specifications or add more people to the mix. Three hours later, Kara finished her sketches and gave Kyle money for pizza which was the agreed payment, and left Kyle to go meet up with Laurel. She dropped her sketchbook off in her room and sped through a quick change before
rushing out in front of her building.

Laurel was waiting for her, leaning up against her bike as she waited. “Hey babe,” she greeted standing up to properly kiss the blonde.

“Hey,” Kara smiled, her eyes crinkling slightly from happiness. “Where are we headed?”

The brunette waved to the basket strapped to the back of the bike. “Picnic in the park, lucky for me the weather isn’t still pretty warm in November to be able to have an outdoor picnic.”

“One of the perks of living in southern California,” the blonde replied. Laurel smiled and handed her a helmet before slipping on one over her own head. Kara climbed on the motorcycle behind the brunette and wrapped her arms around her waist. The older girl revved the engine and Kara shivered in delight as Laurel pulled away from the curb and headed towards the park. She took a slower route to the local park so as not to disturb the picnic basket on the back and to enjoy the younger girl’s arms wrapped around her for a little longer.

Fifteen minutes later, Laurel pulled into a parking space along the road on the south side of Grant park. It was on the opposite side of the city from the one she frequented with her mother and brother, but it was larger. Her month donated the money to the city to set up a large community park though the older woman told her it was partially out of selfish reasons; she wanted the smaller park on the western side of the city to continue to be free of people so Kara could go play with the ducks whenever she wanted. The blonde was proud of her mother either way and even prouder when the city named the new park after the woman.

Kara climbed off the back of the bike and handed Laurel the helmet. The girl locked the helmets on the motorcycle, but Kara grabbed the picnic basket before the brunette could. “Did you have a location picked out or did you want me to suggest one?” Kara asked as she smirked at the pouting brunette.

Laurel shrugged and took the blonde’s free hand, “I figured we could just walk around a bit and find a place. I haven’t had a lot of time to explore the city with my caseload increasing, what freetime I do have I split between you and Sara.”

“I hope you spend more time with Sara than me,” Kara told her, tugging her towards the more shaded area of the park where the trees were still cloaked in their autumn colors.

“When she lets me, she has a pretty busy social life as you know,” the brunette replied.

“Apparently those pickup lines do work on occasion.” She found a spot under a red maple tree, and Laurel quickly took the basket from the girl and pulled out a blanket to lay on the ground.

Laurel tugged the younger girl down onto the blanket and started pulling food out of the blanket, placing most of it in front of Kara. The blonde grinned and started in on the food, listening as Laurel told her what she could about the various cases she was helping with, everything that was available to the public anyway, and what she thought about the clients.

“If you don’t like working in corporate law, why don’t you try something else like being a DA or one of those lawyers that works with nonprofits?”

“I thought about it,” she sighed, “But I want to pay off most of my law school loans. With the money I make now and the funding I got, I should be able to pay them off in a few years, not living extravagant of course. Hence why I have roommates. I might reevaluate in a few years.”

Kara cocked her head and thought about how much law school was and part of her wondered if that
was another reason Lucy was joining the army, they would pay for her schooling. “A friend of mine is going to be going to law school,” she said after a moment. “After she finishes up at West Point.”

“A friend?”


“Anymore Ex’s I should know about?” Laurel teased.

“None that are were really important,” the blonde murmured, “Just a crazy best friend and an overprotective little brother that likes to kick people in the shins.”

Laurel winced and rubbed at her legs, “Good to know for if I meet the younger brothers.”

Kara nodded but Kyle’s words from earlier drifted through her mind. “Laurel, what are we doing?”

“What do you mean?”

“I mean are we hanging out, are we dating,” Kara stressed. “We never really discussed this and we've been doing this for over a month now, I guess I would just like some clarity.”

The brunette scrutinized the blonde for a moment and Kara had to resist the impulse to squirm from her gaze. “Would you like for us to be dating, to consider what we're doing dating?” Laurel asked, “Because I do. I don't really do causal relationships much anymore.”

Kara nodded her head after a minute, “I, yeah, yeah I would like that.”

“Well then, Kara Grant,” Laurel started as she reached up to tangle her fingers in long blonde hair, bringing her face closer to capture her lips in a slow but passionate kiss. “Will you be my girlfriend?” She whispered when she broke the kiss, her lips still brushing lightly against Kara's.

“Yes.”

Chapter End Notes

I'm going to be an awful person, but I realized a few things have to happen in the next few chapters, and it sucks, but it does have to happen. I also might re-evaluate when Alex shows up. I'm still hoping for chapter 20, but it'll probably be 21. I didn't get through everything I wanted to in chapter 19 when I was writing it. And I was right, I am starting to slow down, it's the romance stuff, takes longer to think about.

We are getting there guys and I really hope it turns out to be what y'all hoped it would be!
Chapter 19

Chapter Notes

I had to read a bit at the beginning to remember what was in this chapter, but I stuck in a few OCs. Nothing major, not right away anyway. Considering that Alex Danvers is an OC for the Supergirl people, and Felicity Smoak was an OC for Arrow people before she was introduced in the comics, it's fine.

I took a few days off since Supergirl wasn't on this week and I needed some more time to work on the next chapter. I like to stay a few chapters ahead. I've already written chapter 20, and started 21. I'm zeroing in on Alex, finally, after 20 some odd chapters and close to 200 pages written, we're finally getting somewhere, but weren't we already? Philosophical thought, since Kalex wasn't primarily the main focus on the story, but rather exploring a different Kara, wouldn't you already say we've gotten somewhere?

And confession time, there's been alot of hate about straight people advocating for Karamel, so confession, I am a straight girl and I do not like that pairing at all. Mon-El could have been a fun character if they had left him as just a friend, but completely changed both his and Kara's characters by putting them together. Never get with a guy, or anyone really, that blames you for not returning their feelings, or tries to be a better person only for you. I've been there, it's too much responsibility. If someone wants to change, they have to do it for themselves, not a significant other.

Okay, that being done, I am straight, but I like a variety of different pairings. I see the potential for chemistry basically. I obviously ship SuperLane and Kalex, as well as Supercorp, Supercat and Supercanary. I've also been persuaded to explore Kara and Laurel in a relationship outside this story (someone name that... Blacksuper? SuperBlack? Anyone). I also totally dig SuperFlash, Kara and Barry would be adorable together. And I really love the grungy, totally badass king of the sea vibe that Jason Momoa Aquaman is giving off and I would so ship that, definitely. There has also been some really good SuperArrow stories here recently, excellent job for them, and then of course Supergirl and Wonder Woman would be fun, or even Supergirl and Batwoman. Anyone who deserves Kara basically (though Kara and Khal Drogoesque Aquaman would be sexy as hell, plz someone right this for me plz!)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“I'm worried about Lex,” Lena murmured to Kara as the two girls were laying on the blonde's bed. They were staying in Kara's dorm room over the summer while Lena was visiting because Cat was remodeling the penthouse apartment. Cat and Carter were staying at the woman's newly acquired beach house that was about thirty minutes outside the city up the coast, since Cat had decided to buy out the entire top floor of her building and remodel everything. Kara would've stayed with them but she got a part time job at a coffee shop near CatCo headquarters. Noonan’s was frequented by her mother's employees and it was amusing for her to listen to them complaining about Cat's demanding behavior.
Kara turned to look at her friend and took in the slight strain in the muscles around her eyes. “What’s wrong with Lex?”

Lena snorted, “What isn’t wrong with Lex, but he’s been acting more unhinged that normal. I see him more now since we’re on the same side of the country but… The way he’s behaving, the stuff he’s saying, it makes me nervous, frightened.”

“Is it the anti-Superman stuff?”

“It’s not just that, it’s all aliens. He accuses Superman of being a god to pave the way for alien invaders to take over or enslave us all.”

Kara snorted and rolled her eyes, “Clark is a jerks and an insensitive ass, but he’s too much of a boy-scout to even think about enslaving humans. He grew up here; just because he identifies as a Kryptonian doesn't make him one, he's more human than alien really.”

“Tell my family that, bunch of xenophobic racists,” Lena grumbled. She grabbed Kara's pillow and put it over her face, letting out a scream into the soft feather down. “I'm just afraid that he's going to do something crazy.”

“From what you've told me about Lex, there's a high chance that he will and there won't be anything that you can do to deter him,” Kara said, rubbing her friend's back. “You just have to be prepared to pick up the pieces as best as you can when the dust settles.”

“Yeah,” Lena murmured sadly. She sunk back into the sheets and buried her face under Kara's pillow, hiding from the world.

“Nope, come on, you can’t hide under there, you’ve got to go to camp today.” Kara said, poking her friend under the blanket. “You've got to start orientation to train to be one of the counselors.”

“I don’t want to.” Lena’s voice was muffled by the fabric of the pillow, but her words were still clear. Using some of her super strength, Kara hopped out of the bed and lifted it so that Lena had to grab hold of the sides in order to not fall out. “Kara! Put me down!”

“Come on Lena, you’ve been looking forward to working at this summer camp for months,” the blonde said, slowly setting the bed back down. “You went to this camp as a teenager, now it’s your turn to teach and take care of budding little science enthusiasts just like you.”

“Yeah…” The brunette sighed.

“And you know the directors were falling all over themselves to get someone who attended MIT as one of their counselors and instructors.”

Lena grinned, “That is true. Plus if I don’t go, then I’ll have to continue staying here with you and it’s not as much fun now since you don’t float when you sleep. Plus your boobs get in the way, all wiggly and bulky.

“You’re not a delight to share a bed with either,” Kara rolled her eyes, “And I thought you like boobs?”

“I do, just not yours, it’d be like liking my sister’s boobs.” A disgusted look crossed Lena’s face, “Plus they’re too big, I don’t like boobs that big. Prefer something that’s a nice handful that I can grab when I’m-”

“Okay, you can stop, I get the idea, I don’t need to hear about what you’ve been getting up to at MIT
outside your robot stuff,” Kara said, her face scrunched up in disgust. “I also didn’t need that image in my head, but it’s there, and now it won’t go away, so thank you for that.”

“You need to get at least some action Kara, so there’s a cheap thrill,” Lena winked, pulling herself out of the bed. She stripped off her clothes and strolled around the room looking for some clean underwear, a shirt and pants. Kara was used to the brunette walking around naked as she changed her clothes so she just rolled her eyes and continued getting ready for her shift at Noonan’s.

“Why did your mom decide to remodel her penthouse now?” Lena asked.

Kara glanced over at her friend, and was relieved to find that the girl was mostly dressed though still missing her shorts. “I think she realized that I was going into my junior year, graduating in two years, so I imagine she wants me to move back in after I graduate. She sold the apartment she bought a few floors down, and told me she’s going to be adding a small in-home gym and increasing the size of my room.”

“And you don’t want to live at home when you graduate in two years?”

The blonde shrugged, “I mean, I wouldn’t mind, but I would feel really bad. Mom has just starting dating seriously again, and if both Carter and I were living there, she would stop and go back to her drinking, you know how much I hate her drinking habits.”

“Miss Grant could out drink a sailor if she wanted,” Lena agreed as she finished packing her bag. “But I get it. You love your family but you want your own space and you want your mom to get to the point where she isn't worrying about you anymore.”

“I'm pretty sure she'll always worry, but yes. She deserves a life too. And Carter could come stay with me every now and then to give her a break when he isn't visiting his dad, though that doesn't happen often these days.”

“His dad an ass?”

Kara shrugged, “Sort of, I imagine it's a little awkward for Carter to have his dad dating someone only a few years older than his sister.”

Lena winced, “Ouch, midlife crisis. Men are stupid, hence the reason I will never date men.”

“Alright, I'm done with this conversation, do you want to take my truck to camp with you?”

“Don't you need it?” Kara just gave her friend a look and Lena nodded, “Right, I almost forgot, super speed, flight, endless stamina, why do you even have a car?”

“We've talked about this before, cover and so I can haul things around.”

“Whatever, give me the keys,” Lena ordered. “Maybe you can get your girlfriend to give you a lift to work every now and then.”

“With the schedule she keeps at her law firm, not a chance.”

“Speaking of lawyers, have you heard from Lucy recently?” Lena asked as she and Kara walked out of the room together.

“She’s interning at the JAG ethics office this summer since she's currently in law school. Only two years left for her since she graduated early last year and went through bootcamp last summer.”
“I bet she's glad she managed to graduate from West Point early in order to start law school right away.”

“She's plowing her way through school that's for sure, I wouldn't be surprised if she climbs the ranks in the military just as quickly, especially since she'll have a degree from West Point and a law degree from Harvard.”

Lena gave her friend a curious look, “And you're definitely not going to date her again?”

Kara sighed, “No Lena. Lucy will always be my first love and have a special place in my heart, but we're different people now. We're better off as friends.”

The brunette shrugged, “Well, as long as you're sure.” She stopped next to the blonde's truck and gave her friend a big hug, as strong as she could manage, “Bye Kar, I'll see you in a few weeks when I bring your truck back before I head back to school.”

“Bye Lena, have fun, don't traumatized any of the kids,” Kara replied, a small grin on her face.

“Yeah yeah,” the other girl rolled her eyes. “Oh wait, I forgot.” She shifted around in her bag before she pulled out a small box and handed it to her friend, “It's your birthday present, it's early but since I'll be at camp. I worked on it in the science labs at school.”

Kara opened the box and found a small container of bright blue pigment. “It's a new paint pigment,” Lena said, “I made it for you. I might market it in the future but as of now you're the only one with this color. You can use it to make tempera paint, frescoes, oil paint—”

She was caught off by a pair of arms wrapping her in a superhero strength hug. “Thank you Lena,” Kara said, pulling away when she heard Lena’s bones creak, “This is the nicest thing anyway has done for me, you know other than Cat adopting me, you befriending me, Lucy and now Laurel agreeing to date me.”

“Alright alright, I get it, but I better get a painting with this color once you figure out how to use it.”

The alien released her friend and waved her away before jogging to catch the bus to Noonan’s. She could've used a tiny bit of super speed and gotten to Noonan’s in time for her shift since she and Lena talked too long for her to just walk there. She wasn't completely comfortable using her powers where she could possible be seen, not without the safety of an alternate identity so she took the bus.

She got to the shop with a few minutes to spare and quickly grabbed her apron off the rack before taking her spot behind the register. The manager realized early on after she was hired that Kara was the best person to put behind the register since she was friendly and could take and fill orders quickly, something that was valued in the business district.

Kara settled into her routine, noticing a few regulars in line and already marking their cups for when they finally ordered. Her near perfect memory was a huge asset in this job and it broke up the normal monotony of her everyday schedule. Her mother didn't understand her desire to work at a coffee shop, particularly this coffee shop, but she respected them anyway.

The breakfast rush was starting to die down when her mother's assistant of the week raced through the door looking a bit haggard and rundown. The CEO’s assistant rotated out pretty regularly with either Cat firing them or Kara talking her into giving them a different job at CatCo. This was another reason she took this job, she could get a feel of her mother's employees and make her life easier in the process. Her current assistant, Marnie, was a late 20s brunette that was having trouble in her personal life, dealing with an asshole ex-husband and having to face life as a newly single mother.
Kara liked the woman and hoped that Cat would move her to a different department rather than just fire her when she grew irritated with the frazzled woman.

“Hi Kara,” Marnie greeted, a relieved expression on her face.

“Hey Marnie, are you here for Miss Grant's latte?” Kara asked, already filling out the information on the cup.

“Yes please,” she stated, “She was in top form this morning and I'm hoping the extra caffeine will calm her down.”

None of Cat's employees knew who she was because the older woman fought hard to keep her private life separate from her public life in order to protect both Kara and Carter. The girl knew that it was more to protect her though, to protect her status as an alien refugee. If the employees that did come into the coffee shop knew who she really was Kara knew that they would never feel comfortable around her. Kara left Marnie standing at the counter and quickly started on her mother's latte before filling Marnie's usual order.

The frazzled brunette gave her a grateful smile and Kara waved her off with a large grin. A few more hours passed and the lunch rush was starting. Kara looked up in surprise when she heard her girlfriend's heartbeat close to the café and a wide smile crossed her face when she saw the brunette saunter in through the door. She was accompanied by a few men around her age, all wearing business suits. The men all sat down at a table while Laurel came up to the counter.

“Hey babe,” Laurel greeted, leaning on the counter.

“Hey, what are you doing here today?” Kara asked. She glanced towards the guys she came with and saw them all looking over at them. “Office lunch?”

Laurel rolled her eyes, “That bunch hasn't left me alone since I told them that I had the hottest girlfriend in National City. I managed to put them off for months but they found out you worked here and insisted on coming to see if it was true or not.”

“The hottest girlfriend in National City? Really?” The blonde murmured, amusement lacing her voice.

“Oh definitely,” the older girl winked, “Now I know it's getting busy but do you think you can take a small break?”

Kara glanced around for her manager and when she spotted him, he waved her away and she took her apron off. “I can take a few minutes,” she said, grabbing some juice and two of the sticky buns out of the case.

“I don't know how you eat the way you do and look the way you do,” Laurel sighed, pressing a quick kiss against the blonde's lips as soon as she walked around the counter.

“I workout,” Kara smiled, lacing her fingers with Laurel's as they walked over to the table with the older girl's co-workers. It was partially true, she did workout doing crunches and push-ups in her room using the small red sun lamp that Bruce built for her, but also running and flying up and down the California coastline in the dead of night when she couldn't sleep burned a lot of calories.

“I'm not complaining, but I definitely want to see more of this workout toned body.” Laurel's eyes raked over Kara's form and the blonde felt herself let out an involuntary shiver at her dark gaze. She'd have to think about that later, now was definitely not a good time to think about it.
“Are you going to introduce us to your lady friend Lance?” One of the men at the table asked and Kara looked around the table to identify the one who spoke. There were three of them sitting around the table, two brunettes and a dirty blond, though one had dark, almost black hair. All of them had their hair cut at a fashionable length and had it slicked back away from their faces. It was the one with dirty blond hair that spoke; his hazel eyes were assessing her with a jealous gaze while the other two simply look at her with curiosity.

“If you give me a minute James, I would've introduced her,” Laurel said, rolling her eyes. “Kara, these are my fellow associates, James Worthington,” she point to the dirty blonde man, “Derek Shepherd,” the dark haired man with dark blue eyes nodded his head, “And Seth Cole.” The last man had light brown eyes, glasses, and a darker skin tone. He gave a friendly wave when he was introduced and Kara returned it with a bright smile. “Guys this is my girlfriend Kara,” Laurel finished, smiling at the honey blonde.

“So you're the one that caught dear Laurel's attention,” Seth grinned.

Laurel grabbed an extra chair from a nearby table and pulled it over next to the empty chair at the table, motioning for Kara to sit down as she took her seat. “I guess so,” the blonde replied, starting in on her sticky buns, “I'm friends with Laurel's sister, she introduced us.”

“How old are you?” James asked, studying her a bit as she demolished her first sticky bun.

“I turn 20 in a few days,” she replied, glancing at the man warily.

Derek hummed a bit, “So still in school then, what are you majoring in?”

“Double major with art and marketing, and a minor in journalism,” the blonde replied. “I went to a magnet school so I was able to get a few credits before starting college.” They talked for a few more minutes while Kara ate her sticky buns and drank her juice. Her break was up and she stood to return to the counter with Laurel following after her.

“I don't think James likes me,” Kara murmured, glancing discreetly back at the man.

“He's just being weird,” Laurel said dismissively. “His family is supremely wealthy, his father is a former congressman and James is on the same track to follow in his footsteps. He tends to come off as a little snobby, and can be a little judgmental but he's very nice once you get to know him.”

Kara's brow furrowed at Laurel's words. The older girl didn't state it outright, but her tone when she said the word *judgmental* was heavy; judgmental about people he deemed lesser than him? Working class people, gays, lesbians, aliens, anyone outside the norm? She didn't know how she felt about someone like that having aspirations for a seat in the governing body, having a say in making the laws of the country, but she pushed it away for now. That's another thing she'd have to think over later, but for now a part of her was glad that she never told Laurel who her mother was. She didn't need people like James Worthington leering at her. They could judge her and look down on her with distaste but she didn't think she could handle the lustful, calculating looks.

“Oh, I nearly forgot,” Laurel's voice broke Kara out of her thoughts and she refocused back on her girlfriend. “The bosses told us that one of the companies they represent, Lord Technologies, will be throwing a gala in a few weeks as a grand opening for their new building in National City, all of the associates have to attend and I was wondering if you would be my plus one?”

“I'd love to,” Kara smiled, shooing Laurel back to her table.

Kara finished her shift at Noonan’s a few hours later and headed back to her dorm room, calling her...
mother’s cellphone as she walked.

“Is something wrong?” Cat asked as soon as she answered the phone.

“Sort of,” Kara replied, dodging around tourists ambling down the sidewalk.

“Did any of my employees say anything to you during your shift? I will find a reason to fire them…”

“Mom, calm down, they didn’t do anything, remember that gala for Lord Technologies you told me about?”

“Yes, Maxwell Lord gave me an invitation personally while propositioning me, the prick.”

Kara stifled down a giggle, “Right, well, apparently Laurel’s law firm represents Lord technologies, or a subsidiary of it, and all of the associates have been tasked with attending the gala along with the partners. She invited me along as her plus one, but I don’t know how to act at these things or have anything to wear.”

“Mhm, oh yes, this lawyer that you’re dating, what is it with you and lawyers?”

“Mom…”

“Nevermind, at least with this gala I’ll have a chance to meet this woman you’re dating.”

“Mom!”

“I won’t tell her who I am of course, I know you like your privacy. See if you can get this weekend off and we’ll fly to Metropolis and we’ll both get dresses. I know a few designers that owe me a favor—”

“Mom, I don’t need a designer dress, I just need a dress, nothing fancy.”

Cat sighed through the phone, “Have a bit more faith in me than that Kara. The designers I have in mind aren’t well known but very good. I’m sure they’ll be able to find something in their collection for you, something tasteful but elegant.”

“Alright Mom, if you’re sure.”

“I’m sure.”

“Tasteful but elegant,” Kara mused as she stared at herself in the mirror. “Well, at least it isn’t complicated.” The evening dress her mother picked out for her was a dark blue that shimmered in the light. It was an ankle length dress with a slit all the way up her thigh on the left side. A single strap wrapped over her right shoulder, holding the dress on her body. It was a simple design, nothing fancy as Cat promised, but still beautiful. Her advanced hearing picked up the sound of Laurel’s car, an older corvette, approaching the building and she grabbed the matching clutch and left her room.

The brunette was pulling up to the curb when Kara left her building and Laurel climbed out of her car, her dark eyes wandering up and down the blonde’s frame. “You look amazing,” she breathed, holding her hand out for the blonde.
Kara blushed and allowed her own eyes to take in Laurel’s dress, pausing momentarily at her bare collarbone and the two slits on either side of the dress. Her mouth was suddenly as dry as the Sahara and Kara wondered if she would end up swallowing sand if she opened her mouth. “Thanks,” she finally croaked, “You look, you look amazing too. Black is definitely your color.”

Laurel smirked, “I do have an affinity for the color, now come, we must get to the gala before the pesky paparazzi show up. I heard some important people would be attending the event, celebrities, politicians, businessmen, Lord knows how to throw a gala.”

The blonde just hummed and climbed into the car, thinking about what her mother had told her about the man. He was young and intelligent, but very wary of aliens. He wasn’t as open with his anti-alien rhetoric as Lex Luthor, but it was still present in his interviews and the technology he developed. Laurel pulled around to the gala venue and handed the keys to the valet for parking and escorted Kara into the building. It was still early so the paparazzi weren’t gathered yet, still getting ready for later in the evening when the A-listers would be streaming for the event. Kara had spent the past few years avoiding the paparazzi so it was a little unnerving to walk right in front of them.

When they walked into the gala, Laurel instantly spotted her co-workers and made her way over to them, tugging Kara along after her. “James, Derek, Seth, you guys clean up nicely,” Laurel greeted. “Not as nicely as you do Lance,” Seth said, nodding at both women appreciatively, “But I don’t think I could pull off a dress as nicely as your date does.”

“Mhm, we do look amazing don’t we,” Laurel laughed, wrapping an arm around Kara’s waist and bringing the young girl in closer to her side. The four made small talk and shop talk while Kara glanced around the room, half paying attention to the lawyers’ conversation. Her x-ray vision kicked in and she looked through the skeleton of Maxwell Lord’s new building. She could see offices, break rooms, and janitor closets but she encountered large amounts of lead in the walls surrounding what she assumed were the labs. The lead was only faint though, if she concentrated hard enough she could see through it but it always gave her a headache after. She blinked her eyes and her vision returned to the room. More people had come in the room, and it looked like the gala was nearly in full swing. Neither her mother or their host had appeared yet which didn’t surprise the blonde. Her mother did like appearing fashionably late when she didn’t need to get the scoop, Kara already spotted a few CatCo reporters mingling among the crowd, and everything her mother told her about Lord led her to believe he liked to make an entrance.

“I think our host is about to make appearance,” Derek said, nodding towards the entrance. Kara turned and her eyes widened slightly at the sight of Maxwell Lord striding into the gala with her mother on his arm.

“Is that Cat Grant?” Seth asked, taking in the shorter blonde woman, “The Queen of all Media, wonder how long those two have been dating?”

Kara would have wondered that as well if she didn't know her mother as well as she did. She took in the slightly stiff posture, the forced smiles and tense look in her eyes. Lord probably ambushed her as soon as she arrived at the gala and to avoid making a scene in front of the cameras, Cat went along with the charade. Kara knew that she couldn't stand the pompous posturing of the CEO, and his anti-alien stance.

“Welcome everyone,” Lord started, gesturing around with one hand, “To Lord Technologies new headquarters here in National City. I’m hoping to be able to change the face of technology here in this city, change the future, the world, make it a better place for people to live together peacefully.”

As the man talked, Kara studied her mother. The woman had de-tangled her arm from Lord's before
he started his speech and was slowly making her way through the crowd. Ever the reporter, she was making small talk with the various CEOs, celebrities, and rival media representatives all the while fishing for information without letting them know that's what she was doing.

“What do you think about Lord's speech?” Laurel asked and Kara snapped back into focus.

“He seems like he wants to make a difference but we'll have to see where his loyalties truly are,” the blonde replied, “Making the world a better place for everyone or continuing to pander to fear of those that are different in order to make money.”

James scoffed, “You're talking about those alien freaks aren't you? Why shouldn't Lord take a stand against them, it's about time someone does. This is our world, we were here first.”

“Some might say the same thing about America and the Native Americans,” Kara returned.

“Alright, why don’t we go mingle,” Laurel suggested, leading her girlfriend away.

“Sorry,” Kara sighed, “I just, I really don’t like him.”

“He does take a bit to get used to,” the brunette agreed, “But he’ll grow on you after awhile.” The blonde gave a non-committed hum and refocused on the gala. She remembered everything her biological mother and her adoptive mother had taught her about mingling in a group of strangers at events such as these and worked the room, giving half smiles and making polite small talk.

“Kara, Cat Grant is coming this way!” Her girlfriend hissed and Kara’s spine stiffened and a flood of panic filled her body. “I watched her talk show every day, she’s amazing. I had hoped when I moved down here that I would get to meet her but I didn’t think I actually would.” Laurel was nearly vibrating in excitement and Kara caught sight of the mischievous look in mother’s eyes.

Cat paused momentarily in her steps and assessed the woman her daughter was dating, and smirked slightly at the awestruck look on the young woman’s face. “Miss Grant,” Laurel greeted, “I just, I have to say it is an honor to meet you, I’m a big fan, you inspired me to go to law school.”

“Mhm, I’m glad I was able to serve as an inspiration for strong, future women leaders,” the woman replied, “Who might you be?”

“Oh right, forgive me, I’m Laurel Lance, one of the associates at Harper, Boyle and Carding. This is my girlfriend, Kara Grant,” Laurel introduced.

“Oh yes, Harper, Boyle and Carding, they’ve approached me a few times about representing CatCo or myself in various matters,” Cat commented, pretending that she had never met the blonde girl before. “Of course I have in house lawyers for CatCo matters, being a media company means that it is cheaper to have one on retainer, and I have a personal lawyer for all private matters.”

“Can’t fault the partners for trying,” Laurel chuckled.

“Yes,” Cat smiled faintly, “Now don’t let me keep you. You have a beautiful date, and it would be a shame not to have at least one dance together.” The younger women glanced over to the center of the large room and saw that several of the guests had started dancing to the live music played by the musicians Lord hired for the event. Laurel’s fellow associates were among those dancing, as well as the host himself, chatting up a young, blonde reporter.

“Excellent advice Miss Grant,” the lawyer replied and took Kara’s hand, leading her to an open space on the makeshift dance floor. Kara glanced back at her mother and saw the older woman nod slightly in approval. She gave her a wide smile before turning her attention back to her date. Laurel
spun the younger woman onto the floor before pulling her close, her hands running up and down the blonde’s ribcage. “You know you really look beautiful tonight,” Laurel murmured, “When I saw you waiting for me as I pulled up, I wondered if we would actually make it to the gala tonight.”

Kara felt her skin grow warm and pulled Laurel closer to her, one hand on her waist, the other tangled in soft brown hair. “I probably wouldn’t have minded,” she breathed, “But then I wouldn’t have gotten to show up here on your arm.”

“Mhm, yes it was nice to show off how beautiful and amazing you are. The partners were very impressed by you, and I am continuously amazed by how extraordinary you are.”

“You’re extraordinary too Laurel, this was your venue and I was just added adornment to make you look even better.”

“There is nothing about you that could ever be just an adornment,” Laurel murmured, her eyes dark. Kara shivered again from the older woman’s heated stare but did not shy away like she has done in the past, she returned it with fervor, letting her own want and need reflect in her eyes.

“How long do you have to stay here?” Kara asked, her mind committing to something both her body and heart wanted.

Laurel’s breath caught in her throat, “We can leave now if you want.”

“I do,” the blonde murmured, leaning closer to her girlfriend. “Take me back to my room.”

“What about your roommates?”

“Megan went back to Gotham to see a few friends, and Sara is doing the same. I have the suite all to myself.”

“That makes it even better,” Laurel purred, “Let’s get out of here.” The brunette took Kara’s hand and tugged her out of the ballroom. Kara saw her mother send her a measuring look as she left the gala with her girlfriend, and she blushed, ducking her head to avoid the older woman’s gaze.

The valet brought around Laurel’s car immediately, and the woman broke several traffic laws heading back to Kara’s dorm room. The tension continued to build between them, especially with Kara’s hand brushing up and down Laurel’s exposed thigh. The brunette growled and pulled her car into the guest parking for Kara’s dorm. Grabbing hold of Kara’s wandering fingers, Laurel turned and tugged the blonde towards her, pressing their lips together in a bruising kiss. “Your fingers are dangerous,” she breathed when they broke apart, both breathing heavily.

“Let’s head up to my room and see how dangerous I can be,” Kara returned. She could tell her pupils were blown out as arousal and lust rushed through her body.

The two stumbled a bit in their haste to get to Kara’s room. The blonde fumbled a bit as she took the keys out of her clutch with Laurel pressed against her back, trailing feather light kisses up and down her neck. “You’re the one who’s dangerous,” Kara moaned as she finally managed to unlock her door and enter her room. She whisked around and pressed Laurel against the back of the door, pulling her in for a hot, wet kiss. She devoured the older girl’s mouth, tangling her tongue with her own.

Pulling the woman back towards her bed, Kara flicked on the red sun lamp as she went, instantly feeling her super strength leaching from her body. “Are you sure about this?” Laurel asked, her fingers tracing along the edges of Kara’s dress. “I know this, this will be your first time. Are you sure you don’t want something more, wine, flowers, candles…”
“All I need to make this special is being with someone I care about, someone I love,” Kara murmured, her lips grazing over the shell of Laurel’s ear.

“I love you too Kara,” Laurel breathed as she slowly slipped the dress from Kara’s body. Her hands found bare skin, pulling a moan from her blonde girlfriend. Kara’s own hands tugged on the brunette’s dress, loosening the tape holding it up, causing it to drop to the ground. Kicking off their heels, they both fell back on Kara’s bed, instantly coming together in a tangled mess of passion, limbs, and wet heat.

With the red sun lamp glowing in the darkened room, Kara had the stamina and strength of an average human. Sweat drenched her body as she shook with arousal and pleasure, moans and cries escaping her lips as Laurel touched her in places no one else had, causing her to reach heights she never dreamed of, even with her ability of flight. When her mind and body came back to her, Kara flipped the brunette over and tried her hardest to bring pleasure to her attentive lover. The older girl turned out to be a screamer, and Kara had to press their lips together and swallow the screams to keep someone from alerting campus security.

They explored each other with their hands and lips, pulling breathy cries and moans from each other before collapsing in an exhausted, sweaty heap on the bed, instantly dropping off into sleep. The next morning they woke in a tangle of limbs, Laurel still splayed on top of the younger girl, pinning her to the bed. A shiver of pleasure rolled through her body as she felt the press of bare skin against her body and opened her eyes, finding blue eyes staring at her with a beautiful mixture of adoration and need present in the gaze. Laurel could tell that the sheets were still sticky and stiff from sweat and fluid but pushed it aside to focus on her girlfriend.

She propped herself up over the younger girl, placing a hand on either side of her golden blonde head. “So,” Laurel started, leaning down to brush her nose against Kara’s. “Was it what you imagined?”

“No,” Kara whispered, causing the older girl to halt in her actions. “It was better. I didn’t think that I could ever feel like that, so out of control, so free.”

“Mhm, you do know how to flatter a girl don’t you?” Laurel asked, a laugh present in her voice. “Why don’t we see about causing you to lose control again?” Her lips found the side of Kara’s throat, nipping and biting at the skin, pulling a gasp and moan from the blonde.

“I have heard that sex is good for you,” Kara gasped out as Laurel continued to move lower, caressing her breasts with her lips.

“Well then,” Laurel continued, pressing wet, open mouthed kisses against toned abs, “We best continue then, for our health after all.”

“Don’t let me stop you,” Kara breathed out, her mind already shutting down as pleasure overrode her senses.

Laurel grinned and continued her trek downward, wondering in the back of her mind how she managed to deserve someone as special as the blonde.

Chapter End Notes

I had a slightly different ending, but Booktigger requested the morning after and I
agreed. Writing sex scenes, explicit ones, usually make me laugh because sex is kind of funny really, and messy, very messy. I usually stick to these suggestive things that you can complete with your own mind and then if can be as hot as you want it to.

... Did I have Max Lord in this... I think I did... Ew... Oh well
So, the episode. I was like super stoked that Kara ditched Mon-El, I mean he deliberately lied to her and probably wasn't going to tell her who he actually was, plus his guard killed a Kryptonian that was either a member of the house of El or at least affiliated with them because of the symbol on his arm. And a little friction between Maggie and Alex is good, set a character up with a perfect romance too early and it basically ruins the show. Is anyone else dying for some Maggie/Kara bonding moments on the show? Anything really. Maggie is rarely on, and when she is, she's kind of attached to Alex and I'm like okay, but need some sister time and then bonding with girlfriend's sister time.

Okay, anyway, moving on, to the musical episode! So nice to see that they really only utilized the people who could sing, except for Chyler, girl can sing, she's done it before, J'onnn served no purpose in this episode other than Alex wouldn't let her little sister get back with that douchebag!! ARGH! Other frustrations, five songs does not a musical episode make, and while Melissa and Grant's song together was hilarious and totally awesome, it was just one song, and not fair. You've got several Glee alums, and Jeremy Jordan was on broadway, so really. Sigh... And then Kara got back with Mon-El, which just sucks. Even critics have started picking up how awful it is. Compared to Kara and Lena's chemistry on scene, or Kara and Cat's last season, it's just bad. And not even taking those others as potential love interests, but just as relationships, they're stronger in the long run.

But Katie got confirmed as a regular for next season, so they're listening, sort of, yaassss!! And Stein and West played gay Dads together on the musical episode and it was the best part of the episode other than Barry and Kara and how cute they are together as superbesties. I would take Superflash over Karamel any day.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It was towards the end of her fall semester when the blonde’s seemingly perfect world fractured. She and Laurel had settled well in the new aspect of their relationship, something that she got a lot of teasing from Sara and Lena, and her mother making sure that she was using protection. It was more embarrassing than when Cat gave her the puberty talk and what would be happening to her body. The younger blonde was blushing for a week and utterly mortified by the conversation, both conversations.

Kara’s phone lit up and let out a loud shrill, startling the dozing Kryptonian up out of bed. She assumed it was only muscle memory that kept her from breaking anything as she fumbled around for the device before grabbing it off the nightstand and answering it. “Hello,” she mumbled, her face still pressed into her pillow.

“Kara?” Lena’s voice came through the phone, fear and terror lacing her tone.
“Lena?” Kara said, scrubbing at her face. “What's wrong?”

“Have you seen the news?”

The blonde’s brow furrowed as she heard the sob building in her best friend’s voice and she scrambled for the remote on her bedside table. She clicked the TV on and turned the channel to the news and sat back down on her bed in shock. Plastered across the screen were images of Lex Luthor in a suit of armor battling Superman, with captions that read ‘Luthor wages war against Superman, causing earthquake in Metropolis. Death toll rising.’ “Oh Lena,” Kara breathed, watching in horror as the broadcast continued.

“He did it, he really did it this time,” Lena sobbed, the sound breaking Kara’s heart.

“Lena, what-”

“He finally went nuts! His hatred of aliens, his fear, his jealousy, he finally did it and ended up taking out a huge population of Metropolis at the same time,” Lena yelled.

“Superman will stop him Lena, he won’t be able to hurt anyone else.”

“I’m afraid for Lex though,” the brunette replied, “He’s done horrible things but he was the only one in the family that was nice to me, that welcomed me. He’s not, he’s not right in the head. He’ll justify the deaths of all those people by saying it was a necessary evil if he could get rid of Superman.”

“You don’t believe him do you?” Kara questioned. “That Superman is evil and that aliens don’t belong in this world?”

“My best friend is an alien you dope! And Superman is an ass, but you have to understand, no matter what Lex has done, he’s still my brother.”

“I understand Lena, I do, but what he’s done-”

“I know, I know!” Lena gasped out, “What am I going to do? The Luthor name was already suspect but now…”

“Lena…”

“And you, he went after your cousin! Your only blood relative left, despite the fact he’s an ass, how can you even still be friends with me? A Luthor… I have to go.”

“Wait Lena!” Kara yelled into the phone but Lena had already clicked off, “Lena!” She groaned when she realized that the other girl had hung up the phone and called her right back. The call went straight to voicemail so Kara called a few more times. “Crap,” the blonde muttered, dialing her mother. “Mom!”

“Have you seen the news?” Cat’s voice came, her tone worried.

“Lena just called me,” Kara answered, “She was really upset and then hung up on me. I’m not quite sure what happened, but it seemed like she questioned whether we could be friends anymore and hung up, what’s going on in Metropolis?”

“It’s a mess as far as I can tell, though I just got contact back with the CatCo office in Metropolis an hour ago so I’m still getting information. I got a hold of Lane, and she was in Gotham working on a story when Luthor triggered the earthquake device to draw out Superman so she’s fine, but pissed
that she’s stuck in Gotham since travel to Metropolis has been restricted.”

“Has Lex been captured?”

“My sources tell me that Lex Luthor has been captured by Superman and the armor he was wearing has been destroyed.”

“And Kal?”

“He’s fine, a little beat up but fine. Metropolis is a bit of a mess right now though, the death toll from the earthquake keeps rising, in the hundreds now.”

“What caused the earthquake?”

“No reports on that yet but apparently it was some sort of device. It didn’t seem like a real earthquake, but something manufactured, like something aimed to topple buildings.”

Kara groaned, rubbing at her face, “This is a mess… I need to talk to Lena, I need to see her, she’s ignoring my calls so I can’t just call her.”

Cat was silent on the other end of the phone for a few minutes before speaking, “You finish up in a week, I know that you were going to spend break at home with Carter and I, but why don’t you get the time off from the coffee shop and go see Kate? Lena will probably be staying at the Luthor home in Gotham. After everything that has happened, she probably won’t stay at school over the break, but probably won’t go to Metropolis.”

“Are you sure?” Kara asked, biting her lip, “Oh, what about your mother?”

The older woman scoffed, “You watched the Wizard of Oz, it takes a bucket of water to get rid of the wicked witch. She’s in Star City on some kind of book tour, and yes I’m sure. Lena is your best friend, when this sets in, she’ll need you.”

“Thanks Mom, I’ll have to explain this to Laurel though,” Kara groaned, “We were going to spend New Years together, but if I’m going to be in Gotham all break then…”

“I’m sure your lawyer girlfriend will understand. Something you’ll understand later in life Kara, but lovers aren’t a necessary for life, friends are. Best friends are hard to come by, never sacrifice your friends for a relationship.”

“More words of wisdom from Cat Grant?” Kara teased weakly.

“I know, I should write another book.” They continued to talk for a few minutes before hanging up with her mother promising that she would keep her informed of anything as soon as she learned it, her branches in Metropolis and Gotham working overtime to keep up with the story. Classes for the day were canceled so that students could follow the story and contact any family members they might have in Metropolis. Kara’s attention never strayed from the screen, not even when Megan and Sara wandered into the room to watch the news as well.

“Isn’t that your friend Lena’s brother?” Megan asked, looking at the blonde in concern.

Kara nodded her head absently and the two roommates glanced at each other worryedly. “Is Lena alright Kara?” Sara questioned, sitting next to Kara on her bed.

“She called me but she hung up before I could really talk to her and now she won’t answer my calls,” Kara replied, tearing her eyes from the screen. “Mom suggested I fly to Gotham during break
since Lena will most likely be staying there during Christmas.”

“You sure it’ll be safe?” Megan asked, “Metropolis isn’t exactly far from Gotham.”

“Mom said Gotham was untouched, it was a man-made earthquake designed to rattle and topple buildings. Lex wasn’t looking to hurt anyone outside of Gotham, at least not yet. His main goal was to destroy Superman, no matter who he hurt.” Kara scrubbed at her face, “I can’t even imagine what Lena is feeling now. She knew that Lex was heading down a dark path but he wouldn’t listen, she couldn’t get him to turn from it.”

“Then you have to go,” Sara said, “I know that you and my sister had plans for over winter break, but she’ll understand, your best friend need you.”

“Thanks Sara,” Kara smiled, picking up her phone to send a text to Laurel, letting her know that she would have to cancel their plans over break and that Lena needed her. The brunette sent a response back, letting her know that it was okay she had to work on an upcoming case anyway.

Kara continued to try reaching Lena throughout the next week, each time being sent to straight to voicemail or having the other girl answer only to hangup a short time later. It took everything in her to not fly straight to MIT or Gotham herself and shake some sense into the the other girl. She let out a sigh of relief when she left her final critique and rushed back to her room to grab the bags she had packed earlier in the day. Leaving a note for Sara and Megan, Kara dashed out of the room and saw one of her mother’s less obvious town cars waiting for her outside the dorm.

“Hi Mark,” Kara greeted the driver when she tossed her bags into the backseat before climbing in, “Were you waiting long?”

“Not at all Miss Grant,” the man replied, a smile on his face. He loved driving around the elder of Cat’s children. Kara was always bright and bubbly when he saw her, and a general delight to greet. “My wife wanted me to tell you that she appreciated the painting you made her while she was in the hospital. The added color and beauty in the room definitely helped with her recovery.”

“Well I figured a painting of the Rockies would help encourage her to get better and get back out there,” the blonde smiled, “A broken leg shouldn’t keep her from mountain climbing all she wants.”

“She’s already back out on the trails in her cast and as soon as the doctor cuts it off and gives her the okay, she’ll be back to climbing mountains,” Mark chuckled. “The painting has taken pride of place in the living room where everyone can look at it, thank you Miss Grant.”

Kara blinked and nodded, “It’s no problem, and how many times do I have to tell you it’s Kara.”

“Probably a few more times,” he replied.

The blonde fidgeted a bit on the way to the airport, worried about how Lena would be when she finally got to Gotham. Kate had sent her a text the night before, confirming that she would be at the airport to pick her up and that her sources said that Lena was at the Luthor mansion in Gotham. Mark helped her with her bags once at the airport and Kara checked in at the gate. The plane was taking off in an hour, and would start boarding within the next fifteen or so minutes. Cat got her a ticket in first class since Kara said she wouldn’t take CatCo’s private jet, so she knew that she would be boarding early.

Several hours later Kara was stepping out of the plane at Gotham airport with her bags in hand and headed towards the receiving gate. She followed the sound of Kate’s heart beat until she spotted the red head standing near a shorter, Latina woman wearing a leather bomber jacket with dark wavy hair
framing her face. “Kara!” Kate yelled when she spotted the blonde walking towards them and ran over to her, pulling her in a tight hug. “We’ll get this sorted out,” the redhead murmured in her ear before releasing the girl. She guided the blonde over to the other woman that was with her, “Kara, I want you to meet my girlfriend Maggie, she’s a detective for the science unit with the Gotham PD. Maggie, this is my little sister Kara.”

The woman smiled, revealing dimples in both cheeks and she held out her hand to the blonde girl, “I’ve heard so much about you.”

Kara ignored the outstretched hand and pulled the woman into a hug instead. “I’ve heard a lot about you as well,” the blonde smiled, bouncing slightly on the balls of her feet. She had heard a lot about the shorter woman. When Kate’s former girlfriend Renee took up the mantel of the superhero The Question, their relationship tapered off. It was difficult to keep up with both of them being heroes, so they agreed to remain friends while Renee left to fulfil her new role. Kate met Maggie earlier this year when she transferred from Metropolis PD, and was instantly smitten. Kara had to hear about the whole love story, wishing that she didn’t have to hear about her older sister’s sex life.

“Oof,” Maggie said, wincing at the tight hold, “You’ve got a tight hold there.”

The blonde released the woman immediately and took a step back. “Sorry,” she said sheepishly, “I workout, I tend to forget my own strength.”

“She trains a lot with me,” Kate said, linking arms with the two women and tugging them out of the airport. “I’ve been teaching her martial arts almost every summer since she was fourteen years old.”

“That’s adorable,” Maggie replied before her phone buzzed on her hip. She glanced at it and sighed, “Sorry Kate, I have to go, I know I promised I would have dinner with both of you, but crime never sleeps in Gotham.” She pressed a quick kiss to Kate’s lips and shot a smile at Kara, “It’s nice to meet you Kara, I’m sure I’ll see you again while you’re here.”

“Thanks Maggie, be safe,” the blonde said, squeezing the woman’s hand.

“Hopefully Batwoman won’t show up tonight,” Maggie commented, rolling her eyes, “She’s so annoying at times.”

Kara froze, unsure how to reply to that but nodded her head. “Yeah,” she said, “Annoying.”

The woman waved and walked away, climbing into an unmarked police car before speeding off. Kara glanced over at Kate who just sighed and shook her head, “Don’t ask, it’s too complicated to explain.”

“She doesn’t know that you’re Batwoman?” Kara asked incredulously. “How is that even possible, you flirted with Renee all the time as Batwoman.”

“I know, I know, I just, I still haven’t told her, I’m waiting for the right time,” Kate replied, waving Kara into her car. “But enough about me, let’s talk about you and how you’re going to get to Lena.”

“Well,” Kara drawled out, “I figured I could call her, and if that doesn’t work, I figured I could break in. Selina taught me how to do that last time I was here.”

“When did you see Catwoman?”

“When I was hanging out with Bruce,” the blonde replied. “She popped in when I was there, we bonded, she taught me a few things, tried to convince me to become a cat burglar like her.”
“That woman…” Kate shook her head, “Anyway, it’ll be difficult for you to break into the Luthor mansion, the place is covered with security equipment and cameras.”

“Is Lena the only one there?”

Kate nodded, “As far as I can tell, Lillian Luthor is with Lex in Metropolis. The federal attorney brought in to prosecute the case wants a speedy trial and she’s there mounting his defense claiming that Superman’s alien ways forced him to act, to protect humanity.” She rolled her eyes, “Apparently she’s furious that Lena is refusing to come to Metropolis, showing solidarity as a family, but Lena isn’t talking, to anyone.”

“I need to see her Kate, I have to get in somehow,” Kara replied, her eyes watering. “She’s my best friend, she was there when I needed her; it’s time for me to be there for her.”

The older woman nodded understandingly, “I may have a few ideas. We can talk about them when we get back to the penthouse over dinner.”

They arrived at the penthouse, and the food Kate ordered from the car on the way back was waiting for them in the lobby. Kara relieved the man of his burden while Kate tipped him and the two started up the elevator. The redhead had ordered Kara’s favorite from the local Thai place and the girl instantly started demolishing the food while Kate thought of different ways to sneak past security at the Luthor mansion. Kara took a few of the devices Kate suggested to disable parts of the security system, and changed into black clothes and a mask, tucking her hair in a hat to hide the bright golden color.

She took off from the penthouse while Kate snuck out to stalk the night. The alien soared above the cloud line, following Lena’s heartbeat like a homing beacon until she located her friend. Kara glanced down once the sound was heavy, pounding in her ears and spotted a spacious mansion on the outskirts of Gotham surrounded by a tall fence. Her eyes shifted slightly to look through the building, but flickered slightly at the large amounts of lead in the walls and around the windows. Glass couldn’t be laced with lead so she hovered down slightly just out of range of whatever security system the Luthors had installed and peered into the house. She spotted Lena in one of the upper bedrooms, staring morosely out into the darkness, her hair listless, her eyes dull.

Kara set her mouth and analyzed the house, peering around the building to analyze the security. There were several cameras and the slight hum that she could hear indicated the presence of an electrified fence or lasers around the property. The lasers didn’t worry her, but being detected by the system did worry her. She knew that the Luthors didn’t like aliens and it would be dangerous if she was detected; Kara didn’t know what they would do to her or Lena if they found out that the two of them were friends. She took out a small device that Kate had given her to jam the electrical signals of the cameras and lasers; it would disable the lasers but freeze the cameras in case there were security guards watching the screens.

When she heard the hum of the electricity stutter before cutting out, Kara darted out of her hiding place towards the window she spotted Lena. She floated up from beneath the window and knocked on the glass, watching as the girl startled on the seat. Lena’s eyes locked with her own and Kara saw her friend’s eyes narrow before she wrenched open the window. “What are you- get in here Kara before someone spots you,” Lena hissed, grabbing her friend by her collar and dragging her in through the window.

“How’d you know it was me?” The blonde asked, peeling the mask off her face and looking at the brunette perplexed.

Lena gave her an exasperated look, “I’ve known you since we were kids, I know what you look
like, and besides, what other flying alien girl would show up at my window?” Kara nodded in concession, and Lena shook her head and sat down on her bed. “What are you doing here Kara?”

“You wouldn’t answer my phone calls, texts or emails so I came to see you,” Kara said, crossing her arms. “I was worried about you.”

The brunette chuckled dryly, “You, worried about me? Shouldn’t it be the other way around with you worried about being around me? I am a Luthor after all…”

“Lena you’re my best friend,” the blonde murmured softly, sitting down next to her friend, “I’ve known you for years, you were the first friend I made after coming to Earth. You knew that I was an alien for years, and you haven’t told anyone, you were there for me when I needed you, through every nightmare, every anniversary of the death of my planet.”

“This is different,” Lena insisted, “My brother, Lex, he attacked Superman, went after the only family member you have left, the only blood you have left. You told me once how important blood ties were on Krypton.”

“Yes they were important,” Kara agreed, “But Krypton is gone, I’m all that’s left. Kal is basically human, doesn’t understand our customs. He may be blood, but that doesn’t make him family. On Earth, there is the custom of chosen families, and you are part of my chosen family; love bonds us together Lena, never doubt that. You’re my best friend, my sister in everything but blood. Why would I turn my back on you now when you need me?”

Tears filled the brunette’s eyes and she hugged the blonde. “I’m so sorry for doubting you Kara,” Lena gasped out, her tears dripping down her face, “I was just so afraid that you would hate me, that you would leave and I would rather push you away than have you break our friendship.”

“Are you kidding? It’s us against the world remember?” Kara replied, her own tears escaping as she hugged her friend, “There isn’t anything you could do that would make me stop being your friend.”

Lena broke down, sobs wracking through her body, “I don’t know what to do Kara, I don’t know what I’m going to do.”

Kara rubbed her friend’s back, holding her as she cried and wondered what the future would hold for the brunette after Lex’s tirade, what it would hold for the both of them.

“Hey Kara, welcome back, how was your trip to Gotham?” Sara greeted as she stepped through the connecting door when she heard the blonde come back, “How was Lena?”

“She’s doing better now,” the alien replied, falling on her bed with a slight ‘oof,’ “She was feeling well enough to go back to school this semester, it’s her last one since she crammed her schedule with classes for the past few years. It’s a good thing too since the board of LuthorCorp will likely put her in charge as CEO once Lex’s trial is finished.”

“CEO really?” The other blonde whistled, “She’s what, 20, 21?”

“Yeah, but I think they’ll wait until after she gets her MBA,” Kara replied. “She already planned on getting one after she finished at MIT, but this will just cement it. I’m just glad that I was able to go when I did because this upcoming semester is going to be brutal, I’ll have no free time.”
“You and me both,” Sara muttered. “How long will Lex’s trial take?”

Kara shrugged, “From the crimes building up, probably months, and Lena told me that Lillian is using her part of the family fortune to stall the trial, push it back as long as she can while they build a defense. I’m almost afraid of what kind of defense they’re going to build to cover mass genocide, but I wouldn’t put it past them to say it was for the greater good or something ridiculous like that.”

“You don’t think Lex is going to get away with this do you?” Sara asked incredulously.

“I don’t know. I like to believe that he won’t, but my mother always told me to never bet on a sure thing.” Kara sighed, “I mean, Hitler killed thousands of people before anyone really cared, and millions before he was stopped.”

“And he’s likely to face a jury and jury trials can go either way,” the shorter blonde said, sitting down next to her friend, “Just look at OJ.”

Kara was about to reply with a question as to what orange juice had to do with this topic when her cellphone rang. She glanced over and the device and grabbed for it, answering it, “Kyle?”

“Something’s happened,” he said, his voice sounded terrified but drained. “Alex has been attacked.”

“What?” Kara stated, bolting up on the bed.

“Someone she had been tracking for her job attacked her, attempted to kill her and stuffed her in the fridge. If I didn’t come home when I did to look at that project you emailed me she would’ve died.”

“They stuffed her in the fridge?” Kara exclaimed. Sara shot her a weird look so she whispered to her what was going on while Kyle continued to talk.

“I’m at the hospital with her right now; they told me that they got to her just in time and that she’ll recover physically I just… I just don’t know how she’ll be emotionally after all this.”

“Alex is strong, she’ll get through this,” the blonde replied. “Do you want me to come?”

“No, no I’m fine. Can you call your mother though? She’s Alex’s boss and I don’t want her to find out from one of her sources.”

“I’ll let her know, do you need anything?”

“No, I’m fine for now. I’ll let you know if anything changes.”

“Take care Kyle,” Kara whispered as Kyle hung up the phone. She tossed the phone towards the end of the bed and fell back down. “This is so crazy,” she muttered, “Who would attack Alex? I mean, she was a bit of a hardass, but still…”

“And they stuffed her in the fridge?” Sara scoffed, “Who does that?”

“I have to call my mom Sara, she’ll want to know. She likes Alex, she is her best photo-journalist.”

“The world has gone crazy Kara,” Sara sighed, setting her head at the foot of the bed so that her feet were near Kara’s head.

“Yes it has,” the taller blonde replied. “Your feet smell.”

“Shut-up.”
“Didn’t you have a date with your girlfriend tonight?” Megan asked the other alien as the blonde girl toddled into their room and collapsed on the Martian’s bed.

“Laurel cancelled, she’s sick,” Kara mumbled into the comforter, her golden hair puddled around her head.

“Why didn’t you collapse in my bed?” Sara whined, pouting at the other girl, her arms outstretched.

“Because you’re laying in it.”

“But we could snuggle!”

Kara rolled over and propped herself up on her elbows, “After I caught you with that exchange student two weeks ago doing that thing, I’m not going anywhere near your bed until it has been cleansed with fire.”

“You sleep with my sister regularly on your bed, and I don’t have a problem laying on it,” the other blonde countered.

“Because you like to joke that it is a weird threesome and make cracks about which sister is better in my bed,” Kara replied, rolling her eyes.

Sara shrugged, “It’s too good of an opportunity.”

“Anyway,” Kara continued, ignoring the shorter blonde, “I feel bad because this would’ve been the first time we’d have had a date in weeks since we’ve both been crazy busy. I was looking forward to seeing Laurel, but she sent me a text cancelling because of a cold. I’ve been busy with classwork, and she is working on that big case, we just haven’t had time for each other recently.”

“You have been dealing with a lot more than classwork though,” Megan pointed out, “You’ve been helping your best friend deal with the emotional trauma of the world turning against her because of something her brother did, and then Kyle moving to Coastal City after Alex broke up with him.”

“They didn’t technically break up,” Kara returned, “Alex just told him she was leaving and then she left, asked Cat for an assignment somewhere where she could bring attention to abused women and children. Kyle left because he couldn’t deal with the memories. And Coast City isn’t really that far away.”

“But he’s still not here, not just down the street or on the other side of the city, and he was one of your friends,” Megan continued. “It’s a lot to deal with, on top of not being able to see your girlfriend on a regular basis.”

“Why don’t you go see her anyway?” Sara mentioned, picking up one of her books. She held it above her face to read it but winced when she accidentally dropped it and it landed on her face. “Ow…” She rubbed at her nose before looking back at Kara, “Just go see her, my sister can be a little needy when she’s sick.”

Kara bolted upright on the bed. “I can take her soup,” she squealed, bouncing off the furniture into her room. “And ginger ale, that’s what people drink when they’re sick right? That’s what Mom usually gives to Carter, I have to go, I’ll see you guys later.” Leaving behind a small whirlwind, the
blonde disappeared out the door, shutting and locking it as she went.

The two roommates blinked after her as she left and Sara shook her head. “I’m surprised more people don’t know she’s an alien, it’s not like she does a good job hiding it.”

“That’s only because she’s comfortable with us,” Megan said, returning to her computer.

“My sister doesn’t know and she’s sleeping with her,” Sara pointed out.

Megan gave her a dry look, “Your sister is also a bit oblivious.”

Sara shrugged, “Ain’t that the truth.”

Kara grinned as she swung a bag of cold supplies in her hand as she approached Laurel’s apartment. She focused on the brunette’s apartment, listening for her heartbeat as she pulled the key out of her pocket, and faltered for a minute when she heard two heartbeats. The older girl had told her that both of her roommates were away for a medical conference in Miami, which is why Kara was concerned about Laurel being sick in the apartment by herself. One of them must’ve come home early.

Her steps slowed as she headed up the stairs to the apartment, and unlocked the door, quietly stepping inside. The heartbeats were louder in her ears and both located in Laurel’s room. They were irregular, elevated and Kara’s heart dropped heavily into her stomach when her hearing registered pants and loud moans. She could’ve glanced through the walls and confirmed what she heard, leaving the apartment before anyone knew she was there, but she needed to see this, she needed the closure of knowing.

Kara hesitantly stepped towards Laurel’s room and opened the door. Her heart shattered at what she saw. “So this is what you meant when you said ‘sick,’” Kara stated, her voice thick with anger and tears.

“Kara!” Laurel gasped, pushing James off of her onto the floor. She wrapped a sheet around her and tried to smooth her hair down, “This isn’t, it’s not-”

“Don’t bother Laurel,” Kara bit out, “Don’t bother saying this isn’t what I think it is, what else could it be?”

“Laurel realizing she could do a lot better than some poor art student,” James sneered, adjusting his boxers as he pushed himself off the floor.

“Shut-up James,” Laurel spat, “Get out.”

“What-”

“I said get out,” the brunette repeated, hurling a glass that sat on her bedside table at the man, prompting him to gather his clothes and dash out of the apartment.

Laurel turned back to her girlfriend and tried to approach her again, “Kara…”

“Don’t Laurel, what can you… How could you do this to me? Cheat on me?”

“I didn’t, it just happened,” Laurel replied, running her fingers through her hair. “We haven’t been able to see each other for awhile, and James and I have been working together on a case, it just happened.”

“Cheating doesn’t just happen,” Kara returned, “You cancelled our date, the first one that we’ve had
in weeks, to sleep with James. James who is a narcissistic, racist, sexist asshole; you know that I don’t like him, that he stands for everything that I’m against, and yet you still slept with him. What does that say about him, about you?”

“Look Kara, James is a good person once you get to know him,” Laurel sighed, “But you’re right, I shouldn’t have cheated on you, it was wrong, what can I do to fix this?”

Kara stared at the girl incredulously, “Fix it? There isn’t going to be any fixing this Laurel. You cheated on me, how could I possibly trust you again after this?”

“It was one mistake Kara, how can you hold this against me?”

“It wasn’t a mistake Laurel, that’s the thing, it was a choice. It only became a mistake when you got caught.”

The brunette growled a bit in frustration, “You know he was right about one thing, how could I be in a relationship with someone so young and immature.”

The words hit Kara like a slap in the face and she stepped back. “Well, you don’t have to worry about that anymore. We aren’t in a relationship anymore.”

Laurel’s eyes widened as she realized what she just said, “No, Kara, wait, I didn’t-”

“I’ll see you around Laurel,” Kara replied, dropping the key the older girl had given her on the counter before bolting out the door.

“Kara wait!” The blonde listened as Laurel called after her, her voice thick with desperation as she yelled.

Kara blocked out the sound and ran, her feet carrying her across the city towards home. She waved at the doorman and pulled out the keycard for the private elevator her mother put in and open the door. The run to the building from Laurel’s apartment kept her distracted from what happened, but the reality of it set in when she was still as the elevator ascended to the penthouse. Her breaths started coming heavier, faster and she could feel the prickle of tears burning in her eyes. She was close to hyperventilating when the elevator stopped and the door opened to reveal her mother standing there looking at her with concern.

“Frank called me from the lobby,” Cat said, reaching out to pull her daughter from the elevator. “He said you were coming up, didn’t seem like yourself, what’s wrong?” She sat down on the couch, pulling the girl down after her.

“Laurel and I broke up,” Kara gasped out, tears streaking down her face, “She was cheating on me Mom.”

“Oh Kara,” she murmured, tugging the girl to her. “It’s alright Kara, it’ll be alright.”

“Why Mom, why would she do that?”

Cat brushed back strands of long honey blonde hair, “Why do anyone cheat, because they can, because they think that they won’t get caught.”

“She was my first Mom, how can I move on from this? How can I trust anyone else after this?”

“Just because one lover cheated on you doesn’t mean that the next one will,” Cat said, trying to soothe the girl. “I know it hurts now, I’ve been where you are, but that doesn’t mean you have to
shut yourself off from never dating again, never being in a relationship again. It hurts now, and it will continue to hurt for a while but eventually it’ll get better.”

“When,” Kara cried, “Because right now it feels like someone is stabbing my heart with a million knives, when will it stop?”

“It’ll take time and support from friends and family, but eventually the pain will lessen until it doesn’t hurt anymore.”

“I hope so,” the younger blonde murmured, burying into her mother’s arms.

Cat threaded her fingers through her daughter’s hair softly, scratching lightly at her scalp. “Would it make you feel a little better if I say I never liked Laurel?”

Kara barked out a little laugh, “No, but thanks for trying.”

“If she knows what’s good for her, she’ll leave town immediately before I get to her,” Cat growled, “Her and whoever she cheated with.”

“I might take you up on that one,” Kara said as she rearranged herself so that she was snuggled up next to her mother. “He’s an ass.”

“They both are.”

“No, Laurel’s not an ass,” the girl murmured, “Just stupid.”

“It’s the same thing,” Cat countered, moving to stand up. “I have caramel swirl and mocha gelato in the freezer, either of those sound good to you?”

Kara nodded, “And pizza… and popcorn.”

“Disney movie marathon?” The older woman sighed when she recognized her daughter’s usual menu when watching those ridiculous animated movies.

“Please?”

“Of course,” Cat conceded, “Anything for you.”

Chapter End Notes

So that happened... I did that, I know, it was just, and then, and argh. So yeah. Kara had to have at least one messy break up, that way I could bring the character back in the future to be a point of contention with Alex. I didn't want Lucy to play that role, so it fell to Laurel.

And be excited! I finally found Alex! She's in chapter 22! Or introduced anyway. You'll see, but we're almost there!

Oh, and the Alex mentioned in this chapter is obviously not our Alex, she's a character in the Green Lantern comics during Kyle's run as the Green Lantern. She was his girlfriend, helped him through becoming Green Lantern, but she's killed and stuffed into a refrigerator. This causes Kyle to move away from LA to New York City. Obviously
I've replaced LA with National City, and NYC with Metropolis because the DC map of America makes no sense as many of the fictional cities are sitting on top of real ones...

Anyway, despite being a tertiary character, I didn't want this Alex to go through that kind of death, so I saved her, if only to send her away, but she might come back, idk.

Time jump in the next chapter, so be prepared.
Chapter 21

Chapter Notes

So last time on the Mon-El show, Mon-El did something to someone, and something something happen, and then his girlfriend punched him in the face, and then he did other somethings, sacrificed himself nobly for his girlfriend, and then said girlfriend came to save him and he ended up saving her again, blah blah blah...

Alright, so first thing. I do not have a problem with Chris Wood, he is super cute and charming, and I think he and Melissa are adorable together. Two, I don't have a problem with Mon-El as a character. He would make an interesting side character and eases some tense situations. I do have a problem with the writers giving him so much attention when it is SUPERGIRL'S show. He is a side character, like Winn, J'onn, James etc, they have little story lines they're dealing with, and I wouldn't have minded having a little story line for him to deal with, but it's turned into this really big story with a villain and everything, and it's a mess. I mean, I know Lena's mom is a villain, but Lillian isn't really centered around Lena as much as Mon-El's mom is.

Now does this mean that I would prefer Lena for Kara on the show? Not exactly. At this point, I would prefer no one for Kara because the writer's can be trusted with a main romantic relationship. And I really do like Kara and Lena as just friends if only because Lena still does shady stuff every now and then and that's a little stressful. I didn't much like the James/Kara storyline from the first season because of how it ended with Lucy, but I would prefer that relationship back at least than this... Or SuperFlash, hardcore, SuperFlash shipper, gosh, they would be so cute together.

Kara sat primly in her seat, engulfed in her green graduation gown, the gold honors stole and cords hanging heavily around her neck. She was now twenty-one years old, twenty-two in a month, and graduating from National City University with a Bachelors of Fine Arts in Painting and Graphic Design, and BA in marketing with a minor in journalism. She knew that would be a surprise for her mother when she read the program with all of the graduates names and their degrees. Kara had never told her that she was interested in journalism, it had only been a passing interest when she took the first class but she was quickly fascinated by the topic.

It had been a little over a year since her nasty break up with Laurel and while a lot had changed in the year, much had stayed the same. Kara turned her head slightly and glanced through the sea of people and spotted Sara and Megan seated somewhere behind her. It took Kara a few weeks to finally tell Sara what happened between her and her sister, but when she finally did, the shorter blonde was furious. Laurel had left town two weeks after their breakup, quitting her job and moving back to Star City; it was probably the only thing to save her from Sara and Cat’s wrath. Kara felt a little cheated that the brunette had basically run away; their breakup was messy and jagged, and while she was glad she knew about the cheating, she still felt like there were things unresolved between them, things left unsaid. Megan comforted her after she told the both of them while Sara raged around the room, yelling about how her sister hasn’t changed at all, and slipping into different
languages as she swore. Kara was glad that her friends were there for her when she needed them. Her attention shifted back to the front but her hearing stretched out until she could identify Lena’s heartbeat in the auditorium somewhere behind her. Her brunette best friend graduated from MIT a year ago at the top of her class, but the majority of her attention was taken up by Lex’s trial. She started her masters of business at Harvard last fall and Lex was convicted and sentenced to serve over 100 consecutive life sentences. Lena’s attention shifted away from her messed up family to her family’s company, maintaining her grades at Harvard while retaining control of the company. Since she was managing a business, she was put through an accelerated program and would most likely finish sometime this fall. Lena hasn’t told Kara everything that she’s planning for the future of LuthorCorp, but she knows that it’ll be drastic.

She recognized Kate’s heartbeat near Lena’s but realized they must not have been sitting together because they weren’t directly together, neither were Cat and Carter’s heartbeats. Kate was still dating Detective Maggie Sawyer, finally telling her who she was when she proposed to her as Batwoman. From the way Kate told the story, Maggie swooned into her arms, but Maggie rejected that visual, saying she hit the redhead, said yes, kissed her, then hit her again. Both of them offered to go teach Laurel a lesson on how to treat women, but like when Cat offered to ruin the woman, Kara declined. She loved Laurel still and wanted her to succeed in life, despite how they ended.

Kara’s attention snapped back to the ceremony when the academic dean of NCU announced that it was time for the presenting of the diplomas. After that, everything became a blur and before Kara knew it, she was tossing her graduation cap in the air in celebration with everyone else, her diploma holder clutched tightly in her hand. The real diploma would be mailed to her mother’s address in a few weeks, where the woman would no doubt place it in a tasteful frame on the wall of her study. Before she could move very far from where she was standing, Kara felt strong arms encircle her neck and Kate’s voice in her ear. “Good job little sis,” Kate murmured, placing a soft kiss on Kara’s head. “Come on, I’m sure Cat ordered a mountain of food that is waiting back for us at her place for the party.”

The blonde nodded, remembering that she heard her mother and Carter’s heartbeats leave soon after she walked across the stage. “We have to get Sara and Megan,” she said, glancing around for her friends. “Megan doesn’t really have any family outside of us, so she’s going to celebrate graduation with us before heading back to Gotham.”

“Right, Miss Martian, is she going to go back to helping the Teen Titans?” Kate asked, remembering hearing about the female Martian from Bruce.

“She’s implied she’s done with the hero business,” Kara replied, “She wants to actually start creating a life for herself, be who she wants to be rather than what people expect her to be.”

The redhead smiled, “Sounds like a kindred spirit then, but what about Sara, doesn’t she have a family?”

Kara shrugged, “She still isn’t talking to them, especially after everything that went down with Laurel. She told me she’s going to meet back up with some friends, so she’s leaving National City, but definitely not moving back to Star City at the moment.”

Kate scowled at Laurel’s name and growled, “If I ever get my hands on that bitch…”

“Come on big sis,” Kara said, knowing that calling her big sis always reduced the woman to a pile of mush, “Let’s go find my friends and get back to the penthouse before Mom sends her choppers looking for us.”
“Since she wants to keep you a secret so you have your privacy, I doubt she would send the choppers after us.”

“Yes, but that doesn’t mean she won’t give them a scope that notorious business woman and party girl Kate Kane is in town and she wants them to catch you doing something ridiculous.”

Kate barked and blinked for a minute before groaning, “Good point. Let’s go, oh and I have something to talk about with you and your mom later after the party.”

“Wha-”

“Later, later, after the party. Fun first, then serious talk.”

Kara stared at the woman suspiciously before going in search of her friends. Once she found Sara and Megan, they headed over to the Grant’s penthouse, Kate driving Kara while the other two drove separately. The party was already in full swing when they reached the penthouse, and the small grouping of people inside pulled the newcomers in, congratulating the graduates with drinks and loaded plates of food. Kara found her best friend halfway through her second bottle of beer, well on her way to being tipsy, and pulled the brunette into a tight hug. Sara and Megan left a few hours later with promises to text Kara every few days to let her know how they were doing; other party guests left, and Kara tucked Lena into bed while she went in search of her mother and Kate. She had caught sight of them talking during the party but knew better than to eavesdrop on their conversation.

When Kara found them in Cat’s study, she was taken aback by the expression on her mother’s face, a mixture of worry and excitement. “What’s going on?”

Cat glanced over at Kate for a moment before looking back at her daughter. “Kate told me that she’s arranged an internship for you for this summer with Prince Industries.”

“Prince Industries,” Kara repeated then her eyes widened, “Wait, Prince Industries? As in Diana Prince aka Wonder Woman, one of the coolest superheroes ever, that Prince Industries?”

“Yes, that Prince Industries, though truthfully the internship is a cover, Diana is meeting us in Gotham in a few days and she’s taking you to Themyscira for the summer to train with the Amazons, if you want that is.”

“Yes!” Kara squealed, grabbing Kate into a tight hug. “Oh I’ll have to get the time off from work, I wonder if they’ll let me have the time?”

“You could always quit,” the redhead suggested.

Kara shrugged a little at that, her mind already whirling around what Themyscira would be like, what the Amazons would be like, what Wonder Woman was like. It soon set in though that she would be on an uncharted island without any contact with the outside world for months. She had been away from her family and friends before, but never out of contact from them, especially for such a long period. “Mom?”

“Do you want to do this Kara?” Cat asked, green eyes boring into blue. The younger blonde hesitated for a moment before nodding and Cat nodded as well. “Alright, then I won’t stop you from going, I’ll gladly support you as always. However,” she turned a look on Kate and waved a menacing finger at her, “I want to speak to Ms. Prince before she goes galavanting off to a secret island with my daughter.”

“For an interview?” Kate started hesitantly.
“No, I want to make it very clear to her that if my daughter is harmed, if one hair is out of place, I will make her life hell, immortal Amazonian or not,” the woman growled, her eyes narrowed. She stood up from her seat and left the younger women in her office, stunned by her declaration.

Kara looked over at Kate hesitantly, “You don’t think that she could actually…”

“Never underestimate Cat Grant,” Kate stated solemnly, “Just an overall bad idea.”

“Your mother, Cat Grant, she is a frightening one,” Diana said to Kara as she and the blonde walked away from the redhead and the older blonde. The Amazonian could still feel the eyes of the media mogul burning into her back; it was only her honor and integrity as an Amazon that kept her from turning around to meet the challenging gaze. She knew what it meant that the woman had entrusted her with one of her children, adopted or not. Children were precious treasures and Diana could understand Cat Grant’s threats, what they really meant.

“Sorry,” Kara apologized sheepishly, “She can be a bit much at times.”

“Don’t apologize, she is just looking out for you,” Diana correct, setting a hand on the blonde’s shoulder. “And she wants me to know just what it means that she is entrusting you to me, entrusting me to take care of one of her children. She loves you very much even though she did not give birth to you herself.”

“Yeah,” the blonde glanced back at her mother, a small smile crossing her face. “She’s the best.”

Diana smiled slightly before gesturing upwards, “How good are your flying skills?”

Kara smirked and hovered slightly off the ground, rising above the Amazonian’s head. “Fair enough,” the blonde answered, “Though I don’t get enough experience flying. It’s hard not attract attention when you’re flying around.”

The Amazon tugged the blonde back down and Kara set gently on the ground next to the woman. Diana pulled out a hooded cloak like the one she was garbed in but it was black rather than the deep crimson red edged with gold. “This will protect you as we fly,” she said, handing the cloak over. “When you become a warrior, you’ll earn one with color as every Amazon does, until then, this will work for you.”

Taking the fabric out of the older woman’s hands, Kara ran her fingers across the threads, her enhanced senses registering that it was incredibly soft but filled with strength, almost as if it was woven in the very fabric. She flipped the cloak around her shoulders and pulled the hood on over her head. Diana nodded in approval before pushing off the ground with Kara quick behind her, the darkness of night in Gotham disguising their departure from any curious gazes.

“Where is Themyscira?” Kara asked as they flew, the wind whipping around them threatening to steal her words.

“It changes locations,” Diana answered, “But right now it is in what is known as the Bermuda Triangle.”

“Are you really going to teach me how to be an Amazon warrior?”
“Do you want to be a warrior,” the older woman countered, “Do you want to be a hero like your cousin?”

Kara stopped for a moment, staring out into the waters around them. “I don’t know,” she answered honestly, “I like helping people, I report crimes when I hear them to the police so that they can take care of them, but I wish… I wish I could do more sometimes, but I’m afraid.”

“Afraid of what?” Diana asked, floating next to the blonde.

“Afraid of not being enough,” Kara shrugged, “Afraid of putting the people I love in danger, afraid of hurting them, letting them down. It’s silly really…”

Diana shook her head, “It’s not silly, they’re your feelings, and whatever you’re feeling is real, because you’re feeling it. Don’t let anyone tell you what you’re feeling is wrong, or inferior just because others would call you silly or strange for feeling such things.”

“My mom tells me the same things,” Kara murmured before straightening her spine and looking over at the Amazon. “So to answer your question, no I don’t know if I want to be a warrior or superhero, I just want to be able to control the powers I’ve been given, to experience everything that I can.”

“You are wise for your years.”

Kara snorted, “You met my mother, it would’ve been difficult to not soak in her words of wisdom over the years.”

“My mother is the same way, always offering words of wisdom, even if I don’t ask for them or want them, that is the way mothers are,” Diana said. “Are you ready to continue?” Kara nodded and the two continued their flight to Themyscira, the miles eating away as they broke the sound barrier. A couple of hours later, Kara could make out a series of islands rising out of the middle of the ocean, and followed Diana down to the ground. It was dark when they landed, still night time and though Kara’s eyesight was better than a human’s at night, she was still unable to take in the details around her. She was able to tell due to the torches placed around that the architecture around her was in the ancient Greco tradition.

“You will be placed in the room near mine,” Diana said, leading the blonde through the halls of the palace. “You are my guest and your mother and sister charged me with your care, and my honor as an Amazonian warrior demands that I personally oversee your care and protection while with us.”

“You do know that I am virtually indestructible right?” Kara asked, “I know you want to abide by my mother’s wishes, but you don’t have to go out of your way.”

“Relax Kara, nobody stays in the rooms near mine, they prefer to give me a wide berth. It gets a little lonely at times, it’ll be nice to have someone else around.”

“You don’t have a lot of friends here?”

Diana smiled wryly as she pushed aside a curtain and beckoned the younger girl inside the room. “Most of my Amazonian sisters resent me in some way for various reasons, jealousy is a big problem, especially since I was chosen as ambassador for the Amazons. When I was younger, they would make snide comments about my origin, being crafted out of clay by my mother and blessed by the goddesses. They don’t do that much anymore, but forgetting the words is proving to be difficult.” The Amazon shook her head and focused back on the topic at hand, “But never mind that, this is your room while you are staying with us. Breakfast is at sunrise, I will be back then and introduce you to my mother and some of the other Amazons.”
“Thanks Diana, I’m really excited to be here,” Kara said, smiling at the older woman. “And I hope that we get to know each other better while I’m here.”

The older woman nodded and left Kara to her room. The blonde glanced around the room, finding smooth, silk sheets on the bed and airy curtains hanging in front of the room and the doors. She found a closet full of ancient Greek style clothing, togas and lightweight dresses. Kara’s nose scrunched up a bit at the clothing but knew that if she wanted to stay in Themyscira and learn from the Amazons that she would have to blend in, embrace their culture. She did it when she first came to Earth, she can do it again.

“So there is another Kryptonian,” Queen Hippolyta mused as she stared at the young blonde with interest. “I was informed there was only one left in the form of Superman. And you’re related to him?”

“Yes Ma’am, Queen, Kal-El, Superman is my younger cousin,” Kara spoke formally and precisely to the blonde queen. She watched her mother for years as she met with celebrities, politicians, dignitaries, she always said to use a particular tone when dealing with someone you respect, something that will help you earn respect in return.

“Younger cousin?” Hippolyta questioned, her brow raised. “Surely you can’t be older than him, you barely look like you’ve had, what 21 summers?”

“Technically I’m 22,” Kara replied, “But I fled Krypton when I was 13 but got trapped in the Phantom Zone. Time doesn’t really pass there, so my body functions stopped, but my brain kept working. The learning module in my pod taught me a lot about Earth during that time, including many of the languages spoken now or in the past. When I finally landed, I was the same age as I was on Krypton, but 24 years had passed, and my cousin had just come out as Superman.”

“So you are technically his elder,” the queen mused.

“And heir to the house of El, but he likes to forget that,” Kara said, rolling her eyes. “We don’t have the best of relationships.”

Hippolyta smiled, “It is good to find others that think that man a fool, especially one of his own kin, but I imagine that is to be expected. You were not raised by him is that correct?”

“That is correct, I was adopted by a woman named Cat Grant; she found me when I first landed and fought for my choice when my cousin was going to drop me off with another family.”

“Hmm, this Cat Grant person sounds like a formidable woman,” Hippolyta murmured, turning to her daughter, “And you said that she tasked you with Kara’s well-being while she was with us?”

“Yes mother,” Diana replied, eating her plate of fruit for breakfast.

“She seems to be a formidable person, I would like to meet her at some point.”

Kara choked a little on the grapes she was eating, coughing to dislodge the fruit. “Um, I think she would like that,” she said, gulping down some of her water, “I don’t think it would be a good idea for her to come to Themyscira though.”
“Why ever not?” The queen asked.

“Um…”

“While this has been a lovely meeting mother,” Diana interrupted, “I did promise both Cat and Kate that I would help train Kara in our ways in hopes to teach her to control her powers better.”

“Didn’t the woman bat teach her anything when she was staying with her?” Hippolyta asked and it clued Kara in as to how much and how little they were informed about her life.

Diana nodded her head, “Just as much as a human could teach her, martial arts and meditation, and how to control her powers in everyday life.”

“Oh, we can do better than that,” Hippolyta tutted before turning back to the blonde girl, “Take heart Kara, we will teach you the superior ways of the Amazons, despite you not being an Amazon yourself. As you are both a refugee on our planet and a visitor on Paradise Island, our honor demands it.”

“Um, thank you your majesty,” Kara murmured, standing quickly to follow Diana out of the room. “That was slightly nerve wracking.”

“She took it easy on you now, but she’ll probably beat the stuffing out of you later during training,” Diana mused.

“What do you mean?”

“Well, she asked if I was charged with your care while you were here,” the brunette stated, “For an Amazon, that means that I cannot put you through your trials at the end of training, so my mother will most likely do it. Her honor would demand that she test you herself as one of our fiercest warriors. If she chooses not to, it might be Faruka or Persephone, I would normally say Phillipus, but she’s retired from fighting for the most part.”

Kara’s mind whirled with this new information as she matched Diana stride for stride as the older woman showed her around the island. She had shown up in Kara’s room earlier that morning just as dawn was creeping up over the horizon, bearing a different set of clothing than what was in the closet, a lightweight shirt and skirt complete with gladiator style sandals.

Diana pushed off the ground and motioned for Kara to follow after her as she gave her a tour of the island. The blonde was amazed as she flew over the island, noting mountains, waterfalls, field, lakes, streams interspersed with ancient Greek architecture. Kara noted the other women on the island glancing up at them as they flew, pausing momentarily in their activities, everything from recreational activities like tennis and horseback riding, or warrior training with swords or bows. She wondered momentarily if these were also considered recreational for Amazons, or if what she considered recreational was also thought to be warrior training. “This place is massive,” Kara breathed, landing next to Diana in a small, out of the way training field. It was overgrown with scraggly weeds and grass, scratching at their ankles as they stood on the field.

“Surely you’ve been to larger islands,” Diana teased, setting her hands on her hips.

“Yes, but this is a hidden island,” Kara emphasized, “I mean, no one can get here unless they’re invited, so it’s an impressive size for a secret island.”

The older woman nodded her in agreement before turning to face the blonde. “So, Kara, I know that Kate has probably taught you how to fight intelligently, constantly being aware of your surroundings. With your enhanced senses, this proves both easy and difficult because, as I’m sure
you’re aware, you can hear threats as they’re coming, but it is difficult to pick out those sounds from all of the sounds that you can hear.” Kara nodded; sometimes it was just easier to block everything out and then filter things down than to filter everything. “I will help you focus these senses with your powers, to hone and improve on what Kate has already taught you.”

She walked over to a nearby storage area and pulled out a short sword and a bow. “Once you learn control with your strength, and how to fight while flying, then you will begin training with these weapons. It is unlikely that you will ever use them in battle, but it is good to be prepared.”

“The military guild on Krypton would train with swords on occasion,” Kara murmured, taking the weapon from Diana’s hand. “I used to watch my aunt train with hers. It was like a dance, so beautiful, so graceful. I wondered if I would ever be able to move like that; there was a brief moment where I thought about joining the military guild, if only so I would be able to move like that, be like her, but in the end…” Her voice trailed off and she shook herself out of the memories, “Anyway, I guess I’m going to get to learn now aren’t I?” She handed the sword back to the older woman and Diana set them down on the weapon racks.

Diana studied the younger woman for a moment, taking in the sullen expression on her face, the lost and faraway look in her eyes. “Did you want to be a warrior on your home planet?” Diana asked. She wanted to know more about this girl, this woman who appeared to carry the weight of a world on her shoulders with infinite sadness in her eyes. The blonde was truly the last of her people, her only family, her only blood was more human than Kryptonian, as alien to her as she was to the rest of the world.

Kara shook her head, “I was going into the Arts guild, I wanted to be an artist. I got an art degree from National City University, so I’m already fulfilling what I wanted to do with my life.”

“But then why did you want to receive this training, why do you want to be a hero?”

“Originally it was to learn to control my powers, to learn to live with them, but I could hear people suffering, I could see destruction and pain and I wanted to do something, to help them. I have these powers, these abilities, and I want to help people, I want to help my new world however I can. If all I end up doing is continuing to report crime and make the world beautiful with art, then that is what I do. If I do chose to be a hero, then I want to be the best hero I can be, to help more people.”

“Another wise answer,” the brunette murmured, “Which is why I will help you. I’ve known people who try to be heroes out of vengeance or a need to prove themselves. Neither of those are good enough reasons, anything short of wanting to protect people, wanting to help people, the world, it’s no reason to be a hero.”

Kara nodded, “So where do we start?”

“Brute force.” Diana grabbed Kara by her shirt and pulled her into the air. “This is something that Kate wouldn’t be able to teach you, brute force, fighting while flying.” The older woman grabbed her arm and tossed her in the opposite direction. Kara flew through the air, plummeting towards the ground, impacting with a loud crack. “You have to learn to think on your feet while in the air,” Diana said, landing near the crater. “Now get up and really fight me.”

The blonde propped herself up on her elbows and gave the superhero a withering look. “So you want me to hit you?” Kara questioned, pushing herself off the ground.

“No Kara,” Diana chuckled, “I want you to try to hit me.” With those words, the Amazon took off into the sky again with the Kryptonian in pursuit.
So I know that a lot of you wanted Laurel to find out about Cat, or for Cat to go after Laurel, but I need to leave that situation open for now. Laurel is going to come back later and cause romantic, confusing problems for Kara since their relationship didn't really conclude like hers and Lucy's did, it ended dramatically in a pile of flames and regrets. I need to leave that door open, and Cat getting involved would shut the door and probably put it on a different planet.

And now I've introduced Wonder Woman. According to different sources, she is known as the most nurturing and motherly of the justice league members, which is something I did not know, so I was like okay, I can deal with this. And her costume with the cape was just introduced on the #1 edition of the Wonder Woman Rebirth comic, and I think she looks pretty badass with a cape so I'm keeping it.

Anyway, I've written chapter 22. It'll be up next week. You guys... wow. The scene is literally the second thing I pictured when envisioning this story, and it is perfect. I'm almost through part 2 of this story, so soon i'll be moving on to part 3 so that's exciting!
Chapter Notes

I know you guys were hoping for scenes from training, but that would take more research on my part than I had time for, so I'm going to save that, and do flashbacks to training with Diana when Kara is dealing with monsters later in the story. Plus training sequences bore me to tears and I couldn't bring myself to do it. Just know she got her ass handed to her quite a bit before finally holding her own. She's a scrappy one.

And this week on Supergirl... Nothing, since there wasn't an episode. Now I know alot of people are encouraging others to not watch the show live or on the legitimate streaming sites, and that is your decision. I'm going to keep watching though, and voicing problems with the show to the writers and people in charge. This is like the first female titled superhero show since Wonder Woman back in the 70s, and that show wasn't the best with feminism either. The show has to stay on or they'll make the decision that "oh people don't like shows that star women" rather than the actual decision of "people don't like shows where the female lead is being overrun by secondary male characters." And don't say they don't make stupid assumptions like that, they do it all the time.

Now, get ready everyone, the time is here! Hopefully it satisfies if not frustrates.

Kara dodged as Hippolyta sliced at her with her sword, a whistling sound hissing through the air, signifying that the queen was continuing her assault. The younger blonde continued to duck away from the fury of her attacker, her mind processing the queen’s movements to think of a counter assault. Her eyes blazed and she fired her heat vision at Hippolyta’s sword, heating the metal to the point of boiling. The queen hissed and dropped the sword, switching tactics to strike Kara with her shield, causing the girl to cry out. Kara winced as she felt the shield connect with the side of her face, drawing blood. Her powers had been fizzling out for the past week due to the exertion Diana and the other Amazons had been putting her under, and the use of her heat vision must’ve finally blown them out.

She knew that she was still strong without her powers, but she had no hope of overpowering the Amazon queen. Kara ducked and rolled under the taller woman, unsheathing her sword as she stood up. “So you finally decided to fight like an Amazon,” Hippolyta said, picking up her own sword. “Now we can have a real battle.” They traded blows, the queen attacking furiously while Kara’s eyes whirled around, observing her surroundings to take in anything that could help her defeat the woman.

The Kryptonian spotted a large rock just outside the sparring area that Hippolyta was knocking her around, and an idea swirled to life in her mind, one that she knew could either end in abject failure or win her the fight. Kara knew when she had her powers, her body mass was low due to her ability to create her own gravitational field, but when she blew her powers out, her body mass was more than most humans, an effect left over by the heavier gravity on Krypton. She flipped back away from
Hippolyta and landed on the large rock, her sword poised to draw the queen closer. The older blonde took the bait and charged the girl.

Kara braced herself and positioned her sword to block the queen’s, and when the older woman was close enough, she pushed off the rock with all of her might and hurled herself at the approaching blonde. The movement was enough to shock the queen, allowing Kara to knock her off balance. Hippolyta’s sword fell away in the scuffle and Kara righted herself quickly, holding her own sword against the queen’s neck.

Hippolyta slumped, conceding the match which caused the Amazons watching to break out in applause. Kara wavered on her feet before slumping down on the ground, completely exhausted. “So your powers gave out on you,” Diana commented, “but you kept fighting anyway.”

“I didn’t want to let you down,” Kara said, her voice coming out in pants with her breath. “I remembered what you taught me, about not giving up, how to fight without my powers using my head.”

“You’ve done well Kara Zor-El Grant of Krypton,” Hippolyta said, coming over to the two. Diana helped Kara off the ground and supported the exhausted blonde as the queen addressed her. “You continued to fight even without your powers when you were at your most vulnerable, that is a trait of an Amazon. My daughter has taught you well.”

“Thank you your Majesty,” Kara said, ducking her head shyly.

“Let it be known that you are welcome here anytime you want and we would be proud to call you an Amazon sister.”

Kara blinked, “Wow, thank you, I’m honored.”

Hippolyta nodded, before turning to her daughter, “Help her clean up and allow her to rest. It would besmirch our honor if we were to return her to her mother in such a state.”

“It’ll be at least a week before my powers return,” Kara whispered to Kate as the woman escorted her away from the field through the crowd of observing Amazons. “I love being here, but I have to get back to my job so I can’t stay that long here.”

“You’ll stay the night of course, gives you time to clean up and allows you to rest from the fight, and then I’ll take you back to Kate’s tomorrow.”

“You’re going to fly me all the way back to Gotham tomorrow? Won’t that be pretty exhausting?” Kara asked.

Diana shot her an amused looked and shook her head, “No, we’ll take the invisible jet, much easier for transporting several people.”

Kara blinked for a moment, “Wait, the invisible jet, that’s real? That’s a real thing and not just made up?”

“Yes, though it is actually invisible and not just transparent like people believe, that is absurd.”

“So what kind of technology does it use?” Kara asked, intrigued, “There was similar technology on Krypton that used panels to reflect light waves around the object so that it appeared invisible. It’s what was used for the security and military ships around the cities.”

Diana and Kara talked about the technology on Krypton and other planets in comparison to what
Earth had. The Amazon marveled at some of the things different planets have achieved, some focusing on their own versions of green energy, others on trans dimensional travel. She had hot water drawn for Kara to bathe and left her in the steaming water to ease her aching muscles. A great feast was planned by Hippolyta that evening in celebration of Kara’s successful battle and to wish her well on her travels away from Themyscira. Diana would also be returning to Patriarch’s world to resume her role as Wonder Woman and check on the company she had built.

The feast was loud and boisterous, the Amazons appreciating their food and wine almost as much as they desired the heat of battle. She only had a few glasses of wine, but it hit Kara harder than she imagined and she dropped into a soundless sleep not long after. When Diana came to wake her in the morning, it felt like she had swallowed sand and there was a slight pressure behind her eyes.

“First time feeling the effects of spirits?” The Amazon chuckled as she bundled the girl into her jet along with her bag.

“First time I really drunk any of that stuff,” Kara groaned, holding her head. “It doesn’t really affect me so I never really bothered to drink anything.”

“Amazonian wine is stronger than most,” Diana said. She handed the girl a flask of water, “Make sure you drink that slowly, you’ll need to hydrate to get rid of the headache.” By the time that Diana returned them both to Gotham, Kara had consumed three flasks of water and her headache was slipping away. “Feel better?” The older woman asked as Kara leaned back in her seat.

Kara just hummed and glanced out the window, “We’re in Gotham already?”

“Just about to land. I typically use Bruce’s private runway and hangar whenever I’m in town with the jet,” Diana replied. “Kate should be waiting for us just off the runway.”

The blonde perked up a bit, excited to finally be back with her family. “I wonder where Mom is,” Kara mumbled. The Amazon landed the jet and she only spotted Kate waiting on the runway. Once the plane was stopped, Kara unbuckled her seatbelt and left the plane, flinging herself at the redhead waiting for her.

“Did you grow while you were gone?” Kate laughed, squeezing the blonde.

“Oof,” Kara said, “Not so tight Kate.”

The redhead released the younger woman and looked at her, “You burn yourself out again?” At Kara’s nod, Kate chuckled, “You’d think you would build up a bit more resistance by now.”

“You try battling a Amazon warrior queen and see how exhausted you feel after,” Kara quipped, nudging the older girl in her ribs.

“You took on Hippolyta?” Kate whistled, “Damn girl, where do you keep those balls of steel in all of those leggings and skirts you wear?”

“Very funny Kate.” The blonde scrunched her face up a bit when the redhead pressed a kiss into the side of her head, and wiggled away from the woman to walk towards Diana. “Thank you, for everything,” she said, hugging the woman.

“As my mother said Kara, you are welcome on Themyscira at any time,” the brunette told her, “We would welcome you with open arms if you ever tire of hiding yourself or if you tire of your cousin’s self-righteousness and superiority complex.”

Kate barked out a laugh and Kara rolled her eyes at the redhead before looking back at Wonder
Woman. “I’ll keep that in mind, thanks Diana, for everything.”

The woman nodded before shooting off into the sky. She paused for a moment and turned back to speak to Kate, “And Kane, make sure that Bruce keeps his hands off my jet.”

“I don’t know what it is with the Justice League members,” Kate grumbled as she helped Kara with her bags and lead her to the waiting car, “They’re always so dramatic.”

“Aren’t you a member of the Justice League,” Kara retorted, remembering hearing about the group from her mother and seeing information about it growing up. The key members were her cousin, Batman, and Wonder Woman along with two other heroes she hasn’t met, Aquaman and the Flash.

“Eh, I help them out on occasion, but I don’t really consider myself a member,” the woman said, “There are a few heroes out there that feel the same way, including the new Green Lantern.”

“There’s a new Green Lantern?” Kara had heard of them before, there weren’t many aliens who haven’t heard of the legendary Green Lantern Corps. The last Green Lantern on Earth died years ago, and she didn’t think that there would be another human lantern.

“Oh right, you’ve been gone, but yes, there’s a new Green Lantern, taking residence in Coast City of all places. Superman introduced himself of course, but apparently the new hero in town was… less than receptive of the goody-two-shoes Man of Steel,” Kate chuckled, “Used his lantern ring to make a catapult and tossed him right out of his city, I wish I could’ve been there to see it.”

Kara laughed, “Oh wow, me too.” The redhead directed her car back towards the city to head back to her penthouse and Kara remembered her earlier query. “So where’s my Mom? I thought she was going to be here too?”

Kate sighed, “She was but she called me and said she was having some legal trouble with her ex-husband and she didn’t want to draw you into the scuffle. You’re going to be staying with me a few days while she gets that cleared up.”

“Aaron is an asshole,” Kara muttered, rolling her eyes. “Carter hates spending time with him because he actually doesn’t spend any time with him. Just kind of leaves Carter with his girlfriend of the week while he goes on a business trip. When I still lived at the penthouse, he always ended up crawling in bed with me after he came back from visiting his dad. I don’t think he really understands why he has to visit the man and I don’t.”

“Carter doesn’t know that you’re adopted?” Kate asked, “Where did he think you came from with your abilities?”

Kara’s face scrunches up for a minute, “I don’t think we’ve ever told him that I’m an alien. I mean, he knows I can fly and I’m strong, but I think he just thinks I’m like the X-Men in his comics.”

“Why haven’t you told him?” Kate asked as she parked the car and helped Kara with her bag.

“I don’t know. Originally it was that he was too young to really understand the importance of keeping it a secret, and then I think we just forgot,” Kara shrugged.

Kate was about to say something else when a figure darted out of her building and barreled towards Kara. “Kara!” The figure cried, wrapping the blonde girl in a tight hug.

“Lena,” Kara gasped out, trying to return the hug. “Too tight!”

The brunette immediately released her friend and gave her a scrutinizing look. “You burnt out
“again,” she chided, slapping the blonde lightly on the shoulder. “How do you keep doing that?”

“Blew them out during a fight with the Amazon Queen,” Kara explained as the three of them took the express elevator up to the penthouse. “What are you doing here?”

“I knew you were set to come back today, so I popped over from Metropolis to see you,” Lena replied, sitting down in one of the chairs in Kate’s living room. “But besides that, how was Paradise Island, how were the Amazons?”

“Slightly terrifying,” Kara replied, sitting on the couch and flopping over on one of the arms, “There was a huge feast last night, which is apparently typical when someone passes their trials or after a successful battle. I woke up this morning with a splitting headache, wishing I still had my powers. Apparently Amazonian wine is really strong.”

“No way,” the brunette said, leaning towards the blonde, “The alcohol affected you? Like really, you woke up with a hangover this morning affected you?”

“I don’t like that look on your face,” Kara muttered, staring at her friend suspiciously.

“I know exactly what we should do while you don’t have your powers!” Lena crowed gleefully, rubbing her hands together.

“I’m not getting another tattoo,” the blonde said, trying to slide as far away from her friend as she could.

Lena waved her hand, “I’m not talking about that. I’m thinking something bigger and way more fun.” She jumped up and grabbed Kate and Kara’s hands, pushing them towards the bedroom. “Pack your bags ladies! We’re going on vacation!”

“Vegas!” Kara yelled, covering her ears from the loud noises of the city that were hard on even her human ears. “This was your idea, coming to Vegas?”

“If you weren’t such a stickler with morals, I would’ve dragged you here years ago to hit the blackjack tables,” Lena said, hustling the girl into the hotel while Kate followed behind them, amusement dancing in her eyes.

“I didn’t think of that,” the redhead muttered, “We could’ve gone to the casinos in Gotham and cleaned up.”

“I’m not helping you two cheat at cards,” Kara grumbled, “And it doesn’t matter now since I don’t have my powers at the moment anyway.”

“I know, that’s why we came to Vegas. We’re going to drink, hit the casinos, and have a good time.” Kara looked at her friend suspiciously, “You just want to see me hungover don’t you?”

“I’ve had to deal with hangovers for years while you just nodded your head in sympathy,” the brunette glared, “Since you’re powerless, basically human, you are at my mercy, so we are getting wasted and blowing a bunch of money on the slots.”

“Lena, you know I don’t like gambling.”
The brunette tutted as she pushed Kara into her room. “It’s not gambling if you know that you’re going to lose money,” Lena told her, “Then it’s just throwing money away. Now this is your room.” She shoved the keycard in her hand, “Change your clothes, put on one of those tight, dresses I packed for you, and get ready for a night on the strip.” Lena sauntered away to the room next door.

“What’s the point in getting three rooms at Caesar’s Palace if we’re only going to be here for a few days?” The blonde asked, turning to the redhead.

“Look, Lena and I both have money to blow on a wild vacation holiday, so much money even with Luthor Corp being… Well, anyway, we have a lot of money, and I know you do too but you’re saving that for your emergency food fund,” Kate replied. “And I think that Lena really needs this, needs some kind of stress relief with everything that has happened in the past few years. So clean up, put on the dress, and prepare yourself to get wasted.”

“Fine, fine,” Kara sighed. “Oh, where’s Maggie? Why didn’t she come with?”

Kate waved her hand, “She’s been working a lot lately, I didn’t want to bother her.”

“There anything going on there?”

“No, I don’t know, we’ve been having some… problems. I’m giving her some space. We’re still engaged, but we’re taking some time apart. I guess you could say I need this vacation too.”

“Sorry Kate,” the blonde murmured, hugging the woman.

“I’ll be alright, don’t worry about me. Now go get your dress on and get ready for a few days of drinking and gambling. You can loosen up your morals everything now and then.” The redhead disappeared into her own room across the hall and Kara reluctantly shut her door and took a good look around her room. It was technically a suite with a sitting area, complimentary mini-bar and fridge, along with a gigantic king sized bed. The bed looked sinfully soft and the room was amazing, she was slightly disappointed that she wouldn’t get to spend much time in her room. Knowing Lena, the other woman would have the entire trip planned.

“Alright, you can do this Kara,” the blonde muttered to herself as she wiggled into one of the dresses Lena had brought for her to wear, a basic black that, while clung to everything, was a modest cut so allowed her to maintain some decency. Her eyes glanced over to the other two dresses she hung in the closest, three dresses for three nights in Vegas. The red dress was similar to the one she had on, though cut a little lower around the neck. The blue dress though…

“Kara!” Lena’s voice came, banging on the door, “Time to go!”

The blonde rolled her eyes at her friend’s exuberance and sighed, “I can do this, how bad could it possibly be?”

“I can’t believe how much money you’ve managed to make on the roulette,” Lena said, giggling into her drink as she looked over at her blonde friend.

“Not as much as Kate has made at the poker tables,” Kara smirked, glancing over at the redhead.

Kate had a wide grin on her face as she leaned back against the back of the booth and crossed her
legs, her drink held lazily in her hand. “It’s really easy to make money on the tables, especially if you’re sitting with a bunch of men,” the woman replied, downing her drink. “A little skin here and there, tight, low-cut dress, catches a lot of the tourist gamblers off guard. Like taking candy from a baby.”

“Oh no!” Kara’s eyes widened in horror, “I just realized we’ve been gambling!”

“Calm down blondie, what happens in Vegas, stays in Vegas,” Lena said, motioning for the waitress to bring them another round of drinks. It was their last night in the city, and they had been taking it easy on Kara for the past two nights, but tonight was the night. Go big or go home.

The first night the three of them had gone to a few shows around town before heading to a few of the casinos. Kara proved herself to be a wiz at the roulette and craps tables, probably because even though her powers were gone, her reflexes were still superior to a human so she was able to cause the dice to fall as she wanted or the marble to fall where needed. She didn’t win every time, but she was winning about 60% of the time, more if Lena stopped handing her drinks that tasted really good. Since they ended up staying awake for so long during the night, they ended up returning to their rooms and sleeping through the morning before heading out to explore Vegas during the afternoon and returning to the casinos and nightclubs much later in the evening after dinner.

Currently they were sitting in one of the lounge areas at Caesar’s Palace, saving its casino for the last night since they were staying in the hotel. They had visited Circus Circus, Luxor, Excalibur and the Venetian the last few nights, and just wanted to relax and have fun during their final night in Vegas. Kara was on her fifth drink of whatever it is that Lena had been ordering for her, and she was feeling particularly buzzed. She glanced at both Lena and Kate and while the other two were used to alcohol, they had had more drinks than her and were well on their way to being drunk.

“Kara,” Lena hissed, looking behind her. “Cute brunette at your six o’clock looking right at you.”

“Wha-?” The blonde started, her words slurring slightly as she moved to glance behind her but Lena stopped her.

“No no, don’t look, you can’t look. You can’t do the looking because if you do the looking she’s gonna see that you looked which might prevent more looking.” Lena was already drunk, that was obvious. “She does look like your type though.”

“I don’t, I don’t have a type,” Kara blustered, her eyes darting to the sides in hopes of getting a glimpse of this mysterious brunette.

“You do so have a type,” Lena sniggered over her glass, “And this one fits it.”

“Let her look Lena,” Kate said, “Take some pity on her.”

Lena sighed and let go of Kara’s head and the blonde immediately turned her head to look behind her. Blue eyes instantly fell on a lanky brunette with shoulder length brown hair wearing tight, black pants, a shimmering gray shirt, and black leather jacket. The woman’s head turned and Kara was caught in mesmerizing brown eyes, her breath stealing out of her lungs. The brunette’s eyes held strength and intelligence, a fierceness in spirit that was matched by her strong frame. Shit, she did have a type.

She whirled back around to face her friends after seeing the brunette wink at her, blood rushing to her face turning it a deep red. “You like her don’t you,” Lena grinned, “You think she’s hot.”

Before Kara could reply, the waitress came around again and dropped off another drink for the blonde, telling her that it was from the brunette at the bar. Kara glanced back and saw the woman lift
her drink towards her and smirk, causing Kara to blush again and duck her head shyly. She took a sip of the drink though, and her taste buds exploded at the flavor of the cocktail, the rum and club soda contrasting with the mint and lime. Her eyes slid shut as she relished the flavor, appreciating the clean taste much more than the fruity or sour drinks Lena was pushing at her the past few days.

“I think it would be best if we left you alone for a little while,” Kate, tugging at Lena to pull her out of the booth.

“Oh yes, let’s go back to the casino and get back to the card tables,” the brunette replied.

“Wha, wait,” Kara tried to follow after them but Kate just pushed her back down into the booth.

“Look, Kara, you haven’t really had a proper relationship since Laurel. I know she hurt you, but it’s been years. You need to move on, relax a little, have some fun.” The redhead gave the younger woman a sly wink, “Flirt with a stranger in a nightclub lounge, dance a little, maybe more.”

“Have fun,” Lena waved before the two of them disappeared back into the casino.

Kara mentally cursed at her two friends when a clear voice came from behind her, causing the blonde to freeze. “Looks like you’ve been abandoned,” the voice said.

The blonde turned and saw the brunette standing not too far away from her holding a drink in her hand. “Oh, um, no, um, yes,” Kara sputtered out, gulping down her own drink.

The woman smirked and motioned to the recently vacated booth. “Might I join you then?” She asked, and Kara gulped.

“Please do,” she said, waving her hand.

The woman slid into the booth and motioned for another few drinks to be delivered to the table before turning her attention back to the blonde in front of her. “So what brings you to Vegas…” The brunette started, her tone searching as she probed for her name.

“Oh, um, Kara,” the blonde replied, “And I’m here with a few friends, blowing off some steam and expendable money on a weekend in Vegas, what about you?”

“Lexie,” she introduced as she finished her drink and the waitress dropped off two more. “And I’m here for the same reason I guess. Here with friends for a quick vacation before heading back to school. They found a few guys willing to buy them drinks, so they went off to dance and flirt.” She took a sip of her drink before her dark eyes returned to the blonde in front of her. “What about you? Why have you been ditched?”

Kara rolled her eyes, pausing for a moment when the room seemed to spin a bit. “My friends, they think they’re helping,” she replied. “I really haven’t had any type of relationship since my girlfriend and I had a messy breakup a couple years ago, so they think it’s time for me to, I don’t know, get back on the horse I guess.”

“And they wanted you to ‘get back on the horse’ with me?” Lexie asked, amused. She slid a little closer to the blonde and let her fingers trail along the table, brushing against Kara’s hands, causing the other woman to shudder.

“Um, ah, well, wha?” Kara sputtered, blood rushing to her face.

Lexie laughed a little at the other woman’s face and gave her arm a squeeze. “No pressure Kara, let’s just spend the evening together drinking, maybe dance a little and see where it goes. Let’s just have a
good time, like we were supposed to on this vacation.”

Kara thought for a moment about the suggestion and agreed, smiling. “Why not,” she said, raising her glass to clink it with Lexie’s. “After all, what happens in Vegas stays in Vegas right?”

“Right.”

Kara fumbled with her keycard on her door lock, her drunkenness causing her to drop it a few times and the drop dead gorgeous brunette currently kissing her way up her neck. “Lexie,” the blonde moaned, her front plastered against the door, “You have to stop. I can’t concentrate on opening the door with you doing that.”

“Mhm, you better hurry then,” the woman breathed, “I don’t think I can keep my hands on you for much longer.”

The blonde finally got the card in the door and opened it, only to find her back pressed against it as it closed and the slightly shorter brunette in front of her devouring her lips with urgency and passion. Kara moaned again and returned the kiss with fervour before pushing back off the door and backing Lexie towards the large bed.

“I’ve been wanting to get you out of this dress since I saw you in it,” Lexie gasped out as Kara peeled her leather jacket and dropped it on the floor. The brunette’s hands slid along Kara’s waist and back, fingerin the smooth fabric of the dress and where it ended just under her shoulder blades, leaving the upper parts of her shoulder and chest bare to questing fingers and lips.

“I want to get us on more of an equal footing before that,” Kara purred. Her fingers searched along the seam of Lexie’s pants, looking for a button or zipper. She found her prize and deftly unbuttoned the pants before grinning at her soon-to-be-lover and dropping to her knees. Snagging the piece of metal between her teeth, Kara pulled the zipper down, her eyes staring into Lexie’s the whole time, watching as brown darkened into black.

“You can’t be real,” the brunette murmured, yanking Kara up so they could feverish kiss as the blonde pushed the tight pants down her hips. “I never imagined I would have a beautiful blonde kneeling before me between my legs.”

“I can do many things,” Kara said, finally succeeding at ridding Lexie of her pants and pushing the brunette back to sit on her bed. She straddled the brunette’s waist, her hands instantly cradling the base of her skull as her fingers curled through long brown strands. “I can fulfill many fantasies,” she breathed out, her lips trailing over eyelids, cheeks, chin before again finding soft lips.

Tongue battled tongue as hands searched, clenched, pulled with fury, need. Lexie’s hands found the zipper of Kara’s dress and pulled it down, instantly causing the strapless dress to loosen enough to push it off the blonde. “Oh my god,” Lexie gasped as proud breasts were revealed to her eyes and hands. “Definitely a perfect fantasy,” she muttered, her hands reaching up to hold Kara, causing the younger woman to cry out.

“Oh Rao,” Kara gasped out, her long hair trailing down behind her, “Don’t stop.”

“Wasn’t planning on it,” Lexie whispered, her lips caressing every inch of the blonde’s chest, finding an especially sensitive spot in the hollow of her clavicle.
This spot made Kara’s hips buck forwards, and her hands clenched around Lexie’s shoulders before shifting into brown hair and tugging her head back. She connected their lips again and push the brunette back against the bed, urging her further up towards the headboard as she tugged and shifted Lexie’s shirt and bra off. Lexie kicked blindly at the dress still trapped around Kara’s waist while their mouths continued to duel, and before they knew it, they were in the same state of dress: Lexie in her boi shorts and Kara in the thong Lena and forced her into earlier.

“Mhm, how can you be real,” Lexie whispered again, her eyes cloudy and glazed over as her hands caressed the blonde’s ribs

They surged together in a great clash, teeth, tongues, hands, lips. It was fast, slow, passionate, hot, tender, lustful, loving, everything in between. The sex was a wild frenzy created out of mutual desire, and fueled by copious amounts of alcohol and lowered inhibitions. They reached the peak together, crying out in ecstasy before collapsing next to each other on the bed out of exhaustion and a drunken haze, their clothes and purses strewn about the room.

“Kara!” Lena voice bellowed through the door followed by a series of loud bangs. The burrito of blankets and pillows on the bed grumbled and moaned at the sound, her head throbbing, her mouth feeling of sandpaper and tasting like old socks. A hazy blue eye blearily opened and a messy blonde head poked out of the bundle and glared in the direction of the door.

“Go away Lena,” she mumbled out, her head instantly throbbing at the betrayal of loud sounds grating against her ears.

“Rise and shine sunshine, time to get breakfast and checkout,” the brunette yelled through the door again and Kara contemplated killing her friend. She extracted herself from her cocoon and blindly searched through her clothes, pulling on a tshirt and pair of panties before stumbling towards the door.

She opened the door and glared at her friend and the smirking redhead behind her, leaving them standing in the doorway to return to her bed. “You have a good night Kara?” Kate asked, following the blonde into her room.

Kara groaned and fell back into her bed, “I hate you both, please stop yelling.”

“Not yelling sweet cheeks,” Lena said gleefully, flipping the curtains on the window opening, letting a bright, stream of sunlight flood into the room.

The blonde hissed and burrowed down into the covers attempting to hide from the light. “Go away, and don’t call me sweet cheeks.”

Kate chuckled before her laughed shriveled up in her throat when she caught sight of the younger woman’s left hand. “Kara,” she started, her voice hoarse, “What’s that on your hand?” Kara glanced over at her right hand and shrugged, causing the redhead to roll her eyes, “Your other hand sweetie.”

She glanced over at her hand and rolled over, bolting upright on the bed. “What is that?” Kara asked, staring at the gold band sitting snuggly on her left ring finger.

“That’s a wedding ring,” Lena said, staring at the ring wide-eyed.
“What,” the blonde returned, “No, I, no, I couldn’t have gotten married, I, no.”

While the alien was sputtering denials, Kate went snooping around the room, looking for evidence from the previous night when she found the blonde’s discarded purse and the piece of paper sticking out of it. “Uh, Kara,” she said, holding the paper out to the blonde, “I think you did.”

Kara looked at the paper, a wedding license, certificate, with her name scrawled across it. “Oh shit.”

Chapter End Notes

Well... that happened... Right, and as I've stated, this was the second thing I imagined for this story, so I've been working towards this point. There are two more chapters I think after this before this part is concluded and I can move on to part 3 which has another big time jump, which I'm sure you'll be able to figure out what it is, and we'll get to the action of the story. I have loved all of this character building and story telling, but it is time to press on!

Now, explanation, Lexie here is Alex if you didn't know, gasp, shocking. Usually it has been in my experience that people use fake names or kind of fake names in bars, or clubs, especially in Vegas, so Alex is going by Lexie here. I also kind of picture her in a similar outfit that she had on in that flashback to her drunken party stage, which she is in now, except with a leather jacket as well.

And it is canon that Kate and Maggie split up for various reasons. It'll get worse for them before it gets better, but we'll be getting all of that through Kara, second hand information and all that. I don't have energy to deal with that, plus all of Kara's nonsense.
Chapter 23

Chapter Notes

Ha, y'alls reactions were hilarious. Loved it.

Did anyone else hear that Cat was going to be back for the final two episodes of the season and she'll be bringing words of wisdom for Kara? I hope it has something along the lines of, what the fuck are you doing Kiera? What happened to owning your power?

Anyway, at the very least, I hope to see more stuff from the Supercat writers. I do like the Supercorps stuff, but really I'm bored and some of the recent stuff hasn't been all that exciting. I want some variety. There's an excellent Supercanary being updated, but where are more of the stories? I want so Kara/Laurel SuperBlack from you guys as well since I have managed to convince you of the pairing.

Please!!! Also, after the next chapter, I might take a break from the story? Maybe maybe not, but I've been working on it almost constantly and I feel like I might need a break, work on something else for a bit. I have some other really exciting stories I'm working on so there's that to look forward to.

Very emotional chapter, tissue warning.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“Wha, no,” Kara scoffed, looking at the paper. “This can’t be real…”

“Kara, what do you remember about last night?” Kate asked, sitting down next to the blonde on the bed.

The younger woman’s face scrunched slightly and a far away looked entered her eyes as she tried to think back, but all she got were flashes of brown hair and mesmerizing brown eyes, along with a colossal headache. “I don’t remember,” she answered honestly. “I remember we were at the casino, and then we went to the lounge and started drinking, and then I saw someone, you guys left, she came over to talk… Do you think I got married to her?”

“God I hope so,” Lena muttered, “I don’t remember much either, but I remember she was gorgeous and just your type.”

Kate rolled her eyes at Lena before looking back at Kara, “Do you remember her name?”

Kara shook her head, “No, everything is a blur.” She glanced down at the marriage certificate in her hand, “This can’t be real right? I mean, who allows drunk people to get married?”

“Happens more often than you think,” the redhead sighed. She examined the piece of paper again and groaned a bit when she realized that the other woman’s name was smudged, making it nearly indecipherable. “We can get it annulled Kara, it happens with Vegas weddings all the time,” Kate reassured her. “We just have to file the right papers, prove you didn’t mean to get married, and then boom, never happened.”
“It doesn’t work that way Kate,” Kara groaned, falling back on her bed.

“Sure it does sweetie,” the redhead tried to reassure her, “We just have to file all the correct paperwork…”

“You don’t get it Kate,” the blonde retorted. “I’m Kryptonian, divorce was forbidden on Krypton, it wasn’t something that we did. When we mated, married, bonded, it was for life.”

“It’s not a divorce, it’s an annulment…”

“Just because you use a different word, do you think it’s not the same thing?” Kara growled, hopping off the bed. “Even though it wasn’t a full, Kryptonian bonding ceremony, that doesn’t mean that I don’t recognize it as a fully bonded marriage. This woman, whoever she is, is now my mate, and I don’t even know her name or remember anything about her.” Tears started falling down Kara’s cheeks as she glared at Kate accusingly, “And you tell me that we can just have this human ceremony done away with like it didn’t even happen, I can’t just do that Kate. I can’t just make my beliefs go away, or my biology, how I feel. It doesn’t work like that.”

Kate stood up and wrapped the crying Kryptonian in her arms, holding her as she tried to wiggle away. “I’m sorry, I’m sorry,” she whispered, “That was insensitive, I’m sorry. I was just trying to help you, I didn’t know about your beliefs, I’m sorry.” She shushed the girl, calming her tears. “I don’t want you to give up your beliefs, we’ll figure out something to do Kara. We’ll get this sorted.”

“Well first thing we can do is figure out Kara’s new last name,” Lena said, staring at the paper, “Sanvers? Damvers… No, Danvers, definitely says Danvers, so I guess that would make you Kara Danvers now wouldn’t it?”

“What makes you think I took her last name?” Kara retorted.

“Smudge Grant doesn’t sound too exciting now does it?” The brunette said dryly.

Kara barked out a laugh, “You’re ridiculous.” She clutched at her stomach, a full belly laugh leaving her as her situation fully hit her. “This whole situation is ridiculous isn’t it?”

“You aren’t the first one to end up getting drunk hitched to a stranger in Vegas and you won’t be the last,” Kate said, ruffling blonde hair. “Do you want us to find this person? I’m sure it won’t be hard to find the wedding chapel and get another copy of the marriage license.”

“It’s not too far from here,” Lena added, looking up the chapel on her phone.

“I don’t know,” Kara told them, sighing. “It’s all very confusing right now. I just want to check out of the hotel like planned and get some breakfast, I’m starving.” Her stomach let out a loud grumble at that, causing the other two to look down at it.

“Basically human in every way right now except when it comes to food,” the redhead sighed. “Well, go on, get yourself cleaned up, shower. Get all the sex wash off of ya, I don’t need to think about my baby sister in such a way.” Kate shuddered at the thought, “Lena and I will clean up out here.”

“We’ll what?” The brunette started but Kate nudged her harshly in the ribs to keep her from talking. Kara looked at them both strangely for a moment before disappearing into the bathroom. “Why are we cleaning up?” Lena asked once she was sure the shower had started.

“I am packing Kara’s clothes, you are hacking that wedding chapel and getting the name of whoever she married,” Kate said, poking Lena’s just with a sharp finger. “If Kara is going to be married to this woman, then I am going to make sure of what kind of person she is, whoever she is.”
“Fine fine,” Lena sighed before rifling through her bags until she found her tablet and started typing away on it. Breaking into a Vegas casino security and computer system, difficult, breaking into a Vegas wedding chapel service? Like taking candy from a baby. “Shit,” she muttered when she got a good look at their files.

“What’s wrong?” Kate asked after folding the last of Kara’s clothes and placing them in her suitcase.

“The files, they’re all corrupted,” Lena said, perusing through the data. “Each and every one of them, all of the marriage certificates they have are corrupted, and I’m betting the only hard copy is the one we currently have.”

“So we’re no closer to finding out who this person is,” Kate stated, rubbing her face. “Fantastic.”

“We can always run a search on the name Danvers,” Lena suggested, “How many can there be?”

“I know of at least ten families with that name in Gotham alone,” the redhead sighed. “That won’t work.”

“So what do we do?” The brunette asked.

“We don’t do anything,” Kara said, walking back into the room. “Powers came back while I was in the shower,” she told them when she took in their curious looks. “Look we obviously can’t do anything about it now. I’ll just have to wait, I can’t help but imagine that this is the way things aren’t meant to be for right now.” She twisted the ring on her finger and pulled it off, looking at the band. “I don’t think I’m ready for a mate, a wife, and even though I have one, she’s not here. I have time to… grow up I guess, find out what I want to do.”

“We can hack the state files,” Lena suggested, “The marriage certificate would’ve been filed with them as well, though it might be corrupted as well.”

“Just leave it for now,” the blonde replied, “It’ll work out when it’s supposed to.”

“If that’s what you want then we’ll honor it,” Kate told her despite Lena’s grumbled protests. Kara sped around the room and finished packing her things and cleaned up the mess from the night before, stripping the sheets off the bed in the process. She was a whirlwind of clothes and fabric, one the other two were used to so they ignored her as she moved around. The blonde stopped after a few minutes and the room was cleaned, all evidence of the night before was gone other than the dirtied sheets.

Kara picked up her ring from where she left it on the bedside table and examined it again. It was just a simple band, nothing fancy or any sort of engravings, nothing like she imagined she would get if she ever got married. She dreamed of being able to have Kryptonian marriages bands, but knew that it would be impossible on Earth. She still hoped to have her ring engraved with words of affection or undying love, something chosen just for her, selected out of love. Instead she got a generic gold band that was most likely sold at the chapel for people wandering in to get married. She slipped the ring in her manicure kit before putting it back in her suitcase and turning to face her two friends.

“You guys ready to go?” Kara asked, “I’m so ready for some breakfast.”

“I could murder some pancakes and mojitos right now,” Lena agreed, grabbing her own bags.

Kate followed after the two younger women before a thought entered her mind, causing her to freeze in her steps. “Oh my god,” she said, looking at Kara in horror, “What are we going to tell your mom?”
“Stop talking,” Cat muttered as she rubbed at her forehead in frustration. Her daughter was standing in front of her in her home office, shifting her weight nervously from side to side as she looked at her. The older woman was thrilled when her daughter came in through the front door over an hour ago since she hadn’t seen Kara for over two months, longer than she had ever been separated from the girl since she’d adopted her. She wanted to hear all about Themyscira and the Amazons, but the nervous look on the younger blonde’s face halted her inquiries. Prompting the girl to speak, Cat listened to Kara’s nervous stutter, her mind instantly capturing on the keywords coming out of her mouth; her daughter was married. Kate and Lena had taken her girl on a whirlwind weekend trip to Las Vegas while Cat was dealing with her idiot ex-husband and Kara was powerless after her battle with the Amazonian queen.

They got her drunk, encouraged her to drink and left her alone with an unknown woman in a lounge bar. Kara’s inexperience left her vulnerable and she ended up marrying this woman. Cat knew without even asking that annulment was out of the question, Kara’s beliefs would never let her consider something even remotely similar to divorce. “So you’re saying that you agreed to something as irresponsible as going on a wild trip to Vegas, where you had alcohol without the benefits of your powers for the first time, and you ended up married as a result.”

“Yeah,” Kara murmured, glancing down. “Are you angry?”

“No,” Cat bit out, “I’m furious. I’m furious that those two idiots put you in this situation, and disappointed that you let yourself go along with the idea.”

“I let myself go along with it?” Kara returned, “Mom, I had fun, I was able to experience something human without it having to be painful like when I got shots or the tattoo. I had fun, yes the end result wasn’t exactly what I had imagined, but still…”

“You think this was a normal human experience?”

“Drinking too much and suffering from a hangover is pretty much the normal college experience, but I didn’t get to experience that at any point. The getting married part was a bit much, but I got to experience it, I got to go through it as a human, I got to mess up, make a mistake, be normal.”

“Being normal in this case is overrated,” Cat scoffed. She stood up and started pacing, “I can’t believe you did this Kara, I taught you better than this.”

“You taught me to never shy away from anything, to never back down,” the younger blonde returned. “You taught me to seize every opportunity.”

Cat shook her head, “This is what you thought I meant? You don’t even know this girl, this person that you married, you don’t even know her name. Whatever you do reflects on me Kara, don’t you know that? How could you be so stupid…”

Kara felt like she had been slapped, and stepped back away from the older woman. “It’s a good thing you’re not really my mother then isn’t it,” the younger blonde said, tears filling her eyes. “You would never have someone so stupid.” She fled the room before Cat could say anything, barely taking in the dumbfounded expression on her face as she left the penthouse. Darkness had fallen over the city by the time she strode out of the building; the weight of the words spoken and heard out of anger kept her on the ground as she walked down the sidewalk. Her feet unconsciously carried her away
from the building towards the local park she often frequented with Cat and Carter to feed the ducks. It was her favorite place in the city if only because it held precious memories of her first few months on Earth, coming to feed the aquatic birds bits of rice and corn.

The park was quiet now as the last of the people out enjoying the late summer weather returned home for the evening, grabbing food on the way home or waiting to make dinner back in their own kitchens. Kara knew that she really shouldn’t be out by herself at night, more for appearances sake than being in actual danger, but she didn’t know where else to go. She found her usual bench and sat down, staring out at the dark water with only the occasional street light falling on the water.

It was close to half an hour later when she heard a familiar heartbeat coming towards her, getting louder in her ears. She had plenty of time to run if she wanted to avoid the confrontation, plenty of time to leave. She had just told her mother, Cat, that she learned not to run away from problems, but she wasn’t sure she wanted to talk with the older woman at the moment, to hear what she had to say.

Cat sat down next to her daughter and stared out at the water, thinking about what she wanted to say. After she adopted the lost little alien, she read everything she could find at how best to raise an adopted child. All of the research, all of the scholarship, everyone talked about similar problems that adopted children face. Kara’s situation as an alien seeking refuge on a foreign planet after the destruction of her own was different from the usual situation, but the core problem was the same. The girl was orphaned after a terrible tragedy and her world was put in a tailspin; her only living family was set to abandon her because he could not cope with raising a child. This spoke of abandonment issues and other underlying problems that hadn’t presented themselves fully because up until this point, Kara’s life had been relatively stable. Cat worked to provide the blonde with a safe and stable home, someplace where she could grow in peace and not have to feel the pain of her lost world, her lost family.

She miscalculated somewhere though and had inadvertently hurt her daughter due to her careless words. Yes she was angry and disappointed that Kara had gotten herself into this situation, but more than that, Cat was scared. She was scared for her daughter about the suddenness of the relationship, and the permanent nature of it. Kara would never get a divorce or annulment, but would she be able to have a meaningful relationship with someone she barely knew, someone it was unlikely that she would see again? Cat wanted more for Kara than what she had in her life, more than a series of failed relationships with only her children as the silver-lining for each one.

“I’m sorry,” Cat said after a few minutes, “I shouldn’t have said what I did. I’m not mad at you, disappointed yes, but more I’m afraid for you.”

“Afraid?” Kara questioned, her eyes darting over to look at the older woman before returning to the dark water in front of her.

“Yes,” the older blonde laughed mirthlessly, “I wanted so much for you, more than what I have in my life. I know you won’t even consider divorcing or annulling the marriage.” She sighed and carded a hand through her hair. “I wanted you to have love, have something meaningful, have a partner you could love, depend on, especially after everything that happened with Laurel.”

“I know Mom. I messed up, I know that, but I’m not upset that I did this. I can’t help but think this was meant to be maybe,” Kara said, tilting her head back to look up towards the stars. Humans wouldn’t be able to see them with the lights of the city but she could see them clearly, shining brightly in the sky. She wondered briefly how many of those stars were suns themselves with planets revolving around them. “I know there is a low chance that I’ll meet the woman again, but maybe… There is a chance you know?”

“Yes,” Cat murmured, “There is always a chance.”
They sat in silence for a few minutes before Kara glanced over at the older woman. “I’m sorry too, for saying that you’re not my mother.”

“It’s alright Kara, I know that I’m not Alura—”

“No, that’s, that’s the thing,” Kara said, fully turning to the woman. “No, no you’re not like her, my other mother. I loved her growing up you know, I wanted to be just like her. But after everything, then being adopted by you, raised by you, I realized that she wasn’t a good mother. She didn’t spend time with me like you do, or like my aunt Astra did, she was always too busy dealing with the judiciary council.”

“I’m sure she loved you Kara,” Cat told her, wrapping an arm around the younger woman’s shoulders and pulling her closer.

Kara nodded, “I know she did, and showed it in her own way, but you’re just as good a mother to me as she was Cat, probably better, I shouldn’t have said what I did.”

“Mhm, truthfully I was waiting for it much earlier though,” the older blonde commented, rubbing her daughter’s back, “Everything I’ve read indicated that it happens at least once with adopted children.”

“You read up on adopted children?” The younger blonde asked, a light chuckle escaping her lips.

“Of course, you should know by now that I don’t take anything lightly,” Cat replied. “And truthfully, I was afraid that I would say or do something that would hurt you, so I wanted to know everything I could. I ended up saying something hurtful anyway.”

“We both did,” Kara said, leaning into the older woman.

The sat in silence for a few moments and Kara let her senses expand around her. Whenever she was out with her mother or brother, she always kept an ear out for paparazzi or regular people with cameras. She knew Cat wasn’t ashamed of them, but she wanted to maintain privacy for her family, keep public and personal lives separate. Cat’s voice broke her out of her thoughts. “So what do you remember about this temptress?”

Kara rolled her eyes and looked over at her mother, “She wasn’t a temptress Mom.”

“Well she must’ve been something special with she managed to get you to marry her,” Cat returned, “So what do you remember?”

The younger blonde’s face scrunched up slightly as she thought back to the night before. It was only the night before; her life managed to change so much in less than a day. “She was beautiful,” Kara whispered, snuggling into her mother’s shoulder, “Long brown hair, though not as long as Lena’s, dark eyes, tight pants, leather jacket…”

“So your type.”

“I don’t have a type Mom,” the younger blonde muttered, rolling her eyes.

“You have a type.”

“She was really nice,” Kara continued. “She was… incredible really, better than anything I ever experienced with Laurel or any of the other people.”

“While I can appreciate that as a woman, as your mother, hearing about your sexual exploits is slightly disturbing,” Cat said, distaste clearly showing on her face.
“You should be glad that you don’t actually have to hear them, I know a bit too much about you and your last boyfriend.” The younger woman’s face twisted in disgust as she shuddered, “Far too much.”

Cat cleared her throat but refused to be embarrassed that her daughter overheard her having sex with her latest dalliance. When raising an alien child, one learned to let some things go. “On that note, we should probably talk about your living situation.”

“I’m going to start looking for an apartment, I know you said I could stay with you, or you want me to stay with you but-”

“But you want to go out on your own, I know,” Cat finished. “I understand, I do. I didn’t at first because I wanted you to stay here with me, but you do deserve your own space. I couldn’t wait to get away from my mother, went to college and never went back.”

“Mom, I don’t want to get away from you, it’s a different situation, we have a different relationship from you and your mother, and truthfully I would try to get away from her too, she’s terrible.”

Cat barked out a laugh, “It definitely wasn’t sunshine and rainbows growing up with that woman that’s for sure. More like Jurassic Park.” The younger blonde giggled and soon the two women were laughing at the mental picture conjured by the reference. Getting control of herself, Cat returned to the previous conversation, “Anyway, what I was going to say, during the time you were gone, I had my lawyer contact different apartment buildings around the city. Nothing pretentious or excessive, I know you won’t like that, but I did find a few places that I deemed safe, acceptable, and within a reasonable price range. We have appointments to view them in a few days if you want to.”

“Do I wan- yes, yes of course!” Kara squealed, pulling her mother into a tight hug.

“Oof, not so tight Kara,” Cat laughed, patting the girl’s back.

“I’m so excited!” Kara bounced up off the bench, pulling Cat with her. “Thank you for doing this Mom.” Her stomach let out a loud rumble and she placed her hand over it, glancing down, “And hungry, so hungry!”

“Come on, let’s get home then. I’ll order your favorites.”

“All food is my favorite.”

“So there’s a chance that I can get something I want as well,” Cat smirked and the two walked back to the penthouse arm in arm.

“I forgot how exhausting looking at apartments was,” Cat huffed as she followed Kara up the stairs to the fifth floor building.

“You could’ve taken the elevator Mom, I would’ve met you at the door to look at the place.”

Cat’s nose crinkled, “Someone bathed in Axe body spray before stepping into that thing, no way was I setting foot into that thing.” She stopped to lean against the handrailing to stare up the three flights of stairs she still had to do.
“This is the third apartment we’ve seen, and we still have two more after, why didn’t you arrange all of these in one day?”

“I don’t like drawing things out,” the older woman replied, rubbing a bit at her heel encased foot.

Kara looked back at her mother and knew better than to ask her why she wore heels if she knew that they would be walking around a bit, possibly going up and down stairs. She glanced around, quickly looking for prying eyes or possible cameras before moving down the last few stairs back to her mother. “It’ll be much faster if I carry you,” Kara said, holding her arms out for the woman. When the older blonde didn’t move right away, Kara sighed and turned around, motioning towards her back.

“Alright, if you must,” Cat grumbled, setting her hands on Kara’s shoulders. “Don’t go too fast.” The younger blonde bent slightly, and grabbed her mother’s legs before jogging up the stairs, being careful not to jostle the woman too much. She set her mother down on the landing before reaching the fifth floor and the two walked up the last few stairs together.

“It’s the one here at the corner,” Kara said, gesturing towards the door. Cat pulled the correct key packet out of her purse and unlocked the door. Her lawyer arranged with the realtors to receive copies of the keys to view the apartments alone so long as they were returned by the end of the day. The two entered the apartment and instantly started to assess the space. Kara was immediately enamoured with the open floor plan, the clean kitchen and counter island, and the balcony just outside the kitchen and living room area.

“It’s a single bedroom,” the older blonde murmured, “The bedroom area is separated from the rest of the apartment by a few stairs and a sliding door, big enough for a king sized bed I suppose if you want one. The main bathroom is down here…”

“Look Mom,” the blonde cried, tugging at the woman, “There’s a gas fireplace here, and look this area in front of the balcony could be the dining room or the place where I could do my painting.” She looked around again, spinning around in the space, “It’s perfect Mom.”

Cat turned her gaze on Kara’s excited face before glancing around the apartment, trying to see through her daughter’s eyes. “Yes,” she said after a few minutes, “It does have potential.” She walked over to the bathroom and glanced inside, deeming it an adequate size as she looked back Kara. “I want to see the other two apartments before we make any offers, and I want to hear more about what you’re picturing in your mind. What do you see?” The woman listened as Kara explained her vision, what she saw in her mind when she looked around the apartment.

She imagined a cozy couch with quilts and pillows situated at an angle towards the fireplace, but also so that one could see the entertainment system next to it as well. A few matching, but comfortable, chairs and end table near the sofa, and a small dining room table and chairs behind the couch near the balcony. She would have her easel and paints set up near the table to catch the light streaming in from the window but in an out of the way place so that people wouldn’t trip on or interfere with her work. The bedroom would have a large king sized bed, and warm, cozy colors, more quilts and blankets, things that she loved. As Kara spoke, Cat could see the vision coming to life, along with a few artistic, sophisticated touches here and there, this apartment would make an amazing first home for her girl. “I like it,” Cat said, smiling over at the younger blonde. “But,” she held up her hand to halt any excited bouncing, “We’re still going to see those other two places.”

“Oh course Mom,” Kara agreed, skipping back to the door. “After you,” she opened it with a bow, knowing that her mother was most likely rolling her eyes at her antics.

“And you’ll let me buy it for you.”
“No Mom, I-”

“I know you have money,” Cat interrupted, “You have a trust funded, what you’ve made from your job, and whatever you scooped up during your ridiculous trip to Vegas. But this is something I want to do. The rest of your money can supplement your expenses, your still outrageous food bill and other things, but this is something that I want to do for you.”

“Thanks Mom,” Kara replied, hugging the older woman tightly.

“Yes, well, no more of that, let’s get going. The sooner we get done, the sooner I get out of these shoes.”

“You know, you could’ve just not worn heels.”

“Don’t start spouting nonsense now that you’re moving out Kara.”

Chapter End Notes

You probably can't tell from the description, I couldn't tell much from the photos, anyway, Kara is not in the apartment she has in the show. I'm actually giving her Alex’s apartment from season 2 because I like it much better. I don't think Cat would be a fan of that leaving clothes racks just chilling out anywhere in the apartment, and Alex's place looked really cool so, sorry Alex, future Alex when you get your life settled and figured out, Kara is snatching your place.
Chapter 24

Chapter Notes

And again, no new episode of Supergirl, so we are left with just works of fiction to tide us over. Fortunately this week was SuperCat week so I have been enjoying those stories, well done guys.

Has anyone noticed an uptick in Kalex stories lately? Not like lately lately lately, just more in general recently... Anyway, so everyone has been really great so far, but as a reminder, please keep shipping wars out of the comments. I'm not a hardcore shipper of any pairing, so I don't really get into that, or follow blogs or anything so be cool y'all, just trying to write this insanely long story for your enjoyment.

And as I stated last chapter, I'm going to take a break from updating this story for a few weeks. Hopefully I'll have something else out next friday for you guys to read and I can comment on the new episode, so fingers crossed on that. I need to sort out some details about the next arc in the story before we dive in. I have a general endgame right now, but nothing specific so either this will help me hash it out or I'll continue blindly writing until someone tells me to stop.

I also got inspired by the SuperCat week prompts, totally missed it was coming up, but I've been writing some things for the prompts, I'm a sucker for soulmate stories, anyone want to write more for me to read, I'll read them.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“Couldn’t you have done this yourself in like five minutes?” Lena asked as she helped Kara paint the walls in her new apartment. It had been a few weeks since Cat and Kara had viewed apartments, and the one they settled on was purchased and papers received within the week. The longest part of the process was selecting furniture for her new place, but the two women finally compromised between comfort and style. The couch she ended up selecting was a small pullout for when guests came to visit. Kara knew that when Lena or Sara came that they would most likely sleep with her, but anyone else would be able to use the couch. Carter already called dibs on it for whenever their mother had to go out of town and he didn’t want to stay with his father.

Kara just hummed as she thought about the question, “I could, but I’ve found that the paint looks better if it’s put on slowly rather than with super speed. Gets all streaky and more chance that it could drip. Just be glad I put the first coat on and did my bedroom by myself, all we have to worry about is the final coat in the living room.”

Lena just humphed and the two continued to paint, painting the walls with a soft cream color and accenting them with burgundy. A couple hours later, they were finishing up with the painting when Cat Grant strolled in through the door followed by movers carrying the new furniture for Kara’s bedroom. “Just up there,” the woman ordered the men, pointing towards the bedroom before turning to her daughter. “Kara,” she greeted, hugging the younger blonde before turning to her daughter’s brunette best friend. “Lita.”
“Is she ever going to get over the fact that I got you drunk in Vegas where you accidentally got married?” The brunette asked, glancing over at her friend while the older woman moved to oversee the movers.

“Eh, give it a few years and you might make your way off her shit list,” Kara said, smirking at her friend. “Look on the bright side though, you’re not as far down as Kate, or Maxwell Lord.”

“Lord should be at the bottom of everyone’s shit list,” Lena grumbled, “The man is vile.”

“He’s still being really flirty with Mom, it’s creepy.” Kara shuddered, “He kind of makes me want to take a shower, many showers, so many showers.”

“It doesn’t work,” the brunette told her, “You never really get clean.”

“Just be glad you two don’t have to spend any real length of time with the man,” Cat told them, as the men finished moving the furniture and walked out the door. “They’re going down to get your mattress Kara and once they bring it up, we’ll be able to put the bed together.”

“So I’ll be able to sleep here tonight or at least tomorrow right?” Kara asked. “We get the bedroom set up, all of my clothes moved over and put away in the closet, I should be able to stay here?”

Cat stared contemplatively around the rest of the apartment, taking in the drying walls and the open windows. “In theory,” she murmured, “The bathroom doesn’t need much other than a few more towel racks and to get everything situated in there. The kitchen won’t be done until tomorrow after the refrigerator is delivered, but I imagine you’ll probably just order pizza and drink water from the tap or something equally ridiculous.”

“Water from the tap?” Lena questioned, a horrified expression on her face.

“I’m sure you’ll manage alright Lita,” the older woman said dismissively. Lena grit her teeth together but Kara distracted her from getting into an argument with her mother, that wasn’t something that anyone needed at the present moment. The movers came back up, carrying the king sized mattress, and Kara bounced excitedly as they left the mattress propped against the wall on Cat’s orders. They left and Kara instantly starting putting her bed together, using her super speed and strength to read through the directions and put together the bed frame. It only took a few minutes to lock everything into place before she was sliding the mattress layers and memory foam into place.

She left Cat and Lena for a moment, briefly wondering if any bloodshed would take place while she was gone, and ran down to the underground parking garage to get boxes for her bedroom out of her truck. When she got back to her apartment, she found her mother and best friend glaring at each other from either side of the bed. “You guys need to sort out your issues with each other, this is getting ridiculous,” Kara sighed as she set down the boxes she was carrying. She gave her best friend a ‘look,’ and the brunette studiously ignored the expression and glanced down towards the ground.

Cat sighed as her daughter turned her glare on her. She would probably scold her a bit more if she didn’t know where she had learned the look, from her. “What I want to know,” the older woman started instead, “Is what the new CEO of LuthorCorp is doing flitting around from Metropolis to Gotham to Vegas then to National City.” She turned and sat down on the unmade bed, staring Lena down, “As the CEO of a multi-billion dollar media company, I can imagine that a multi-billion dollar tech company is difficult to manage, unless you’re shirking your responsibilities?”

Lena looked up and growled, stomping her foot. “I am not shirking my responsibilities. I’ve been finishing up my MBA degree and there’s something else I’ve been working on, something that I’ve
been hoping to present to the board, but…”

“What’s going on Lena?” Kara asked, walking over to her friends.

The brunette looked at her friend before turning her eye on the blonde media mogul. “Off the record Ms. Grant,” she said, and the older woman reluctantly nodded. “I’ve been thinking about relocating the main branch of the company to National City.”

“Really?” The two blondes stated at the same time.

“Yes really, after everything that’s happened in Metropolis, I feel like the company needs a new start, and my life, my friends are all here in National City. I’ve been here scanning properties and meeting with contractors to get quotes on what it would take to start building an office tower and development labs.” She combed her fingers through the tight ponytail on the back of her head, “I’m hoping to present the idea to the board within the next few months, be able to start building and move here in the new few years.”

“Oh golly,” Kara gasped, hugging the other woman tightly, “This is so exciting! Why a few years though? Why not a few months?”

“It takes a while to build a proper office building and research space Kara,” Lena laughed, patting the girl on the back. “And takes even longer to move a corporate headquarters to the other side of the country. Paperwork, investors to reassure, board members to wrangle, deals to make with the local government and all that. It’s a long and annoying process. I’ll hopefully be in National City frequently during that time to make sure that the building is going as scheduled and no corners are being cut in the process.”

“This is so awesome Lena, you’re going to be moving here permanently!” Kara cried, bouncing her friend in a hug again. “You can stay with me while you find a place, have you found a place yet? You can stay here.”

“I’ve been staying at a hotel, it’s fine Kara,” Lena replied.

“No no, friends don’t let friends stay in a hotel, right Mom?” The younger blonde answered, turning blue eyes on the older woman in the room.

Cat glanced away from piercing blue eyes, her own falling on the brunette in the room. She scrutinized the other woman for a minute; this was the woman who grew up with her daughter, they were basically raised together in the same house. “If you take my daughter out to get drunk and let her do something stupid again, you’ll wish I kept calling you Lita.”

“Yes Ma’am,” Lena said, nodding her head.

The older woman nodded, “Good, now that we have an understanding, we have a bedroom to finish putting together. Chop chop girls, off you go. Mattress cover, sheets, bedspread, curtains, let’s go.”

“Yes Mom.” “Yes Ms. Grant.” The two intoned and they started pulling items out of the boxes Kara had brought up and set about putting the bedroom together. Smooth, dark sheets were pulled over corners on the bed, followed by a large, starry galaxy bedspread. Cat rolled her eyes a bit when Kara approached her with her tablet in hand, pointing to the bedset that she had found online. It wasn’t what she pictured for a bedspread for her adult daughter, but somehow it seemed to fit well with the rest of Kara’s decor. Her daughter was definitely a romantic at heart, a dreamer, and the mood she was projecting with her bedroom reflected that attitude. The room had low lighting through the use of dimmer lamps throughout the room and the many flameless candles the girl had collected.
throughout the years. She had selected one of her own paintings to hang over her bed, a tasteful image of a woman sleeping with a sheet draped strategically over her nude form.

“Is that Sara?” Lena asked when she saw the painting. The woman’s face was partly covered by an arm and a tousle of blonde hair, but she was still recognizable by the barely visible smirk ever present on the blonde’s face, even while sleeping.

Kara nodded, “She agreed to pose for my thesis project. She fell asleep during this one so I switched the lighting and did a few sketches while she was catching up on her sleep.”

“So it wasn’t meant to be this… sensual?” The brunette questioned, her eyes not straying from the image.

“Not originally, I did it for fun to see if I could do it and it turned out pretty well.”

Cat noticed the slightly dilated pupils and the way Lena licked at her lips briefly before glancing back to her blonde friend. She rolled her eyes at the sight, and didn’t put much more notice to the action, though she wouldn’t be an ounce surprised if the next time Kara’s two best friends were in the same place, more looks would be exchanged. Cat nearly let out a sigh, but caught herself before it escaped; she was much to mature to be dealing with this nonsense, especially when her daughter was recently married and her son was just starting to discover that girls didn’t have cooties.

Her phone vibrated in her purse where she left it, and Cat moved to retrieve it. She let out a low growl at the message on her phone, it was time to clean house again at CatCo and get competent employees.

“Emergency at work Mom?” Kara’s voice came and Cat look up to see concerned blue eyes staring at her.

“Afraid so,” Cat told her, rolling her eyes. “It looks like I’m going to need to get a new assistant.”

“That’s the third one this month, and it’s only the second week.”

The older blonde shrugged, “Competent employees are difficult to find. I’m sorry Kara, I’ll be back tomorrow to help set up the rest of the apartment.”

“It’s okay Mom, Lena and I can manage,” Kara replied, waving her mother out.

“Lena and I cannot manage,” the brunette grumbled but the blondes ignored her.

The younger blonde gave her mother a quick hug before she left, and turned back to find her best friend spread out on her bed, staring blankly up at the ceiling. “Lena!”


“If you hurry up and help me finish putting my room together, we can get dinner. Our favorite fancy Italian place is only two blocks over.”

Lena popped off the bed, “Francesca’s? Right it is in this area of town isn’t it? Let’s get a move on, chop chop as Ms. Grant would say.” The two continued setting up the bedroom, moving on to the bathroom once Kara had everything where she wanted it in her room. She was just installing a new towel rack when Lena flounced into the room with her purse hanging on her arm. “I’m going back to my hotel room to change and get the rest of my stuff. I’ll taxi back over here later with my stuff and then we can go out. Dress like for a night out.”
“What do you mean dress like for a night out?” Kara asked, scrambling after her friend.

“I mean what I said, dress like for a night out.”

“The last time we did a ‘night out’ I ended up married,” Kara stated.

The brunette just waved her hand, “You didn’t have your powers, different situation. And you probably won’t be drinking anyway, so it doesn’t matter. I just want to eat dinner with my friend and go dancing, let loose a little, is that too much to ask?”

Kara sighed, “I guess not, I’ll have to sort through my closet and find the right dress and heels.”

“Nothing frumpy or too conservative, I know you’re a married woman now, but you don’t have to go full on nun here,” Lena said, striding out the door. “I’ll be back in a few hours, don’t forget to shave… everything, shave everything.”

“Bye Lena,” Kara yelled, used to her friend being weird when away from the public eye or her company. She had perfected the cold, neutral but superior expression when dealing with her company, particularly the board members, and adopted an open but aloof expression for the media and the public.

Checking the time on her phone, Kara knew that she had enough time to finish setting the bathroom up completely before she had to get ready, so she sped through the final things that needed doing. Towels were hung on the racks and placed snugly into the linen closet in the bathroom, and her new checkered shower curtain was placed on the new shower rod and fixed into place. She glanced at the time again and reasoned she had enough time to take a luxurious bath rather than a quick shower later like she normally does. She pushed the shower curtain out of the way and started the bath, pouring in some of her favorite bubble bath and bath oils into the water.

Kara relaxed in the warm water, still giddy about the fact that she was in her own apartment. It would take a while for her to get used to not hearing heartbeats close to her, other than the neighbors below her or in the surrounding apartments. When the water started to cool, she gave it another zap with her heat vision to keep it at the perfect temperature; she didn’t want to get out of the bathtub before she absolutely had to. Eventually her alarm went off and she knew that if she didn’t get out, Lena would barge in and drag her out of the tub. She kind of regretted giving her best friend one of her spare keys.

She clambered out of the water and dried herself off before wrapping a towel around her form and trekking back to her bedroom. After rubbing moisturizer everywhere, Kara dug through her closet and pulled out a white dress that wrapped around one shoulder with a partial ruffled sleeve and ended about mid thigh. She was fixing her hair and makeup when she heard Lena burst through the front door, dropped her bags, and strode into the bathroom.

“Don’t you look hot,” Lena said, letting her eyes trail over Kara’s body. “Love what you did with your hair.”

The blonde glanced in the mirror and fingered the loose twist she pulled her long locks into and set over her bare shoulder. “Well you did say dress for a night out,” Kara replied, finishing her light eye shadow and putting on some lip gloss.

“Come on, finish up and let’s get to Francesca’s before we hit the club.” The blonde grabbed her purse and locked up as Lena dragged her out of her apartment. They took the taxi that Lena had waiting on the curb, and headed over to the restaurant. Francesca’s was a growing restaurant in National City, one that they had come to since they were in high school when it was just a simple
style place. The owner, Francesca Gianni always had a table for them when they decided to dine in, one close to the kitchens away from public view. Lena always wondered if it was because of who they were or to cover the massive amount of food that Kara managed to consume.

They both ordered their usual and a light bottle of wine to accompany dinner and talked as they ate their food. Lena filled Kara in on how the plans were going for the move to National City, and the possibility of changing the name of the company in the future. Kara told her how her job search was going; she knew that she needed another job than her job at Noonan’s to be able to support her while she figured out her art career. By the time they finished dinner, it was after ten so they called another taxi and hit one of the local clubs. Kara kept a close eye on her friend as she ordered a drink at the bar before hitting the dance floor.

The blonde ordered her own drink and sat at the bar, allowing her eyes to sweep over the building and her senses to expand to the thrum of the blood pumping quickly through people’s veins. Lena hobbled over to her as soon as she finished her drink and pulled her out into the crush of bodies. Her reflexes allowed her to move away from anyone that was getting too close or too handsy, and kept Lena from getting seriously groped. Normally she would let the brunette handle people on her own, but Kara knew that her friend just wanted to relax without worrying about anyone being jerks so she took care of them for Lena.

Her attention fell on a long haired brunette that was stumbling out of the door, her keys clutched tightly in her hands. Something familiar struck her about the brunette, and Kara motioned to Lena that she wanted to talk to her. The two left the dance floor and Kara followed after the brunette with her eyes, watching as she stumbled to her car as the police picked her up. “What’s wrong?” Lena breathed out, slightly out of breath due to the dancing.

“I, that brunette that just left,” Kara murmured, her face twisted in concentration as she watched as the woman was arrested and passed out in the back of the police car. “I think I know her, she seemed familiar…”

“Okay… was she in one of your classes?”

Kara shrugged lightly, “Maybe, I don’t know, there was just something about her…”

“It’ll come to you later, come on, back to dancing!”

It was later than night when they were back in her new apartment tucked in bed that it came to Kara, flashes of long brown hair and dark brown eyes mussed and dilated in ecstasy. “Lexie!” She cried, bolting upright in bed, jostling her best friend who just groaned at her from the other side of the bed.

“What?” Lena grumbled, her hair a tangle covering her face. “Whaddawant?”

“Lena wake up, I remembered something,” Kara said, shaking the brunette’s shoulder, “I remembered why that brunette looked familiar.”

“She one of your nude models from school,” Lena hummed out, trying to slip back into sleep.

“No, shut up, that was her,” Kara repeated, stressing the pronoun.

One of Lena’s eyes popped open and she stared at the wall for a moment before turning on her back to look at her friend. “Her her?” She clarified, shoving herself up as much as she could. “Like, the woman that wed and bed you in Vegas, your wife her?”

“Yes!” Kara exclaimed. “I remembered! That was her at the club, and I remembered her name. It’s Lexie, or that’s what she told me anyway.”
Lena fell back on the bed and looked up at the ceiling, her fuzzy mind processing as much information as she could at present. “Lexie Danvers, that would make you Mrs. Lexie Danvers then.”

Kara rolled her eyes and shoved her friend, “Be serious Lena, I know her name now, what should I do?”

“Right now, you go to sleep, and let me sleep,” Lena replied, rolling back onto her side facing away from Kara. “Tomorrow, you’ll finish setting up your apartment while your mother comes over to help. I’ll go check in with the contractors and the meetings that I have before coming back here.”

“Lena! I mean what do I do about Lexie?”

“You know her name now, that’s a big step. We can look her up, but don’t you want to have a living room, dining room and kitchen set up before you go looking for your wife?” Kara just gave her an impatient look and Lena rolled her eyes. “Fine, I’ll look her up for you, will you let me go to sleep now?”

Kara squealed and glomped onto her friend, ignoring the light ‘oof’ that escaped the brunette.
“Thanks Lena, you’re the best.”

“Yeah yeah, let go, let me sleep,” she continued to grumble as she dozed off. Kara laughed lightly as she rolled over away from the other woman, falling into a deep sleep as well.

“So Lena couldn’t find anything about this Lexie person?” Cat asked as she watched Kara moved her couch and chairs into place.

Kara shook her head as she set the couch down in front of the fireplace tilted slightly towards the entertainment cabinet that she set up earlier. “She tried different names too, Alex, Alexis, Alexandra, Alexandria, nothing registered. Lena wonders if she gave me a fake name. Danvers is on the certificate, so that’s definitely her last name, maybe Lexie is just a nickname or middle name?”

“That is entirely possible,” Cat sighed as she sat down on the couch while Kara continued setting up furniture and the refrigerator. “So what are you going to do now?”

“Well, I know she lives in National City, so it’s not like I have to search the whole country.” Kara floated up to the top cabinets in her kitchen and started stocking them with different items and appliances she had collected over the years. “I might just let it go for now. She lives here, but it didn’t seem like she was in a good place in her life. I would just complicate it even more, and I don’t want to do that.”

“Time might be the best thing,” the older blonde agree, “I don’t know much about this young woman, but it seems like she needs to grow up a bit. You do too of course, so this is probably a good thing.”

Kara rolled her eyes, “Thanks a lot Mom.”

“Just telling you the truth darling. You just got your own place, I think you need time to discover who you are a bit before jumping into a relationship with someone, even if you are married to them.”
“So you definitely think I should give it some time?” Kara asked, sitting next to her on the couch.
“Do you think she, Lexie, do you think she’ll want to be in a relationship with me a few years down the line, or even just friends?”

“I don’t know Kara, I guess you’ll just have to take that chance. And what’s to say you will like her when you get to know her?”

The younger blonde giggled a little, “That’s true, what if she’s a vegan? It might kill me to give up cheese… And bacon…”

“You’re impossible sometimes.”

Kara giggled and bounced up, twirling her arms around a bit. “What do you think of the place?”

Cat’s eyes trailed around the room, lingering on the pictures of their family and friends dotting the mantel and the easel sitting near the table. “It’s very you,” she replied honestly, “It’s a nice apartment Kara, so long as you actually manage to keep it clean it might even be rather cozy.”

“I can keep it clean!”
“Right, tell that to the mess your dorm room was whenever you were working on something.”

Kara scowled before a mischievous expression crossed her face and she wiggled her fingers slightly, using her super speed to dash around her mother, tickling at her sides.

“Kara! No!” Cat laughed out, trying to maintain a scowl on her face. She tried to retaliate but Kara dodged just out of reach each time. Eventually she was unable to keep up her speed due to laughing so hard and Cat was able to grab hold of her, digging tickling fingers into sides. The two collapsed back on the couch, giggles still in their throats, trying to catch their breath.

“Did you hear that Ms. Grant chewed through another three assistants this week alone?” Kara heard the murmurs from a few of her mother’s employees sitting eating their lunch in the cafe. Her attention never strayed from the customers streaming in for the lunch rush, but she kept an ear on the group talking. She knew that her mother was tough on her employees but she didn’t know that she was having a hard time keeping assistants. Cat was a difficult woman to work for, strong, determined, and she demanded more than one hundred percent from her employees at all times, complete dedication. The woman always gave everything of herself in everything that she did, and she expected the same from the people she hired, it was any wonder that many couldn’t handle the pressure of the job.

She listened as her mother’s employees idly discussed their lives and problems at work, moaning about how Cat treats them, but compared to the other people she heard coming into the cafe groaning about their jobs, they had it pretty well at CatCo. Cat might’ve called them incompetent and pushed them harder than probably any employer they ever had, but she paid them decent wages with benefits and she didn’t harass them. Pay wage was equal between men and women, only differing on skill, experience and job title.

A thought starting growing in the back of her mind, but she pushed it down to focus on taking and filling orders. The thought returned later that night when she was at home relaxing on her new couch, and she grabbed her laptop and pulled up the CatCo employee page. She bit her lip as she stared at the job application on her screen, and filled out the form, sending it off before she could
change her mind. It took less than an hour for the HR department at CatCo to email her back, and schedule an interview with Cat at 10:15 the next day.

Kara stared at the email in disbelief for a moment before putting away her laptop and going to bed. Her mother was going to kill her, probably was going to kill her. She tossed and turned in bed for a few hours, her mind still whirling around the fact that she had an interview tomorrow to be her mother’s personal assistant. It wasn’t something she had ever considered for her future career, though she did double major in marketing and minor in journalism. She picked her degrees on the off chance that she might work at CatCo one day, but it was never a set path.

She fell into a fitful sleep and woke when sunlight started to filter in through the window. Her window’s faced south so she didn’t get any direct sunlight from the sunrise, but plenty of indirect sunlight through the day. She got ready for her interview and went into work, telling her manager that she was going to be out for a few hours for a job interview. Kara had worked for the man for more than three years, so he was willing to let her go for a few hours, even if it meant she could be getting a different job.

The blonde walked into CatCo lobby around ten and took the elevator up to the top floor of the building. She had come to visit her mother outside of work hours when nobody was around, but had never been in the building when so many were rushing around. The energy in the building was electric, exhilarating, and Kara let her senses expand to feel the buzz of motion around her. The elevator dinged at the correct floor and she was immediately assaulted by the sight of the ridiculous pink jaguar statue her mother had installed several years ago on a whim.

Kara felt someone heading in her direction and moved out of the way slightly so as not to cause a collision and the man turned a little as he fumbled with his papers. “Oh, hey, almost ran into you there,” he said sheepishly, rubbing the back of his neck.

“You didn’t, it’s okay, no harm no foul,” Kara replied, allowing her eyes to take in his button up cardigan, tie and plaid shirt combination. She wasn’t sure how her mother continued to let him exist in her presence in that outfit, but assumed he was essential to the proper functioning of the office. Or her mother tried not to pay him much attention. “If you’re okay,” the blonde continued, not missing a beat, “I’m just going to…” She pointed behind her back in the direction of the offices and turned to continue.

“Oh, um, yeah, I’m okay,” he stuttered out a bit following after her. “I’m Winn by the way, Winn Schott um Junior, just, just Winn though, and you are?”

She paused for a brief second before sticking out her hand to shake his, “Oh, Kara Gr- Danvers, Kara Danvers.”

“Wow, that’s a, um, pretty strong grip you have there,” Winn commented, shaking out his hand a bit when Kara released it.

Kara winced a bit, her nerves were getting to her. “I was always taught that a strong, firm handshake left a strong impression.”

“Well that’s, that’s definitely a strong impression then,” Winn nodded, sighing in relief as feeling returned to his appendages, “So um, what are you here for?”

“Oh, I have an interview for the assistant job with Cat Grant,” she replied, glancing around towards her mother’s office.

A confused look crossed Winn’s face as he pointed in the same direction. “Does her current assistant
know that she has…” As he was speaking, a woman fled towards the elevator crying and the two just looked after her. “Yeah she knows,” he finished, slumping a bit in defeat.

“Next!” Kara heard her mother’s voice echo in the office space and the two turned to look at each other. “Where’s my 10:15?”

“Ah, that’s me, I better…” She gestured towards the office, suddenly feeling unsure at whether this was a good idea or not.

“Just be yourself, you’ll be fine,” Winn called as Kara walked away.

“Yeah,” she muttered under her breath, “That’s a great idea.” The blonde took a deep breath, firming her spine and did something she hadn’t done in a while, she sent a silent prayer to Rao that her mother wouldn’t kill her for this. “Hi Ms. Grant,” Kara waved, bouncing into her office.

Cat sighed, not yet glancing up from the papers on her desk. “I thought I told HR not to send me any more—” she froze as she glanced up, seeing her daughter standing in front of her with a folder in hand in a light sundress. “What…”

“I’m your 10:15,” Kara continued, acting as if she had never met the older woman. “Kara, Kara Danvers.”

The older woman took a moment to assess the fact that her daughter was standing in front of her in her office during the workday, acting as a total stranger and interviewing for the position as her assistant. “Millennials,” she huffed out without thinking, “The generation that thinks they’re so special, coddled, told that their opinion matters without really earning the right to have an opinion.” Her words continued to pour out as she processed the scene, “So tell me, what makes you special?”

“Nothing,” Kara blurted out before she could really think. “There’s nothing special about me, I’m 100% completely average. I’m dedicated though, I just want to help.” She stressed the last word to make her mother understand that all she was doing was trying to help her.

Cat hummed and picked up the glass of bourbon and gestured towards her balcony, and the younger woman followed her out into the sunshine and away from the prying eyes of the staff. “What are you doing here Kara?” Cat hissed out, keeping her voice down.

“I heard you were having trouble keeping an assistant,” the younger blonde returned, “Look Cat, Mom, I just want to help. You’ve done so much for me, I want to do something for you in return.”

“Kara, you don’t have to do this, I can manage with the mediocre people that HR continues to fine me,” the woman said dismissively, “You can focus on your art, or finding a job you’ll actually enjoy.”

“I want this job,” Kara insisted, “I want to help you. I can do this job, and I’ll still be able to work on my art in whatever free time I have. Isn’t this what you call paying your dues?”

“Kara…”

“I want to be useful Mom, to somebody,” she continued. “I’m not ready to be a hero, not yet, maybe not ever, but I want to be able to help you. You’re already a hero to so many people, to me… I want to help.”

Cat looked at her daughter for a moment, really looked at her. Sometimes she forgets that this giant, this maid of might she raised was still that small, frightened, impressionable little girl that clambered out of a pod close to ten years ago. A girl abandoned by her only living blood relative to her
knowledge, desperate for affection and a home. Sometimes Cat forgot all of that and only saw her daughter, a strong, capable young woman who could do so many great things with her life. The two images warred with each other, but she knew that both of them were part of Kara, a little girl who lost her family, her world, and a young woman with a loving and supportive family behind her.

“I expect total dedication to this job,” Cat continued, moving back into employer mode. If Kara wanted this, wanted to help her by being her assistant, who was she to deny her daughter this one thing, one of the few things she ever asked of her. “Do you think you can do that?”

“Yes Ms. Grant,” Kara replied, “I just want to be useful.”

The older woman hummed and returned to her desk. “Well you can start by fetching me a latte, hot. I’m sure you can make arrangements for whatever other employment you have at the moment.”

“Yes Ms. Grant,” Kara popped up off her seat and strode out of the office, a wide grin threatening to break out across her face.

Cat watched as her daughter bounced out of her office and leaned back in her chair, swiveling around so that her employees couldn’t see her in her fish bowl office. “Things around here are definitely going to get interesting,” she said, biting on her glasses with a small smile. “Interesting indeed.”

Chapter End Notes

And there we have it. Hopefully that was convincing enough. To answer maybe questions, yes she becomes Cat's assistant, uses the name Danvers at work, but no she doesn't become a reporter like in the show, too much like Clark. I have several avenues Kara can do, I'll see which one stick later, but until the end of the story, Kara is Cat's assistant.

Hopefully I'll see you guys next week with something else, either a few prompts for SuperCat week, or the first chapter in this new story I'm experimenting with.
I'm briefly coming out of my hiatus to talk about those last three episodes. Because I need to talk about them, and none of my other friends watch the show and the people that do watch only mildly watch because of it's connection to The Flash and that bunch, not because they care about the characters.

So episode 2x18 was it, with Lena and Jack, that one was good, I liked that one. Gave Lena some depth, bit of emotion, etc etc. I hate that it put her in touch with Rhea, but whatever. It was an okay episode. Not the best, but okay.

2x19, this was shit. For numerous reasons, but let's start with Maggie and Kara's interactions throughout the episode. For one, I don't like how Maggie was just so easily brought into the secret, yes she's a detective, she detects, but Alex didn't have to confirm, but that was long before the episode, so this episode. Yes Maggie says she likes Kara, but not Supergirl. She likes Kara Danvers, but she hasn't spent any time trying to get to know Kara Zor-El. Does Maggie even know her story? Does Maggie even understand what Alex means to Kara? Do the writers understand even because it seems like they completely glossed over the PTSD Kara would definitely have at the thought of Alex being taken or killed. Completely glossed over. And Alex, need I remind you that just a few months to a year ago, Kara was giving you her last words before she flew a million ton spacecraft into the air to sacrifice herself to save your sorry behind, and what do you do? You ask to speak to Maggie. Yes she's your significant other, yes it is important to talk to her, last words, but she's not even your wife, she's your girlfriend you've been dating for a few months. You are Kara's everything Alex, don't you get that? So yeah, alot about this episode bothered me, mainly the lack of character understanding on the writer's parts.

Episode 2x20. It was fairly predictable, I mean I knew that's what Rhea was doing as soon as she mentioned portal, and I hate Lena got dragged into this and I really hope this experience doesn't turn her evil. It was a good episode, Kara and Lena's date at CatCo was fun right? And Lena's exuberance at fixing stuff, so cute. BUT, what I don't understand is Kara leaving Lena there after she had been hurt. I am trying to figure that out, I know Kara was concerned with stopping the portal, but it was just really out of character for her in that moment.

Anyway, I couldn't tell from the pics, but I know that Rhea is going to try to marry Mon-El to Lena, which ew btw. But I couldn't tell if Lena looked happy about it, or was like wtf is going on, or maybe brainwashed, idk. I'll need lots of fix-it fics probably.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Two years later
A knock sounded on her door and Kara glanced away from the movie playing on the TV and the containers of Chinese takeout on her coffee table to peer through the door. She scrambled out of her seat when she saw who was waiting on the other side, and rushed to open the door. “Carter, buddy, what are you doing here?” Kara asked as the teenager trooped into her house passed her.

“I’m here for dinner,” Carter replied. “Hi Krypto,” he greeted the black dog that had wandered over to sniff at him when he walked through the door. Krypto woofed out a greeting, nosing the boy for a minute before returning to his plush bed wedged in between the couch and one of the chairs.

The previous year, Kara decided she was going to raid her cousin’s fortress of solitude. It was a piece of Krypton on Earth, a sanctuary created for Kal-El by his father Jor-El, that’s what he was told anyway. Truthfully the technology was something both her father and her uncle were working on, so she had as much right to it as her cousin. She knew it was in the Antarctic, Diana had told her that much when she was staying with her, but she hadn’t ever tried to look for it. Kara contacted the Amazonian who met her in Gotham, and the two of them plus Kate, who needed a distraction after breaking up with Maggie, took the invisible jet down to the ice cliffs in Antarctica.

She located her pod in the fortress and inside of it was a message left from her mother, the only thing she really had from her, and an AI device similar to the one Jor-El had left for his son of him. She didn’t think she would ever be able to forgive Clark for withholding something of hers, something that her mother left for her. Deeper in the fortress, Kara found Krypto, the shapeshifting dog that her father had gotten for her eleventh birthday, frozen in a stasis chamber.

Kara was nearly apocalyptic when she found a memo from Jor-El that he had gotten the dog as a puppy for his son, cursing her uncle back to Rao for such dishonesty. She freed her pet and Kate took him back to Gotham with her while they waited to see if he had any special powers like she and her cousin since he was a Kryptonian life form. It took months for them to train Krypto to control his powers enough for him to come live with Kara in her apartment without bringing down the building. Fortunately Krypto was intelligent and caught on quickly, though he did use that time period to switch between different dog breeds before finally settling on a black Belgian shepherd. Occasionally he did shift into a great Pyrenees, but never when they were going out in public.

“Aren’t you supposed to be at your dad’s while mom is out of town?” She continued, reclaiming her seat on the couch near Krypto. She dropped a few treats for the dog and turned the TV on mute while she glanced at her little brother as he perused through the containers of food she left on the coffee table. “Um, excuse you, bud,” Kara lifted the table out of his reach so he would focus on her questions. “Focus, aren’t you supposed to be at your dad’s?”

Carter just shrugged, “I guess, he kept leaving me alone though, or sticking me with his new wife. You know she’s only like eight years older than me right? She was trying to be my mom, or ignoring me to play on her phone, so I left. I left my dad a note though so he won’t worry about me.”

“Doesn’t mean he’s not going to worry Carter, did you at least tell Mom you were coming to stay here?”

“Oh, I figured I would tell her tonight when she called,” the boy replied sheepishly, “I mean, she is in Geneva, and it is like the middle of the night there and I didn’t want to bother her.”

“Ugh, fine, but I’m not covering for you if Mom gets mad, remember she’s coming home in a few days, and will probably figure out a way to kill me if something happens to you,” Kara told him, handing him the container of sweet and sour chicken.

Carter scoffed, “Mom wouldn’t kill you, you know she loves you and you’re her favorite, other than me of course. Besides, you’re an alien, how would she kill you?”
Kara smiled wryly at him, “She's resourceful, you'd know she'd find a way “

The boy conceded her point and dug into his food. “It's not like you have to do a lot of work to take care of me,” he said around the food in his mouth. “Take me to school, pick me up from soccer practice, or I can just catch the bus and come here. I can walk Krypto for you."

At the sound of his name Krypto perked up and walked over to the boy, licking his hands and jumping up to lick at his face. “You're lucky that you don't shed,” Kara wheezed out as Krypto turned to collapse on her, curling up on her lap. “Mom would probably burn down the apartment if there was dog hair everywhere.”

Krypto just woofed and nuzzled into her. “I'm hoping if I prove to Mom that I can take care of a dog, that she'll let me get one. We can get a hypoallergenic dog, one that doesn't shed, maybe one of theoodles?”

“You know mom doesn't like dogs in her apartment, only reason Krypto is allowed is because he's trained and highly intelligent, and two, you know she doesn't like theoodles, calls them designer dog breeds.”

“What are the chances of finding another shape shifting Kryptonian dog?” He asked, playing with the tail that was wagging on the couch.

Kara gave him a sympathetic smile, “Sorry buddy.”

Carter sighed, “Guess I have to make do with Krypto then.” The dog wagged its tail some more and snuffled back over to the teenager, no doubt trying to disguise his attempts to steal the container of food out of his hand.

“No, Krypto,” Kara warned, a glint of steel in her voice. “You know you can’t eat people food, gives you gas.” She got up off the couch and snapped her fingers as she walked over to the kitchen. Krypto slid off the couch at her command and followed her, waiting patiently by his gigantic food dish as she filled it with a mixture of wet and dry dog food. When she finished and put away the food, Kara let him know that he could eat and Krypto attacked his food bowl with ferocity while Kara returned to the couch.

“See? You let me stay here, I can take care of Krypto while you’re busy at CatCo,” Carter continued, his eyes large and pleading.

“Fine, fine, you can stay, but you’re explaining to Mom about why you’re here.” When she finished speaking, Kara’s phone rang, and she glanced down to see her mother’s face appearing on the screen. “Perfect timing,” she muttered, answering the phone. “Hey Mom, Carter’s here and he has something to tell you.” She handed the phone off to the sulky teenager without waiting for the woman to say anything and grabbed another container of food off the coffee table.

She listened idly as Carter explained why he left his father’s and was now staying at her apartment with her and Krypto. When he finished he handed the phone back to her, and Kara walked up to her bedroom and shut the door to give her some privacy.

“Are you sure it’s okay that Carter is staying with you for a few days before I come home?” Cat’s voice came before she could say anything.

Kara sighed, “Mom, it’s fine. Carter has stayed here before on the weekend, it’s not a problem. If he wants to sleep on my couch for a few days, that’s up to him.”

“Wasn’t Lena supposed to be staying with you sometime this week for a few days?”
“That’s not until the night you’re supposed to come home. I figured that I could bring Carter and pick you up at the airport and Lena could let herself into my apartment, you know, like she normally does.”

“You two have always had boundary issues. If I didn’t know better, I would have said you would’ve started dating years ago, but that’s not really the relationship you have. Besides, I think she’s very much interested in someone else…”

“What?” Kara asked, confused.

“Nevermind darling, how are things at CatCo?”

She resisted the urge to sigh again, “They’re fine, just as you left them and they’ll be fine when you get back in a few days. And I thought that we agreed not to discuss CatCo business during family time? It is the best way to separate work personalities from home life, public and private lives right?”

“Yes yes, sorry darling, it’s a habit.”

“Just remember that when you want something from your assistant, you usually text me,” Kara continued. “Though if you accidentally call me ‘Kiera’ during family time, I will never forgive you.”

“I would never,” Cat replied indignantly.

The younger blonde just hummed, “Now tell me how your day was yesterday, what did you do?”

Kara leaned back against her bed as Cat started telling her about her day. She let her senses expand to check on Carter in the living room, noting that he had changed the channel to some creepy, gory horror movie, and she would have to change it before he ended up with nightmares or spin a tale to their mother that she had let him watch scary movies. Speeding to the living room, Kara took the remote and changed the channel to a nature documentary and was back in her room with the remote before Carter knew what had happened. She heard his groaning as she settled back on her bed, but quickly settled down to watch the documentary of life in the arctic during spring.

“Was he trying to watch a horror movie again? Cat asked having heard the whooshing sound of air moving and her son groaning loudly.

“Not anymore,” the blonde replied.

She heard Cat sigh through the phone, “He’s getting rather disobedient as of late, more on the outgoing side, mischievous. I blame you for this.”

“He’s never had a problem making friends,” Kara countered, “And the bullies don’t pick on him at school. I view that as a good thing.”

“Because you taught him a few of the moves you picked up from Kate and Diana.”

“Carter’s a little on the scrawny side, he needs all the help he can get.”

The older woman sighed again, “I suppose you’re right. Though I am grateful he took the news that you were an alien better than I thought he would. He was more disappointed that he wasn’t an alien, but I think his crush on you he had as a child came back full force. He looks up to you so much, I shouldn’t be surprised he wants to be just like you, or stays with you when his father continues to prove himself a waste of space.”

Kara giggled at little at her words, “You know if Carter hears you say he has a crush on me, his
whole face turns red and his ears turn purple.”

“Amusing isn’t it?”

She was about to reply when Carter bellowed from the living room. “Kara! Can I give Krypto some ice cream?”

“No!” She called back immediately, “Don’t you even think about it Carter Henry Grant, you put that ice cream back in the freezer.” Kara narrowed her eyes as the teenager wavered between doing as she ordered and complying to the large, puppy-dog eyes staring up at him from her pet. “Sorry Mom, I’ve got to go before Carter gives Krypto people food and we have to fumigate the apartment.”

“He’s definitely not allowed a pet until he’s at least thirty,” Cat sighed. “Go take care of him, I’ll call you tomorrow with final details of my flight schedule. I love you Kara.”

“I love you too Mom,” Kara returned, clicking the phone off. She glanced back up just in time to see Carter hold a spoonful of ice cream over Krypto’s head and drop it. She’s pretty sure she reached lightspeed as she managed to catch the scoop of ice cream in a bowl before Krypto could devour it. “I don’t think so,” the blonde said, taking the ice cream and spoon away from her little brother.

“Awe, Kara, he clearly needs it,” Carter whined, pointing to the black dog looking up at them with large, sad brown eyes.

“I’m sure,” she muttered, turning a disapproving eye on her dog. “You should know better Krypto, you know that Carter is weak and can’t resist your sad eyes.” Krypto just woofed out lightly and Kara tisked, “Don’t try it with me, bed, go.” She pointed to the balcony where she installed a doggy door and a suitable dog house for him. He preferred to sleep outside when the weather was nice, feel the breeze blow through his fur, listen to the sounds of the city with his superior senses, even for a dog. Kara often wondered if it was his way of listening for threats, sleeping outside where they would come from, but she didn’t pay it much attention. Krypto was happy sleeping on the balcony at night when it wasn’t pouring down rain and that was all that mattered. “And you get to bed too Mister, you’ve got school tomorrow,” she said, turning back around to face Carter.

“Kara,” he pleaded, “Just a little longer…”

“You can finish the documentary, but then it’s bed for you,” Kara acquiesced. “Get ready for bed though while I get everything set up out here.”

Carter grabbed his bag and moved to the bathroom while Kara sped through the rest of her food and moved the coffee table out of the way. The couch didn’t completely fold out into a full sized bed, just a little bit so that it was the same size as a single bed. She tossed the takeout containers in the trash and checked the fridge to make sure she had enough food to feed herself and Carter in the morning. At the very least, she had fruit and his favorite cereal stocked for his breakfast, but she would need to grab some groceries if she was going to feed them both. Carter’s appetite was starting to resemble hers with how much he ate, though he didn’t eat as much of the protein and calorie dense food as she did, he just ended up eating a lot of junk.

“I don’t want to hear you complaining about having to get up in the morning since you wanted to stay up longer,” Kara told the boy when he came back out of the bathroom. “Someone has to walk Krypto and since you volunteered…”

“I won’t, I can do it!” He said, bouncing on the couch where Kara had tucked sheets around the cushions.
Kara returned the remote to one of the end tables, and went through her evening ritual as well, pulling her silk robe over her pajamas so as not to give Carter a heart attack. “I’ll wake you up in the morning,” Kara told him, clicking off the lights in the living room though leaving on a small nightlight.

“Thanks Kara,” Carter said, turning a grateful eye on his sister. “And uh, thanks for letting me stay here, you know since I left my dad’s place.”

The blonde smiled and pushed some of the tousled curls out of Carter’s face before bending down to press a kiss on his forehead. “What are big sisters for?”

Honey, I’m home!” Lena sang out as she blew through the front door, her raincoat still clutched tightly around her, water dripping off making large puddles on the floor. “What’s for dinner?”

Kara glanced at her friend in disbelief before looking at the clock on her coffee maker. “I thought you said you had a date tonight?” The blonde asked, setting the stove to simmer while she stepped away to greet the other woman. “Give me your coat, you’re making a mess.”

“It’s not my fault, it’s raining cats and dogs out there,” Lena said, wiggling out of the coat. Krypto perked up from his spot on the floor next to Carter and woofed over at the brunette. “Excuse me, not literally cats and dogs,” she amended and the dog came over to greet her before returning to his spot. Carter was working through his homework, a book report he needed to get done, so only grunted out a greeting to the woman.

“I could smell it in the air and I heard it coming from out over the ocean, but you dodged my question,” Kara commented after hanging the coat up in the bathroom. “I thought you had a date tonight?”

Lena sighed, “I did, but she had to leave early.”

“Was it another one that was prejudice against, you know…”

“No, surprisingly she didn’t mind. No, she was a doctor and had to leave because one of the patients had an emergency.” Lena settled onto one of the bar stools, and propped her chin up on her folded hands, “We didn’t even get to dinner, hence why I’m here.”

“Sorry Lee,” Kara replied, “Are you going to reschedule?”

“Eh,” the brunette shrugged, “Probably not. While she wasn’t bothered by my last name, she was incredibly boring. I know as a doctor she deals with a lot of stress and everything, but that god complex she had was so annoying and she was just… just boring.”

“You’ve been really picky about your dates recently,” the blonde mused. “They’ve either been too needy, too boring, not interesting enough, who is good enough for Lena Luthor anyway?”

Lena’s eyes darted towards the painting hanging over Kara’s bed in her bedroom before glancing back at her friend. “Mhm, I wonder,” she mused, causing her friend to glance at her curiously.

“Nothing, nothing. What’s for dinner?”

“I have steak and chicken grilled and vegetable stir-fry on the stove, you can grab what you want I
guess before Carter gets at it.”

“You and Carter you mean,” Lena teased.

Kara rolled her eyes, “I've already set aside the fatter pieces of meat for me. Oh and remember, don't give any food to Krypto.”

Lena made a disgusted face as her nose scrunched, “No worries about that, I remember what happened last time.”

“I warned you not to give into his face. I figured that out on Krypton, and assumed he would have the same problem with food that he did there.”

“Could’ve warned a girl,” Lena groused.

“I did!” Krypto woofed at the two of them, turning his head further into Carter as a way of sulking over the fact that they were talking about him. His species was highly intelligent, and could understand spoken language if they were around it enough, just lacked the proper vocal range to be able to speak it. Kara assumed that he could talk to other animals though since he was usually found conversing with a pair of squirrels in the park whenever they went, keeping other dogs away from the small animals.

“I'll take a piece of steak please of masterchef,” Lena said, changing the conversation back to the food. Kara gestured over to her the tin foil covered plates on the counter and turned the heat off on the stove, plating the vegetables. She pushed a reasonable amount on Carter’s plate, more on Lena’s and then put the rest on her plate. Lena grabbed the piece of steak she wanted and Kara put another on Carter’s with a piece of chicken before placing the rest on a separate plate.

“Carter, dinner,” Kara called, putting the plate on the table in front of the boy.

“Thanks Kara,” he said, digging into his food.

She turned a disapproving eye on her dog before gesturing towards the kitchen. “Your dinner is in there, not out here.” He turned a look of betrayal at her as he longing looked at the steak and chicken on Carter’s plate before sulking into the kitchen and digging into his own food.

“I'm never getting a pet,” Lena sighed as she settled onto one side of the couch. “Or having kids, I can barely keep a plant alive.”

“Probably a wise decision,” Kara muttered as she dug into her own food.

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

“It means that I heard about what happened to that ‘egg baby’ you were supposed to look after in one of your science classes,” Kara replied. “You scrambled it.”

“It was over easy thank you very much,” the brunette said indignantly, poking at the alien lightly with her fork. “When does your mom’s plane get in?”

Kara glanced over at the clock, “Should be within the hour or so. Doesn’t take long to get to the airport and it’ll take her awhile to get through customs.”

“What was she in Geneva for?”

“She was covering some convention, had to do with alien life on the planet. I think she said
“Mhm, I wonder why.” Lena muttered into her food and Kara nudged her softly with her elbow.

A breaking news bulletin sounded across the TV, breaking the three of them out of their discussions and causing them to look up at the screen. They saw images of a struggling plane soaring over National City, its engines on fire as it struggled to remain in the sky. “Oh god, you don't think that's…” Lena started and Kara whirled around, using her X-ray vision to look through walls and buildings.

She located the plane after a few minutes and found her mother sitting in first class, her hands clenched tightly around the arms of her seat. She could read both her and Carter's names being soundlessly mouthed like a mantra as the plane rattled in the sky. “Mom,” Kara whispered horrified, allowing her vision to return to the room.

“Kara you have to do something,” Carter stated horrified.

Before he even finished speaking, she had moved to the hall closet and was pulling a black and white National City Renegades sweatshirt over her tank top. Carter was a big fan of the city's women's soccer team and had gotten the sweatshirt for her so they could match when they went to the games. She pulled the hood over her head, pulling it low over her eyes but letting her hair hang freely on the side of her head. She had on a pair of blue yoga pants so she didn't worry too much about them being soaked from the rain. “I won’t let anything happen to Mom Carter,” Kara told her little brother before opening the balcony doors. She bolted out of the apartment faster than they could see and took off in the torrential downpour. She faltered slightly in the rain, it had been a while since she went flying outside in the elements, not since she was last Gotham over a year ago. Kate had left Gotham to travel the world in her yacht, tracking a group of criminals that fled Gotham since Batman could not. Kara did not get much time to go flying as her mother’s assistant, so she was out of practice.

Kara felt her gravitational field pulsing around her and she fell into a rhythm, shooting towards the falling plane. She grabbed onto the tail in hopes to slow it down but ended up being dragged by the falling plane. Growling out, Kara glanced around her searching for a place to safely land the plane since she wasn’t going to be able to get it back up in the sky. She twisted the tail fin and flew quickly towards the left wing to angle it back towards the airport, since it was the closest and safest place to land the plane. She looked up towards the plane and saw her mother looking back at her from first class, love, trust, and worry easily visible in her eyes.

Her efforts doubled and she flew under the plane to lift it up and away from the building as she continued to guide the falling plane. One of the engines suddenly broke off and Kara flew down to catch it, guiding it down on the ground before setting it down on the ground and taking off after the plane. Rain and wind stung at her eyes as she struggled with the large hunk of metal, a loud scream leaving her voice as she lifted, desperation driving her. She had already lost one mother and was helpless to stop it, she would not lose another, not like this.

It felt like hours, days before she finally spotted the airport just ahead of her. The pilots must’ve seen it too because the landing gear lowered, and all she had to do was slow the plane down. She moved, wrapping her arms around the tail of the plane and pushing backwards with her own gravity, only slightly slowing down. Kara hissed out in frustration and flew in front of the plane, digging her hands into the nose as she pushed against the metal with all of her strength. Feeling it crumple beneath her fingers, a desperate scream left her throat. “Shit, shit, shit, shit,” Kara yelled.

She jostled a little when the plane bounced on the ground, but held on firm, desperate to stop the speeding machine. Eventually she felt the plane slowing down and she pushed harder until it came to a stop.
a complete stop. Nerves and fear filled her mind, causing her to expend more energy than was completely necessary, so she fell off the plane onto the ground. Kara heaved out, deep heavy breaths, blinking her eyes as rain continued to pelt down from the sky. She could hear sirens approaching and people clamoring in the plane as they snapped pictures of her and cried, all grateful to be alive.

Kara staggered to her feet and shot off into the sky, swirling high above the clouds to get out of the rain and make her way back to her apartment unseen. It only took a few minutes before she was flying through the balcony doors of her apartment and hugging her crying brother. “She’s okay,” she consoled him, “They’re all okay, I got the plane to land at the airport, everything’s fine.”

“She’s okay? She’s really okay?” Carter asked, tears still streaming down his face.

“I didn’t speak with her, but yes she seemed okay,” Kara murmured. She continued to hold the boy as he cried in relief until he exhausted himself. The blonde picked him up and settled him on the couch before moving over to where Lena was sitting out of the way on a barstool in the kitchen. She took the offered glass of wine and downed it in one gulp.

“Whoa girl, I know it doesn’t affect you but really you don’t have to gulp it down so fast,” Lena told her.

“It’s like a placebo effect,” Kara muttered, collapsing down on one of the stools. “I pretend it works so it calms me down.”

“Really, and does that work?” Lena asked, pouring her friend another glass of wine.

Kara took the glass and drank it down, clicking her tongue a little after she swallowed. “No,” she replied. “But it’s nice to pretend.” She slumped down on the counter, setting her head down on the cool marble. “I can’t believe I did that, I really did it.”

“Hell of a way to reveal yourself,” the brunette mused. “Fortunately you were all covered so you won’t have any issues there, but if you’re going to be a superhero, you really should use a mask.”

“I know, I know, Mom’s talked to me about that. It’s not like I had any time to prepare, this was an emergency.”

“Have you talked to Cat, do you need to pick her up?”

Kara bolted upright and looked around for her phone, finding it on one of the end tables. There was a single text from her mother, letting her know that she was safe and getting off the plane, and that she would take a taxi to her place.

“She said she’s going to get a taxi here as soon as she can,” Kara told her, setting her phone to the side. She took a few minutes and a slight smile started to cross her face. “I did that,” she whispered, “I saved them, me. I didn’t call in an anonymous tip, I actually saved them.”

“You’re a hero Kara,” Lena whispered, squeezing her friend’s arm. “But you always were.”

Chapter End Notes

I’m using some dialogue from the show to connect things in, but that’s not always going to happen and it’s going to stop soon because the scene correlation will stop after the next few chapters and we get through this part. That’s because Kara is different, the
situation is different, but also I'm combining elements from 1st and 2nd seasons. 1st season approximately takes places like 1 to 1 1/2 years after Kara becomes Cat's assistant, while I'm making it 2 years, so timing is different, things are different.

And yes, I introduced a version of Krypto. I had him in my notes, I took him out, but I'm weak and put him back in for no other reason than he's cute.

I probably won't be posting again until after the season finale, so that's what, two weeks? I'll see you guys in two weeks, I'm still sorting things out with this story.
Chapter 26

Chapter Notes

I posted my normal conversation about the episodes on the bottom note, don't want to think about it up here. Anyway, I incorporated more show dialogue in but eventually it won't work because so much stuff is changing. I'm squishing parts of season 1 and 2 together to get the best of both, how fun is that? Super fun!

Also, my writing has slowed down a bit on this since I'm moving to the more complicated arc of the story, so every other week is what it looks like for now, but I'll keep you updated.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

A soft knock sounded on her door nearly an hour later, and Kara peeked through and confirmed it was her mother on the other side with her bags sitting at her feet. “Mom,” Kara cried as she opened the door. “Are you okay?” She pulled the older woman into the apartment and let her X-Ray vision check Cat for breaks or fractures.

“A little banged up and bruised, but nothing I can’t handle,” Cat sniffed, “Not like those years I spent as a war correspondent. But what about you, are you alright?”

“I wasn’t the one in a falling plane!”

“No, but you were the one holding it in the sky,” the woman countered. “You looked like you were struggling.”

“I-” Kara blinked, “I still have problems controlling myself when I’m under emotional strain, I used too much energy. I was… I was so scared Mom.” Tears started burning down her cheeks and she tried to wipe them away with no success, “I was afraid I wouldn’t get there in time, afraid that I wouldn’t be able to do it…”

“Ssshhh, Kara, sssshhh, you got to the plane in time, you saved everyone, made sure the plane landed safely, you did that,” Cat soothed, hugging the girl.

Kara barked out a laugh, “I really shouldn’t be the one having to be consoled, you were the one in a crashing plane, I should be comforting you.”

“We’ve both had a rough night,” the older woman laughed a little, tears staining the sound, “How about we agree that we need to comfort each other?”

Before Kara could reply, Carter stirred on the couch, blinking his eyes as he rejoined the waking world. Blue eyes a shade duller and darker than Kara’s landed on the two blondes and he immediately bolted from the couch. “Mom!” The boy’s arms encircled the woman’s waist as he cried tears of relief and fear into her chest.

Cat hugged the boy, combing fingers through soft curls before looking up at Kara again. “I better
take him home.”

“You both can stay here,” Kara offered, thinking though on where she would put everyone.

The older blonde just waved her hand, “No, you know Carter does better in his own room around his things when he’s been emotional like this, and I really would like to sleep in my own bed tonight. Besides, Lena is here as well, where would you put us all?”

Kara acquiesced but protested when Cat pulled out her phone, “Let me fly you both home at least so you don’t have to take a cab with your bags.”

“I’m calling my driving services and having them take me back to the penthouse Kara, it’s not a big deal, and besides, you’re exhausted, you stay here and rest, fuel up.” She located her purse and dug a few twenties out of her wallet and handed them to Kara. “Take these, order some food, refuel, please.” Her phone rang, signaling that her driver was waiting outside, and Kara helped Cat and Carter with their bags down to the vehicle.

“Are you sure you’re alright?” Kara asked as she helped bundle her mother and brother into the waiting black car. “You don’t want me to see you home?”

“We’ll be fine Kara, you can track us all the way back to the penthouse if you want, but you need rest,” Cat insisted, pushing the younger woman back to the building. “Lena is in there, talk with your best friend, decompress, I’ll see you at work tomorrow.”

“You’re going to go to work the day after surviving a major plane crash?”

“It’ll be a half day, can’t let them believe that this rattled me,” the woman replied. “Now go, get some rest. If you need to take tomorrow off, take it.”

“You need to take tomorrow off, I’ll be fine with some sunshine in the morning.” Kara helped her mother into the car. “But since you’re stubborn, I’ll see you tomorrow. Be safe.” She shut the door and waved the driver off, watching as it disappeared into traffic and using her senses to track the car. She kept the sound in the back of her mind as she returned to her apartment and found Lena ordering food from their favorite restaurants.

“I don’t know about you,” the brunette said when she hung up the phone. “But I’m exhausted, that was an emotionally exhausting day. I can’t think of anything better to do than binge watch our favorite show on Netflix for the rest of the night and stuff ourselves silly.”

Kara sighed as she melted into the couch next to her best friend, and snuggled into Lena’s side. “That sounds like a fantastic idea, I just need something mindless to watch though, nothing super complicated.”

“Parks and Rec?”

“Perfect.”

Kara hesitantly stepped out of the elevator onto the executive floor of CatCo offices, clutching a carrying tray of coffee in her left hand and her tablet and folders in her right. Images of her carrying the plane or crumpled on the ground were splashed all over the TV screens with different media.
outlets contemplating who the mysterious person was and how they managed to save the plane. Kara was terrified that someone had gotten a good shot of her face and she would have to start wearing glasses like her cousin, as if that was a good disguise. Her eyes flitted to each of the screens and to the people in the office, thankfully no one seemed the wiser and the images all showed a figure in a large black hoodie with long strands of hair falling down from inside the hood. People were still speculating on whether the figure was male or female, while some of the trashy, gossip magazines were commenting on the choice of a National City Renegades hoodie. The blonde rolled her eyes at the stupidity of it all.

“Hey Kara,” Winn greeted from his desk, his chair tilted all the way back so he could watch the screens. “Did you see the pics of our new resident superhero?”

“Resident superhero?” Kara repeated, “All they did was save a plane.”

“That's true, that was a little eh, already been done, but they managed to steer it back to the airport and land it safely with minimal damage to the plane, that's pretty impressive. Though how can they be taken seriously without a real suit?”

Kara was about to reply when she heard her mother's heartbeat in the elevator and she snapped to attention at her desk. “She's here,” she said, turning her attention to the elevator.

Winn nearly fell out of his chair as he scrambled to his feet, “How do you do that…” His words trailed off and all sound in the office apart from the multiple screens stopped as Cat Grant strolled out of her elevator.

“Good morning Ms. Grant,” everyone in the office intoned and Kara had her mother’s latte hot and ready for her.

“I want everyone looking into the accident last night and whoever saved the plane,” Cat ordered, taking her offered latte out of Kara’s hand. “Call the reporting department and get Snapper up here, I want to know everything about what happened, from the very minute the plane took off, what happened to cause it to crash, and finally who saved it and how. Why we don’t have some of these answers and why don’t we have better pictures than the grainy cell phone images annoys me.”

“But it literally happened last night Ms. Grant,” one of the reporters lingering on the top floor protested and Cat turned her glare on the man, silencing him.

“If you need to be reminded, I was on that plane last night, and I managed to get the story that you see flashing on the screen and being sent to the printers as we speak with a first hand account from myself and several others.”

“We do need sleep Ms. Grant,” the reporter said.

“Sleep is for slackers Decker.”

“It’s Devin-”

“David,” Cat continued, glaring him into complicit silence. “Now get out there and find the story. The rest of you stay on it, but don’t slack off on other issues in the city. Where is Snapper?”

“He’s on his way up Ms. Grant,” Kara replied trying to defuse the situation.

“Send him in when he gets here,” Cat ordered, “And I want all of the department heads in my office.”
“I will call them,” the younger blonde promised, already pulling out her company phone and dialing the numbers of the different department heads. Snapper showed up a few minutes later and he brushed passed her as usual, but Kara ignored it in favor of wrangling the department heads to get them in Cat’s office as soon as she could. Cat had hired Snapper away from the Daily Planet a few months ago, and while the man wasn’t polite or agreeable to work with, he was whipping the reporters into shape, getting them to write something more meaningful, more newsworthy than what they had been doing. It made her job as Ca’s assistant and gate keeper much easier since the articles only had to go through editing once before she got them, and it took her less time to edit them further to make them presentable. She wondered why Snapper agreed to work for Cat if he hated everything about National City and the west coast only slightly more than working for Cat Grant, but Kara heard him mumbling one day about ex-wives and ‘vicious soul-sucking harpies’ and she decided it best not to question him.

The department heads trickled in after Snapper arrived and Cat gave him the precise order to get his reporters working on the story or she would have to do it herself… again. Kara worried that with Cat giving the marching orders to find out who the person that saved the plane was that she would actually succeed. While she had never worried about Cat mixing her private and professional lives before, this was a murky subject seeing as she very publicly saved her mother’s falling plane. She wasn’t even sure yet if she wanted to be a superhero, making anonymous tips to the police and the press (CatCo) had been enough for her, but now… Kara would have to think more on what she wanted, if she had time to think about it.

“Keira!” Cat bellowed and Kara snapped back to attention, realizing that the woman had finished meeting with the heads and sent them scurrying back to their offices. She rushed into the woman’s office, tucking an errant strand of blonde hair behind her ear as she went. “I’ll be interviewing for the open position as the head of the art department, make sure I have time blocked out to complete the interviews.”

“Don’t HR and the other department heads handle these interviews?” Kara asked without thinking, ducking her head down when Cat sent her slight glare.

“I can’t trust them to do it properly since the colossal mess they made the last time,” Cat scoffed, “I will be conducting the interviews, and in the meantime, go get the layouts for the next issue.”

“Yes Ms. Grant,” Kara replied, rushing out of the door. It has been interesting working for her mother, but it wasn’t without rewards. She was able to reduce Cat’s stress levels and get her home at a reasonable time to spend more time with Carter, which was a blessing since he was having a hard time at school recently and Kara wished he would talk to their mother about it. “Chop chop Keira!” She heard Cat yell out again, and Kara shifted into a fast walk, rushing towards the stairs and out of sight.

Cat sat back in her chair as she stared after her daughter. She wondered if she would ever report about a new superhero in National City and how she would handle it. She wouldn’t put Kara in danger, but she also wouldn’t ignore the story since that might draw more attention to it than was needed. No, she could control the narrative if she got to it first. Cat only wondered if she would need to, Kara still looked conflicted on what she would do, and she knew that she wouldn’t be able to help her with this decision. It was life changing and something that Kara had to decide for herself.

Kara spent the rest of the morning rushing around, blocking Cat’s schedule off and trying to ignore the screens that continued flashing pictures of her and the plane. It was the hottest news in National City and the only thing anyone could talk about. She fielded several calls from other news organizations wanting to speak with Cat or get a quote from her about what it was like on the plane. She was the most well known person on the plane, so a quote from her would’ve been gold for their
stories. Of course Cat wasn’t speaking to anyone, and the only quote she put in her own story was that she was going to make sure her jet wasn’t in for repairs the next time she needed to fly.

The blonde girl slumped tiredly through her door and was immediately bombarded by Krypto coming over for his regular snuggles and demanding to be taken out for his walk. She took the dog to the park for his walk, returning to her apartment an hour later to find food for the both of them. Taking a large, pre-cooked pan of lasagna out of the refrigerator, Kara tossed it in the oven before digging Kryptos food out for him and setting it on the balcony so he could enjoy the smell of National City after a good rainstorm.

She flopped on the couch, waiting for her food to cook and turned Hulu to a random nature documentary. Her phone started buzzing where she left it on her end table and she reached blindly behind her for the device. “Hello?” She sighed, the end of her word falling away a bit.

“You could’ve given me a bit of a warning that you were planning on coming out as a superhero?”

“Hmm, oh I’m in Istanbul tracking some criminals.”

“Doesn’t explain why you sound so garbled, technology has improved to the point where distance doesn’t bother sound.” A loud screech and a whirl came through the speaker and Kara glanced at her phone to make sure the call was still connected, “Kate?”

“What? Oh sorry, the car next to me just got a little too close.” The redhead sounded slightly winded and Kara could still hear a rush of air.

“Kate, are you hanging onto the side of a car?”

“I’m fine, continue, Cat was on the plane? She’s okay though right?”

“Back in the office today reigning over her empire,” Kara replied. “Carter was rattled, Mom was too but you know that Cat Grant never shows fear.”

“You’re sure she’s not an alien? Woman has balls of brass, anyway, how did it feel saving the plane?”

Kara sighed, but a giddy feeling coursed through her as she remembered the adrenaline of catching the falling plane. “Good, really good,” she murmured, “But I don’t know if I’m ready for this, for being a hero, aren’t there enough heroes in the world? I mean there’s you, Batman and his family, my cousin, Wonder Woman, Aquaman, Green Lantern, and then there’s been tales of vigilantes in Star City…”

“None of them are you Kara,” Kate interrupted, “None of us are as good and kind as you are, though we do try. You’re a true hero Kara, one that didn’t need to don a fancy suit in order to be one. Yes you can beat up and put away bad guys, but the compassion you carry in you for people is
amazing and the hope you’ll be able to bring to them. You can do things than none of the rest of us can, really reach people.”

“Kate…”

“If you want to keep doing what you’re doing to help people, I will understand, and so will all of your friend, but the world will miss out on a great hero.”

“I, thanks Kate,” Kara murmured, her brow furrowing when she heard a crashing sound through the phone and the whirl of wind stopped. “Kate?”

“I’m fine, but I should probably go, I’ll talk to you later okay?”

“Try not to die Kate,” Kara said, hanging up the phone. Kate’s words whirled through her mind and she continued turning them over as she got her lasagna out of the oven and started digging into the pan with a fork. Was she ready to be a hero and was she doing it for the right reasons? She loved the feeling of adrenaline pumping through her as she fought to keep the plane elevated, but should she become a hero because she loves the feeling or because she actually wants to help people?

She wanted to help people, to help other aliens trying to live peacefully in the city, to help all of them live together. A knock came at the door and Kara glanced through the wood, rolling her eyes as she got up to answer it. “Don’t you have your own apartment?” She asked as Lena bustled through the door carrying a large bag. “In fact I think it’s a penthouse apartment, I should know, I helped you pick it out.”

“Your apartment feels more lived in,” Lena replied, flopping down on the couch and scratching Krypto behind his ears when he came over to greet her.

“Probably because you’re never in yours, you’re either working or over here,” Kara countered.

Lena paused and nodded her head, “I can concede to that, do you have another fork?”

Kara sighed and handed Lena a fork, and the brunette woman started picking through the lasagna she hadn’t eaten yet. “Next movie night we’re having it on your place. I’m bringing Krypto and he can help break in some of your furniture. I can’t believe you almost bought that hideously uncomfortable couch.”

“It matched the recliner I wanted wonderfully.”

“Which was also uncomfortable, you would’ve never sat on the furniture ever.”

Lena shrugged, “I like being over here anyway, but I did buy furniture that was comfy enough but also worked with my style aesthetic.” She held the pan of lasagna out to Kara, “You want the rest of this? You have any wine?”

“There’s a bottle of wine in the fridge and whatever I confiscated from Mom’s office in the cabinet,” Kara replied, taking the pan back from Lena and devouring the remnants of her dinner. Lena strolled into the kitchen and retrieved the wine and a few glasses before returning to the couch and filling them up.

“Both of these are for me by the way,” Lena said, taking both glasses and setting them on the end table next to her.

“Was there a reason you came over here other than to eat my food and steal my wine?” Kara poked at Lena with her foot before speeding to her bedroom to change her clothes.
Lena took a gulp of the wine, ignoring the whoosh of air moving around her sending her hair flying. After ten years of friendship, she was used to Kara using her powers so she just ignored it, pushing her hair back into place when Kara sat down next to her. She set the wine glass down and started rifling through her bag. “I just want you to know,” Lena said, glancing up at her friend, “That I heard you when you said that you weren’t sure if you wanted to be a hero, but I couldn’t resist.” She pulled out a swatch of fabric and held it out to her friend, “I developed a fabric for your suit, if you want a suit that is.”

Kara took the material out of Lena’s hands and moved it between her fingers, feeling the softness of the texture but also the strength woven in each knot. “What is it?”

“Hmm, it’s basically a stronger, lighter version of kevlar, but it’s softer and less bulky in appearance. I’ve been working on it for years, trying to synthesize the formula to create a better material, and I finally had a breakthrough last year. When I setup my secret, private lab once my building was built, I started working on it again, expediting the process, which is why the renaming ceremony and paperwork was delayed so long.”

“You did this for me?”

Lena nodded but added an amendment, “Well, yes initially, but I also wanted to see if it could improve on protections for police officers and the military, but it’s not cost efficient to produce it for those markets. The only ones who would be able to afford it are the people you don’t want having it.”

“How’d you make it, it feels… It feels really soft, smooth kind of.”

“Well it is silk, sort of, if silk was made from genetically enhanced silkworms and reinforced with microscopic nanomachines.”

“Wha- no, nevermind, I don’t want to know. How much do you have?”

The brunette scoffed, “Please, enough to make you a few suits and still have some fabric to spare. I uh… You might hate it, but I dyed the fabric blue and red to match your cousin’s suit. It was the first thing that came to mind and I just went with it, though I have some black fabric dyed as well to make a stealth suit if you need to be sneaky, which you’re entirely incapable of being.”

“I can be sneaky,” Kara defended, pouting.

“And I can shoot lasers out of my eyes,” Lena deadpanned, giving Kara a ‘get serious’ look before turning back to the material. “It doesn’t look or feel like silk, genetically modified silkworms?”

“Don’t ask. It’s thicker than silk and stronger than silk, but it feels nice doesn’t it? I am a genius,” Lena proudly proclaimed, downing one glass of wine before moving on to another. “Only problem is that I have no clue how to design a suit, I’ve got the material covered though, oh and your mask, I’ve been working on your mask too, making it special.” She hummed a bit into her glass before snapping back to the conversation, “Oh right, the fabric is bulletproof, fireproof, weather resistant, doesn’t conduct electricity, and is extremely aerodynamic. It’ll make a great suit, if you decide to use it and figure out how to make one.”

Kara tilted her head back and thought about the problem, shooing Krypto away when he started to nibble on her toes. “Oh, Winn, he can help… probably…”

“What’s a Winn?”

“Not a what, who, Winn, he’s my friend from CatCo, remember I told you about the person that
welcomed me the first day?”

“Oh, you mean the guy that has the hopeless crush on you.”

“He doesn’t, nevermind, I remember he said while he majored in computer and software engineering, he has a minor in fashion design.”

“That’s… odd, very odd…” Lena hummed, sipping at her second glass of wine. Kara didn’t voice it out loud, but she thought so too. Apparently her friend helped out alot with the theatrical productions for his high school drama club and it stuck with him through college.

“Have you thought to look for her again?” Lena’s voice broke Kara out of her thoughts.

“What?”

Lena rolled her eyes, “You know, the always present but ever absent missus.” She gestured to the small gold cord just barely seen hanging around Kara’s next, the ring she received in Vegas nestled comfortably between her breasts.

Kara pulled the ring out and held it up to look at it for a moment before letting it fall back against her chest. “I don’t know, I feel like she’s in National City somewhere, still in National City, but I don’t know if I want to find her, disrupt her life with all of my,” she gestured to herself, “alienness.”

“Alien or not, you’re amazing Kara, and she would be stupid not to realize that when you two finally catch up to each other,” Lena replied. “And if you do go through with becoming a superhero, superheroine, then that’s an added bonus.”

“Lena!” Kara cried, shoving her friend lightly.

“What? Who doesn’t love superheroes, all that tight fabric and power, definitely addictive,” Lena murmured, her eyes dazed and unfocused.

The blonde looked at her friend suspiciously, “Is there something you need to tell me?”

“What? No, no, oh look at the time, I have to go, I have an early meeting tomorrow. Renaming a multi-billion dollar company is not easy, if you get Winn on board with making you a suit, bring him around in a few days, it’ll give me an excuse to cancel my meetings for the day, Jess knows to let you in when you’re there.”

“Jess finally moved here? I love Jess, I’ll make sure to get her favorite coffee and pastries as a snack when I’m getting stuff for Cat and drop them off first in the morning,” Kara called after Lena as the brunette walked out the door. Lena just waved and the door clicked behind her on her way out. Kara glanced down at the fabric in her hands before looking at Krypto who jumped on the couch next to her. “Looks like I’m going to be a superhero Krypto,” she murmured, scratching his head. “A protector, just like mother wanted me to become, someone that Mom always knew that I could be.”

It took Kara a few days before she decided to talk to Winn about who she was and if he would help her with her suit. The media outlets in the city continued to speculate about the mysterious figure, and the desperation for another appearance grew until it was almost a tangible feeling in the city. Cat was giving her space to decide on whether she wanted to be a hero or not, but Kara knew that the
Tribune was failing and needed something to attract readership again, a new hero in the city would be just the thing to boost sales of the failing newspaper.

While her mother Cat was giving her space, her boss and CEO of CatCo Cat Grant was frothing at the mouth for more information about the mysterious figure all the while interviewing for the art director. Kara briefly marveled at how she was able to wear so many hats at one time, but Cat Grant never did anything by half. “Winn, I need to talk to you on the roof,” Kara whispered to her friend after another meeting where Cat ordered them to continue looking for the mysterious figure, contemplate all avenues of inquiry, including whether or not National City’s tentative hero had any connection with Metropolis’s golden boy.

Kara made her way to the stairwell and was up on the roof staring out at the city before she even heard Winn get up from his chair. She paced a bit on the helipad, which was devoid of the CatCo copters to check the afternoon traffic as the city geared up for rush hour. She wasn’t sure she wanted to do this, but she needed to. She knew that Cat, Carter, Lena, and Kate were all on her side, but she needed someone else, someone who hasn’t known her since coming to Earth, someone more detached from her life.

“Kara? Hey, just whatever you have to say, can you make it quick? I’m not really okay with being up this high,” Winn stuttered out, gesturing around to the other buildings around them, only the current Luthor Corp skyscraper matching CatCo’s in height.

“Okay Winn, I’m going to need you to pay attention,” she said, shaking Winn out of his uneasy stupor. “I’m going to tell you something, something that I pretty much keep on a need to know basis, but you’re my friend and I trust you. I also need help with something and for someone to maybe talk me out of this.”

“Oh my God, you’re a lesbian,” Winn breathed out, a suddenly realization crossing his face. “Oh Kara, that’s why you’re not into me, this is great news!”

“What, no I’m not a lesbian, I’m pansexual, and I’m married, but that’s not what I was going to say—”

“You’re married!” Winn cried, “Why didn’t you tell me, who is he, or she? Them? Do I get to meet them?”

“Winn!” Kara yelled, shaking his shoulders, “Not now, I was trying to tell you that I’m here!” The blank look from Winn had her continuing, “The mysterious figure that saved the plane, that was me!”

Winn continues to stare blankly at her for a moment before chuckling and turning away, “Okay, okay alright, that’s a good one.” Kara sighed and rolled her eyes before pushing up lightly from the ground, grabbing Winn by the collar of his cardigan as she hovered over the helipad. “Wha- Okay, put me down, I believe you, put me down!” The blonde obliged and Winn stumbled a bit as he turned to look at her still hovering in the air. “I just, I, you’re her!” Winn muttered staring at her in shock.

“Yup,” Kara replied before glancing away over the city. “Now I need you to talk me out of being… her…” She waved her hand around a bit to figure out what she wanted to say, but just left it at that.

“Why would you not want to be a hero? It’s the coolest!”

“But it’s also a lot of responsibility, and I don’t know if I’m the right kind of person to be a hero.”

“You’re definitely the right kind of person,” Winn stated, “You’re amazing, kind, compassionate, but
you’re tough, what better kind of superhero is there?”

Kara knew that he said was just a repetition of what everyone else in her life had told her, but hearing it from someone that she hadn’t grown up around was important. “Thanks Winn, you’re a good friend.”

His smile flickered a little at the word friend but remembered what she said about being married. He would have to revisit that topic later. “So you said you needed my help with something,” Winn said, recalling her earlier words.

“Oh, right, um, I… I remembered you were got a fashion design minor in college, and I need some help with the suit thing,” Kara replied sheepishly.

“Oh,” Winn blinked before a large grin crossed his face, “Oh I am so there, I need to get some fabric-”

“I’ve got that covered, you just have to come with me after work and promise not to freak out.”

Winn scoffed, “I so don’t freak out…”

“Kara, what are we doing at Luthor Corp?” Winn hissed, looking around the building wide-eyed.

The blonde rolled her eyes and grabbed her friend, dragging him into the elevator with her and pushing the button for the top floor. She went out before work was over to grab some dinner for Lena and Jess, knowing that Lena was still hard at work and Jess wouldn’t leave until she made sure her boss left too. “Hi Jess,” she greeted, dropping one bag of takeout on the woman’s desk. “Is she in there?”

“Yeah, she’s still working on paperwork, so I’m sure you’ll be able to distract her,” Jess waved her in as she took out her box of kung pao tofu.

Kara opened the door and Winn about started hyperventilating. “Oh god,” he said, “You’re Lena Luthor, that’s Lena Luthor, you’re amazing, this is amazing, it’s so amazing to meet you.” His voice was at a higher pitch by the time he finished speaking and Lena looked at him in amusement.

“Nice to know that some people aren’t intimidated by my last name, is that for me?” Lena turned her attention to the bag Kara was carrying and Kara handed it to her friend.

Winn looked between them with a questioning look on his face. “Lena, meet my friend Winn, Winn meet my best friend Lena Luthor,” Kara introduced, watching as his eyes grew wide.

“Wha- no way really?” He squealed, clapping a hand over his mouth. “Why didn’t you tell me?”

“We don’t really hide the fact we’re friends so I probably just forgot, we don’t go out much though,” Lena said, in between bites of food. “I haven’t had time recently with relocating Luthor Corp and everything that goes with it.”

The man nodded his head in understanding, “Okay, alright, that makes sense. Anything else you need to tell me?”

“Um, would now be a good time to tell you that Cat is my mother? My adoptive mother anyway…”
Kara said sheepishly, watching as Winn’s eyes widened.

“What?!”

“Just wait until she tells you that her cousin is Superman,” Lena snorted into her food and Winn’s eyes near bugged out of his head.

“What?!”

Chapter End Notes

Alright so, let's talk about the 2 episode season finale k?

K, so Rhea called in an invasion, who didn't see that coming? Really, I mean who? It was predictable, but an acceptable predictable. She's been one of those meh villains so far this year while Lillian continues to be delightful. Taking Lena and forcing her to marry Mon-El, and taking their DNA to make a baby, that is a bit like rape isn't it? Forced conception, consent was lacking through this whole thing. Daxam reminds me a bit of ancient Egypt really, the pyramids, patriarchal society, but when Rhea killed the king, should took on the role of King of Daxam, and so assumed the pronouns and titles of a male. Very fascinating... Anyway, side tracked, knew that J'onn was gonna be knocked out of commission somehow, that's the only way this would work. I kind of blame Kara and Mon-El for this invasion actually, if Mon-El had freely agreed to go back to Daxam, make it a better place, and if Kara had let him, this wouldn't have happened... Sigh, I continue

So Cat came back, just casually chilling out on Air Force One, like it's an every day occurrence, and she just made everything better, her presence. I only wish she could've met Mon-El, if only to give Kara a stern talking to about dating overgrown manboys.

Alex and Kara moments were cutely acceptable in this first part, so I'll give them a pass, and Maggie is hilarious.

Second part of the episode. After the first part, I was optimistic, I mean, Cat, wow, awesome, but second episode... Eh, I was just meh, whatever. For one thing, Melissa, some of the writers, etc, they were all like oh we really outdid ourselves, there will be tears, and after I got finished with the episode I was like I bet those were tears of joy. I felt bad for Kara, I did, those were the only tears, Mon-El being poisoned and sent off to space where he belongs? He doesn't deserve my tears.

Kara defeating Superman, and he acknowledged it?! Oh hell yes, well done, good SUPPORTIVE male character, unlike you Mon-El, you suck. Rhea pulling a double cross was also predictable but in a bad way because her character didn't surprise me anymore. If she honored the rules of her people, that would've been surprising.

About Mon-El, he should have gone with his people. They are on their own for the first time ever, without a leader, making their own choices, that's not good, so not good, American history can tell you why it wasn't good because while we had people used to making decisions leading the country after the revolution, it still sucked for years until we got the Constitution worked out, and even then it's still confusing.
Why I am unsatisfied with the episode? There are things unresolved between Kara and Lena, I don't like the secret hanging over them for too long, it's not gonna be good. And then, Kara is Lena's best friend as far as we know, does Lena not think to ask where she is or how she is or does she know that she's Supergirl? Questions, questions. Also unsatisfied, Sanvers, it's very rushed, really rushed. Heat of the moment type of thing I know, but seems too easy to me right now. Then the math problem at the end of the episode, it was either a math or visual problem. Said 35 years before, day Krypton exploded, okay so Baby Kal-El looked about 1, and he was 25 when became Superman, so at least 24-25 years before Kara landed, I bet 25 because gives time for the DEO to form. Kara tells us season 1 she was 13 when she landed on Earth, and we have her 13th earth birthday this season, making her 26. 25+13 equals 38, not 35, unless they're saying that Kal-El was 3 or 4 when he left Krypton, in which case, it is a visual issue since they used a baby and not a toddler.

Best part of the episodes. Cat, Mon-El begin sent away, Cat, Mon-El being a baby, more Cat, and Linda Carter being a badass.
Chapter Notes

So some people might be disappointed with what I've picked for Kara's suit, but don't be discouraged. Just because it is what her suit is now, doesn't mean it's going to stay that way. Kara grows, she'll learn, maybe her suit will change, maybe not, just hang in there.

In other news, Wonder Woman was amazing, and you guys must go see it. Sparked all kinds of ideas in my head and I'm like hmmm. I have a few other stories I'm working on that seem promising, though this one is still taking most of my time. Have not found an ending yet, but I know what I'm working towards, so I have a goal, just not how many more chapters it'll be. What have I done, something terrible...

“So what’s Superman like?” Winn asked after he had calmed down and stopped hyperventilating. He decided to ignore that Kara said that Cat Grant was her adoptive mother, and focus on something that didn’t hurt his brain as much. Kara had gone out while he was coming out of his stupor and retrieved a few more bags of food, focusing more on protein and vegetables for her and less on carbs that would burn out faster.

Kara shrugged and continued shoveling food into her mouth with the chopsticks. “I’m not sure,” she murmured around her potsticker. “I’ve never really spent any time with him except for when he found me and dropped me off at Cat’s house. Haven’t really seen or spoken to him since. I tried, for a while, since he’s the last of my family you know, but eventually I gave up and decided that chosen families are so much better. That’s one of my favorite things about Earth, being able to choose who you are or who your family is.”

Winn studied her for a moment before shaking his head. “You really are an alien aren’t you? I don’t know why I didn’t see it before, you don’t even try to hide it much.”

“Other than a difference in culture and, you know, superpowers, we are pretty much the same,” Kara pointed out. “It’s like talking to someone who grew up in a different country, different but the same.”

“I guess you do have a point,” Winn mused, finishing his own food before clapping his hands. “Alright, let’s do this, how are we going to create Kara’s totally awesome super suit?”

Lena held her hand up in a halt motion, “If you think you’re going to get Kara to try on a bunch of different versions of the suit you have in mind just to please the male gaze, think again. You’re going to use the computer software on this laptop,” she pushed the laptop over to the frightened looking man, “And you’re going to design the suit, with veto power from Kara and I before you even have the opportunity to touch the fabric.”

“I get it, I get it, bossy,” Winn grumbled, taking the laptop and opening the program. He marveled at the speed and power the program used, as well as the detail accessible for the suit. “This has a mask already equipped in the program,” he commented, glancing up at Kara. “You’re going to wear a mask?”
“It’s better than having to disguise myself in my normal life, which should never be the disguise,” Kara replied.

“And the mask I’ve created alters the appearance of her bone structure just slightly so even advanced facial recognition programs won’t be able to tell it’s her,” Lena supplied, “It was quite ingenious of me really, the material creates a vacuum seal to her face, and is both impenetrable to x-rays and impervious to damage, as well as being heat and cold resistant.”

“Because of the cold breath and the…” Winn gestured to his eyes and made a ‘pew pew’ sound.

“Laser vision, yeah, that,” Kara smirked.

Winn nodded, “Cool, cool, I can respect that, better than your cousin that just flies around with his face totally visible.” He returned to the computer and fiddled with his current design for a few minutes before flipping around to show the two women.

“I’m not wearing a crop top Winn,” the blonde replied, rolling her eyes. “And booty shorts?”

“The shorts do show off some of your best assets,” Lena pointed out, still picking at her food.

Kara glared at her friend, “You’re not helping Lena.”

“Alright, alright, no shorts or crop top,” Winn rushed out, taking back the laptop. He changed the suit around, lengthening the shirt and changing the shorts to a skirt and tights before showing it to the women.

“What about a cape?” Lena asked.

“Capes are lame.”

“For regular vigilantes maybe, not for someone who would spend a lot time flying through the air at high speeds. The cape helps with aerodynamics and being able to control turns and banking,” the brunette told him. “Add a cape.”

Winn grumbled a little bit but a glare from both of the women quickly silenced him and he added a cape to his design. He tacked on a pair of boots, and cleaned up the lines of the suit, adding a slight glove on the sleeves to hook over the thumbs before turning the laptop back around.

Kara grabbed it and studied the design. “I like it,” she said, giving Winn a large smile.

“You really want to fly around in a skirt?” Lena questioned.

“I like skirts, skirts are comfy,” Kara smoothed her hand down over her. “Though Mom may never forgive me for the primary color scheme.”

Lena snorted and took the computer out of Winn’s hands, “She’ll get over it, but I do think the suit needs one thing.” She added the crest of the House of El onto the chest area and showed it to Kara.

“Are you sure?” The blonde asked. “It won’t be too much like my cousin?”

“There’s no yellow in the symbol and the entire suit, the cape, boots, shirt, everything is outlined in gold, so not completely the same, and you’re technically the Head of House aren’t you? Don’t you have more right to wear your coat of arms than he does? You’re actually more Kryptonian than he is, so I think you should take back your House, your name and show the world what it really means.”

Tears clouded Kara’s eyes and she hugged her friend. “Thanks Lena,” she murmured, “It means a lot
“Um, hate to break up the touching moment, but are we good with this design?” Winn asked, drawing the two women’s attention. “Because if we are, then I would love to get my hands on some fabric to start getting this thing worked out.”

“We can head down to my private lab if you’re both finished,” Lena said, standing to grab her keycard. “And Kara I can show you the mask and boots I made for you while Winn is working on the rest of it. So long as Winn signs the NDA’s first.” She set a stack of papers in front of the man, causing him to sigh as he looked at the stack.

“Fuuuunnnn.”

Kara froze as she stared at the television screen on her way into the office, News 37 KQBC proudly proclaiming that Cat Grant had dubbed National City’s new heroine as Supergirl with the hashtag trending all over social media. A slight murmur of frustration grumbled in her throat as she took in the name, Super girl? Is that really what her mother thought of her or was this a Cat Grant, CEO of CatCo worldwide media thing? Winn had just finished her suit a few days ago, and she finally worked up the nerve to go out in it yesterday afternoon, stopping a few minor criminals that were giving the police problems around the city. She tried not to interfere too much since she knew that the police could handle a lot of the crimes without any problem, but the speeding cars were putting people in danger.

It took her a little while to become reacquainted with saving people again, especially in broad daylight. The last time she personally saved people as a hero was with Kate, but hanging around with anyone in Gotham meant that heroics were best done in darkness while villains ran rampant in the streets.

She turned around and let out a huff of air before striding into Cat’s office. “‘Supergirl?’ We can’t name her that!”

Cat pinched the bridge of her nose for a moment before spinning around to look at the younger blonde. “‘We’ didn’t.”

“Ms. Grant, I don’t want to minimize the importance of this, a female superhero, another female superhero. Batwoman, Wonder Woman, shouldn’t she be called Superwoman? If we call her ‘Supergirl,’ something less than what she is, doesn’t that run the risk of making us anti-feminist?”

“What do you think is so bad about ‘girl?’” Cat asked, standing up. “I’m a girl, and your boss, and your… and powerful and rich and hot and smart. So if you perceive ‘Supergirl’ as anything less than excellent, isn’t the real problem you?”

“But won’t this make her appear less than, less than Superman?” Kara continued, “She has the same powers as him, and nobody would dare call him Superboy, so doesn’t us calling her Supergirl make her seem less?”

Cat stared at Kara for a minute before tilting her head towards the balcony, and the two of them walked out into the open air. “What’s really going on Kara?” Cat asked, allowing the CEO persona to slip away, even if only for a moment.
“I don’t, I don’t want to seem less that my cousin, less than Superman,” Kara sighed. “I feel like people will compare me to him, and I want to be my own person, my own hero.”

“You will Kara, you will. People will connect you to him, but only because of your suit, not because of who you are. They’ll see that you’re better than him, stronger, kinder, that’s the most important part Kara, they will see that.” Cat smiled slightly and set her hand on Kara’s arm, “And I’m afraid I let my motherly instincts come into play a bit when I named your hero persona. You might be a young woman now, but you’ll always be my little girl, the beautiful, little girl that spoke algonquian to me the first time we met.”

“Thanks Mom,” Kara murmured, glancing down shyly, “I guess the name isn’t so bad, I mean Batgirl can deal with it, and it does have a ring to it.”

Cat smiled and patted her shoulder before striding back into her office. “And really,” she started, slipping back into CEO role, “I’m the hero here. I name her, gave this girl a label. She will forever be linked to CatCo and that’s because of me.” She gave Kara another look before sitting down at her desk again, “Now, I’ve hired a new art director, this is his file. He should be coming in soon, please show him into my office.”

Kara glanced down at the file before looking up at Cat in alarm. “James Olsen? Isn’t he Superman’s best friend?”

“And the Daily Planet’s ace photojournalist, well, used to be. He works for CatCo now.” Cat didn’t even look up as she answered, focusing instead on the papers on her desk.

“Aren’t you concerned though that the only reason he decided to apply for a job here was because of…” The younger blonde’s voice trailed off as she gestured towards the screens behind Cat as they were still showing pictures of her saving the plane and shots from her heroic deeds the other day.

“Of course that’s why he’s here, he always was a bit of a cape chaser,” Cat scoffed, “But I would be a fool if I didn’t take advantage of it.” She glanced up and gave Kara a significant look, “And it’s not like he knows where to find our new resident hero, does he?”

With a wave of her hand, Kara was dismissed and the younger blonde mulled over Cat’s words as she took the elevator down to the lobby to wait for the man. Kara wouldn’t put it passed her cousin to tell his best friend all about her so that he would know exactly who she was when she saved her mother’s plane. Except she hadn’t spoken to her cousin in years, he only knows that she was adopted by Cat, and was known as Kara Grant, she had been using Danvers as a last name for the past few years. Would this James Olsen connect National City’s newest superhero, aka Supergirl, aka Kara Grant, with Cat Grant’s assistant Kara Danvers?

The elevator doors opened and Kara’s eyes landed on a tall, lanky black man talking with the secretary sitting at the lobby desk. She was blushing and gushing while the man was flashing her a wide, charming smile. “Mr. Olsen?” She asked, gaining his attention. “Hi, I’m Kara Danvers, Ms. Grant’s assistant, she asked me to show you to her office.”

“All right, I’ll catch you later Stacey,” James said to the secretary. He grabbed his stack of boxes and followed Kara into the elevator. “Oh, you can call me James if you want, you don’t have to call me ‘Mr. Olsen.’ Doesn’t sound right.”

“Didn’t you used to go by Jimmy at the Daily Planet?”

James laughed, “Yeah, but new location and everything, I think it’s time that I leave that name behind me, for the new job you know.”
Kara just hummed and the elevator continued to rise to the top floor. “So what brings you to the west coast? Metropolis get too boring for you?” James didn’t answer as they stepped out onto the top floor, his eyes instantly finding a television screen with a running loop on Supergirl. “You interested in her?” Kara asked, “Supergirl?”

A frown crossed his face as a picture of the heroine in her suit flashed across the screen. “I’m wondering about why she’s wearing a mask,” he said, not really replying to Kara’s question. “You know, the big guy always told me that it was considered shameful in his culture to wear a mask, hides your true intentions. She’s probably nothing like him.”

He walked off to Cat’s office, leaving Kara to stare after him with an uncertain expression on her face. She was nothing like her cousin, and didn’t want to be since he continued to dishonor their house and family crest with his behavior. ‘Stronger together’ does not apply to one hero working alone, but family and friends working together.

“Isn’t that James Olsen?” Winn asked when Kara returned to her desk. He gestured with his thumb towards the man meeting with Cat in her office, a neutral but curious expression on his face.

“Yeah, Ms. Grant just hired him as her new art director,” she responded, glancing into the glass office for a moment before looking at her friend.

“Wonder how that’s going to work with, you know,” Winn made a flying motion with his hands and Kara just shrugged.

“I’m not going to tell him, are you going to tell him?” Kara whispered out. The man shook his head and Kara nodded, “Good, so nothing is going to happen then.”

The art director’s office was on the top floor as well, though on the opposite side of the building. It was convenient because the layouts for each issue had to pass through the art director before going to Cat for final approval, but Kara knew that she would have to be careful when she snuck away for emergencies.

Throughout the day, Kara kept her ear tuned to the sounds of the city as she completed her work, monitoring different problems to see if any needed a little extra intervention. Close to the end of the day after Kara made sure Cat left at a respectable time to get home to Carter, she changed into her suit and took flight across the city. She took out the com that Lena had developed for her and stuck it in her ear, instantly connecting to the receiver in Lena’s phone. It worked as a bluetooth but with a closed connection that people couldn’t hack into, only working between Lena, Cat, and Carter’s phones. She could send and receive text messages through voice activated software on her part in case none of them could use their phones.

Kara heard a click in her ear, signaling that someone was calling in. “Should I go on a second date with that doctor?” Lena’s voice came through the com.

“Did you really call me while I’m out on superhero duty to ask me about your date?”

“You’re not busy right now, oh there’s a bad fire in the warehouse district, might want to go see if they need a little super breath.”

“Got it,” Kara directed herself where Lena said and found a huge warehouse ablaze with the firefighters coating the nearby buildings in water in hopes to prevent the fire from spreading. Sucking in a deep breath, she blasted cold air at the fire, snuffing it out at the base before catching it in the rafters.
She waved at the firefighters as they called out thanks before flying away. “Now that that’s done, can we focus back on my problem please?”

“Didn’t you say you didn’t want to go on another date with her because she was boring?” Kara asked, still flying lazily over the city.

“Well yes, but she was also extremely attractive and I haven’t had sex since I moved to National City. That was months ago Kara, months! I don’t know how you do it to be honest.”

“It’s not like there’s a line up of people wanting to sleep with my Lena.”

“Please, I bet half of the people at CatCo want to sleep with you, and the other half are in denial about it.”

Kara was about to reply when her senses told her something was coming, that someone was watching her, so she spun out of the way, ascending higher into the clouds. She could barely make out the tiny darts that were aimed straight at her, and the glowing green substance inside the canisters. She grabbed one of the darts out of the air, careful of the needle, and waivered in the air as the nausea hit her immediately. Glancing down, her supervision locked onto a few figures dressed in black with rifles and night vision scopes trained on her.

Her mind instantly flashed to the anti-alien groups that had cropped up in recent years, more in the past few months as President Marsh introduced her idea for the alien amnesty act, granting aliens citizenship and refuge in the country. The uniforms and weapons looked more official than rogue groups so she changed her thinking to a government sponsored organization. Kara watched as the group continued to aim their rifles at her, but refrained from firing anymore. It made her suspicious, why would they continue to have their weapons trained on her if they knew they couldn’t reach her from their position.

She heard a slight sound on the top of one of the nearby skyscrapers and allowed her instincts to take over, and flipped out of the way, ascending higher past the cloud line. Kara glanced back down and saw a figure cloaked in black glaring up in her direction, the darts fired from her gun falling uselessly back down to the ground. With her x-ray vision, she looked through the helmet on the agent’s head to know who was trying to attack her and nearly dropped out of the sky in shock.

It was Lexie.

Kara touched down on Lena’s balcony at her penthouse and pressed her hand into the biometric lock next to the door. One good thing the brunette learned from her adoptive parents was her paranoia. All of the doors to the penthouse had biometric locks or scanners to identify whoever was trying to access Lena’s private space. Kara was the only other person keyed into the system to bypass the scanner security.

“Are you okay?” Lena asked as soon as Kara trooped into the penthouse, peeling her mask and boots off as she went.

“Yeah, just a little rattled is all,” Kara murmured, shakily handing the dart to her friend. “Can you check and see what's in this? I feel like I know what it is, but I need to make sure.”

Lena looked at the glowing green substance and her face paled. “Is this kryptonite?” She asked,
glancing up at Kara in horror.

Kara nodded. Lena was still on the phone with her when she encountered the agents and stayed on with her while they continued to shoot at her. Kara stayed out of range, flying up above the clouds. She monitored the agents as they continued to observe her, banking away from them but returning in secret to track their movements. They were using evasive maneuvers so she lost track of them, but she did note they split up into two groups, one staying in the city and another heading out to the desert.

“I think it's kryptonite. Other than the red sun lamps, it's the only thing that can weaken me and the red sun lamps don't make me nauseous.”

“Well it is radioactive,” Lena replied. She took the dart into her bedroom and opened her wall safe, setting it back behind the papers and items she kept in it. “I had the safe re-installed with lead, just in case.”

“In case you ever needed to stash kryptonite somewhere or in case nosey superheroes with x-ray vision decided to come poking around?”

Lena narrowed her eyes at her friend, “Both, I needed somewhere to stash your birthday or Christmas presents after all, and it does also serve the purpose of storing kryptonite or kryptonite like substances.”

They walked back into the living room and Kara collapsed on the couch, setting her head in Lena’s lap when the brunette sat down. “Why do you need a safe to analyze kryptonite here? Can’t you do that at your lab?”

“Too many of the employees are still loyal to Lex or my mother, I can’t trust them with kryptonite. I’m already convinced that they managed to create a synthetic version that I’ll have to track down and analyze, but I haven’t had any luck yet with finding the formula or any evidence of it.”

“How do you know it exists then?”

“Something that Lex said years ago,” Lena hummed, running her fingers through blonde hair. “I’ll figure it out, oh and I’ll need some blood while I’m studying the kryptonite.” Kara sat up with a sigh and Lena pulled out the special lamp, clicking it on to collect a few vials of blood for her experiments.

“You're lucky I trust you to do these things or I might find all of this suspicious,” Kara grumbled, setting her head back in Lena’s lamp after the brunette returned from putting the blood in the fridge.

“Oh yeah, I’ve been secretly plotting all of these years to bring you down and wipe your alien-ness from the Earth.”

Kara poked Lena’s harshly in the stomach, “Remember I still have pictures of you that one time you decided you wanted to go through a ‘punk’ phase. I’m sure someone who love to see the CEO of Luthor Corp, future L-Corp with part of her hair and eyebrows shaved off.”

Lena narrowed her eyes, “You wouldn’t.”

“Try me.”

The brunette just hummed and leaned back against the couch. “I’m so glad you were raised by Cat, I feel like you would be a boring goody-two-shoes if you hadn’t. You still kind of are, but you definitely picked up the snark and vinegar Cat is full of.” Kara just hummed absentmindedly, her
thoughts still fixated on the agents who attacked her, one agent in particular. “Kara?” Lena asked, noticing that her friend was far away, “Where did you go?”

“Hmm, I was thinking about the people that attacked me,” Kara murmured, sitting up next to Lena. “They were agents from a government organization… One of them was Lexie.”

“What? Are you sure?”

Kara nodded, “Her hair was different, and she was a few years older, but her face, it was her.”

“What happened?”

“Mhm, I flew up out of range of the agents on the ground, but she snuck up one of the skyscrapers to shoot these darts at me.”

“So she’s smart, that’s a plus, though doesn’t counteract the whole part of a secret agency that deals with hunting aliens thing.”

“Do you know what agency that was?” Kara asked.

“If they have kryptonite and were tracking you specifically, then most likely the department of extranormal operations,” Lena mused. “The DEO, Lex had records of it, formed shortly after your cousin outed himself as an alien.”

“What do they want?”

“I don’t know, but it does explain how this Lexie person managed to disappear so efficiently online. If you work for a government agency, they erase your records online, you become a ghost basically.”

“What do I do now, what if she’s one of those people that hates aliens?”

“You can’t really make assumptions about her if you don’t talk to her,” Lena pointed out. “I might not like her much right now because she was shooting at you, but she’s your wife, you really should talk to her at some point. You know she lives here, you sort of know what she does for a living, I think you should track her down, talk to her, tell her what happened.”

Kara exhaled and scrubbed at her face, “Okay, I see your point, I’ll think about it. I need to go home, take Krypto out, and call Mom to tell her what happened.”

“Think about what I said,” Lena called after her as Kara launched herself off the balcony.

The blonde nodded absently as she streaked across the sky, circling around the city a few times before touching down on her own balcony. It was time she find Lexie and talk to her, see if there was a possibility of a relationship for them or if she was just wasting her time waiting on a fantasy. When she entered her apartment, Krypto pounced on her, frantically licking her face like he hadn’t seen her in days. “I’m okay Krypto,” Kara said, scratching the dog behind his ears. “I’m okay, just a little tired.” She laid down on her couch and Krypto followed after her, laying his head on her chest and snuggling into her. “Hopefully Lexie is a dog person…”
creeping up over the horizon. She bathed in the sunlight for a few minutes before deciding to start her day early after showering and taking Krypto out for his walk. Rather than making breakfast at her apartment, Kara decided to get breakfast and her morning snack at Noonan’s, and eat there instead of at her desk.

“Hi Brie,” Kara greeted the redhead waitress that stopped at her table.

“Hey Kar, you here for breakfast? It’s been a few months since you were able to actually have breakfast here. Boss lady working you too hard?”

“You know it, can I have my usual please?” The blonde asked, her blue eyes sparkling in excitement as she pulled her hair back away from her face.

“So much food, okay girl, I’ll put it in for you and bring your juice and hot chocolate out for you,” Brie responded, tucking the pad back in her apron as she turned to scurry off into the kitchen. She dropped off her drinks a few minutes later when she passed by the table and Kara happily sipped at her cocoa while perusing puppy photos and news articles on her phone.

Brie came out with her food a bit later, a large fiesta omelet, a pile of bacon, sausage, hashbrowns, and two large, steaming cinnamon buns. Kara leisurely dug into her food, still reading through different articles from around the world. She was reading something interesting from one of the news stations in Norway when a familiar voice interrupted her meal.

“Kara?”

The blonde glanced up and her eyes met familiar brown paired with a wide smile and a set of dimples. “Maggie?” She stood up and embraced the shorter woman, squeezing her tightly since Kara hadn’t seen her since she and Kate broke off their engagement. “How are you? What are you doing here in National City?”

“I moved here a few months ago, transferred to the NCPD Science division,” Maggie replied. Kara gestured for the woman to sit down and Maggie accepted, leaning on the table a bit as Kara continued to eat her breakfast.

“What made you decide to move to National City?”

Maggie sighed, “I needed to get away from… from Gotham, memories. I thought that Metropolis was far enough, but I kept seeing… Anyway, it was too much, so I put in for a transfer here and it finally went through so here I am.” She studied Kara for a moment as the younger woman continued to slowly devour her dinner. “So you’ve decided to take after her, your big sister.”

“Yeah, it was unexpected timing, but it was something that I decided to pursue with my family and friends’ support. I’m a little scared I’m going to mess up or not be as good as the people that taught me, that I’m going to let them down, but I’m going to try this, see if I can do it.”

“You’ll be a good hero Kara, you have the right heart for it,” Maggie said, patting the girl’s arm.

“Thanks Maggie,” Kara smiled at the older woman gratefully. “Oh, would you like to have breakfast with me? Brie will be back around soon I’m sure.”

“No it’s alright, I’m supposed to be meeting my uh, my girlfriend here,” the cop replied softly.

The shy tone in Maggie’s voice had Kara cocking her head to look at the woman curiously before understanding flooded through her. “Maggie, you don’t have to explain yourself to me. Yes I love Kate, she’s my older sister, but you don’t have to apologize for loving someone else. You have been
broken up for a few years now.”

“It’s still a casual thing, no love involved yet,” the older woman said quickly. “Especially since I still might…” Her voice trailed off for a moment and Kara glanced up at her but found she was staring off in the distance until her eyes snapped to the front door. “Oh, she’s here, Alex! Alex over here.” Maggie stood up from the table to greet the woman and Kara followed her moves, nearly choking on the cinnamon bun in her mouth as she caught sight of Maggie’s girlfriend. The short bob of brunette hair was different, but she definitely recognized the woman, just as she told Lena last night when the same woman had a rifle trained on her.

“Hey Sawyer, who’s this?” The woman asked and Kara nearly snapped the fork in her hand in half. She even sounded the same.

“An old friend, my ex-girlfriend’s little sister. Alex, this is Kara,” Maggie introduced, gesturing between the two women. “Kara, this is my girlfriend Alex Danvers.”

_Shit._

Chapter End Notes

Mhmmm, yes I did that. End game is still Kalex, but thought there should be some added personal drama going on with everything else.

So yeah, writing as fast as I can, but I have to plan out things more now so it takes a wee bit longer. Continue to be grateful for all of the comments and kudos, keep it up!
Soooo sorry I made you wait, I was hoping to be able to update last week, but obviously that didn't happen. I'm a few chapters ahead in my writing, but rule is if I don't finish the chapter in a week, then I don't update until the next week. I got distracted and then had to rearrange some things but eh, whatever. I'm writing chapter 31 currently, fun stuff coming. I do have an ending I am working towards and I am doing research to be able to fully describe everything to you when the time comes. Hopefully it'll wrap up all of these different threads I have going.

Again though, I am taking some moments from the show and adapting them to fit this particular story line but eventually things will start to diverge and you'll be like whoa, and I'll be like whoa, and we'll all be like whoaaaaa. Hopefully.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Alex Danvers,” Kara squeaked out, her mind whirling. “Oh, um, yes, hi, Alex, nice to meet you. I’m Kara.” She stuck out her hand to the other woman, “Oh, well, you already know that, so um, hi?”

“Hi,” Alex replied hesitantly, shaking her hand. The brunette stared at her for a few moments, a puzzled expression etched on her face. “I’m sorry, but have we met? You look really familiar…”

“Maybe I just have one of those faces,” Kara laughed awkwardly. She wished the earth would open up and swallow her right then and there.

“Maybe,” the brunette looked at the blonde again before shaking her head. “So Sawyer, breakfast?”

“Why don’t you both join me?” Oh Rao, why did I say that? “The breakfast rush is starting and it’ll be difficult to find a table.” Shit shit shit.

The two women glanced around and noticed that the majority of the tables were already full, other than big ones that were typically reserved for families, and took the offered seats across from Kara.

“So Kara,” Maggie started after she put in her food order with Brie. “Since I haven’t seen you in so long, what are you doing? Still painting I hope?”

“Oh yeah, whenever I have time, but I’m pretty busy these days working,” she paused for a moment to glance at Alex. “Um, working for Cat Grant, she keeps me pretty busy.”

Alex snorted while Maggie looked at the blonde incredulously, “You work for the Cat Grant, what’s that like?”

“I’m her assistant, so it’s pretty challenging but rewarding, watching as she changes the world,” Kara replied, still devouring her food. It was really awkward sitting, eating breakfast with her wife and her
wife’s girlfriend who was also her older sister’s ex-fiancée. Why did her life have to be so complicated? “Speaking of that, if I don’t finish breakfast and have her latte waiting for her when she gets to work, she’ll probably fire half of the staff.” She waved at Brie from the table, letting her know to get her to-go order ready and to bring her check out when she was done.

“Don’t worry about it Kara,” Maggie said, setting her hand over the bill when Brie dropped it off with Kara’s order. “I’ve got it.”

“You sure? I mean, I ate more than the both of you combined,” the blonde said, glancing at the meager food on the other two women’s plates.

“It’s fine, I remember how much you eat, consider it my apology for not seeing you in so long,” the woman told her. “Do you still have the same number? I’ll call you, we should hangout. Right Alex?” She turned her attention to the brunette sitting next to her and the woman nodded.

“Ah, right, yeah, yeah we should hangout sometime. I would love to get to know some more of Maggie’s friends,” Alex said, nodding her head at Kara.

“I wouldn’t want to be a third wheel…” Kara would rather go through her inoculations again.

“You can invite one of your friends,” Maggie told her. “You’re from National City, and I could always use some more friends, Alex doesn’t really have any outside of work.”

“Speak for yourself Sawyer,” Alex grumbled a bit, nudging the shorter woman in the ribs.

“I’ll think about it,” Kara promised. “Just text me later Maggie.”

The two women watched as the blonde raced out of the cafe with her coffee and takeout bag clutched in her hand. Maggie turned to her companion, her brow raised at the contemplative expression on Alex’s face. “What’s wrong?” She asked, “Did you not like Kara?”

“No, she seems great, like a walking ball of sunshine really, but…” Alex’s voice trailed off for a moment. “I can’t help but feel like I’ve met her before.”

“Well you have lived in National City for a few years and she grew up here, so it is possible that you’ve run into her before,” Maggie replied.

Alex looked after the blonde thoughtfully, “Maybe, just seems familiar, almost like a dream…” She shook her head, “It’ll come to me later, right now I have to get to work. The director has everyone on high alert for Supergirl.”

Maggie tried not to snort at the irony of the situation and just focused on the topic at hand. “Why are you guys going after Supergirl? I mean, she’s a hero right? She’s not hurting anyone, in fact she’s helping people.”

“Since when are you a fan of superheroes?” Alex asked, “First few weeks after we met, all you did was complain about the vigilantes in Gotham.”

“They’re different, they’re… annoying,” Maggie breathed out. “But Supergirl doesn’t step on cops’ toes from what I’ve seen, though she hasn’t done much yet. I thought you were a big supporter of Superman?”

“Superman is different, we know his story, he’s been a hero for years, doing good. We don’t know anything about this Supergirl, so we need to bring her in and talk to her,” Alex defended. “We monitor alien or meta-human activities Mags, we have to at least bring her in to talk to her.”
“Will you even be able to catch her?”

Alex frowned a bit, “No success so far, but we’re working on it. I’ll see you later Sawyer.”

“Later Danvers,” the Latina woman returned. She watched her girlfriend leave, but her mind was on the blonde that left earlier. There’s something going on with Kara, she thought, something other than dealing with her mother as her boss and being National City’s newest hero. And I’m going to find out what.

“Wait, Maggie, like Kate’s ex Maggie is in town, and she’s dating your wife, one Alex Danvers,” Lena voice came through the phone.

“Yup,” Kara sighed out, pinching the bridge of her nose. It was a habit she had picked up from Cat when the woman was staving off an intense headache.

Lena was silent for a few minutes before Kara heard cackles of laughter from the device. “Oh god, oh Rao, that is so funny, this is so funny. Your life, your life is like a soap opera,” her friend breathed out between peals of laughter, causing Kara to roll her eyes.

“You’re the worst Lena,” Kara grumbled, “I don’t know why we’re even friends.”

“Because you love me,” the brunette replied. “Oh, and I forgot to tell you, someone dropped out of the Venture test launch next month and the organizers approached me about taking the seat.”

“Didn’t they ask you last year if you wanted a seat, and you said no?”

“I wasn’t sure if I would have time, I’m still not sure, the full opening of the company in National City and the renaming ceremony is the day after the launch, so I might not have time.”

“So you’re just going to reserve the seat just in case?”

“It would be a fun opportunity. Nothing like being flown around via Kryptonian Air, but still exciting, just in a different way.”

“Well I’m glad I’m still your favorite way to travel,” the blonde rolled her eyes but couldn’t keep the small smile from spreading on her face.

“Faster and better for the environment, though I break even on the cost by having to feed you.”

“Lena…”

“Hmm? Oh, there’s a fire near an oil tanker at the docks. Probably could use some super intervention. Be careful with the tanker though, it won’t hold up to the strain of super strength so moving it won’t work, you’ll have to put out the fire.”

Kara had already changed directions and darted into an alley, changing into her suit at super speed before flying off towards the docks. Her mask was set firmly against her face and her blonde hair whipped around her as she flew, Lena’s voice still sounding in her ear since she switched to her com.

“How do you suggest I deal with it then?” Kara asked.

“Freeze breath would put out the fire, but extreme cold like that might also damage the tanker. Cold
water is very different from a concentrated burst of cold air... Can you spin really fast in the ocean and make a water spout? Enough to douse the fire?"

“I can try,” Kara said as she stopped in front of the fire to assess the situation. She heard calls of Supergirl from the first responders on the ground, and gave them a quick wave before diving into the harbor. Minutes later, she emerged in the middle of a cyclone and directed it towards the flames. They extinguished enough for the firefighters on scene to gain control of the blaze and for the freighter to be safely tugged out of the way.

She landed on the ground near the firefighters, her hair and suit still soaking wet, waiting to see if they still needed help. “Thank you Supergirl,” the fire chief said, clasping her hand. “You managed to avoid a huge disaster today.”

“We all did,” Kara told him. “We’re better if we work together.” She pushed off from the ground and quickly found her clothes again and returned on her errand to fetch Cat and herself some lunch. After her shocking and awkward breakfast, she walked to work in a daze and completed her morning. She didn’t get the chance to call Lena and tell her what happened until lunch time, and even then she was interrupted by Supergirl business.

“Good save on the oil tanker,” Winn whispered when she returned a little while later with her mother’s lettuce wrap and her second lunch. She ate the first part of her lunch while waiting for the second part to finish cooking.

“Thanks,” Kara beamed, her eyes trained on the television to see images of her already splashed on the screens with interviews from the onlookers and first responders.

“It’s a good thing that tanker didn’t catch fire, that would’ve been, well, you know, bad,” Winn whistled.

Before Kara could reply, James walked up close to the both of them, still frowning at the sight of the heroine on the screen. “Wonder why she didn’t put the fire out completely? Or use freeze breath like she did for that warehouse fire?” He asked. “I mean, that might have put it out quicker.”

“Maybe Supergirl knew something that we didn’t?” Winn suggested.

“And the firefighters were there to finish putting out the fire, she took out the most imminent danger, keeping the fire from that tanker. Firefighters are professionals, so who better to put out a fire?” Kara pointed out.

James inclined his head briefly, “I can understand that, but wouldn’t it have been safer if she had just put out the whole fire herself?”

“It’s their job dude, Supergirl shouldn’t take that from them,” Winn told him. Kara was about to add something as well but a piercing sound echoed through her ears, causing her to falter. “You okay Kar?” Winn asked as he saw her rub her forehead.

“Yeah, I’m fine, just a headache, probably hydrated,” Kara replied with a tight smile, all the while listening to a message coming in at 50,000 hertz.

“If you can hear this, you were not born on Earth...” The voice hissed out and Kara rolled her eyes despite the pain in her head. “Painful isn’t it? I’ve dealt with worse really. The humans of National City will suffer 10 times this pain if you don’t face me.” Kara ignored the rest of his threat, cataloguing where he wanted to meet while she analyzed the alien’s message. He called her Daughter of Alura, meaning that he knew who she was, that it was personal. She was under no
delusion that her mother didn’t have enemies; she was an judicator on Krypton, a judge, she
sentenced people to prison, to Fort Rozz, one of the worst prisons in the galaxy. She offered no
leniency or mercy as she sent prisoners to Fort Rozz in the Phantom Zone. Some got out, served their
sentences and left, mere shells of who they were when they went in. Still others remained locked up,
 frozen in time as the universe changed around them while they remained the same.

Kara knew her mother hurt people, and that whoever was calling out to her was one of those people.
What she didn’t know was how he came to be on Earth, and who exactly he was. She turned around
from the sink she was pressed against to glance back through the walls into the office. Winn was
busy at his computer, her mother was in her office going over some proofs for the new edition, and
the rest of her executive staff coworkers were plugging away at their own jobs.

She didn’t know what she was facing with this alien, but she knew that she couldn’t let him have the
chance to carry out his threat. She took the stairs to to the roof, spun into her suit and took off for the
National City power plant. Kara hovered over the buildings, knowing that each one had a lead
coating to contain any electricity or possible radiation. She used to come out here at night as a kid to
practice with her x-ray vision without having to worry about looking through buildings to see
something she didn’t want to see.

The heartbeat pounding in her ears, slower than a normal human’s, was her only indication that he
was here. Kara landed on the ground, her senses on high alert as she waited. There was a slight
movement behind her, just a rustle of dirt on the ground, and spun out of the way as a bald man with
a ridged head and a gleaming axe flew through the space she had just occupied. She retaliated with a
kick to his sternum, sending him back a few feet but realizing that he nearly matched her in strength.

“Who are you?” Kara demanded, her eyes hard under her mask.

The alien stumbled to his feet, a harsh glare on his face and his axe clutched tightly in his hand. “I am
Vartox,” he hissed out. “Your mother sentenced me to life in prison.”

“How are you here?”

Vartox just smirked and pointed his axe at her. “You will pay for her crimes daughter of Alura.”

He charged at her again, swinging his axe that had begun to glow with an unnatural light, and Kara
cursed silently to herself. The sword Diana had given her on Themyscira would’ve come in handy at
the moment. She released the clasp on her cape to allow her greater mobility, and met the hand
wielding the axe with her arm, blocking the blow and countering with a swift punch to his face.

Kara could feel a slight crunch of bones and flesh as her fist connected with his head. Her left hand
shifted to grab his arm, and jerked him down so that her knee connected with his head and her foot
with his chest. Vartox shifted back and Kara released him to let gravity and momentum take its
course as he crashed back down into the ground. “You were supposed to be untrained,” Vartox
growled as he heaved himself up again, his axe at the ready but his eyes wary.

She didn’t say anything, just readied for another bout when she detected a third heartbeat in the area
and the rotating sound of chopper blades. Vartox must’ve heard them too because he launched his
axe in the direction of the heart beat and Kara cursed silently again as she spotted the black clad
figure the weapon was speeding towards. Kara moved and pulled the woman away, but not fast
enough before the axe reached them, catching Kara in the leg. She let out a loud cry of pain as it cut
through the side of her leg, but got the agent out of the way before turning back to face Vartox,
ignoring the shooting pain.

The alien just hissed at her again and used her injured leg against her, slamming a quick kick into the
wound before grabbing his axe and disappearing through the buildings. Kara sighed and limped over to where her cape was lying on the ground, and reattached it around her shoulders. She glanced back at the agent she had pushed out of the way and only just then realized that it was Alex she had saved, Alex who was glaring at her with a harsh expression and a gun trained on her. The chopper had circled back until it was right behind her and Kara could sense they too had their guns aimed at her as well. “You’re the people that tried to shoot me down the other night,” Kara stated shifting a little so she had both Alex and the chopper in her sights.

“You’re an unknown alien with extraordinary powers,” Alex said, “We have to bring you in to assess if you are a danger.”

“Who is ‘we’?”

“The Department of Extranormal Operations, now are you going to come in quietly or are we going to have to use force?”

“I don’t take kindly to being forced, especially by shady government groups,” Kara returned, taking a step back from the agent. Before the words could finish leaving her mouth, Alex and the other agents had fired their weapons, glowing green darts heading straight for her, but Kara was already moving out of the way. She used her cape as a shield, and sped around the buildings, pushing off into the air to get away from the agent on the ground.

The chopper was one of the newer models designed for speed and maneuverability, but it was no match for her training in the sky with Wonder Woman or through the buildings of Gotham with Batwoman. She easily lost the agents tailing her and doubled back to observe the ones on the ground from a distance. Alex, Agent Danvers, spoke with a few of the other agents and through the radio before flailing her hands around in anger. Kara didn’t need to use her super hearing to know that the woman was upset that the agents in the chopper had lost her. She smirked, pleased to know that she had caused some frustration for the shady, government agency and for the agent, though she know it was purely vindictive and uncalled for in Alex’s case. It wasn’t Alex’s fault that she didn’t remember Kara or the fact that they had a one-night stand years ago, or that they got married just prior to said one-night stand.

A burning sensation registered in her leg and Kara hissed as she remembered that the creepy, glowing axe managed to slice through her as she pushed Danvers out of the way. Now she had to figure out if she was going to die from some glowing, alien poison. She took off through the air again, calling Lena as she flew.

“Please tell me that you have an emergency,” Lena’s voice came through the phone. “Anything to get out of my next meeting with the head of marketing. It’s my last meeting of the day, and while he has very interesting ideas, he is so boring to talk too.”

Kara laughed weakly, “Well, funny that, I do kind of have an emergency. I may… well, I may have gotten sliced by a glowing axe wielded by a crazy alien.” Lena was silent for a few minutes, leading Kara to believe that the call was dropped. “Lena?”

“I’m sorry, I thought you just said you got sliced by a glowing axe wielded by a crazy alien.”

“Lena! I’m being serious, get with it! It really burns.”

“Alright alright, just fly to my office if you can do it without being spotted. Don’t really need that kind of publicity.”

“Did your balcony get finished?”
“Yeah. It won’t withstand a Kryptonian collapsing on it, so if you have plans to die before you get here, don’t land on the balcony.”

“Your concern for me is astounding,” Kara rolled her eyes.

“Just get here already so I can make sure you’re not going to die.”

Kara ended the call and changed directions to head towards Lena’s office, only slowing down when she was a few feet from the concrete. She faltered a little as her weight impacted the cut on her leg and fell over, grabbing at one of the balcony chairs to keep her upright. “Kara!” Lena cried, racing out to the balcony to help her friend. “Oh shit, you’re bleeding really badly Kara, I thought you said just a little slice, it looks like that axe cut you down to the bone.”

“It’ll heal on its own,” Kara gasped out, “But I think, I think something’s in there that’s keeping the wound open.”

“I’m not a medical doctor Kara.”

“It’s not like I can go to a doctor Lee, just get it out please, it really, really, really hurts.”

“Worse than shots?” Lena asked as a distraction while she searched through her desk for a pair of tweezers.

“Don’t even joke about that,” Kara hissed out. The brunette finally located a pair of titanium tweezers and sterilized them with a quick splash of the vodka she kept in the bottom drawer before returning to Kara’s side.

She held the tweezers poised over Kara’s leg and gave her friend a hard look. “You kick me, I eat your potstickers during movie night for three months.”

“You wouldn’t dare…”

“Try me,” Lena said sternly, giving her best friend an intense glare. Kara sighed and reached down to grab at her legs to prevent them from lashing out. The brunette waited another moment for her to situated herself, and leant forward, shining a small penlight into the wound. “I think I see it.” Lena took the tweezers to the wound and fished out a small piece of metal covered in blood. Kara’s flesh started stitching itself back up when Lena exposed it to a concentrated infrared and ultraviolet flashlight. She reasoned that two of the types of lightwaves in sunlight would provide her solar-powered friend with a short burst of energy for these emergency situations while she works on building a full solar chamber.

“When did you make that?” Kara asked, nodding towards the small flashlight.

“I started planning it when I realized my best friend functioned like a solar battery, and had a penchant for heroics. Figured if I ever managed to build it, it would come in handy.”

“Guess it pays to have a geek in the family,” Kara groaned out, feeling her skin stitch itself back together.

Lena ignored the geek remark and just watched as the wound disappeared before her eyes; if it wasn’t for the blood crusting around the area, it would be as if the wound was never there. “You going to tell me now what it was exactly that you were doing?” Lena asked, leaning back on her heels. Kara related what had happened to her friend and Lena stared thoughtfully out the window for a moment before snorting. “You’re going to have a hard time with that wife of yours,” she said, returning to her desk. “An even harder time explaining this to your mother.”
Kara’s eyes widened as she groaned, “She’s going to kill me, thanks for reminding me.” She pushed herself to her feet and made her way to the balcony doors, “Thanks Lena, we still on for movie night on Friday?”

“Of course, but you owe me extra potstickers for giving me a heartattack,” Lena grumbled out. Kara rolled her eyes and nodded before heading out to the balcony to take off. “Oh wait, Kara, with your super hearing, have you ever heard of Cadmus?”

“Cadmus, like Greek Mythology Cadmus?”

“I don’t know, I’ve seen some notations about Cadmus in some of Lex’s old files and in some of my servers. I don’t know what it is, but it doesn’t sound good, especially if Lex is involved.”

“Guess we both have to keep our ears open then,” Kara sighed before shooting off into the sky.

Lena watched her go for a moment before the intercom on her office phone chimed. “Ms. Luthor,” Jess’s voice came through the phone, “I have the head of marketing out here saying he still has time to meet with you if you can.”

The brunette’s head impacted the window with a solid ‘thunk.’ “Fuck.”

“So you didn’t think to tell me that there was this shady, black ops, Men-In-Black style agency after you,” Cat hummed, her words even but her tone dangerous. “Or that this long lost wife of yours works for them?”

Kara flinched slightly at Cat’s tone and folded her legs up on the couch with her. “Yeah,” she replied, sipping at her own glass of wine.

“Or that you had met her as you only to find out that not only does she not remember you, but she’s dating one Detective First Grade Margaret Sawyer.”

“You know she doesn’t like it when you call her Margaret Mom…” Kara started, but seeing the look on Cat’s face, Kara wisely stopped speaking and just waited for the older blonde to get her thoughts in order.

Cat gulped down her wine before pouring another glass. “Alright, let’s start with this alien that called you out and attacked you, who was he and what did he want?” Kara explained as best as she could about what happened with the attack, finishing her story with Lena taking the piece of axe out of her leg. “Remind me to get Lena another bottle of that wine she enjoys for Christmas this year,” Cat murmured, her hand reaching for Kara’s leg. The younger blonde knew what her mother was after and stretched out her leg to allow the woman to inspect it yourself. “And you say that he wanted revenge on your mother for putting him in prison?”

“That’s what he said.”

“And the appearance of this black ops group kept you from incapacitating him and basically let him escape.” Kara nodded again and Cat released her leg when she found no obvious sign of injury. “It makes me wonder if this group knows how this man, alien, got here and why he was going after you, maybe they’re tracking him somehow?”
“If they are, they really should share that information rather than keep shooting at me,” Kara grumbled, folding her legs up again. “Winn is using that shard from the axe to run a search with some of Lena’s equipment, so hopefully we’ll be able to find him.”

“I still can’t believe you let that computer hobbit design your costume for you,” Cat rolled her eyes. “He has a minor in fashion design, and I like my suit, costume,” Kara replied.

Cat waved her hand dismissively, “I guess you do manage to pull it off, and the gold is a nice touch. I guess the primary color scheme is good for inspiring trust and hope, exact opposite of what your little bat friends go for in Gotham.”

“Well Gotham is different from National City, very dark, you kind of have to inspire fear there,” the younger blonde chuckled.

“ Weird city, I don’t know how they manage with all those wackos running around,” Cat hummed, “Not Pamela though, she was a dear to stop by and help with that rooftop garden I put in, I do wish that Harleen would stop jerking her around though, they make a delightful couple, much more than that clown Harley goes back to.”

Kara rolled her eyes, “Only you would be on a first name basis with some of Gotham’s most notorious villains.”

“Like you don’t have lunch with Selina every time she’s in town,” Cat retorted.

“Selina is fun.”

Cat just hummed, “Speaking of villains, what are you going to do with this alien when you manage to catch him? Doesn’t seem like normal jails will be able to hold them.”

Kara’s phone chimed and she glanced over at it, seeing a message from Winn show up on the screen. “Looks like I’m going to find out, Winn has found him. I’ll call you later Mom.”

Before Cat could respond, Kara had changed into her suit and was taking off from the balcony, heading towards the coordinates Winn had sent her. He seemed to think that the alien was moving, so told her to look out for a vehicle of some kind, like a tanker truck. The location was a stretch of deserted highway on the outskirts of the city in the mountains, so Kara knew when she spotted the lone truck on the road that she was in the right place.

Flying over the truck, Kara glanced through the cab and saw that Vartox was in the cab and grabbed the back of the trailer, jerking it to a stop and flipping it back behind her. The truck wobbled in the air a bit before crashing down, and the smell of gasoline and oil instantly reached Kara’s nose. Vartox appeared from the wreckage, his axe clutched tightly in his hands and the ever present sneer plastered on his face. Electricity from the truck sparked and set the leaked gasoline on fire, causing the remnants of the vehicle to explode, blasting around them.

“I won’t be underestimating you this time daughter of Alura,” Vartox growled out before he threw his axe at her.

A number of things happened at the same time that would’ve been missed by anyone with normal vision, but Kara saw them as if they were happening in slow motioning. She caught the axe as it was hurtling towards her face just as Vartox launched at her and a large rocket appeared, barreling towards them. Kara knocked him aside, striking his face with the flat of the axe before catch the rocket and tossing it at the fallen alien. As soon as the rocket impacted his chest, it exploded, causing Vartox to vaporize under the pressure of the heat and power of the blast.
Kara didn’t have to wait long before she heard the telltale sound of feet slowly walking towards her and a drone flying just out of comfortable range of her heat vision. “Are you going to shoot more darts at me?” She asked, turning her attention to the agents approaching her with the axe still loosely clutched in her hand.

Her eyes scanned the clustered agents, skating over Alex’s annoyed features before landing on the man standing at the front of those gathered. “No Ms. Zor-El,” the man said, staring down the Kryptonian, “You have managed to avoid us quite well, and I figured that talking would be a better plan at this point.”

“You know my Kryptonian name,” she commented, ignoring the rest of his words. He was fishing for more information, and her mother always taught her how to get information out of an interrogation if she ever found herself in that situation, as well as how to not give anything away.

“We know quite a lot about you Ms. Zorel,” the man continued and Kara wondered if it was a type of power play, him continuing to say her name while she not knowing his.

“Probably not as much as you would like,” she mused, tilting her head a little bit as she studied the man contemplatively. Something about him seemed off, something she couldn’t quite place but decided to keep in the back of her mind. “I do know a lot about you though,” Kara continued, “The DEO, department of extranormal operations, top secret agency running with the barest government support. Do you know how that alien, Vartox, got here and why he was targeting me.”

The agents shifted uneasily and Alex’s eyes narrowed, but Kara never broke eye contact with the man in front of her. “You’re well informed Supergirl.”

“And you dodged the question.”

“That would require more security clearance than you have.”

“Then I guess we’re done here,” Kara said, turning to walk away but Alex’s voice stopped her in her tracks.

“What about the axe?” Alex called, her eyes still guarded and wary.

Kara glanced down at the axe in her hand; she almost forgot she was still carrying it. “It’s going with me,” she said, looking back up at the agent. “I know somewhere safe to put it.”

“Like the fortress of solitude?” The brunette bit back and Kara just rolled her eyes.

“Do give me some credit, I’m not that stupid,” she replied before shooting off into the air. She thought it was an improvement that they didn’t automatically start firing kryptonite bullets at her, but only a slight improvement. Once she was out of sight, Kara shifted directions and started heading east, breaking the sound barrier as she flew. “I know just the place to take you,” Kara murmured, letting her hand trail across the axe. “I know someone that would love to have a new weapon to toss around.”

Chapter End Notes

And as for things to look forward to, I am working on other stories while writing this one, so hopefully I'll make headway with those while I try to finish up this monster. I
might even finish a few, but we shall see, some of them are being difficult even though I
know exactly what I want to happen.

Others I'm like I don't know what's going on, what's going to happen, but I'll keep
writing and maybe I'll find out. Thanks again for all the kudos and comments, really
keeping me going through this long, loonnnnggg story.
Chapter 29

Chapter Notes

Update day guys! Woo hoo!! I had to reread what happens in this chapter, I'm almost finished with chapter 32. I was hoping I would get to tell you that we're less than 20 chapters to the end, but I don't really know any more. I hope so but Idk. I like to keep my chapters all around the same length so I don't know what to tell you. Some minor angst in this chapter, but not too bad... That's a lie, will tear at heartstrings.

And another thing I thought of a while ago, but totally forgot about. I know some people have stated that they don't like Supercat because of the age difference, which is why I usually set it as AU or Kara arriving on time, something like that. So, for the Karamel shippers, or anyone else, think about this. Kara was 13 when she was sent away, 12/13 that range. At the same time, same exact time as Krypton's destruction, meaning when Kara was being sent away, Mon-El was on Daxam sleeping through his citizens like nobody's business, around 30 yrs old. Just think about that.

Oh, and if you guys haven't, check out my new story Between Dark Knights and Fallen Stars. I like the star themed for Supergirl stories, so many will have that theme.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“It’s Kara right?” The voice broke Kara out of her focus on her book and she glanced up, her eyes widening when she spotted Alex standing next to her table. Sunday brunch at Noonan’s was typically a slow time, so Kara usually met up with Lena, Megan (M’gann), or Sara whenever she was in town as a way to get out together for the week and not have to worry about people being nosy. It paid to still be on a first name basis with the owners and managers of the place.

“Yeah, um, yeah, Alex right?” Kara sputtered out a bit, pushing her book to the side.

“Are you here alone?”

“Uh no, well yes, but no, I,” Kara internally cursed her inability to not stutter when around beautiful women. “I’m waiting for a friend of mine, but she’s running a little late, so I’m alone at the moment.” It had been a little over a week since the confrontation in the hills between her and the DEO, and she hadn’t seen the other woman since then. Granted, she had been a little busy getting rid of the supercharged axe, but she had seen evidence of the agency around National City when she returned. Several days previous, an alien had been rampaging downtown and she subdued it, dropping it off at the police station. The DEO swooped in and made it disappeared, as if the alien had never existed in the first place. Kara was furious that these aliens weren’t getting the same rights guaranteed to even the worst of human criminals, but there wasn’t much she could do.

“Do you mind if I join you, just while I’m waiting for my order?” The blonde waved the other woman into the seat across from her and Alex took the seat, glancing at Kara’s book as she sat down. “Through the Looking Glass’?”

“‘Alice in Wonderland’ is one of my favorite books, and I love the books that come after it.”
“Any reason why it’s your favorite, I’ve never read it, didn’t care much for the movie so I never bothered.”

Kara looked down at the book fondly and her fingers caressed the worn edges of the hardback book. “It was one of the first books my mom gave me after she adopted me, so it holds a fond place in my heart.”

“You’re adopted?”

“Ah, uh, yeah, my parents died in a um, in a fire when I was thirteen,” Kara replied, sipping lightly at her latte.

“Oh Kara, I’m so sorry,” Alex replied, regretting that she asked the question in the first place.

“Ah, no, it’s fine, I mean, it still hurts, but I have a great mom, and a little brother, and some of the best friends since I moved to National City, so it all worked out in the end,” the blonde told her, waving away her apologizes. “And most everyone in my life knows that I’m adopted, so Maggie probably would’ve told you at some point. How long have you two been dating?”

“A little over a month, we’ve been friends for longer, since she moved to National City since our jobs kept intersecting. We decided to try dating when we both admitted we were attracted to each other.” Alex wasn’t sure why she was telling Kara all of this, she barely knew the other woman, but it felt like she could trust Kara. It was probably the wide, sparkling blue eyes, they were impossible to stay no to and Alex knew that if the blonde was in law enforcement, she would have a one hundred percent solve rate because the criminals would confess to those eyes. “She’s probably my best friend really.”

“Maggie’s great,” Kara told her. “I mean, I only really got to know her when she was with… but well, she was always really nice.”

“I know all about her exes Kara, you don’t have to censor for me,” Alex smirked, “Especially the most notorious, Kate Kane.”

“Notorious is one way to describe her,” Kara smiled, thinking of the redhead.

Before Alex could speak again, Lena entered Noonan’s and strolled up to the table. “Sorry I’m late Kara, I’ve told them repeatedly no business on Sunday, but they never seem to listen.” Kara stood up to greet her friend with a hug, and when she released her, Lena turned a critical on the seated brunette who was looking at her in suspicion. “And you are?”

“Um, right, this is Alex Danvers, I told you about her, she’s dating Maggie Sawyer. Alex this is—”

“Lena Luthor,” Alex interrupted, rising to shake the other woman’s hand. “I’m aware who she is.”

“And that face is the face of someone aware of the various crimes committed by my family, public and private,” Lena mused, an amused smirk on her face. “Are you one to judge someone before meeting them Danvers?”

Alex grit her teeth together but the server behind the counter called out her name, signaling that her order was ready. “I have to go, Sawyer worked the late shift and I promised I would stop some food and coffee off for her. I’ll see you later Kara,” she nodded at the blonde before turning a suspicious glare at the brunette, “Luthor.”

“Lovely woman,” Lena mused as she took the seat Alex had vacated. “I mean physically, your wife is gorgeous, reddish brown hair, hard, intelligent brown eyes, damn. But personality wise, she’s a bit
of a bitch.”

“Lena…”

“What? She is, first she leaves you all spent and sweaty, passed out in bed after a night of passion, prior to which you got married by the way, and then she shows back up, not remembering who you are, or that you’re married, dating someone else and working for a shady agency bent on arresting aliens, and then she treats your best friend like she’s some kind of leper,” Lena sniffed, “That might be the worst offense of all.”

Kara rolled her eyes, “Always so dramatic.”

“Someone has to be,” the brunet replied. “So what did the wifey want anyway?”

“I don’t know, I guess she saw me sitting here and sat down for a chat while she waited for her food,” Kara replied.

“Mhm, I don’t buy it, there were plenty of other places to sit while she waited for her food, she wanted to talk to you specifically,” Lena told her, a grin on her face “And judging by the way she was looking at you, she was definitely interested in more than just conversation.”

“If you have forgotten the last few minutes, I told you that she was dating Maggie. I’m not going to be the other woman.”

“Technically you are married to the agent, so that would make Maggie the other woman.” Kara glared at her and Lena raised her hands in surrender, “Fine, fine, I won’t mention it again, just mark my words, you’re going to end up in a weird love triangle at some point.”

Kara groaned, “Don’t even joke about that, that is one of my worst nightmares.”

“It’s going to happen,” Lena stated as if it were already fact. “Now, brunch? We’re here for brunch, is M’gann coming?”

“She’s in Gotham again helping out some of her old friends,” Kara told her. “She’ll be gone for a few months at least, left the managers in charge of the bar while she’s gone.”

“So I won’t be able to frequent that place for a while then…”

“Lena…”

“What? You know that my family’s name is synonymous with xenophobic hatred, and that most aliens in the city despise or fear me. It’s not really safe for me to go there when M’gann is out of town.”

“Most of the regulars know you Lena, they know you’re different from your family and that you’re trying to do good.”

The conversation paused as the waitress came by to take their orders before disappearing back to the kitchen. “Do you remember that organization I mentioned to you?” Lena asked, “Cadmus?” At Kara’s nod, the brunette continued, “I’ve discovered more information about it, not a whole lot though, they’re covering their tracks pretty well, but it looks like an anti-alien terrorist group that works in conjunction with secret, rogue factions of the government.”

“Why did you find records of it in your company then?”
“I wouldn’t be surprised if certain family members of mine were involved, but I haven’t found any proof, not yet.” Lena ground her teeth in irritation, “So when I finally remove myself and the company from this hatred of all things not from this planet, then I’ll rest easy.”

“Just be careful Lena, you know that Lex is dangerous. I wouldn’t put it past him to try to stop your investigations from behind bars.”

Lena snorted, “If there’s one thing a Luthor never does is underestimate her opponents.”

Kara stood on top of the Capital Bank tower, her eyes gazing out over the city as her senses stretched out around her. The building was one of the tallest in the city since it was the west coast offices for the nationwide bank, though not as tall as CatCo headquarters or the future L-Corp tower. She had decided to keep her distance from both buildings for now for the safety of her family and friends. Her eyes fell on Maxwell Lord’s building a few blocks away and her face twisted into a grimace; she hoped that Lena would be able to buy him out or chase him out of the city. While her main cause for disliking the man came from his anti-alien rhetoric, it was his continual pursuits of her mother that was really sickening, especially since she had to read all of his emails and notes he sent with his gifts. Kara had asked Lena to invent brain bleach, but so far her friend has had no luck.

There was a stillness in the air as Kara surveyed the city. It was a quiet night, just petty crimes that the police could handle without her intervention, but she was too wound up for a night in her apartment binge watching her favorite shows. It was almost too still. Kara brought her senses back in before sending them out again, this time searching. She thought that it was the DEO again, watching her like they have been for the past few days, but this felt different, this felt more calculating.

Before she could identify the source of the feeling, a blow to the back sent her flying off the skyscraper. She corrected after falling for a few moments, more stunned than anything else, and charged back to the top of the building. When she saw who was standing there waiting for her, she froze, unsure if she was seeing correctly or not. “Aunt Astra?” Kara whispered, landing softly on the roof.

“Aunt Astra?” the woman murmured, trying to maintain an aloof expression to keep distance between them. It hurt, to be this close to Kara, her little one, without touching her, without hugging her. She had grown used to it over the years of watching Kara growing up with the Fierce One as her mother, never approaching her but just observing from a distance, listening to the Cat lady as she told her stories of her niece.

“Aunt Astra?” Kara whispered, landing softly on the roof.

Astra stared at her for a moment before looking away. “Your mother, my sister, locked me away in Fort Rozz.”

“Fort Rozz,” the blonde murmured, “How… why?”

“For speaking out, for daring to speak the truth, for trying to save our world.”

Kara shook her head, “That… that might be how you avoided the destruction of Krypton, but how did you get here?”

“Aunt Astra?”

“Same way you did Little One.”
It took Kara a few minutes to understand what she meant, “You mean Fort Rozz is here? It crash
landed here, that’s why there are all of those aliens angry at my mother?”

“You mother served as judge, jury and executioner, is it surprising that many are angry and seeking
revenge?”

“Why did she lock you up? Did you come seeking revenge too?”

Astra shook her head, “I tried to save our world, save it for you so that you would have a future
there. I wouldn’t allow you to die, so I tried to tell people what was happening, tried to stop it,
something forbidden by the high council. I was imprisoned, and Krypton died. I had long thought
that you had perished as well until…”

“Until what? When I saved the plane?”

The older woman didn’t say anything, just continued staring at Kara causing the blonde to shift
uneasily on her feet. “I wondered if you would follow in your cousin’s footsteps,” Astra said finally,
“Protecting these foolish humans.”

“I have the power to help them, it would be wrong if I didn’t.”

“They don’t deserve you Kara, they never did. The humans are a weak, selfish race with an inherent
hatred of anything, anyone different.”

“They’re just like every species, they have potential for great evil, but also potential for great good,
they just have to be given the chance.”

Astra scoffed, “The chance, they’re already well on their way to doing the same thing that we did to
Krypton. This planet is dying, and we have to stop it, we can stop it. Will you help me Little One?
Will you help me save the world? Save it from the humans?”

Kara thought about Astra’s words, her motives. They were clear and good intentioned but something
was wrong, something felt off. “Why did mother sentence you to Fort Rozz?” She asked again.

“I told you-”

“There’s more to it than that, there has to be, what did you do?”

The woman looked away from her niece, the piercing blue eyes seemed to read every fault in her
soul. “There was an incident, a guard was killed, it was a small sacrifice that had to be paid in order
to save the world.”

“I remember hearing about that…” Kara murmured, “That was you? That guard had a family, people
who cared about him, and you just, you killed him.”

“Non killed him, but we had a world to think of. We were the only ones who had the courage to do
what was necessary to save us all!”

“Is that what you want to do here? You want to do whatever is necessary to save the world,
sacrificing who you must in order to meet your goals.”

“That is the way the world works Little One, you sacrifice the few to save the many,” Astra said
stepping forward towards her outraged niece.

The furious expression on the blonde’s face had her retreating those few steps though. “I want to
help the humans, not hurt them, this is my world now too.”

“Yes, meaning that you have to do whatever it takes to make sure that it doesn’t share in Krypton’s fate.”

“That’s not the way to do this Astra, I can’t let you do this.”

“If you’re not with us, my niece, you are against us,” Astra stated firmly. “I will not let this world fall to ruin. I will go through you if I must.”

“Us?” Kara started before she sensed another impending blow to the back of her head. She took off out of the way, but a different blow landed on her opposite side and she went whirling through the air. “Non,” she muttered when she righted herself and saw her uncle floating in the air next to Astra along with several other men she recognized as soldiers that were directly under her aunt.

“You may have been trained to be a hero Little One, but you are not a warrior,” Astra said. When she finished speaking the soldiers attacked, each one attempting to beat Kara into the ground. Kryptonian warriors, much like Amazons, were taught to fight together as a unit to tear down a common enemy. However, the Amazons were still very individual in how they fight, and they taught that individuality to Kara, expanding on what Kate had already taught her. She dodged out of the way, her cape giving her extra maneuverability in the air, and she retaliated with a sharp kick to the closest one’s shin, knocking him back into one of the other soldiers. Kara knocked the rest of them away before Non hit her into the ground. He followed after her, his fist raised to deliver a sharp blow to her face when Astra called him away. “Enough Non, leave her be.”

“But we can end her now General, and not have to deal with her later,” he protested, stepping away from the fallen hero.

“A victory without honor is not a victory Non,” Astra stated, “We will fight another day.” The other Kryptonians took off and Astra shot her niece one last look before leaving with them. Kara pushed herself up out of the asphalt and shook the debris out of her hair and clothes. “Why couldn’t you have just told me?” She asked the figures hidden in the shadows, not turning her masked face in their direction. “Why couldn’t you have told me that Fort Rozz was here when I asked you?”

“We did tell you that we had something to discuss with you Miss Zor-El,” the lead agent said, melting out of the darkness. “You were the one that chose not to come with us.”

Kara rolled her eyes, “Forgive me for not trusting a shadowy government agency, but I was taught not to take things at face value.”

The man sighed and rubbed at his face for a moment before approaching her. “You can trust me Miss Zor-El, I’m not like most of the other ones you’ve no doubt heard whisperings of, I don’t want to hurt aliens, I just want to protect everyone from the criminals.”

“How can I trust what you say?” Kara asked and she watched in shock as the man’s form began to change, grow until a tall, green alien stood before her. He was wearing dark pants, boots, and a heavy cloak. A large red X was displayed prominently on his bare chest and wrapped around his back. “I see,” she murmured, scrutinizing the being in front of her. “You’re a Martian.” Kara had seen M’gann change into her natural form numerous times since she’s known her, both her White Martian and chosen Green Martian appearance. While White Martians were large and monstrous in appearance, Green Martians were slightly smaller and appeared almost human, except for a few defining characteristics such as the green skin and different muscle tone in their heads and faces. Though while M’gann preferred to have long hair when she shifted into her Green Martian form,
usually red hair which fit her personality, the Martian in front of her had no hair at all.

“J’onn J’onzz,” the Martian told her, bringing Kara’s focus back to the matter at hand. “Though I’ve been going by Hank Henshaw for nearly ten years now.” His red eyes narrowed after a moment and looked at the heroine suspiciously. “How did you know I was a Martian?”

“I lived with a Martian for a few years,” Kara replied, “You might know her as Miss Martian.”

J’onn shook his head and stepped closer to the Kryptonian, “I didn’t, I didn’t know anyone else escaped the destruction, how…”

Kara shifted uneasily on her feet; she’s not sure how he’s never heard of the Teen Titans, they’re pretty infamous even though the group has changed members a few times now with the core group getting older. Often times she wondered if National City was in a completely different universe with how oblivious they were to everything outside of Superman. Even the Green Lantern who was only a few hours north in Coast City didn’t get as much recognition as Metropolis’s hero, and now her, Supergirl. “Look, that’s her story, and it’s not really pertinent now. What I need to know why it is that I should trust you and what you know about Fort Rozz.”

The Martian shifted, shrinking back down into his human disguise. “We don’t know much really. All we know is Fort Rozz crash landed around the same time we assume that you did, and those imprisoned there escaped. Since they know that you’re alive, many of them will hunt you to get revenge.”

“I know that, what about my Aunt, do you know what they’re planning?”

“We don’t know, the Kryptonian prisoners that were in the prison have laid low all of these years. We’ve only had a few instances where we spotted General Astra In-Ze in National City since the ship landed, but we weren’t able to track her.”

“She was… she was in National City?” Kara murmured, her mind whirling.

J’onn nodded in confirmation and stared at the Kryptonian curiously, “Do you know what she was after?”

“... No…” Even Kara could tell that the Martian didn’t believe her. “Look, I need to go.”

“Wait, will you work with us? Help us stop these criminals?” J’onn asked as she started to float away.

“I’ll think about it,” was the only thing Kara said before shooting off into the sky. She flew a few loops around the city, the first few faster than human eyes could follow while the last few were almost lazy. She didn’t know if she was trying to out race her thoughts or fly to them. It was dangerous, what her mind was telling her, the connections and assumptions she was making as pieces started to fit together, odd things from her childhood that never made sense. She needed answers and there was only one person that could give them to her, only one person that would be willing to talk anyway.

Banking around the city again, Kara flew to her mother’s penthouse and landed on the balcony, using her super speed to slip through the door and change out of her suit into something she had left over in her old room. “Mom?” Kara called out, locating the woman’s heartbeat and following the sound to her study.

“Kara?” Cat snapped up from her documents and stood up from her desk, greeting her daughter with a hug. “I didn’t know you were coming over tonight, did we have plans?”
“No, I was… Where’s Carter?” The younger blonde asked, just noticing the lack of her brother’s heartbeat in the penthouse. “He’s not with his dad this week…”

“Sleepover with some of the kids from his soccer team,” Cat replied, sitting down on the couch in her office. “Something about a team bonding event since they have their first home game of the season tomorrow.”

“Right, yes, I remember, I put it on our calendars for tomorrow,” Kara muttered, recalling making a note of it when she got Carter’s soccer schedule from the boy.

Cat narrowed her eyes at her daughter and took in her fidgeting and distracted expression. “Kara,” she murmured, setting a hand on the girl’s leg, calming the twitching, “What’s wrong?”

Kara nibbled on her bottom lip for a few minutes before releasing it with a sigh. “I saw my aunt Astra tonight,” she murmured, “My mother’s twin, she’s alive.” She had glanced up at Cat’s face while she had been speaking, and noted that the older blonde did not look surprised at the news, only concerned. “You knew?” Kara accused, standing up from the couch, “You knew she was alive and you didn’t tell me?!”

The older woman sighed. She dreaded this moment from the first time she met the darker woman all those years ago, knowing that this very thing would happen and she would have to explain herself. “Yes I knew,” Cat said softly, “I didn’t tell you because I didn’t know how.”

“Didn’t know how? What you didn’t know how to just state in conversation ‘oh Kara, your aunt is alive, you aren’t the only one that escaped Krypton’s destruction,’ how about that?”

Cat rolled her eyes, “Don’t take that tone of voice with me young lady, I’m still your mother, and I made a decision that I thought was best for you. I was respecting Astra’s wishes as well as trying to protect your heart.”

“Okay, well, explain it to me now, explain why you didn’t tell me when you first found out Astra was alive.”

The woman sighed and made her way to the wet bar she kept in her office. She knew that her children disapproved of her drinking habits, a fact made known when she found several tumblers of her favorite drinks switched out for m&m’s or almonds. She didn’t really want to deal with this conversation without the familiar burn of scotch slipping down her throat though. “It was a year after you came to live here with us,” Cat said, sitting back down on the couch. “You were in Gotham, Carter was with his father and I was working late at CatCo, you know how it is when both of you are away.”

“You get lonely,” Kara stated, nodding her head. “So you work late at the office, I know, I’ve stayed there with you a few times recently when Carter’s been gone.”

Cat smiled softly and nodded, “Yes, right, well I suspected something ever since that Christmas when we all received those packages from ‘Santa.’ It always felt like someone was watching us, but I wasn’t ever positive who. That night, I found out that it was Astra, she had been coming occasionally to watch you grow, leaving presents when she could.”

Kara slumped down in one of the other chairs in the office, her mind thinking back to all of the gifts she had gotten from ‘Santa’ over the years. She had kept every single one, though some of the hoodies she had gotten over the years have been reduced to painting shirts due to the faded and tattered fabric. “All of these years… And she asked you not to tell me she was here?”
The older blonde nodded, “I knew that it would hurt you if I told you that Astra was here but didn’t want to see you. I kept quiet about it to protect you, protect your heart. From the way she spoke, your aunt looks down on humans and if you were ever to become a hero, you would be on opposite sides.”

“We are,” Kara muttered, her eyes fixated on the texture of the carpet in her mother’s office. “She was imprisoned in Fort Rozz, my mother locked her away for terrorism, treason. The prison crashed not long after my pod did and the inmates escaped. Astra and her psycho husband want to ‘save’ this planet using any means of force, to prevent it from becoming like Krypton…”

“I don’t understand…”

“They killed someone Mom, on Krypton. They were trying to warn people about what was coming, and people died in the process. Astra sees this as a necessary sacrifice for the greater good and is perfectly fine doing that here in order to prevent environmental collapse, but that’s… That’s not the way to save the world, that’s not saving anything,” the younger blonde stated, pressing her palms into her eyes, hard enough to feel the pressure. Cat stood from the couch and moved closer to her daughter, embracing her around her shoulders. “What do I do Mom, she’s my aunt, but I can’t, I can’t let her hurt people and I know that that is what she’s going to do.”

“You’ll do what you have to Kara, you’ll protect people, that’s who you are,” Cat shushed, rubbing the younger woman’s back. “I know you’re hurting because of what I did, what Astra did, but don’t let that stop you from being who you are.”

“I don’t think I’ll be able to fight her,” Kara admitted, “I, she’s my aunt. I remember her telling me stories, teaching me about the stars, singing me to sleep at night when my mother and father were busy, I… I can’t.”

“Then don’t fight her,” Cat said, “Save her.”

Kara jerked her head up to stare at her mother uncomprehendingly, “What?”

“Save her,” the woman repeated, “Make her see there is another way to achieve her goals, without hurting anyone.”

“How?”

Cat gazed away from cloudy blue eyes for a moment before looking back at her daughter, “By being yourself, not by being a hero, or the best assistant a CEO could ask for, but by being yourself.”

Chapter End Notes

I have certain marker placed in this section of the story that once I reach them, I get closer to knowing when the story is going to be done. I'm close to the first marker, so I know we're reaching a point, just not quite sure what point.

Thanks for all the kudos and comments, and sticking with me on what is turning out to be a ridiculously long ride. I'm about to reach 300 pages written, yikes.
Chapter 30

Chapter Notes

Obviously I'm moving things around, even during the seasons, I'm moving things. Taking some things out that were dumb, and putting some things in that fit more with the story. I've got some fan favorite moments lined up, but I'm not sure about the execution because some of it will get tricky. And I hear ya, everyone wants Astra's redemption, that is the plan, I will have to pick a moment but I feel like it might be a Cadmus related incident.

I'm a few chapters ahead in writing, does that mean I'm going to change my updating schedule? No, because I don't want to update more frequently and then run into a wall or something, that's just no. I am closing to an end though, things are solidifying as we speak. Not anytime soon, but I have specifics points that will get me there and some of them are already playing out.

“"I can’t believe you opted not to go on the Venture launch,” Kara said as Lena sauntered through her front door carrying bags of their favorite Thai food.

“I told you I didn’t think I would be able to,” Lena replied, bumping Kara out of the way with her hip. “I’ve got too much going on, with the press conference tomorrow and all that, besides, I’ve been to space remember? I got those space suits for us and you flew us up there one time just for fun.”

“And we faked that alien landing site in New Mexico,” the blonde giggled. “Probably would’ve been way more fun if people hadn’t been aware that aliens existed, but it was still hilarious.”

“Your mom was torn between being amused and blowing a gasket,” Lena smirked, pulling out the bottles of root beer she had stashed in with the food. “Besides, I know how much you love space stuff, so it’s only right that I watch the launch with you rather than, you know, being on the launch.”

“Space is great, but there isn’t any curry,” Kara said, taking her containers of curry and rice. “Though I did visit one planet where the food was so spicy it nearly melted my face off.”

“So like normal Thai food then?”

“Yeah.” Kara turned the volume up on the TV and the two sat on the couch with Krypto under their legs waiting for the launch of the Venture rocket.

“You never did tell me how you ended up with the day off,” Lena said suddenly, glancing over at her friend.

Kara shrugged, “Mom just gave me the day off, said I’ve been through a lot recently with my aunt showing back up, Alex showing back up, everything with Supergirl. She put it through HR that I’m working out of the office for the banquet in Supergirl’s honor in a few days so they don’t think she’s going soft or anything.”
“I received an invite for that banquet by the way. I’m sure that the people dealing with the guest list were shocked that a Luthor would RSVP for a gala to honor a Super, but-”

“But they don’t really know you,” Kara explained. “You’re going to show them who you are at the press conference tomorrow when you announce the new name for L-Corp and reveal the new logo, taking the company in a completely different direction than your father or brother did.”

“Less weapons and alien hatred, more affordable technology and green energy;” Lena clinked her bottle against Kara’s and they turned their attention back to the screen. Kara demolished her first bowl of curry while they waited for the countdown for the launch to commence. They cheered as the engines on the rocket fired up and the ship successfully blasted off into space. “So this means that they’re one step closer to having passenger space shuttles.”

Before Kara could respond, a breaking alert sounded across the screen, drawing their attention. “Oh Rao,” Kara muttered, seeing images of the falling, crashing, Venture space shuttle with flames shooting out of the back engines.

“Go get’em Supergirl,” Lena yelled as Kara did a quick change and bolted out of the window.

Kara broke the sound barrier as she raced to get to the crashing spaceship, and let out a grunt of pain as she impacted the nose of the craft, her hands bending the metal as she fought to slow it down. She had remembered hearing that the ship was several thousand tons, including the fuel and liquid oxygen to create a safe environment inside the ship for the passengers and crew. As she was fighting against momentum, gravity, and the broken engines, Kara could believe it. She released the front of the ship and quickly flew around the back, blowing her freeze breath on the burning engines. The quick bursts of cold air snuffed out some of the flames, and Kara returned to the nose of the ship pushing with all of her strength. “I could really use some help right now,” she grumbled, turning so that her back was pressed against the nose.

Suddenly, Kara felt a jolt on the ship and it started to slow down. She turned around and glanced up over the bridge of the ship to see a large, glowing green claw attached to the back thrusters. “I thought I would lend a hand,” the Green Lantern smirked, waving at her cheerfully.

The blonde had never had the chance to meet the superhero, so she scrutinized him as best as she could while trying to keep over two hundred people from dying in a fiery explosion on the ground. The two heroes managed to slow the ship down enough so that the piloting crew could lower the landing gear. They lowered it down into a field and held onto it until the braking system on the wheels and the traction from the grass and dirt brought it to a stop. Kara could hear the people in the ship cheering and sighing in relief, and she smiled, flying away to land on the nearby road. The Green Lantern landed next to her a few moments later and placed his hands on his hips. “That was a close save,” he said, smiling at the blonde heroine. “Glad I could be of assist Supergirl, hopefully we’ll be able to work together in the future.” Kara’s eyes narrowed and she punched the green clad superhero right in the arm. “Ow,” he cried, rubbing at his shoulder, “Why did you do that?”

“That’s for scaring the crap out of me Kyle!” Kara yelled.

“Um, Kyle? No, I think you have me mistak-”

“Cut the crap, I’ve seen you naked,” the blonde rolled her eyes. “Why didn’t you tell me that you were the Green Lantern? You just moved to Coast City and dropped off the planet, now I know why.”

“Were you going to tell me that your alien ass finally decided to come out as a superhero?” Kyle retorted, the green mask dissolving on his face. “And what’s up with your mom? Why Supergirl?
Kara rolled her eyes, “We’ve had that discussion, she has her reasons, but don’t try to distract me. Were you going to tell me about all of… this?” She finished with a gesture indicating Kyle clad in the traditional Lantern uniform.

“Eh, ah, maybe? Yes eventually?” Kyle stuttered out.

The blonde heroine narrowed her eyes and was about to respond when she heard a familiar whoosh and she turned to find her cousin swooping down to stand next to them. A puzzled frown marred his face as he stared at the ship resting peacefully on the ground before glancing over at his cousin. “I came offer my assistance, but it seems like I wasn’t needed.” Kara could feel questioning eyes boring into her but she just ignored them in favor of watching the pilot crew take care of their passengers and do their best to get them out of the ship safely. “Um, right, well, Green Lantern, nice to see you again,” Superman said, turning towards the other hero.

Kyle just smirked, “I’m sure. I was in the area and thought I would give Supergirl a hand. Us west coast superheroes have to stick together after all.”

“Eh, right,” he said, tugging a bit at his suit. He turned his attention back to Kara and the woman sighed.

“Will you give us a minute?” Kara asked Kyle, an impatient look in her eyes and she hid the eyeroll.

“No problem, I’ll catch you later Supergirl. Maybe we could work together sometime? National City isn’t all that far from Coast City after all,” her smirked before shooting off into the sky.

Kara narrowed her eyes in irritation because he left before she really had the chance to interrogate him as to how he became a green lantern. She knew about the Green Lantern Corps, intergalactic peacekeepers and police force, though Krypton and Rao’s solar system did not have a green lantern. It had been several hundred years since the last green lantern on Krypton when the high council banished them from the planet, feeling they were unneeded for the protection and function of Kryptonian society. Despite this, Kara knew how they worked, choosing people without fear to wield the ring and a strong will. She wanted to know Kyle’s story.

Superman cleared his throat and Kara crossed her eyes for a moment before turning to face her younger cousin. “Yes Kal?” She asked, her hands set on her hips.

“Ah, um, just wanted to see if you needed help, but seems you had everything under control,” Clark said, shifting a bit on his feet. “So it looks like you’ve been handling yourself as a hero relatively well. I always knew you would.”

“I did have a lot of help getting here,” Kara said, stepping away from the man for a moment. “I mean, I have worked with other heroes for years, so while it is something that I suddenly decided to do, I realized that it was always a possibility.”

Clark quirked his eyebrow, “You worked with other heroes?”

“Yes, I trained with Diana for an entire summer in Themyscira, but before that I worked with your ‘friends’ in Gotham pretty regularly,” Kara smirked. While Kate never liked Superman, and made it well known rather frequently, Bruce had interesting things to say about her cousin, mostly that he was a boy scout and was far too optimistic and chipper. The two men had a better working relationship now, but Kara knew that Superman still got on Batman’s nerves.

“You went to Themyscira?” Clark’s eyes bulged out, “Wait, you worked with the Bats? Is that
where you got this idea for a mask?"

“Glasses and being clumsy aren’t really a good disguise,” Kara told him. “And I didn’t really want to wear a disguise in my normal life when I could easily don a mask as a hero.”

“But concealing your face is distasteful in Kryptonian society!”

Kara scoffed, “Is that what you think? Is that what Jor-El left in the files for you? That man, it wasn’t distasteful in Kryptonian society, he just wasn’t a big fan of the theater performers that would often stop on Krypton. He was terrified of people in masks, so he passed that information off to you.”

Clark blinked, “What?”

“I am actually Kryptonian, I was born on Krypton and grew up there during my formative years. I’ve seen the red sky and the spires reaching up into it, I’ve been to the gathering place of the High Court, and selected my own guild. You’re more human than you are Kryptonian Kal-El, you grew up on Earth.” Her comm went off in her ear, and Kara knew that she had to head back to National City. “I have to go.”

“Ah, wait, we’re cousins, aren’t we supposed to be working together? Since you’re a hero now, we can work together.”

“You never seemed to care about family bonds before so why start now,” Kara bit out, taking off into the sky. Before she returned to National City, she flew over the Venture and analyzed the ship with her X-ray vision, checking the mechanics. There was something suspicious about the engines exploding in a billion dollar space shuttle during its first flight. Her eyes scanned for anything that looked out of the ordinary when she spotted a few fragments that looked out of place in the shredded engine. They were mere fragments, but they hinted at something sinister that would have been overlooked in a normal inquiry.

Kara activated her bluetooth and dialed Maggie’s number. “Sawyer,” Maggie answered, and Kara smirked. Some things just never changed.

“Maggie? It’s Kara.”

“Kara? Hey, just saw the awesome save on the news, you teaming up with the Green Lantern now?”

“No, yes, maybe, it’s a long story, but anyway, that’s not why I called. Well, it kind of is, I saw some suspicious debris in the engine of the Venture, I figured I should tell you since you’re, you know, the police.”

“Why are you telling me? Aren’t you a superhero?”

“I catch planes from falling out of the sky, fight aliens, stop large scale crimes and natural disasters. Investigating bad guys and acts of terrorism, sabotage, isn’t that your thing?” Kara stated, “I mean, you’re a detective right, isn’t your job to detect?”

She heard an exasperated sigh through the phone and smiled a little. “I forgot how much of Kar-how much of her rubbed off on you over these years. Alright, I’ll look into it and inform the right people to make sure that this is investigated, would you prefer to be an anonymous source?”

“I think people will know it’s me, just tell them that you know me through your work in Gotham. There are reports of me there working with the, you know, as long as people know where to look,” Kara replied before she heard another ping indicating that she received a text message. She grumbled
a bit and fished her phone out of the secret compartment in her boot and glanced at the message.

It was from her mother, a short message that read, *My office, now!*

“Shit Maggie, I have to go, let me know what you find out!” Before the detective could reply, Kara ended the call and was making her way back to her apartment. Lena was gone when she returned but she had left a note stating she had to go into the office. She did a quick change into her office clothes, left a snack for Krypto, and headed to CatCo headquarters.

Kara reached the top floor and found the place in chaos, the screens streaming video of her catching the Venture, her with Green Lantern, and then her with Superman. She mentally hit herself for not realizing there were cameras around, and was just glad that the people filming were too far away to pick up audio or not at the right angle to record her mouth moving. “This isn’t good,” she muttered before turning towards Cat’s office. She saw several of the department heads, chief officers, and reporters clustered around the small space while Cat snapped out orders to them. Snapper Carr was slouched in one of her chairs in his wrinkled shirt and stained tie with his reporter pad in his hand. He was clutching a pen in his hand while a pencil was firmly tucked behind his ear, a permanent scowl etched on his face. Kara always wondered how Cat managed to put up with him looking the way he did, but she did say he was brilliant.

The blonde stepped through the open doors and stood at the back listening to the discussions taking place in the room. Cat already had ordered Snapper and the reporters to start investigating the Venture crash, the Green Lantern and any connections with Supergirl before she turned to James. “Olsen,” Cat barked, “Superman showed up at the end of the ordeal, this was a two superhero job, if the Green Lantern hadn’t of showed up, Supergirl probably would’ve exhausted herself attempting to stop the crash. See if you can get a quote from him about why he was so late to responding to this crisis.”

“I’ll try Ms. Grant,” he replied, a hesitant look on his face.

“Oh no, do more than try Mr. Olsen, it’s your job if you don’t,” Cat stated, enunciating each word very carefully so that her point was made and understood. James shifted on his feet slightly, and tightened his mouth before nodding his head. “In the meantime, I will be working on getting an interview with Supergirl.”

“Why do you get the interview with Supergirl?” Snapper groused, his eyes narrowed and hard.

Cat gave the man a withering glare, “Because I named her, I branded her, and wait, who’s name is on the building?” The man just glared at her and Cat smirked, “That’s why I get the interview Snapper, and I’ll write the article, men can’t really be trusted to portray women correctly.” She stared him down, daring him to contradict her; when he didn’t rise for the bait, Cat moved on, “Alright, everyone out, chop chop people. Kiera, with me.” The woman sat down behind her desk and Kara dutifully stood in front of it after closing the door. Cat aimed a remote at the glass wall of her awesome and pressed a button, instantly causing the glass to become opaque in order to give them some privacy.

“Are you alright m-Ms. Grant?” Kara asked, her face scrunched up in concern as the older woman dropped her head into her hands, fingers roughly pressing against her temples.

“Me? What about you, you were the one catching a thousand ton spaceship,” Cat said, glancing up at her daughter.

“I’m fine, it’s not like the ship could hit back, all I had to do was make sure that it landed safely, besides I had some help in the process.”
“Mhm, yes, the Green Lantern, when were you going to tell me you knew him?”

“Um…”

“Nevermind, that’s not why I wanted to talk to you, well, not why I had you come in on your day off. Be sure though that when we go home and I’m not ‘Cat Grant media mogul’ just ‘Cat Grant worried mother’ that I will be interrogating you within an inch of your life,” Cat narrowed her eyes and waved her finger at the girl. When Kara quickly nodded, the older woman steepled her fingers together under her chin and hummed. “Some of the people on sight after the Venture was delivered safely to the ground witnessed a confrontation between Supergirl, Green Lantern, and Superman. They weren’t close enough to hear everything that was said, but they swear they heard Superman call Supergirl his cousin, and they’re willing to sell their stories to the press.”

Kara paused as she thought about Cat’s words; this wasn’t Cat her mother speaking but Cat her boss, and she was giving her a choice on the narrative, on what was made public. She slowly released the breath she was holding and glanced around the office for a moment before looking back at Cat, “Then you probably should include it in the article you’re writing.”

Cat nodded, “I’ve already purchased the stories and videos from the witnesses and made them sign NDA forms until the article is published. The videos are unfortunately already out but they don’t reveal anything that will be used in the article. I just need a good picture of Supergirl to grace the cover to draw people in to read the article. Olsen has already snapped a few candid pictures of her flying around, but nothing stands out as worthy of the front cover of CatCo magazine.”

“Maybe you’ll have more luck if you ask Supergirl yourself?”

“Maybe I will.” Cat pressed the button on the remote and the glass became transparent again. “Now where is that temp you found for the day? It is still your day off.”

Kara glanced out at her desk and saw it devoid of any presence of the assistant the temp agency had sent over earlier that morning. “Um, I think you already sent her home,” Kara said, an exasperated look on her face.

“Oh that’s right, her perfume annoyed me, used far too much of it. It was like one of those axe commercials but for women, absolutely ridiculous and offensive to all of my senses.” Cat rolled her eyes and sauntered over to her decanter to pour herself a glass only to find it replaced with a crystal container full of M&Ms. She sent the younger blonde an exasperated look and just poured some of the tiny candies into her glass. “Since you’re here…”

“I’ll get to work right away Ms. Grant,” Kara said, slowly backing out of the office.

Cat waved her hand around a bit, “If that is your choice, I have meetings to do, chop chop.”

Later that night, Kara pulled her suit and mask on to run patrols around the city, dealing with crimes too large for the authorities or where lives were in imminent danger. She came to grips years ago with the fact that she wasn’t able to save everyone, but she helped when she could. Before she returned home for the night, she dropped by CatCo, knowing that her mother would still be there reviewing the latest issue for the Tribune. Facts on the failed Venture launch were still being closely guarded by the police, but they were able to dig up a few threads to follow. She landed on her mother’s balcony
and lightly tapped on the glass, drawing the woman’s attention.

Cat’s head snapped up and glanced towards the glass doors. She stood and opened the doors, stepping out on the balcony with the hero. “Well, well, Supergirl, what an honor.”

“I heard you wanted to speak with me,” Kara said, her voice deeper, stronger.

“Yes, an interview for a story if you’re available,” the woman replied, gesturing towards the couch on the balcony. After the two seated themselves, Cat crossed her legs and studied the woman next to her. It was the first time she really looked at her daughter in her costume, the first time she was able to study her. She carried herself differently when she was in her Supergirl persona, but she couldn’t figure out how, she felt different, seemed different, like a completely different person. “So,” she started, “With the heroics you’ve performed, and saving the Venture yesterday, many of my readers want to know who you are, your story, especially with your connection to Superman.”

“Are we really going to do this?” Kara asked, unable to keep up the pretense any more. Her mother had taught her how to deal with the press, but this was her mother asking her questions like she already didn’t know all of the answers.

“Yes, we have to do this, we have to keep everything professional,” Cat told her, “Leave a paper trail, that’s why I didn’t just come straight out and ask you for an interview and picture earlier. We can’t afford to make it seem like there is a greater connection between us than two professionals, just another level added to what we have at CatCo.”

Kara sighed and nodded, “Okay, alright, what should and shouldn’t I answer?”

Cat smirked and leaned back against the arm of the couch, “Oh, I have a list.”

Kara’s phone vibrated on her desk, pulling her out of her concern for her mother as she furiously typed in her office wearing three different sets of glasses with another pushed back on her head. “Hello?” She greeted, answering the phone.

“Kara?” Maggie’s voice came through the phone, barely a whisper.

“Mags? What’s up?”

The blonde heard the detective breathe out a sigh. “Look, I really shouldn’t be telling you this, but you’re a bit closer to the situation than most, and probably able to get more answers than I can. There were fragments found in the Venture’s engine, bomb fragments, and they originated under the seat of the only one that did not show up for the flight.”

Kara released a sharp breath out of her nose, “Lena…”

“Right, since she basically moved her family’s company across the country, I’m assuming you guys are still friends. We’re going to have to investigate this-”

“Lena doesn’t have anything to do with this,” Kara whispered out, mindful of her location in the middle of a media empire. Reporters would be crawling all over this story if and when it was made public.
“Relax Lil… Blondie, nobody here thinks that Luthor is responsible for placing a bomb under her seat on a flight she was scheduled to attend, but cancelled last minute. She’s wicked smart, resourceful, and cunning, but not suicidal. Just… maybe you should talk to her, this reeks of someone being after her and she needs to be informed.”

“I… thanks Maggie, I’ll talk to her.”

“Thanks Kara, oh and on more of a personal note, don’t forget that we had talked about you, Alex and I hanging out at some point. Things have been… hectic recently, but I still think it’s a good idea, lunch next week sometime?”

“Um, ah, sure, why not? Sorry Mags, but I have to go, just text me about it later,” Kara sputtered out before ending the call. She blinked before realizing what she just did, “Did I just agree to having lunch with my wife and her girlfriend?” She shook her head and rubbed her forehead, “What is my life?”

She finished up her work and snuck out of the office to head over to Lena’s office, stopping at Noonan’s for coffee for her, Lena, and Jess. “Hey Jess,” Kara greeted, dropping off the woman’s coffee. Jess gratefully took the cup of fuel and waved the blonde into her boss’ office as she leaned back in her seat and just inhaled the aroma of the coffee, her eyes lost in a faraway daze. Kara stepped into Lena’s office and glanced between her friend and back out the door towards her secretary. “What have you done to Jess?” She asked, setting the brunette’s usual down on the desk.

“Hmm?” Lena glanced up, her eyes falling on the coffee first and seizing it with an almost inhuman speed.

“Oh, okay, long day? I mean, you’ve only been here what, a few hours after the failed Venture launch?”

“A launch that was sabotaged,” Lena said after taking a long sip of her coffee. When Kara gave her a long look, Lena rolled her eyes, “Don’t give me that look, I have ways of finding this information. I’m guessing you heard this from Detective Sawyer, and came here to tell me?”

Kara shrugged, “And to ask you who would want to kill you because really, this is all just so ridiculous. If you had decided to go on that launch rather than just watch it with me then you could have…”

“Could’ve been saved by Supergirl and Green Lantern, that would’ve been fun,” Lena mused before giving her blonde friend a look that she had grown used to over the years, a ‘you’re stupid’ look. “Really Kara, who do you think is trying to kill me?”

“He’s in lock up Lena, how could me manage to do all of this?”

“You don’t know my brother, he’s rather resourceful.” Lena groaned and tugged a bit at her ponytail, pulling her out of it until it fell free around her shoulders, “He always worked best under pressure, and I guess the same can be same for maximum security.”

Before Kara could respond, Jess’s voice came over the intercom. “Miss Luthor, a Clark Kent is here from the Daily Planet, he wants to interview you about the Venture launch, and get a quote.”

Kara and Lena glanced at each other. The blonde had never told her cousin that she and his arch enemy’s sister were best friends, it’s not like they ever spoke long enough to really relate such information. “He’s going to find out at some point, might as well be now,” Kara grumbled at Lena.

The brunette nodded, “Did I tell you I used to know him, sort of, he was Lex’s friend, so this should
be interesting at least.” She pressed the button on the intercom, signaling for her secretary to let the man into her office.

Clark stepped through the doorway, his eyes focused on the CEO seated behind her desk before falling to her visitor just across from her. His steps faltered as he took in blonde hair and an unimpressed look in dark blue eyes. “Kara, wha- oh, um, I mean, Miss Luthor,” Clark said, returning his attention to the brunette.

“Should I even bother asking how you got to the executive floor without an escort?” Lena asked, leaning back in her chair and crossing her arms. “And National City is quite a long ways away from Metropolis and the Daily Planet Clark Kent.”

“I go where the story is Miss Luthor, and I wanted to ask you a few questions about why you missed the Venture launch,” Clark powered on, trying to ignore his cousin’s piercing gaze. He recognized that look from the few times that Cat has managed to corner his alter ego and he had to fight back the desire to shiver. It was probably a poor decision to have Kara live with the woman for so many years.

“There’s a perfectly reasonable explanation on why I wasn’t on the Venture yesterday,” Lena said, “I was busy, I have a ceremony today for renaming my company, and there is a surprisingly large amount of paperwork to do so.”

Clark chuckled, “Lucky.”

“Lucky is Supergirl saving the day,” Lena smirked, “With assistance from our neighbor up north.” The man’s eyes narrowed and Lena resisted the urge to roll her eyes. “Just ask the question that you want to ask Kent, did I have anything to do with the Venture explosion?”

“Clark,” Kara hissed out, a hard look in her eyes.

“Kara, it’s alright,” Lena reached across the desk to set her hand on her friend’s arm.

Clark’s eyes narrowed as he witnessed the interaction. “What is your relationship with my cousin?” He demanded, all thoughts of other questions escaping his mind.

“I don’t see how that is any of your concern Kent,” Lena retorted.

“It is very much my concern!”

“You wouldn’t be asking me if my last name was Smith.”

“But it’s not,” Clark glared hard at the woman. “It’s Luthor.”

Kara stood and stepped between them. “That’s enough Clark,” she said, her hand pressed into his chest. “Lena is my best friend, that’s why I’m here. I found out about the bomb and came to see who would want to kill her.”


The blonde rolled her eyes, “You actually grew up on Earth, so it’s not like I have to explain the concept to you.”

Clark grabbed her arm, intending to tug her away but shocked at finding his cousin an immovable force, even for him. “What are you doing?” He hissed.
“Don’t be so melodramatic Clark, she knows who I really am,” Kara said. “And she knows who you are, she’s not stupid.”

“She’s a Luthor!”

“She’s not her brother! And I’m not you, I don’t judge people based on their name Clark, but on who they are.”

“It’s because I know Kara that I’m moving the company in a new direction,” Lena said, turning the attention back to the topic at hand. “I want to do better, create a better world for everyone living here, but I can’t do that if people like you Clark Kent convince others I’m just as bad as the rest of my family. Just give me a chance.”

Clark glanced away from his cousin back to the brunette CEO. His eyes narrowed again, “We shall see Miss Luthor.” He looked back to Kara and squeezed her arm again, “We’ll finish this conversation later Kara.” He walked out of the office before she could reply, leaving the two women looking after him.

“Yeah, I don’t think so,” Kara sighed, rubbing at her forehead. “I love him, I do, he’s my cousin. I remember changing his diaper and playing with him as a child, but he is so self-righteous, it’s hard for me to like him all the time.”

“You don’t have to explain it to me,” Lena said. She ran her fingers through her hair, scratching at her scalp lightly. “Do you get a bad feeling, like something is going to happen?”

“Yeah,” the blonde replied, “I’m not sure what though.”

Chapter End Notes

Not much Alex, I know, but that will leave you hanging for the next chapter which is a good one for their interaction.

Also, yay or nay on Castra? I, obviously, have a choice already picked, but I want to hear your arguments. Ready go.
So obviously I can't do everything you guys want to see, because some stuff doesn't work in the story or it gets too long for the overall plot, anyway, some stuff gets cut out, or happens off screen that we're not privy to.

That being said, I finished typing chapter 34 a few days ago, I'm part way through 35, crossed a major milestone for the plot, so that's exciting, now working towards something else. Unfortunately, the way it's going, I might not be able to do RedK Kara, if only because I can't get it to make sense. I might figure it out, but I'm not stressing about it. Quality storytelling, not caving to demands, blah blah.

I'm hoping to be able to hash things out in the future to get a better estimate about where we are in the story, the final confrontation won't follow either season 1 or season 2 plots, no Daxam nightmares showing up, any of them, but as to what it will be, I'll leave as a surprise.

Leave a comment, leave a kudos, even if you have to leave one as a guest. Each one warms my heart and I love them dearly and appreciate y'all so much.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“I really don’t think this is a good idea,” Kara murmured, trailing after Lena as she walked to the square outside of L-Corp where she was having her renaming ceremony and press conference.

“It’ll be alright Kara, relax,” Lena reassured her friend.

Kara snorted, “Relax, she said, her psycho brother just tried to kill her yesterday, she said, are you nuts? Couldn’t you have had this somewhere less… public?”

“Can’t let them think I’m afraid, that they’ve beaten me,” Lena told her. “Besides, I’ve already arranged everything to be out here, where else would I move it, inside? Can’t exactly display the building’s new name from the inside.”

“I guess, but this makes me nervous.”

“It’ll be fine, besides, I’ll be the safest person here,” she leaned closer to her friend. “I know Supergirl personally.”

“Don’t get yourself killed, who is going to go scuba diving with me?”

“You could ask your wifey, whenever you actually decide to tell her she is in fact your wif-”

Kara bumped into Lena harshly, cutting off the rest of her sentence. “Stop talking about it,” she hissed before disappearing into the crowd around the stage. She weaved through the people, her senses alert for any possible danger before taking a position at the back of the crowd. Her hearing
and focus were stretched to their limits by the crowd and the noise of the city around them, but her eyes never strayed from Lena on the stage.

“Kara?”

The blonde nearly jumped out of her skin when someone appeared next to her and said her name. She controlled her desire to shoot straight up into the air and glanced to her right, instantly questioning her decision not to fly away at the sight of Alex standing next to her. “Um, hi Alex, what are you doing here?”

Alex reached into her leather jacket and pulled out her wallet, flipping it open to show her FBI badge, which Kara knew was fake, and replaced it back in its hiding place before glancing around. “Security really,” the woman replied. “Someone sabotaged the Venture launch. Either that person was Miss Luthor out to create havoc…” Kara gave the woman a dirty look for that statement, “Or someone is trying to kill her. Either way, I’m here to observe.”

“You don’t really think that Lena was trying to bring down that shuttle do you?” Kara asked. “That ship was marked for discovery and learning, two things Lena very much supports.”

“I know she’s your friend Kara, but I have to investigate everything. Her family-”

“She’s not her family Alex, we’re more than who our families were, we’re more than our last names.”

“That’s rich coming from you since I don’t even know your last name,” the brunette bit back. She had always been defensive when attacked, physically or verbally, even as a child. Normally the desire to fight back wouldn’t rear when dealing with strangers, but something about the blonde seemed familiar. She got under Alex’s skin like no other she’s ever met and it frightened and irritated her.

“Well lucky for you my last name is super easy to remember,” Kara spat out, “It’s Danvers.” She walked away from the agent without waiting for a response, disappearing into the crowd again to emerge on the other side of the plaza. She studiously ignored anything from the older woman and glanced back on the stage. Lena had just been introduced on the platform and was speaking to the press about the direction she wanted her company to go in, hence the new name. It was an attempt to distance herself from the legacy of those that came before her, from Luthor Corp and Lex Corp, to L-Corp.

A strange smell tickled her nose and the back of her airways, causing Kara to inhale deeply. The scent of sulfur filled her lungs and she coughed, her eyes widening at the implication of that scent. “Shit,” Kara muttered, slipping away from the crowd to duck in an alleyway across the street. Before she could spin around and change into her uniform, she felt a tap on her shoulder. “Wha,” she shrieked, whirling around and pressing the figure hard into the brick wall behind them. “Kyle!”

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“Sorry,” he muttered out around the hand pressing against his throat. “I just wanted to check what’s going on, I heard Lena Luthor was supposed to be on that ship yesterday and she’s your best friend so…”

“Okay, I don’t have time for this, she’s in trouble, someone’s trying to kill her and I need your help,” Kara said. She did a quick change into her suit and stared at her friend expectantly.

Kyle revealed his lantern ring on his finger and powered up, summoning his suit and mask to cover his body. “What’s the plan?” He asked, his eyes glowing green.
Explosions rocked the plaza and gunfire rang out. “Shit,” Kara muttered again, whirling around to search for Lena. “Catch the bad guys, save the day,” she told him before shooting off into the air. The Green Lantern cursed and flew after Supergirl, finding chaos as people ran from the burning plaza and the drones firing down on them from above.

Kara’s eyes quickly searched for Lena after she struck down a few of the nearby drones and found her aiming a gun at a man that was about to kill Alex. The shot echoed through her ears and she saw the bullet moving in slow motion as it left the chamber and flew towards the man, lodging itself in his lung. She landed next to her best friend just as the man crumpled to the ground. “Supergirl,” Lena breathed out, only just stopping herself from calling her friend by name or hugging the blonde.

“Are you alright Ms. Luthor?” Kara asked before turning her attention to the downed agent. She found the woman staring at her curiously, almost scrutinizing as dark eyes studied her. The Kryptonian resisted the urge to squirm, but another explosion rang out before the agent could speak.

“Supergirl, the building,” Lena breathed, grasping the hero’s arm as she pointed to the office tower. Kara looked up at the fractured, falling building and her eyes narrowed as she scanned it with her x-ray vision, frowning as she encountered large amounts of lead that interfered with her vision. It wasn’t completely blocked since it wasn’t pure lead, but it was blurry due to the fragments.

“The main support pillar in the basement has been destroyed,” Kara said finally. “I’ll need to stabilize it. The Green Lantern, and I’m sure whatever agency she works for,” she nodded at Alex, “Will be able to round up the rest of the criminals and stop those drones, wait here Ms. Luthor.” Kara took off and wound down into the basement of L-Corp, finding the main support beam broken and shattered.

“One pillar to support an entire building, how stupid is that?” She grumbled as she set about fixing the pillar. Her original idea was to use the steel posts to prop it up but that would leave an even bigger mess for Lena to fix. Kara took several of the steel bars and cut them to the correct size and melted the excess metal into a patch that stabilized the entire building. She heard the crumbling and cracking of the building lessen before eventually subsiding, leaving only the normal groans of a settling building and the screams of the people outside.

“Supergirl, going to need some help,” Kara heard Kyle call and she sped out of the basement.

“What the-” she cried as a large metallic arm swung at her, nearly knocking her out of the sky but she dodged just in time. She felt the brush of metal against her leg, and spun out of the way of another attack. “A robot? Really?”

“I think this was their last resort,” Kyle yelled at her as he tried to restrain the other arm of the machine. “Whoever they are anyway, aimed at destroying as much as they could as a distraction to allow them to escape.”

“Well it’s working,” Kara growled, slamming into the head of the robot in hopes to throw it off balance. “Where’s Superman?”

“Chasing the last of the drones as far as I can tell, they spread throughout the city,” he answered.

Kara sighed and rubbed at her forehead. “You can make anything with that ring right? Can’t you make like a big axe or sword and chop the robot in half?”

“I could if he stopped moving,” Kyle replied, dodging another swipe.

“I’ve got it.” Kara grabbed one of the arms as it swung at her and dug her hands into the metal. She flew behind the machine and grabbed the other arm as it came at her. “Hurry up!” She yelled as she felt the robot struggling against her grip. Kyle summoned a large sword with his ring, swinging it at
the struggling machine and pushed it through metal and wires. The robot crackled with electricity as wires split apart, and it fell to the ground with a loud bang.

“Have they all gotten away?” Kyle asked, floating next to his friend.

Kara glanced around, her eyes scanning the nearly empty streets. “Unfortunately I think so,” she murmured. Her eyes stopped at where she left Lena and Alex, and found that both of them have disappeared, along with the man that Lena shot. “Where did Lena go?”

“I think she was whisked away by that hot agent chick and her men in black,” Kyle commented. “I can’t be sure though, there was a lot going on.”

Kara rolled her eyes and focused for Lena’s heartbeat, locating it in the cracked L-Corp building. She flashed into the lobby and found her friend standing in the lobby on her cell phone with several DEO agents around her, Alex among them. Lena was on her phone with her contractor, arranging for the workers to return and fix the damage caused to her building by the explosion and the destruction of the main support beam. She was also having choice words with him for not fixing the one weak spot that would bring down the entire structure. Kara winced at the curse words spewing out of Lena’s mouth in gaelic, many of them creative threats that Kara logged away for future reference.

“Supergirl,” Lena breathed out when she saw her after ending her call.

“Are you alright Ms. Luthor?” She asked, landing lightly on the ground, mindful of the agents around them.

“Yes, thank you Supergirl, the building probably would’ve sustained more damage if you didn’t manage to stabilize the support beam,” the brunette replied. “Though I was wondering, since you’re here, if you could do something for me?”

“If it’s within my power and ability.”

“My best friend, Kara Danvers, she was at the ceremony today.” Kara could see Alex stiffen slightly at the mention of her name, but she ignored the brunette for now. “I’ve tried calling her,” Lena continued. “But she hasn’t picked up.” Lena was an excellent liar, Kara knew this but seeing it first hand was always fascinating. “I was wondering if you would be able to find her for me? Blonde hair, blue eyes, slight build, a few inches shorter than you.”

“I will do my best Ms. Luthor, do you want me to bring her here?”

Lena shook her head, “No, just tell her I’ll see her later, but make sure she calls me! Can’t just disappear like that during a fight, she missed all the fun…”

Kara coughed a bit, “Of course Ms. Luthor, I’ll pass on the message.” Her ears alerted her to a conversation between Kyle and her cousin taking place high above the city out of sight of anyone on the ground. That’s never good, Kara though, taking off out of the building and up into the sky. “Kal,” she greeted her cousin, “Thank you for your help. More people would’ve gotten injured, or worse, if you hadn’t of helped.”

“Of course,” the man nodded before a hesitant look crossed his face. “Kara… I’m sorry.”

The blonde glanced over at her friend in shock before looking at her cousin, “What?”

“I’m sorry for not being there for you when you were growing up,” he said, his eyes downcast. “I was afraid that if I was around that my enemies would get to you. At least, that’s what I told myself
when I thought about leaving you with a different family, or when I agreed to let Ms. Grant take you. Looking back now, I didn’t want a kid in my life, a teenager. I was just 25, I just became Superman, finally embracing who I was for the first time in my life, and finding out that I still have family living, someone like me, it was all too much.”

Kara rolled her eyes, “Too much for you, I was trapped in the Phantom Zone for 24 years, and the one mission that my parents gave me was to look after you. When I arrived, you didn’t need me or seem to want me around, what if I had done that if you and I had arrived at the same time? What if I had decided that I couldn’t take care of a baby and just shipped you off with someone else, how would you have felt?”

Superman winced, “I get it, I do, I messed up. I only hope that maybe, sometime in the future, you will consider me an actual member of your family. I know you speak with Lois on occasion, so…”

“Lois is a good woman Kal,” Kara said, “You don’t deserve her, not really.” She was silent for a moment as she took in the crushed expression on her younger cousin’s face. “Maybe,” she said, “Maybe one day we’ll be family, but not anytime soon. I think it’s time for you to go back to Metropolis Kal.”

Sighing, Kal nodded, “You’re probably right. National City already has one Kryptonian protecting it.” He grinned at her, bowing his head, “Lucky for them they got the better one.” Metropolis’s hero nodded and then took off into the sky, disappearing somewhere else over the city, no doubt to change back into his Clark Kent persona.

“He was an interesting guy,” Kyle said, interrupting the quiet that had overtaken them after Kal left. “Not quite as pretentious or self-righteous as when he first introduced himself, but that might have something to do with your presence.”

Kara’s eyes narrowed and she turned to face her friend, crossing her arms over her chest. “That reminds me, you got away from me yesterday after the Venture crash, but don’t think that I’ve forgotten that you owe me an explanation about how you became a member of the Green Lantern Corps, and why you didn’t tell me, especially since I told you my secret years ago.”

“Um…” Kyle started, “Would you believe I forgot?”

“Kyle!”

Alex shuffled into the alien dive bar that night, both her body and mind equally exhausted. It had been a long day with the attack on Lena Luthor and Lu- L-Corp, the intervention by Supergirl and Green Lantern, and all of the cleaning up and paperwork that went with an assassination attempt and possible citywide destruction. The paperwork was mentally irritating, but for the most part, everything else was just physically draining; the event that left her mentally and emotionally drained was the conversation with Kara. She knew that Lena was the blonde’s best friend, but she couldn’t help but feel jealous by their closeness and decided to pick on the one weakness she knew the CEO had, her family name. It was a low blow and she regrets. Alex always hated when people compared her to her parents, wondering why she wasn’t as successful in the scientific community as they are, and all it did was cause her anxiety and anger to rise.

She never did pay attention to why she was feeling jealous of Kara and Lena’s relationship in the
first place. There was a brief moment of questioning, but she had pushed it down and ignored it. Alex was always known to push away and ignore problems when she didn’t want to deal with them.

Shuffling over to her regular booth, Alex slumped down in the seat, and rested her head against the table, ignoring the possible bacteria that had built up on the table. “Rough day huh,” Maggie murmured, sliding across the booth from Alex. She set a glass of whiskey in front of the other woman while she sipped at her beer, her arms folded on the table.

“You have no idea,” Alex groaned, sipping at her own drink. Maggie had introduced her to the bar shortly after they met, and they quickly made it their go-to hangout. The short haired woman wondered why she had never found the bar during her bar trolling days in college, but she wasn’t on the lookout for aliens then, not until she was recruited for the DEO.

“Some of my buddies had to deal with the mess too Danvers, there were more than just DEO agents and superheroes there too you know? The NCPD had quite a few officers around as protection and crowd control.”

“I know, I know, but they didn’t have to deal with Lena Luthor and Supergirl directly,” Alex groaned, rubbing at her head. “I mean, Supergirl seems fine, rightfully wary of us of course since we are a secret agency that hunts down aliens, but Luthor is…”

“Is…?”

“She’s… I don’t know what to make of her. She’s intelligent, stone-faced, mysterious, terrifying, the picture perfect CEO of a multi-billion dollar company. She’s from a notorious family, and that might have something to do with how she is but… well, she’s just a bit unnerving.”

“Does the newly dubbed L-Corp CEO scare you?” Maggie teased, amusement in her eyes and tone.

“The fact that she is a series of walking contradictions scares me. Are you sure she’s best friends with Kara? I mean Lena is so… and Kara is-”

“Kara is the walking personification of sunshine,” Maggie finished, “They do make an odd pair as friends, but they basically grew up together so it makes sense. I haven’t spent much time around Little Luthor though, so I can’t really say what kind of person she really is.”

Alex just hummed and downed her drink before flagging down the waitress to bring her a beer. The red-haired alien was an ex of Maggie’s, the one immediately following her split from her fiancée. Like all rebound relationships, it started and ended badly, but Alex was there to comfort her friend. A few months after, they decided to give dating a try. They both found each other attractive, and they fell into a routine quickly. It was comfortable and safe, something that both of them needed with the jobs that they held, but Alex couldn’t help but wish for something more… “Hey, you didn’t tell me that Kara’s last name was Danvers too,” Alex said, halting that train of thought.

Maggie froze for a moment, her bottle raised to her lips as she looked at her girlfriend with wide eyes, “What?”

“Yeah she told me today, right after we got into an argument really,” Alex said, sipping at her own beer when the waitress dropped it off. “I mean, Danvers isn’t exactly a unique last name, but you’d think that was something you might have mentioned.”

“Just slipped my mind is all,” the brunette replied, the beer tasting bitter in her mouth as she swallowed the dark amber liquid. Internally her mind was racing, since when was Kara’s last name Danvers?
Kara froze at the sight that greeted her when she walked into Cat’s office. It had been a few days since the chaos at the L-Corp renaming ceremony, and following on the heels of the dramatic rescue by Supergirl, Cat had published the article she had been working on since their interview. The cover photo had been one taken just after she and Kyle had defeated the robot, floating strong and steady above the ground, ready to fight another threat as needed.

It was that very image that Kara was staring at, a life-size, cutout version propped up facing Cat’s desk. “Um…” She started, her mind trying to catch up to what she was seeing. “What is that?”

Cat swiveled around in her chair to see to what the younger blonde was referring and she smirked at the wide-eyed look on her face. “That, Kiera, is a picture of our very own hero Supergirl, a hero for us all. Surely you would recognize the image that graced the cover of CatCo’s latest issue, one that is about to reach one million in sales, and generating more reprint profits as we speak.”

“I- well yes- one million really?” Kara stuttered before shaking her head, “What I meant was, what is with the large cutout?”

“Supergirl is my creation, shouldn’t I have a tribute to that in my office along with all of my other awards and accolades? Probably my greatest accomplishment,” Cat murmured, her eyes returning to the large print. The words were hidden behind the statement but Kara could still hear them, it was the pride a parent showed for their child. “Now, enough of that, you have last minute preparations for the gala,” the woman said, grabbing a few sheets of paper off her desk. “This is the final guest list that RSVPed for the event. Go over it, and make sure that the highlighted names are to be given the VIP treatment and the names with the asterisk next to them were invited to be polite but are supposed to be watched.”

Kara flipped through the list, her eyes widening as she saw more and more names with a mark next to them. “You invited Maxwell Lord? He’s one of Supergirl’s biggest critics!”

“Best way to grow is to face our critics,” Cat replied, sitting down. “I’ve never run from them in my entire life, just crushed them on my way up. Supergirl will rise above his petty, xenophobic squabbling, and we at CatCo will show more courtesy and class than he ever will.” She leaned back in her seat and folded her hands, “Besides, if I didn’t invite him, he would make a nuisance of himself, especially since I invited all of the other key people in National City, including Lena Luthor. A Luthor at a gala celebrating a Super, times are definitely changing.”

“Will she even be able to attend? I mean, her office building was nearly leveled the other day, will she have time?”

“You tell me Kiera,” Cat stated, her brow raised.

Kara stared back at her mother before glancing down. “I’ll go make sure all of the preparations are set for tomorrow night Ms. Grant,” she said, backing out of the office to return to her desk. She called the caterer, florist, and entertainment for the gala, confirming the time of delivery and set up for the next day, clearing up any last minute trouble that cropped up.

“Kara!” Winn hissed at her from his desk, “Kara!” She glanced up and narrowed her eyes at his friend, and jerked his head towards the hallway. Curious, she followed her friend to the elevator, and down to an empty office a few floors down from the executive floor, still empty because many of the
employees believed it to be haunted. They had made this their base at CatCo, repurposing an old
office computer that Lena helped Winn put back together. Truthfully though, her mother knew that
they had claimed the space and kept it open for them to use and diverted other people away from it.

“What?” The blonde asked once they reached the room.

Her friend was literally bouncing on his feet as he looked at her. “Okay, so I’ve been waiting for
days, buuuuttttt,” Winn started, drawing out his word. “Tell me about the Green Lantern! Tell me all
about it, is he as cool as he seems?”

“Winn…”

“Nope, I’ve held it in, resisted the urge since you had a lot going on, but I want to know everything.”

“I- it’s a long story, we’ve been friends for a while. I didn’t know he was the Green Lantern until he
turned up. I got the full explanation from him, but I can’t tell you who he is, not my secret.”

Winn just waved her off, “No, that’s cool, I get that, I just want to know if he is as cool as he seems
in person and if you can get me his autograph?”

“Maybe, I’ll ask him next time I see him,” Kara told him. “Was that all you had to tell me?”

“What? Oh, no, there was a report of a break in at Lord Industries last night,” the man told her.
“There wasn’t much stolen, so it wasn’t breaking news, not with Ms. Grant’s article on Supergirl still
the hottest thing in National City news. But there were some suspicious things taken, like items to
contain and funnel nuclear power.”

“Who would need something like that?” Kara asked, her face scrunched in confusion. “And why
would they go to Maxwell Lord’s company? Everyone knows that L-Corp is on the cutting edge of
any kind of technological development, almost on par with Wayne Industries.”

“There’s less security at Lord Industries,” Winn explained, pointing to the computer. “I mean, I can’t
even crack into Luth- I mean, L-Corp’s mainframe without sending up a red flag somewhere for
Lena’s cyber security team to find, I know, I’ve tried a few time.” At the glare Kara was giving him,
Winn rushed to explain, “She asked, Lena asked, I didn’t, she asked.” The glare eased down, and the
nervous man breathed a sigh of relief, “Anyway, with the recent attack on L-Corp, everything has
been in chaos, so Maxwell Lord’s company was the safer choice.”

Kara hummed and glanced at the list that Winn had pulled up on the computer. “Is this… Did you
hack the NCPD database?” She questioned, looking at her friend incredulously.

“They really need to work on their security, I mean, it would probably be a good idea,” he stated, not
looking at the disapproving heroine.

Shaking her head, Kara sighed, “Whatever, so we have to figure out who needed these parts, that
would help us figure out who took them, especially if they’re the same person, and why. Stealing
parts that helps to regulate nuclear energy doesn’t sound like something someone on the up and up
would do.”

“There have been some crazy heat spikes around the city too, in mostly abandoned warehouses and
factories on the outskirts of the city.”

Kara stared at the screen, noticing the heat spots that Winn mentioned when he pulled up thermal
maps of the city, hot red dots where there shouldn’t be any sources of heat. “Is that…” she
murmured, zeroing in on one of the dots, “Is that a person?” The heat source was a slightly
humanoid shape, though slightly larger with a hulking mass.

“Looks like one,” Winn murmured. He searched through the images and while the source moved, the overall shape remained the same. “Who do you think it is?”

“Trouble.”

Chapter End Notes

Any hoo, did anyone else see the CW president or producer, whoever, speak about Mon-el coming back in season 3 and get super depressed? I was wondering if he watched the same show as the rest of us.

They clearly didn't know why we didn't like the KaraMel (abusive relationship, I've been in relationships like this, not healthy, not good) storyline, Supergirl is our show, a woman driven show with strong women characters, we cannot let them take this from us. People won't watch, and it'll be cancelled and we'll be back stuck with broody men running around saving the day. This is the age when Wonder Woman reigned supreme in the box office, we can't let them take our show, be vocal, speak your mind, but thoughtful, with insight, give reasons, evidence, not just blatant hatred. That is for lesser people, we are better, be better.
Here's the latest installment of When Stars Fall. So little creative update, I finished chapter 35, and moved on to chapter 36 which is the start of part 4 of this story. I've written more than 300 pages so far with this monster, and I decided that I needed to get serious about wrapping this thing up, tying up a bunch of lose ends and such. I planned out the major events for the rest of the story, both heroic and personal if you know what I mean. I know what order they're going to happen in, but I'm not sure the time frame because build up you know? Can't just drop things in all willy nilly.

Though on a separate note, I was picking things out of season two to use, and once you take out everything that has to do with the Daxamites, not a lot really happened. Quite boring, the monster a week was more entertaining for me anyway. Not the best for long term storytelling but eh, whatever.

Kara raced around the room, checking to make sure everything was set and where it should be for the gala starting in only a few hours. There must have been some unwritten law in the universe that stated that something would go wrong the day of important events. The florist had called that morning in a panic saying that the freezer fritzed out during the night, and all of the flowers were wilted. A brief freak out and emergency hunt around the other flower shops in the city, and the shop had scrambled together the flowers that Cat had ordered and recreated the arrangements. They ended up being delivered at the same time as the food, and Kara initially worried that there would be a confrontation between the two groups because they had to work around each other.

The florist and the caterer eventually came to an unspoken agreement to just move around each other as they set up, so Kara was able to breathe a sigh of relief. She halted her frantic checking as her phone buzzed with a series text messages, and pulled the device out of her pocket.

They were from her mother.

*Go home and get changed.*

*At a reasonable speed.*

*Relax.*

It was a few seconds before another buzzed through. *Now Kara.*

She rolled her eyes at her mother’s insistence, at least she hadn’t resorted to calling her ‘Kiera’ and ordering her home with the normal threats Cat spewed in her ‘CEO and boss’ mode. Kara knew the woman didn’t mean them when they were directed at her, but sometimes, sometimes she saw something in her mother’s eyes that she didn’t recognize and couldn’t identify. It worried her, just a bit, but she put it out of her mind.
Kara checked in briefly with the workers and people setting up before hurrying back to her apartment. “Krypto come on,” she said, calling her dog over as soon as she opened her door. “I have enough time take you to the dog park before I have to get to the gala.” The dog huffed at her, but walked over obediently and tugged his leash down from its place hanging next to the door. “I know, I know you’re mad because I’ve been so busy, but you’ve had fun with Carter haven’t you?” Kara asked, clipping the leash on his collar.

The dog booped her with his nose before trotting out into the hall towards the stairs. “Alright, I’m coming, slow down,” the blonde grunted as he tugged her away from the door. Kara let Krypto drag her to the park, and she released him from his leash to go run around and greet his dog friends. She gave him a good half hour to run around since he had to stay cooped up in the apartment and on the balcony while she was at work and Carter was staying with his dad. Krypto was used to staying inside when he was on Krypton since her mother would only allow him in certain areas of their dwelling, namely Kara’s room. Being trapped in a tiny suspension chamber for decades had a lasting impact on Krypto’s psyche though and he never liked to be cooped up alone anywhere.

Letting out a loud whistle, Kara called the dog over when she needed to get back to her apartment. “Krypto, we have to go,” she said as he trotted over to her. “Who’s a good boy,” she murmured, rubbing his head and stomach, “Yes, who’s a good boy?”

Krypto’s tongue lolled out of his mouth as she scratched his stomach, his tail lightly thumping against the ground. “Alright, come on,” she said, clipping his leash back on and leading him out of the park. “I have to go home and get ready or grandma is going to be mad at me.” The black tail wagged even faster when she mentioned Cat, she was his favorite, despite the fact that the woman wouldn’t allow him to climb all over her like he does for everyone else. He would just lay down at her feet, and look up at her in adoration, while Kara and Carter laughed at her disgruntled expression. Cat always put up a front that she barely tolerated Krypto, but Kara knew that she was the one responsible for sneaking him extra treats.

When the two returned to her apartment, Kara freed the dog before locking herself in the bathroom with her garment bag. She showered and washed her hair, spinning herself dry before applying a strong, leave in conditioner to her golden locks. One downside of flying all the time now was her hair drying out, so her mother located an organic conditioner that was designed to hydrate hair for people living in arid climates. She had to condition her hair every day, but at least it wasn’t dry and stringy anymore.

Kara twisted her hair into a long, messy fishtail braid and touched on a little mascara and lip gloss before pulling her dress out of the garment bag. The shimmering blue fabric clung to her chest like a second skin but flared out around her legs slightly to allow more freedom of movement. She slipped the thin, spaghetti straps over her shoulders, and pulled on a low pair of strappy, heeled-sandals. Cat had instilled in her a sense of fashion over the years, even if she chose comfort over style while home or running errands. Her mother always pretended not to notice her oversized sweatshirt and shorts when she came over for a visit. She poured food for Krypto before dashing out of the door, grabbing her purse on the way out.

The red carpet was already rolled out by the time she reached CatCo, and the press were already clamoring and taking pictures of the A-list celebrities and Who’s Who Cat had invited to the event. Ducking around back, Kara avoided the chaos of the red carpet and entered the gala, her eyes wide as she took in everything around her. The decorators out did themselves with the elegant arrangement of flowers and the large cutouts of Supergirl around the room. Clean cut servers were carrying trays of food and champagne to the visitors who were mingling around the room, and an ensemble was playing music close to where several of the attendees were dancing.
“This place looks great,” Kara gasped as she looked around, her eyes wide. She spotted her mother floating around in between guests, greeting them all with her usual polite smile and charm, promoting CatCo and Supergirl the entire time. Lena was there as well, fashionably late as per the Luthor style, but she arrived slightly earlier than she normally would to similar events because she wanted to show her support for National City’s resident hero and converse with potential investors.

Winn approached her as she looked around the room, a large grin on his face. “Love the cardboard cutouts,” he said, winking at her, “They give the decorations a nice touch.”

“Shut-up Winn,” Kara rolled her eyes. She turned her attention to the door just as Maxwell Lord strolled through with his entourage. “Oh great…”

“Oh my god,” Winn gasped next to her, “It’s Maxwell Lord! I can’t believe he came, though I did hear he had a thing for Ms. Grant…”

“Don’t remind me,” Kara groaned, rolling her eyes. “He’s a bit of an ass.”

“Ah, well, sometimes I forget that Ms. Grant is you… Well, you know, um, I’m going to go get some drinks,” Winn stuttered out, disappearing towards the serving tables.

Kara glanced back towards the entrance where Lord was holding court and a scowl crossed her face and her eyes narrowed. She recognized one of the people following behind the man, and while she wasn’t surprised, she wasn’t impressed. “Well, well, look who crawled out of hiding,” Lena murmured as she slid in next to Kara, her eyes glued to where Kara was looking. “Haven’t seen her since high school.”

“Who?” Kara asked, turning her attention to her friend.

“Rachel Berkowitz,” the brunette replied, gesturing to the woman clinging to the man Kara was looking at. “I thought that’s who you were looking at?”

Her mind immediately flashed to the bully that was always lurking in the shadows during their time in high school and she gasped, “Oh Rao, you’re right. I wondered what happened to her, but I assumed she was vanquished and sent back to hell from whence she was summoned.”

Lena nearly choked on her champagne as a laugh attempted to escape her throat. “You have to warn me before you’re going to say stuff like that,” she whispered, trying to maintain her composer. “So since you weren’t staring at the she-devil, who were you staring at?”

“The guy she’s with,” Kara whispered, looking back at the familiar man. “That’s James Worthington, he’s… he’s the guy that Laurel cheated on me with.”

“You mean that thing that we don’t speak of that you-know-who did?” Lena turned her eyes back to the man. She scrutinized him for a minute before snorting, “He does look like a narcissistic, racist, sexist, xenophobic asshole, he and Rachel deserve each other really. They’re both exactly alike.”

“Doesn’t surprise me that Worthington is working for Lord, he admired the man a lot from what I could tell, and the firm he and Laurel worked for represented Lord, I bet he’s been assigned as his personal attorney,” Kara said, rolling her eyes. “They’re the ones that deserve each other, a match made in some creepy lab.”

Lena just hummed as she glanced around the room before nudging Kara in the ribs again. “You didn’t tell me that you invited Alex and Maggie,” she hissed, pointing to the two women who bypassed Lord as they snuck in behind him.
Kara’s eyes widened as she took in the two women, both wearing dark dress suits and low heels. Maggie had her holster and badge strapped to her belt as usual, while she could barely make out the holsters underneath Alex’s arms. “Oh Rao, she carries two guns,” she whispered, heat suddenly racing through her body.

“Kara!”

“What?” The blonde snapped out of her stupor, “What?”

The brunette just gave her a pointed look before glancing back at the women, “Maggie, Alex, why?”

“Oh, um, I didn’t invite them, and they look like they’re working rather than attending. I’m assuming that Cat sent NCPD a general invite requesting officers and plain clothes detectives to be around, she usually does for these events. I’m also guessing that Alex is here in her capacity as an FBI agent.”

“Well at least they dressed for the part, though it would have been interesting to see Agent Alex Danvers dressed to the nines for a gala, don’t you think?” Lena teased, a broad grin crossing her face at the blush that bloomed on Kara’s cheeks.

Kara just rolled her eyes and looked away, a groan escaping her throat. “Ugh, Mom is dancing with Maxwell Lord,” she hissed to Lena. “She better not think about dating him again, I swear…”

“Your mom has better taste than that, how’d she end up with him the first time?”

“Drunken one-night stand that I really, really didn’t need to know about but I knew and heard, and it was very very traumatizing and I try not to think about it,” Kara mumbled, shaking her head.

Before Lena could reply, Winn walked up to greet them, handing one of the drinks in his hand to his blonde friend. “Lena! I’m glad you’re here, I was thinking about that… Well, that project we’re working on, ways to make it better.”

“Project?” Kara’s eyebrow quirked as she looked between her two friends.

“Never you mind, just go stand somewhere and look pretty,” Lena waved her hand, dismissing her friend while she and Winn went off whispering about their top secret project. She knew that she could hear them, and she knew that they knew that she could hear them but she chose not to pay attention to them; if they wanted to keep secrets, who was she to intrude on them?

She walked around the room, her eyes shifting between the guests standing around talking and drinking, and the small dance floor where several couples stood swaying gently to the music. “Hey you,” Alex’s voice came and Kara turned to find the woman standing next to her.

“Hey, hi,” Kara replied, cursing her inability to keep her wits about her whenever she was near Alex. “What are, um, who, you look great,” she finally settled on the last statement, unsure of what else to say. She didn’t want it to be obvious that she had been looking at her earlier and had already sussed out the reason as to why the other woman was at the gala.

Alex smiled wryly, “Thanks, not the best for a gala, but I’m working so…”

The blonde waved her hand, “No, no, I get it, on duty, sad thing is that you can’t have any of this delicious champagne.”

“I’m sure it’s a true shame because Cat Grant has excellent taste,” Alex replied, “Though I am more of a gin or whiskey girl.”
“My mom likes her whiskey too, a little too much sometimes, I worry about the state of her liver,” Kara murmured, her eyes searching for her mother still on the dance floor with Maxwell Lord.

The two were silent for a moment before Alex spoke again. “I’m sorry by the way,” she said, “For what happened at the L-Corp’s renaming ceremony. I don’t have any right to judge you or your friends, I’m sorry.”

“It’s alright,” Kara told her. “I’m sorry too, I shouldn’t have snapped at you.”

Alex opened her mouth to say something else when James appeared in front of them, a friendly smile on his face. “Hey Kara,” he greeted. They had talked a few times since he had been hired and while he was nice, Kara was still reserved with him due to his friendship with her cousin.

“James,” the blonde nodded, “Um, Alex, this is James Olsen, James this is Agent Alex Danvers, FBI.”

Alex’s brow furrowed, “Jimmy Olsen?”

“Yeah, I’m trying to leave that nickname behind me at the Daily Planet though,” James replied, ducking his head a little. “New city, new job, new start, all of that.”

“I can respect that,” the auburn haired woman nodded, a flicker of understanding flashing through her eyes. Kara cocked her head slightly as she contemplated that look, what could Alex have been running from to warrant a new start, or who?

“Ah, Kara,” James’s voice broke her out of her thoughts, “Care for a dance?”

The blonde shrugged, “Sure why not.” Taking his hand, they walked to the dance floor where James started to lead her in a slow sway. She never understood why humans called this dancing. “So why did you decide to leave Metropolis?” Kara asked, “I mean you were working for the Daily Planet and best friends with Superman, it can’t just be because Ms. Grant offered you a better job.”

James laughed, “Well, that certainly helped, but mainly it was because I got tired of living in someone’s shadow. The big guy is great, but I had to step out on my own you know, see what I can do.”

“Did you know about Supergirl when you came? That she was his cousin?”

“He told me a while ago that he had a cousin living in National City, and I’ll admit it did influence my decision a bit but she wasn’t the only reason I came.”

A shuddering noise reached her ears and a loud crash echoed through the room and Kara turned to see a scarred, wild looking man in a mask and dark suit dropping through the ceiling. The suit held a glowing reactor and Kara instantly knew it was a nuclear reactor from the minute amounts of radiation she could feel in the air. “Reactron,” James muttered and Kara’s memory clicked. He was one the people that tried to take down her cousin, an act of revenge for his wife dying from something that Superman could have prevented; he was one of the few people her cousin feared and couldn’t fully defeat.

“Where is Supergirl?” The man growled out, the mask covering his mouth causing his voice to sound raspy and low.

People that were frozen around the room started dashing away, taking cover under tables and behind columns. Kara glanced around for her mother and best friend, but her hearing told her that Cat had already left the gala. She spotted Lena and Winn crouched down behind a table on the other side of
the room, both of them looking at a device in Lena’s hand. “Where is Supergirl?” Reactron bit out
again, tossing a ball of fire at one of the pictures of the Supergirl edition of CatCo magazine.

Kara pushed James out of the way, hustling him to a relatively safe spot around a corner. “Stay
here,” she ordered before disappearing down one of the nearby hallways. Spinning into a quick
change, Kara flew back around, and raced through the open doors, slamming into Reactron. Her
mother would not be happy if they caused any more damage to the room, so she quickly grabbed the
dazed man and flew out of the hole he created earlier. She flew to the abandoned warehouse district
as quickly as she could, but Reactron shook himself from the daze long enough to direct an
overpowered punch to her stomach. Dropping the man out of shock and pain, they both crash landed
on the ground with a loud thud, the world jarring around them.

Reactron picked himself up out of the dirt before Kara did, cracking his bones and suit as he went.
“I’m going to enjoy seeing you burn,” he hissed, blasting fire straight at her. Grunting, Kara rolled
out of the way before flying straight at him again, sending a series of punches straight to his head and
another to his right arm flailing around. A super charged blast of nuclear radiation straight to her
chest sent her flying backwards into the ground again. “I’m going to destroy you,” Reactron breathed
out. “I’m going to take you the same way that your cousin took my wife from me.”

Pushing herself up off the ground, Kara sped towards him again before fading right and hitting him
towards the left at the last moment. “Guys,” Kara panted, tapping her earpiece to connect with Lena
and Winn. “Do you have any ideas before I get burned to a crisp out here?”

“You have to dismantle his suit,” Winn suggested. “It’s pretty much where he’s getting his power,
you have to take out the nuclear core.”

“You can’t just take it out,” Lena commented. A low thud reached Kara’s ears and a slight whine,
indicating that her best friend just hit her geeky friend. “Anyway, you can’t just take the core out,
from out readings, it’s very unstable. While you would be fine, I don’t think the rest of National City
would appreciate a mushroom cloud overhead.”

“Okay, so what do you two suggest?”

“Lead, you have to encase the core in lead,” Lena told her, “Shut up Winn.”

Kara rolled her eyes at her friends’ bickering and glanced around, thankful that she had flown them
to an area that was full of lead. She quickly located a few pipes and melted one over her right hand
before turning back to the man, her left hand still clutching the other pipe. “Hey!” She yelled,
distracting him before backhanding the man with the pipe, cracking his mask and knocking him out.
She dropped to her knees over the man and sunk her had into the center of his suit, wrenching the
glowing nuclear core out of its seal. Leaving the downed man where he was, Kara flew up into the
air high above National City and used her heat vision to melt the rest of the lead over the unstable
core and unstick the metal from her hand.

“We’ll take that Supergirl,” Alex’s voice came and Kara turned to see the agent walking up behind
her.

“You can go ahead and give it to them Kara. I don’t really need that unstable core in my lab, and
who else would you give it to?” Lena chimed in before closing the connection.

Kara handed the nuclear core over to one of the waiting agents without a word, causing Alex to look
at the superhero curiously. “What? No one wants an unstable nuclear core?”

“Well there really isn’t a whole lot that you can do with it, unlike the axe, there’s a lot you can do
with an axe.”

Alex just hummed, “I’m sure, are you going to disclose to us who you left the molten axe with?”

“I don’t think it’s any of your concern really,” Kara retorted before glancing over at the downed man. “What’s going to happen to him?”

“He’s going to be given a medical care, try to reduce the effect of the radiation, and then a trial, if he makes it that long,” the other woman replied.

“It’s kind of sad really,” the heroine murmured. “He lost his wife, probably his whole reason for living, and he wanted someone to blame when there really wasn’t anyone to blame.”

“He’s still a criminal Supergirl, and he needs to pay for his crimes. He’s done terrible things in his quest for revenge, hurt countless numbers of people.”

“I know, and I agree but that doesn’t mean I still can’t have compassion for him and what he’s lost,” she told the other woman. “Do you need anything else from me? I need to go check on everyone at CatCo, make sure there wasn’t any lasting damage.”

“I think the police are there, but yes you can go,” Alex waved a dismissal. “Oh but wait, since you’re going back that way, can you do something for me?” Supergirl inclined her head and Alex continued. “Someone… I know someone that works at CatCo, she was at the gala, Kara Danvers. I didn’t see her after Reactron landed, so I don’t know… Can you just… can you tell her to call me or my girlfriend Maggie to let us know that she’s alright?”

“Kara Danvers?” Kara questioned, her heart warming at the thought that Alex cared enough about her to make sure that she was okay. She quickly shook it away though, Alex and Maggie were dating, and she wasn’t going to be the one that broke them up. She despised cheaters and she wasn’t about to become one, even though Alex was technically married to her so she was the one cheating. It didn’t count if one party didn’t know, and she wasn’t ready to tell her, she didn’t know if she would ever be ready.

“Blonde hair,” Alex’s voice broke her out of her thoughts, “Blue eyes, blue dress that matched her eyes, hair in an elegant braid, very fit, very beautiful…” The auburn haired woman’s voice trailed off and her eyes became distant before she snapped back to attention, “I just want to make sure that she’s okay, she’s sweet and my girlfriend loves her.”

“I’ll be sure to look for her Agent,” Supergirl nodded her head before taking off into the sky. She flew back to CatCo and scanned the room with her X-ray vision looking for Lena and Winn but found that both of them had already left. Pulling out her phone, she quickly sent the two a text checking on them before banking away from the building and heading towards her mother’s penthouse.

Landing on the balcony, Kara blurred into the penthouse looking for her mother, changing out of her suit along the way. “Kara,” Cat said, setting her drink down and embracing her daughter. “Are you okay?” Her eyes ran over the younger woman while her hands searched for any injuries.

“I’m fine Mom, he just knocked me around for a bit, but no permanent damage,” she said, grabbing Cat’s hands and squeezing them. “I can’t say the same thing for your gala room, though I did try to minimize the damage as much as I could by getting him out of there as soon as possible.”

“That’s what insurance is for darling,” Cat waved her hand. “And I took out extra insurance on the building when you started working for me.”
Kara cocked her head, “Why?”

A small smile crossed Cat’s face and she reached up to cup Kara’s cheek. “Oh darling, you still break things on occasion when you get excited. I’ve already had to replace quite a few doors and office supplies that crack under your grip.”

The younger blonde blushed, “Sorry Mom.”

Cat waved her hand, “That’s what insurance is for darling, it’s not a big deal, though I did have to increase the budget for office supplies, though it allowed me to decrease the salaries of the incompetent department heads. I’ve been paying them far too much, they’ve gotten sloppy in recent years, don’t think I don’t know how much work you do, editing everything they’ve done before it even gets to me.”

“Well, they need a lot of work,” Kara replied, glancing away.

The older woman hummed, “Are you staying the night?”

“No,” Kara sighed, “I know you don’t like being alone when Carter’s not here, but I really shouldn’t leave Krypto alone, not when I haven’t told him. I’ll stay until you go to sleep though.” When her mother made to protest, Kara held up her hand, “Stop, you know I don’t need as much sleep as humans do, not when I can get twice as much rejuvenation from the sun in the morning. I’m staying to make sure you get some rest, and then I’m going home.”

“Fine,” Cat sighed, “I’m finishing my drink first though, would you like to have one?”

“I’ll always have a drink with you mom,” Kara told her. “No one should drink alone.”

When Kara arrived at CatCo the next morning, work crews had already arrived to fix the damage created by Reactron the night before. Fortunately the part that he crashed through was separate from the main tower, used only for special events and functions. Briefly she wondered when Cat called the construction crew for them to be there before eight in the morning making repairs, but she’s learned over the years to never underestimate her mother. She headed up to the executive floor, her mother’s latte in her hand, and found the woman already in her office on the phone with the Paris branch of CatCo worldwide media.

After another half an hour, more people started trickling in, discussing the gala last night in low murmurs. The whisperings quieted down when they spotted Cat in her office, but Kara could still hear a few of the office workers talking about the Reactron and Supergirl fight. She started working on the list of assignments and tasks that appeared in her inbox overnight, typically edits for the next issue, but mostly they were panicked inquiries from other employees worried that Cat would fire them for cowering when Reactron showed up at the gala. She was replying to the fourteenth email to reassure someone that Cat wasn’t going to fire them, when James appeared in front of her desk.

“Hey Kara,” he greeted, a small smile but apprehensive look on his face. “Can we talk for a minute?”

“Um, sure, do you want to…” Kara vaguely pointed around her, and James grimaced.

“Ah, right, um, we can head back to my office,” he replied, motioning for Kara to follow him. The
office on the same floor as Cat’s if only for convenience, the art director often had to get final proofs and layouts to the CEO as soon as they were done so it made it easier to have both on the same floor. While Cat’s office was bright with sunlight streaming in through the large windows, James’s was dark, almost shadowy with the sunscreens pulled down. She glanced around the room and noticed a few framed pictures on the wall, mainly ones that made the man famous, including the picture of her cousin that was the front cover for the Daily Planet.

“So, what do you want to talk about?” Kara asked, clasping her hands in front of her.

James looked at her for a minute before glancing away, “Why didn’t you tell me that you were Supergirl? That you’re his cousin?” The blonde just cocked her head and stared at him, causing James to sigh. “Look, I saw you last night, I saw you change into her, so I want to know why you didn’t tell me?”

“I don’t…” Kara started before sighing, “I don’t know why you think that’s something you feel I should have told you, I don’t really know you.”

“But your cousin in my best friend,” James protested, “Wait, this also means that you’re Cat Grant’s daughter, she raised you, why didn’t you tell me that either? I asked you about her, you.”

“Again, what makes you think you should be privy to any of this information?” Kara asked, “You don’t have any say over my life, I literally just met you after I came out as Supergirl, and as for me being Cat’s daughter, that’s something that we don’t really advertise here. It would just open a whole can of worms we don’t need, even though technically it isn’t wrong. HR knows, Winn knows, but that’s it.” The blonde gave the taller man an assessing look, “Well I guess you know now too.”

“I, uh, look,” James sighed, rubbing at his face, “Superman gave me something to give to you before I moved out here.” He grabbed a box off of his desk and handed it to woman.

Kara opened it, and her eyes instantly fell on bright red fabric. “His baby blanket,” she murmured, recalling playing on the blanket with Kal, teaching them how to crawl. “Why did he want you to give it to me?”

James frowned, “Well, it’s bullet proof, heat resistant, Kryptonian cloth…”

The blonde sighed, “Look, James, I know you mean well, but I have a cape, a suit that was made specifically for me. If I used this, it would just tie me further to my cousin, and I want to distance myself from him.”

“What?”

“He only came back in my life after I became a hero, I’m used to being separate from him, I don’t see any reason why that should change,” she retorted.

James opened his mouth to reply when a small knock came at his door. He glanced at it in frustration but rubbed at his face trying to push away the feeling. “Come in,” he called.

The door was pushed open and a small woman entered the room. “Hey James, I was in town and I though- wait, Kara?” She asked, staring at the blonde woman.

Kara’s eyes narrowed, taking in the petite stature, short hair, and familiar brown eyes. Memory did it’s trick and her eyes widened, “Lucy?”

Chapter End Notes
Ooooooh, Lucy is back, oooohhhh. Gonna get real soon y'all.

Thoughts about what to do with Maxwell Lord? I'm open to suggestions if people have them, keep in my his storyline in season 1, if you could change it, what would you do?
Glad everyone is excited for Lucy being back, she's gonna be in a lot of the coming chapters. Not a bunch, but she's around. Now I know everyone was voting for her to get with Lena, but I feel it would be a little awkward, and I kind already set Lena up with someone, but you guys haven't really caught on yet. As for Lucy, I know who she ends up with eventually, but I don't know if it's something that needs to happen within the parameters of this story.

And I know everyone is getting impatient with Kara, like why doesn't she just tell Alex, we are getting there. I am putting you guys on notice, I am about to write that scene, and it will be rough. I have through chapter 40 planned out and there is some angst on the horizon. Probably more once I get through them, anyway, hope to finish this before chapter 50, but I have a lot of loose ends to tie up and stuff to do so we'll see, 60 is the max number, so fingers crossed.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Lucy grinned, her smile wide and full of teeth, and walked up to embrace her blonde friend/ex-girlfriend. “I didn’t expect to see you here, but I guess I should have known you would’ve started working for CatCo.”

Kara released the shorter woman and punched her lightly on the arm. “You would’ve known sooner if you hadn’t spent the last two years on some secret mission cut off from basically everything,” the blonde said, pouting. “I’ve tried to call you, but your phone was disconnected, not cool Luce, only a text saying you’re dropping off the grid for a while, not cool.”

The brunette grabbed Kara’s face between her hands and pressed a quick kiss to her lips. “Sorry darling, I didn’t know I was leaving until a few minutes before I had to ship out, only long enough to pack some underwear, my toothbrush, and send you a text.”

“Well, I’m glad I made the list of necessities,” Kara pouted before grabbing the girl to her again in a hug.

A throat clearing had the two women breaking away from each other to look at the man behind them. “What is going on here?” James asked, “Looking between the two of them.”

“Why are you here Lucy?” Kara questioned.

“Ah, well, James and I are old friends, so I decided to stop by CatCo to say hi while I was in town, and then I found you here, so that just makes it better.” The shorter woman squeezed Kara’s arm, smiling brightly at the blonde. “I’m really glad to see you Kara.”

“Um…” James stated again, drawing their attention.

“Oh, right, well, Kara and I went to highschool together,” Lucy told him. “We dated my entire senior
year, Kara is the one that got away." She let out a wistful sigh, her hand drifting up to play with the
straightened strands of blonde hair. Kara would have been concerned about Lucy’s intentions if she
didn’t catch the mischievous twinkle in the other woman’s eyes. “Kara darling, why don’t we go
catch up for a bit, unless you’re needed here of course?”

Kara fought to keep the blush off her face and nodded, “Sure, I mean, Ms. Grant knows that I’m just
a phone call away.”

“Great! Noonan’s is still your favorite coffee place right?” Lucy asked as she tugged the blonde out
of James’s office. Kara jogged back to her desk to grab her first before meeting up with Lucy at the
elevator and heading down to the lobby floor.

“So what was up with that back there?” Kara asked after they sat down and placed their orders with
the waitress.

“What do you mean?”

The younger woman rolled her eyes, “Don’t play dumb Lucy, it’s not cute, what was up with that
stuff with James? I’m not the one that got away, it was a mutual break up, we’ve been friends for
longer than we dated so…”

“Well I never did get to see you naked and in my bed writhing, so you are the one that got away in
that sense,” Lucy sighed wistfully. “I missed my chance to sleep with National City’s darling
superhero.” A squeak left Kara’s mouth and a full blush flooded her cheeks, causing a wide smirk to
cross Lucy’s face and a peal of laughter to leave her throat. “I’m kidding Kara, I’m kidding,” she
sighed out between her bursts of laughter. “Well, mostly.”

“I see you’re still a huge flirt,” Kara rolled her eyes. She sipped at the cup of hot cocoa when it was
placed in front of her, and bit into one of the sticky buns.

Lucy grinned into her own cup of coffee, “Of course, have to keep things interesting, and you
always made me blush so it’s only fair.”

Kara waved her hand around, “So what was the deal with James?”

“You mean that show that we put on for him?” Lucy asked, “Well, we were friends when I was
going to school and working in Metropolis before I was… deployed. He wanted to date, and we did
for like two seconds before I realized he wasn’t what I wanted.”

“Really? I mean, he’s attractive and seems nice so…”

“He’s basically perfect except for he has a bit of Superman’s self-righteousness,” Lucy sighed.
“Like, he has this vision in his head about the ideal way the world should work, how heroes should
be, and it’s not realistic.” She took a sip of her coffee before she continued, “Besides, I feel like he
wanted to date me so that he could be included in Superman’s family, and that wasn’t something I
was interested in. Since he knows who you are now, you might want to watch out as well.”

“Thanks for the warning Luce, but it won’t be a problem.”

Lucy quirked her eyebrow and gave Kara an assessing look. “Oh really,” she said, “And why not,
think yourself immune to the Olsen charm?”

“Er, ah, well, um… Imkindofsortofmarried…”

The brunette blinked, leaning forward on her elbows, “What?”
Kara sighed, “James won’t get a chance to try and date me because I’m technically already married.”

Lucy blinked, “What?! You got married and you didn’t tell me? Who is he, or she? Most of your serious relationships were with women, so I’m betting you snagged yourself a woman, knowing your type a fierce brunette with dark eyes—”

“I don’t…” Kara started before giving up, “Look, it wasn’t something planned. It was right before you deployed, I didn’t get a chance to tell you before you left. I blew out my powers, then Lena and Kate decided to do a weekend in Vegas and splurge a bunch of money on gambling and fancy hotel rooms. I got drunk, met an attractive woman, and apparently in the process of meeting her, sharing a few drinks, sleeping together, and then waking up alone, I got married.”

“Okay back up,” Lucy said, raising her hand. “You’re going to have to run that by me again in more detail.” Kara sighed and gave Lucy a minute by minute account of what led her to getting married, and what has happened since then, finding out who Alex was, her dating Maggie, and then Alex and Kara becoming friends. When she was finished, Lucy sat back in her chair, her eyes wide. “Wow,” she muttered, taking in what the blonde said. It was…

laughter started building in her chest before she could finish her thought and it erupted out of her in waves, drawing the attention of everyone in Noonan’s.

Kara blushed slightly at the attention from the other people in the restaurant, and just turned her annoyance onto her brunette friend. “Are you finished? She asked, her tone dry and her eyes narrowed.

Lucy waved her hand around a bit as she tried to catch her breath. “I’m sorry,” she wheezed, “I’m sorry, but it was too funny I couldn’t help it. Your life is ridiculous my friend, I hope you know that.”

“I’ve been made aware,” Kara sighed, running her fingers through her hair. Whenever she wanted to wear it down, she straightened it so that it didn’t resemble the floaty mess she had as Supergirl. The mask did a good job at hiding her identity, and she didn’t want her hair to give her away.

“So what are you going to do?” Lucy asked, “You have to tell her.”

“I know, I know, but I… I’m afraid…” Kara’s voice trailed off, her eyes distant. She shook her head and returned her gaze to her friend, “Enough about me, what about you? I know you can’t tell me about where you were, but you can tell me something right? Are you in National City for vacation?”

“Mhm, well, I sort of was, that was the plan, but I was called in for a special project, which concerns you actually, so I’m glad that I ran into you,” she said, lacing her fingers together and leaning against the table. “I was promoted to Major recently after… well, just after, anyway, I’ve been returned to the JAG unit because of my law degree though I was assigned to a special assignment here.”

Kara let out a low whistle, “Major Lucy Lane, that’s pretty impressive, but what does your assignment have to do with me?”

“Oh, well, not you you, your alter-ego you.”

The blonde sat back in her seat, “Ah, her, right, well, what does that have to do with you?”

Lucy glanced around at the other occupants of the restaurant, frowning at how crowded it was becoming before realizing that the lunch rush was trickling in. “Not here,” she said, dropping a few bills on the table. “Take a walk with me?”

Kara quickly finished her food and drink before following her friend out of Noonan’s and a few
blocks away to one of the local parks. They quickly lost themselves within the trees and the blonde glanced over at her friend, “Alright spill, what’s going on?”

“When I put in for vacation time, my father intercepted the paperwork,” the woman said, “He wants me here as a lawyer to oversee the facilitation of a weapons test.” She paused her movement to look at the blonde woman, “How familiar are you with the DEO?”

“During my first encounter with them, they tried to shoot me down with Kryptonite darts, had a few run ins since then, but the director and I have made peace. Why?”

“Are you working with them, or for them?”

Kara shook her head, “No, my mom’s warned me about trusting shady government types, no offense. Lena and my friend Winn have been helping me, both of them are much more capable than a government agency.”

“Lena Thorul? Well I guess Luthor now, she has a lot more resources than any government agency, I bet she designed your fancy suit as well,” Lucy grinned, winking at her friend. “Anyway, General Lane has decided that he wants Supergirl to go up against his new weapon to test its field ability. He is going to be using the DEO to make that happen, and has a court order from the president to force the DEO to use their asset, Supergirl, to test the machine.”

“What?” Kara gasped, “Can they do that?”

“That’s the murky part,” Lucy hummed, “You’ve told me that you’re not working with or for the DEO so General Lane has no grounds to force you to comply with the presidential order. Unfortunately, that doesn’t mean much since that will just make my father mad and he will attempt to get you to comply in a different way, probably by seeking a different presidential order.”

“Will the president really issue an order against a private citizen?”

Lucy shrugged, “I’m not saying she will, but I know that’s what my father will be going after if he can’t get you to do what he wants.”

Kara rubbed at her face in frustration, “What is this machine he wants me to fight and what is with his obsession?”

“He hates aliens, nothing much else to say other than that, but he especially hates superpowered aliens, he thinks they’re dangerous. I mean, they kind of are, but no more than any regular soldier in the military. We go through specialized training learning how to kill and destroy, and if one of us snaps, we could definitely cause a lot of damage, like they have done in the past.” Lucy shook her head, “Anyway, I’m not entirely sure what this weapon is he wants you to test, I haven’t been given the full file yet, but it seems like some kind of robot or android designed for combat.”

“Why do I… why does Supergirl have to fight it?” Kara asked.

“I don’t know, a lot of stuff is being kept top secret, I’m just the lawyer overseeing the exercise and making sure that everything complies within the boundaries of the constitution, which applies to everyone, not just humans, despite what xenophobes believe,” Lucy rolled her eyes. “You deserved to have a heads up though, and I had to see if you would be willing to comply with the test.”

Kara leaned back on her heels and folded her arms across her chest, humming a bit as she thought. “Fine, I’ll fight the stupid robot, you’ll just have to let me know when and where. You say you called out to me and arranged the exercise as a way to cover the fact that you know how to reach Supergirl. The director of the DEO might know how to get ahold of me too, I’m not sure.”
Lucy looped her arm through Kara’s and twisted back in the direction of CatCo. “I knew I could count on you Kara,” she said. “Though now since we got all of the shop talk out of the way, you have to tell me more about how you’re going to seduce that wife of yours.”

“Lucy!”

Kara was staring at her tablet intently, focused on the article she was proofreading for her mother when a bright, glaring message appeared across the screen from the security desk in the lobby. Her heart stopped and she could feel her face pale when she read the words ‘Code Paisley’ rolling across her screen in all caps. She had created the code system a few months after she started working at CatCo and made sure that security knew how to use it. It was designed mainly for people that Cat didn’t want to see with varying levels based on the older blonde’s least favorite colors or color schemes. Code Paisley was the worst and reserved for one person, and one person only, Katherine Grant.

She scrambled out of her seat and rushed into her mother’s office. “Ah, Ms. Grant,” she said, drawing the woman’s attention. “Um, your mother is on her way up…”

Cat froze at Kara’s words before her eyes narrowed. “Alright, battle stations then, the dragon is already here, can’t do much about that, but make sure that we have a priest ready, I feel like I’m going to need to exorcise the whole building after she leaves.”

“What if she recognizes me?” Kara hissed, keeping her voice quiet. “She hasn’t been around since I started working here…”

“She hasn’t been around at all Kara, it’ll be fine,” Cat replied softly, squeezing her hand before releasing it and staring out at the office. Kara turned and saw the woman that was technically her grandmother strutting out of Cat’s private elevator and parting the office staff milling about like Moses parting the sea. It was more like their danger senses were fine tuned from working for Cat, and knew to avoid the woman as she sashayed her way into Cat’s office.

“Kitty, how are you?” Katherine greeted, air-kissing the blonde woman. Her eyes glanced over to Kara, barely a look before she was waving her away. “Bring me some gin girl, make it quick.” Kara glanced hesitantly towards Cat and saw her give a slight nod before walking over to the wet bar.

“She’s a bit slow Cat, where did you find her?”

Breathing deeply through her nose, Kara turned around and walked back to the woman. “Your drink Mrs. Grant,” she bit out, her smile wide but teeth clenched.

“That’s gin,” the woman said, glancing down at the glass disdainfully.

“That’s what you asked for Mrs. Grant.”

“Well I obviously meant bourbon you stupid-”

“Keira,” Cat interrupted, “Why don’t you go make a reservation for lunch for my mother and I.” She took the drink out of Kara’s hands and silently willed her to leave the office.

“Oh, I can’t stay for lunch Kitty, I’m in town promoting my new book, and I’m having lunch with my agent to discuss the book signings,” Katherine said, standing up from the couch.
“Dinner then?” The older blonde questioned.

“We’ll have to see, I have a very busy schedule.”

“What did you come here for then mother?” Cat asked, crossing her arms.

Katherine rolled her eyes and swung her purse over her shoulder. “Well I came to see if I could spend time with my grandson, and also I was curious if you still had that grubby little orphan you took in, Kaitlyn something or other…”

Cat grit her teeth as she stared at her mother, her eyes narrowed and hard. “What’s it to you Mother? You’ve made it clear in the past that you don’t care about my daughter, which is one of the reasons that I cut you out of our lives.”

“I just don’t understand why you did it Kitty, if you had wanted another child, you could’ve just arranged to have another baby. You would at least know where it came from, a teenaged orphan though…”

Only the discrete hand Kara placed on Cat’s wrist kept the woman from lashing out at her mother, her claws poised seeking blood. It wasn’t that Kara wasn’t angered by the older woman’s words, she was hurt and seething with rage, but years of training with Batwoman, Batman, and then the Amazons taught her that losing her temper doesn’t solve anything, it just ends up getting her into trouble. She placed her fingers over her mother’s wrist, subtly feeling her pulse and breathing deeply as a way to signal that she needed to calm down. Cat took a deep breath and silently released it before fixing her eyes back on her mother. “I will speak to Carter about possibly seeing you, he is wrapped up with school and sports at present, so I don’t know if he will have time.”

“No time to see his grandmother?”

“Well, you rarely have time to see your daughter, so what do you expect?” Cat snarked back. Katherine just humphed and strutted out the door back towards the elevator, people dodging out of her way and avoiding eye contact for fear of their souls being sucked out.

“Do you want me to try to schedule dinner while she’s here?” Kara asked, looking at her mother.

“You can attempt it, if she cancels, we can go and pretend we’re having a working dinner,” the woman mused. “Somewhere discreet with private tables, not a romantic setting though.”

“I’m on it,” Kara said but before she could head back to her desk, she caught sight of the time. “Um, but first I need to go to a… thing… With the um, the copier.”

Cat waved her hand and Kara jogged out of the office towards the stairwell, speeding up to the roof and changing into her suit on the way, her mask firmly fixed on her face. She flew out to the desert, her eyes zeroing in on the cluster of army vehicles, tents, and people. She impacted the ground with a loud thud, creating a cloud of dust and leaving a small crater behind in her wake.

Once she had straightened, Kara glanced around, instantly separating the DEO agents from the soldiers. General Samuel Lane, someone Kara has thankfully only had the displeasure of seeing from afar until now, was standing toe-to-toe with the director of the DEO Hank Henshaw, secretly J’onn Jonzz of Mars. It was one of the most absurd things she had ever seen, two powerful men posturing, chests puffed out like peacocks as they stared each other down. Glancing around, Kara found that Lucy was the only one who thought it was a ridiculous as she did, rolling her eyes at the men’s behavior.

The two men turned away from each other when they realized that the blonde heroine had touched
down not too far away from them. General Lane turned to her with a sneer on his face, “Glad you could finally make it.”

“As I was trying to tell you two gentlemen before,” Lucy started, interrupting her father before he could continue with his xenophobic posturing. “The executive compliance order signed by the president to force DEO asset Supergirl into assisting with the military testing of this new weapon is void due to the misunderstanding that Supergirl was a DEO asset.” Kara thought that Lucy looked really cool in her dress uniform, the whole image giving off a badass vibe.

“How do you know this?” General Lane asked, narrowing his eyes at his daughter. He never could get over the fact that his oldest daughter cavorted with aliens and his youngest daughter was bisexual. Kara could see that his attitude hadn’t improved by one bit and her general assessment of the man was spot on.

“It’s simple,” the Major continued. “When I arrived in National City, I contacted her. It was fairly easy with her super hearing, and after announcing who I was, she showed herself and we discussed this experiment.” Lucy took the presidential order that was in her hands and ripped it in two, “The president cannot force private citizens to comply, despite what some people believe, but once I discussed everything with Supergirl, she agreed to play along with this demonstration.”

“Why?” General Lane turned a suspicious eye on the blonde and Kara resisted the urge to roll her eyes.

“Since I arrived on this planet, I’ve been taught by many different kinds of people, humans, vigilantes, heroes, goddesses, warriors, I’ve learned something from each one,” Kara said, her body and tone projecting strength. “And the experience has taught me not to turn down a chance to learn something new.”

The man just humphed and walked back to his tent, speaking to a skinny man next to him, someone he referred to as Dr. Morrow. “Thank you for agreeing to assist us Supergirl,” Lucy said, her eyes dancing.

“Why did you agree?” Alex’s voice came and the two turned to find the woman walking up to them. “You’re not an asset, you didn’t have to, so why did you?”

“It’s always smart to be aware of all of the players in the game,” Kara muttered, repeating a phrase her mother had often used.

Alex’s brow rose but before she could speak, the General returned with Dr. Morrow in tow and large, humanoid shaped robot. “This is Project RT, aka Red Tornado, an anti-insurgent android,” General Lane said, his face hard. “You are to battle him to test his combat readiness.”

Kara eyed the android uneasily, scanning the machine with her x-ray vision, but finding patches of lead concealing the wiring and computer chips that powered the android. She could see some of the defenses and weapons imbedded within the android, heat and cold protection, superior strength, flight, lasers, it all made her wonder what the robot was really designed for? She wasn’t stupid, she could tell that the line about it being an anti-insurgent weapon was too well practiced, too well rehearsed to be a real answer.

Supergirl kicked off the ground a flew a few hundred yards away to get the android away from the people milling about, and Red Tornado followed. The movements of the robot were almost human in how it assessed her, and she wondered if it was self functioning or if their was someone behind the controls. As she continued to study the android, it pushed off the ground and flew straight at her. She reacted, quickly kicking it away, but maintaining an open, seemingly defenseless stance. Diana had
taught her to study her enemies, to fully assess them before engaging in a plan of attack. She remembered the androids and robots from Krypton, scientists long ago had decided that artificial intelligence was too dangerous to mess with and outlawed the practice in regards to robots, and instead used them to create holograms to store memories.

The android diverted and swung back around landed on the ground, its arms sticking out in front of it as its hands started spinning, creating a small tornado of air. Realizing why the android was titled Red Tornado, Kara dodged out of the way, weaving back and forth as missiles launched from its arms. The missiles continued to follow her, so she lead them back to the android, dodging at the last minute so the machine took the brunt of the damage. It blew back from the impact, one of its arms breaking off from the explosion. The android twitched on the ground for a moment before taking off into the sky, instantly disappearing from view.

“You!” She heard General Lane bellow and she turned to find the man angrily striding towards her. “This is all your fault!”

“How is this my fault, I didn’t even touch it,” Kara retorted. Her patience with the man was running thin.

The General just growled and turned his attention to Dr. Morrow, “Where did it go?”

“Its self-preservation instincts kicked in and fled, going into stealth mode, 100% undetectable,” Morrow sighed. “There’s no way to track it.”

“This whole exercise has been a disaster, you didn’t deliver on your promise, the weapon didn’t do what it was supposed to, she is still standing.” He waved a wild hand towards her, his face turning purple with anger.

“So it wasn’t an anti-insurgent weapon,” Hank said, stepping into the conversation, “It was anti-Kryptonian.”

“Did you lie to me, to the president in order to test a weapon on Supergirl designed to kill her?” Lucy asked, her eyes hard.

“They have powers beyond anything that we can imagine, it would be foolish not to be prepared in case they go rogue, and the president agrees with me.”

“We’ll see about that,” the Major stated before turning to Dr. Morrow. “As for you, this experiment is over, I’m terminating the Red Tornado project.”

“What? You can’t do that!” The man cried, “This is my life’s work!”

“The project proposal stated that this was to be an anti-insurgent weapon, not anti-alien or anti-Kryptonian, which is a misleading factor, making this entire project not sanctionable and illegal as misappropriation of government funds,” Lucy continued, ignoring the man. “You will find that robot and will disengage it immediately.” She turned away from the two men, effectively dismissing them to speak with Hank. “I apologize for dragging your organization into this mess.”

“It’s not a problem Major Lane,” Hank replied, shaking the woman’s hand before turning to the blonde heroine. “I hope we’ll be able to work with you some more in the future Supergirl.”

Kara didn’t say anything, just shrugged half-heartedly and took off into the sky again, heading back to work. She could occasionally get away with being missing for a while, but anything over an hour got suspicious. Diving towards the roof of CatCo, she quickly changed back into her normal clothes and down the staircase to the office before anyone could see her. She glanced at the clock as she
strode towards her desk and found that she had only been gone for a little over half an hour though it seemed much longer.

The blonde had just settled down into her seat when her phone vibrated with a text message. She fumbled around her desk a bit to find where she had left it while she was out, and quickly located it under a mountain of papers that had stacked up. Once Kara found the device, she opened it, finding a message from Maggie.

*Hey Kara, checking to see if you’re free for dinner tonight with Alex and I? It’s one of the rare times that we both have the night off.*

*Shit,* Kara thought, *I had hoped she’d forgotten.* She set her phone down and scratched at her scalp, she so wasn’t ready for this.

Her phone vibrated again, and Kara glanced down, seeing another message from the Latina. *You can bring a friend if you want, or, you know, someone else ;)*

*Shit, shit, shit.* Kara groaned before typing a response, *I’d love to.*

It only took a few moments for Maggie to respond. *Great! Seven at McHenry’s downtown?*

*Sounds good, see you then!* Kara replied before she could stop herself, why oh why did she do that.

*See you then!*

*Shit…*

Chapter End Notes

This isn't going to go well, I can already tell you because I know. It's not going to go well.

Thanks for all the kudos and comments! Constantly blown away by the support!
Chapter 34

Chapter Notes

Alrighty, here we are! Had some deadlines this week, so no writing, but hoping to get back in the groove this weekend, some dramatic stuff is coming up. I do have the next few written already, but I try to stay ahead in case I lose motivation or a chapter takes a while to get out. Hope you guys enjoy the date! It was a disaster.

Also I have rudimentary knowledge of tornadoes, in that I studied them for a while with a friend of mine, but she was science, I was for artistic endeavors.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Why did you decide to do this?” Alex asked, sipping at the cold pint clutched in her hands.

Maggie sipped at her own pint of beer as she glanced at her girlfriend, her eyebrow quirked in a questioning manner. “I like Kara and you need to get out and be more social.”

“I’m social enough,” the auburn haired woman grumbled as she downed a swig of her beer, wiping the froth off her lip with the back of her hand.

“Well mannered too.” Maggie rolled her eyes, “And I thought you liked Kara?”

“What?!” Alex sputtered, “No, I mean, yes, yes I do like Kara, yes, I just didn’t know why you wanted to have dinner with her, don’t you already meet her occasionally for coffee in the morning?”

“Don’t you?” When Alex didn’t respond, Maggie grinned smugly into her drink, and glanced back up at the entrance of the pub. It was one of their usual spots, other than the alien bar, but if Kara brought Lena with her, Maggie didn’t think it would be safe to have the Luthor around a lot of aliens. Plus Alex didn’t know that Kara was actually an alien, so it would have been too suspicious if they had met at an alien bar.

“Is Kara bringing anyone with her?” Alex’s question broke Maggie out of her thoughts.

“Mhm? Oh, I told her she could, she’ll probably bring Little Luthor.”

Alex just hummed and took another swig of her beer; she still didn’t trust the Luthor, despite the fact that she saved her life by shooting the psycho that was trying to kill her. Kara was basically sunshine personified so she didn’t understand how she became such good friends with Lena Luthor of all people. She spotted the blonde woman walking through the door, and raised her hand to wave her over, freezing when she saw who was walking in with her. “That’s not Luthor…” She mumbled, nearly choking on her beer.

Maggie glanced over where Alex was looking and saw Kara walking towards them with a shorter brunette walking beside her. The brunette was striking with wavy hair that fell just above her shoulders and striking, hazel eyes sparkling with curiosity and mischief. “Kara has a lot of friends, if you haven’t noticed she’s basically a sunbeam, so it makes sense.” She observed Alex as the woman became increasingly uncomfortable as the two women approached, and nearly asked her what was wrong but instead chose to observe the interaction between the women.
“Hi Maggie,” Kara grinned, embracing the shorter woman. She turned her attention to Alex, and stuttered a bit before embracing the other woman as well. Once she had released the auburn haired woman, she turned towards her friend. “Maggie, Alex, this is my friend Lucy Lane. Luce, this is Detective Maggie Sawyer and Agent Alex Danvers.”

“Oh, we’ve met,” Lucy grinned. “Agent Danvers.”

“Major Lane,” Alex bit out, nodding her head. “We met at work today,” she explained, seeing the confused looks on Maggie and Kara’s faces.

The blonde just hummed and rocked on the balls of her feet for a moment, “Small world isn’t it?”

“Yeah…” Maggie drawled out before turning her attention to the blonde and brunette seated across from them. “So how did you two meet?”

“We’ve been friends since high school,” Kara explained, “Lucy was two grades ahead of me.”

Lucy smirked, “We actually dated my entire senior year, went to prom together and everything.” She reached over and brushed her hand against Kara’s arm, “Kara’s the one who got away.”

Alex’s grip on her bottle tightened minutely and her eyes twitched. “That’s…”

“Are you such good friends with all of your exes?” Maggie asked, looking at the blonde, “I mean, that’s a little unusual.”

Kara scoffed, glancing away, “I don’t have that many exes to begin with, just a few… Anyway, I only stay in contact with a few, Lucy and I were friends before we started dating so she’s an outlier.”

“And there’s one of her girlfriends we definitely don’t talk about,” Lucy shook her head. “Right bitch that one, and good riddance too.”

“Seems like there’s an interesting story there,” Maggie commented, sipping at her own beer.

The blonde shrugged, “Not really, just a lot of things unresolved and still bitter feelings. It doesn’t matter though, I haven’t seen her in years, but enough about that, we’re here to have fun and catch up with each other.”

“Yeah like what were Lucy and Alex up to at work today,” the detective said, glancing between the two women.

“Classified,” they both replied at the same time, partially surprising each other.

“It wasn’t really anything exciting and didn’t directly involve us, so it was nothing,” Lucy replied. “What about you two, how did you guys start dating?”

Maggie started telling the story about how the two of them were friends and then decided to start dating after a few months of hanging out. Lucy noticed at the woman was conversing with some slight input from Agent Danvers that the transition from friends to girlfriends was slight, almost as if there never was a big change to begin with. It struck the Major that the two were really just friends with some extra benefits rather than two people that were in a relationship that loved each other. There were also hints that Alex had a thing for Kara, just based on how the auburn haired woman looked at the blonde. She would just have to test her hypothesis for confirmation.

They had ordered their food sometime during their conversation, and the waitress brought over their orders, most of the plates holding Kara’s large order of pub food. It had been a while since she had
watched Kara eat so she just took in the efficiency she used to continuously pack away the calories she needed to function and the amazed expressions on Alex and Maggie’s faces. When they had finished eating, Lucy spotted a dance floor in the back that held a few couples swaying to the light music and an idea formed in the brunette’s mind. “Come on Kara, dance with me,” she ordered, dragging her friend to the back of the pub. The blonde let out a slight whine but complied with her friend and set her arms on Lucy’s shoulders like she did years ago at the brunette’s senior prom while the shorter girl placed her hands on Kara’s hips.

Alex’s hands tightened around her beer bottle again, enough that it shattered in her hand without her noticing. Fortunately many of the enhanced serums she and the other DEO scientist developed have made her and other agents impervious to simple injuries like cut glass. The feeling of crumbling glass still irritated her skin though, so she glanced down and started to wipe the shards off her hand. Maggie stared at her girlfriend in confusion for a moment before looking back at the two women on the dance floor. Kara had always behaved strangely around Alex ever since she introduced them. The detective thought that was Kara just being awkward since she did get awkward on occasion around new people, but it wasn’t that. She was missing something, something important. Glancing over at Kara, Maggie knew that the blonde would answer her questions if she asked, but for some reason, she felt it wouldn’t be right to query her on this subject. She was a detective, it was time for her to do some detective work.

“What was the point of this?” Kara whispered to Lucy as she looked down at her friend curiously.

“Just trying to make the wifey jealous, see what kind of person she is,” Lucy grinned, subtly glancing over at the auburn haired woman. “And it looks like it’s working, she is furious.”

Kara rolled her eyes and stepped away from the shorter woman. “You’re terrible,” she grumbled, walking back to the table.

Lucy smirked, “You love me and you know it.”

When they walked back over to the table, Maggie was helping Alex clean up the broken glass and spilled beer on the table. “I think it’s time for us to call it a night,” Maggie said, looking over at the two women. “This was fun though.”

“Yes, very fun, we should definitely do it again,” Lucy replied, her eyes twinkling.

Alex’s teeth ground together in her mouth, and bent the spoon she was holding in half. “Alex,” Maggie whispered, drawing her girlfriend’s attention. “Are you okay?”

“Yeah, yeah I’m fine, just… I’m fine,” the woman replied. Maggie frowned but decided not to say anything just yet. She knew who she had to ask for information, one of the few people in the world that knew Kara best and would tell her what she wanted to know.

The four women quickly paid for their meals and left the pub, Maggie and Alex splintering off towards the street while Kara and Lucy headed off across the plaza. A low humming sound filtered through Kara’s ears, causing her to slow down as she looked around to locate the noise. “Lucy,” she murmured, gripping her friend’s arm, “Something’s not right…”

“What is it?”

Kara glanced around again before her eyes snapped up, landing on the red robot hovering over them. “Shit, it’s Red Tornado,” she gasped, pulling Lucy backwards a little. She could see the targeting system on the android lock onto Lucy and it’s arms started spinning, generating power. “Luce, it’s targeting you!”
“You’ve got to get out of here,” Lucy ordered, “You’ve got to go be her while I serve as a distraction.”

“Don’t be stupid Lucy! That robot means serious business,” Kara yelled, knocking Lucy out of the way as a car flew at them.

“I know,” the smaller woman groaned out, “That’s why you have to go be a hero, and you can’t do that if you stay here!”

Kara looked at her friend for a moment before dashing off ending up a few blocks away before sprinting down a dark alley and changing into her suit. She took off back towards the plaza and found Lucy on the ground clutching her head with Maggie hovering over her protectively, her radio in her hand calling for backup and relaying updates on the situation. “Supergirl is currently on scene,” Maggie issued last before clicking off the device. “Supergirl, you have to try to contain that thing, the agency is already looking for a way to stop it.”

She read between the lines of Maggie’s statement, Alex had gone looking for the inventor of the machine, Dr. Morrow, to find a way to stop it. If she didn’t succeed, Kara would have to take care of it. The arms of the robot started spinning, creating several twisters of wind directed in concentrated blasts around the plaza. Supergirl raced around blocking people from flying debris and more concentrated blasts of air, but the more she time she spent doing that gave Red Tornado the opportunity to cause more damage.

The comm in her ear flared to life and Kara heard Lena’s voice through the speaker. “Just couldn’t give me this one evening could you,” the other woman grumbled. “You were supposed to be on a double date with your ex-girlfriend, your wife and her girlfriend.”

“I love that you’re continuously amused by my life,” Kara told her, “but I have a bit of a crisis right now.”

“I see that, I installed some transmission software in your mask so I can see what you see when I want. That robot, the military made that?”

“They claim it was an anti-insurgent device but I don’t know, it seems…”

“Seems a bit much for anti-insurgent technology, that’s what I was thinking, and it generated tornadoes with its body?”

Kara watched as the android looked at her for a few minutes before lifting up into her air, his entire lower body spinning. “Shit, he’s making a larger tornado.”

“Supergirl! I know that common wisdom will tell you to just speed in the opposite direction of the wind to stop it, but tornadoes are all made the same way. Recent studies suggest sending a burst of heat to the bottom or cold a the top will stop the tornado faster. You still have to stop the robot so you can’t spend all of your time on the tornado.”

Kara glanced at the spinning tornado and it headed down the street full of cars and fleeing bystanders. She quickly focused her heat vision at the very bottom of the tornado and the burst of superheated air started to unravel the whirlwind. Quickly flying to the top of the twister, she sent a blast of concentrated cold air to get rid of the last of the churning wind.

Out of the corner of her eye, Kara spotted Red Tornado flying away while she dealt with the twister, and quickly changed direction to go after it. The tornado had unraveled completely by the time she went after the android so she didn’t need to make the choice between catching the robot and
protecting innocent people from harm. She broke the sound barrier charging after Red Tornado, latching onto its leg before it could go into stealth mode. The robot’s head twisted around and fired lasers out of its eyes towards her, causing her to let go and reel back. It hadn’t done that when she fought it before, why was an anti-insurgent weapon outfit with lasers in its eyes?

Using her speed to whirl behind the robot, Kara brutally laid into the back of the robot, slamming it back towards the ground. She swiftly followed with more brutal attacks, trying to get the robot to disengage. It seemed like the machine was dead set on search and destroy, so it would be impossible to stop it without destroying it. She didn’t know where Alex was on hunting down Dr. Morrow, but Kara needed to do something quick to get it to stop.

Supergirl pulled back and blew a blast of cold air at the robot’s head, disrupting his senses and targeting system before firing her heat vision towards its chest. When the metal was softened just enough, she wheeled back and sent her hand through the plate, wincing slightly at the pressure of the metal bending around her hand. It was stronger than it looked, designed specifically to withstand super strength, but it was no match for her. Kara had honed her superior strength under Diana’s careful supervision, she knew how to manage her strength, pulling power from different areas of her body. It was risky and would leave her slightly vulnerable while she recharged, but sometimes it was necessary.

Her fingers tangled in wires when she reached the interior of the android and she grabbed hold of them, ripping them out as she picked Red Tornado up and swiftly carried it out to the desert. Kara detected a rapid beeping coming from the inside of the robot, and instantly ripped its head off before tossing it away. The beeping quickened until the robot exploded, both the head and the body vaporizing in a ball of fire and shrapnel. She wondered briefly if it had a self-destruct function in case it was ever captured, hoping to take its enemy with it.

“Supergirl,” Lena’s voice sounded through the comm. “Are you okay?”

“Yeah,” Kara muttered breathlessly, “Yeah, I’m fine, Red Tornado is destroyed. I’m going back to the plaza to check on Lucy and Maggie.”

“I’m going back to sleep, let me know how everything goes in the morning,” her friend yawned out before the connection cut off. Kara took off back towards the city and searched the plaza for her friend, and found her heartbeat in one of the black SUVs pulling away from the scene. She followed them towards a tall building in the city, one a few miles away from the CatCo and L-Corp towers.

Kara touched down just in front of the SUVs as they slowed down, giving the occupants of the vehicles ample opportunity to spot her. The SUV in the front slowed to a stop and Lucy Lane gingerly stepped out of the back. As she approached, Kara nodded her head, “Major Lane.”

“Supergirl,” the woman greeted, “I take it that Red Tornado has been taken care of?”

“It is lying in a smolder pile in the desert,” the hero confirmed.

Lucy nodded, “Good, Agent Danvers succeeded in the successful capture of Dr. Morrow and found that he was partially controlling the android but was unable to stop it as he sent it in self-destruct mode. It turns out that General Lane had commissioned Red Tornado as an anti-Kryptonian weapon, claiming that it was to combat the hostile Kryptonians from Fort Rozz.” The look on her face told Kara exactly how much she believed what she was saying.

“What will happen to them then?” Kara asked.

“Dr. Morrow will be charged, but unfortunately there isn’t much that can be done about General
Lane other than he will be issued a formal reprimand," the major replied. "I would like to offer
gratitude on behalf of the U.S. Army for dealing with the rogue element for us and to issue an
apology that you were dragged into this mess in the first place."

"Thank you Major Lane," Kara nodded before taking off back towards her apartment. She was dead
tired and all she wanted to do was pass out in her bed and sleep. She scratched Krypto behind the
ears as the dog snoozed away in his box before stumbling into her apartment, stripping her suit off as
she went. She was asleep long before her head hit the pillow.

“I didn’t expect to hear from you so quickly,” Maggie said, her voice vanishing in the darkness
around her. She was on one of the viewing decks above National City bay, designed to allow tourists
to get a good view of the bay and the drawbridge, along with the skyline of National City. It had
been a few hours since the Red Tornado incident in the plaza, even longer since she sent that discreet
text during dinner with Alex, Kara, and Lucy. She had been at the station filling out paperwork
when she had received an answering reply, which is why she was waiting on the deck in the early
AM hours.

“I was in the area,” a familiar voice came as Kate Kane melted out of the shadows and moved to
stand next to her ex-girlfriend.

“In the area?” Maggie questioned. “Without telling Kara?” Kate didn’t reply, just continued staring
out at the dark waters. “You don’t want Kara to know.”

“I was a few hours north,” the redhead answered, “Tracking some sellers of venom, seemed like they
had set up shop in Star City and Coast City. When I got your text, I knew that it needed an
immediate, face-to-face response rather than just another text.”

“So you are you going to answer my question?” The detective asked.

Kate thought for a moment, her eyes shifting to look at the woman, “Why didn’t you just ask Kara?”

“She’s too much like her mother, like a weird mixture of Cat Grant and a puppy. I would end up
getting a lot of non-answers, pouting, and fidgeting.” Maggie stifled a smile and rolled her eyes,
“And as amusing as that is to watch, I really do need answers.”

The other woman was silent for a moment before looking back at her, “What do you want to know?”

“Do you know my girlfriend Alexandra Danvers?”

A slight smile crossed her face and she shook her head, “No, I don’t know her.”

“But you’ve heard of her?”

“Kara mentioned you were dating someone, so yes.”

Maggie let out a sigh and turned fully to face her ex-girlfriend, “If I wanted non-answers, I would
talk to Kara. You know I have ways to make you talk.”

“Most of which you can’t do while in a relationship,” Kate said unthinkingly, wincing at the hurt
expression crossing Maggie’s face. “S-sorry,” she stuttered out. “I guess I’m just trying to figure this
entire situation out.”

“Situation?”

Kate smiled wryly, “It’s not every day that your ex-fiancé calls you after not speaking to you for years, and she calls for help about her current girlfriend and your little sister.”

“I…” Maggie didn’t know what to say. It was an awkward situation but she didn’t know what else to do. “It’s not that I didn’t want to talk to you,” the shorter woman replied, licking her lips. “I just didn’t know how.”

The two were silent for a few minutes before Kate spoke again, “Why did you leave, walk away after years of dating as we were planning our wedding?”

“Would you believe that I was afraid?” The detective replied. “You, you scared me, still do really.” Maggie laughed humorlessly, “I love you so much, but you, you love with an intensity and passion, and it’s overwhelming at times. It was so easy to just fall into the love you offered without any restraint or hesitation. Eventually, I didn’t know how to live without it, loving you kept the pain at bay, the absence of my family, their disapproval about who I am…”

When her voice trailed off into silence for a few moments, Kate prompted her to speak again, “So what changed?”

Maggie sighed, “You kept throwing yourself into danger, chasing some of Gotham’s darkest and most dangerous villains, and I know you’re trained but it still scared me. Then you got hurt and I… I got scared. I didn’t know how to live without you, without you love, so…”

“So you walked away before anything could happen,” Kate finished sadly. “You cut yourself out before you were cut off.”

“I know it doesn’t fit with the badass, tough detective image I project, but I do get afraid, especially of losing people that I love.”

Silence stretched between them, heavy and tense, neither wanting to continue the conversation. “Kara and Alex are technically married,” Kate finally broke, “That’s what you wanted to know right? Why Kara is so weird around both of you, that’s why.”

The shorter woman stared at Kate incredulously, “What? Alex never said-”

“She doesn’t know,” Kate hurried out. “As far as Kara believes, Alex doesn’t remember.”

“Explain, now.”

“This was years ago, Wonder Woman had brought Kara back from training on Themyscira, and she had blown out her powers, again.”

Maggie chuckled, “She does that a lot doesn’t she?”

“Less often now, but probably because she’s blown them out more than necessary,” Kate rolled her eyes. “Lena was at my place waiting for her and somehow we ended up going to Vegas for a few days, and Kara met Alex…”

The detective groaned, “Don’t tell me, Kara, dear, sweet, lightweight Kara got drunk, and they ended up getting married.”
“And having wild crazy sex,” Kate confirmed. “Next morning when Kara woke up, Alex was gone and the only thing left was a smudge marriage license with Kara’s name and Danvers on it. Alex didn’t tell Kara her real name, just ‘Lexie.’ She only saw her briefly one night while at a club, but didn’t see her again until Agent Alexandra Danvers attempted to shoot her out of the sky with a Kryptonite dart.”

“Wha- seriously? The DEO tried to shoot Supergirl out of the sky?” Maggie gasped, shocked, “What if the Kryptonite had taken away her powers, she could’ve died!”

“I think you’re focusing on the wrong issue at present.”

Maggie held her hand up, “I’m still trying to process.” Her mind kept repeating the phrase ‘Kara and Alex are married’ over and over again, whirling it around, pushing it, prodding it, before it finally sank in. “Why didn’t she get an annulment?” She asked, “People get married in Vegas all the time.”

“Kryptonians are… well, basically all of Kryptonian marriages were arranged, so they were for life. Divorce is shameful in their culture, so any marriage Kara enters, even if it’s one of haste and drunken decisions…”

“Is a permanent one,” Maggie finished. “Why didn’t she ever say anything though?”

“She was probably thinking about your happiness,” Kate said, “Both of yours. She didn’t want to break up your relationship, especially since Alex didn’t remember her or the night they had, though Kara only remembers bits and pieces of it.”

“She’s too nice for her own good sometimes. She knew that Alex and I were more casually dating than anything else, really better friends than lovers, especially with how Alex has been reacting to Kara.” Maggie smirked a little, “She might not remember Kara, but she’s definitely attracted to her, and she’s definitely attracted to Supergirl, the times she’s chattered on and on about her, it’s rather amusing really.”

“You’re taking this rather well, better than expected really.”

Maggie smiled sadly, “I like Alex, I do, I love her really, but I’m not in love with her, and Kara and Alex, there’s something there, something that could be great any amazing if they got over themselves and actually talked to each other.” She let out a sigh, “I’m going to have to break up with Alex.”

“Are you going to tell her why?”

“I’m going to tell her my reasons,” Maggie confirmed, “But those have nothing to do with Kara and Alex actually being married. No, I realized something standing here talking to you that would make it impossible to keep up a relationship with her. I would rather break up with her now than risk losing her as my best friend. Everything else is really between her and Kara and really none of our business.”

Relief crossed Kate’s face and she closed her eyes, sending up a prayer of thanks to Rao that Maggie wouldn’t tell Alex what Kara was afraid to speak of, before her brain caught up to what her ex said. “Wait, what are your reasons?”

“If you paid attention, you’ll figure it out,” Maggie called as she walked back to her car, leaving Kate standing on the deck. She climbed into her car and leaned her forehead on the steering wheel, releasing a long sigh as the tension trained out of her body. She dreaded the conversation that she was about to face, one that will be more emotional and complicated than talking to her ex for many reasons. She only hoped that Alex understood, she couldn’t continue being in a relationship with her,
not when she was still completely in love with Katherine Kane.

“So…” Alex started, drawing out the word, “We’re breaking up.”

“Yeah,” Maggie muttered, sipping at her bottle of beer. She had driven over to Alex’s place after her conversation with Kate, and sat in her car for a few minutes, thinking about how it was nearly 2 in the morning and she was about to break up with her best friend. It wasn’t a conversation that could really be put off though, so she found herself knocking on the apartment door only a few minutes later. Alex had been awake already, or still depending on how you looked at it, working on paperwork and nursing a beer and a pot of coffee.

“Yes something that I did or…”

“No!” Maggie rushed out, “No, it- this… I just realized some things that’s all. We’re… we’re really better as friends aren’t we? Don’t lie, we don’t really have the passion that many couples together have.”

Alex made to refute but she just thought about Maggie’s words and hung her head. “You’re right,” she replied, “It sucks but you’re right, I guess we always were better as friends, more friends with benefits these past few months.”

“Pretty fun benefits though,” Maggie winked and gave the auburn haired woman a wide grin with full dimples showing. It dimmed slightly when she remembered the conversation they were having, “I just… I realized this was unfair to keep doing this.”

“Is this about how I acted at dinner?” Alex asked, “With Kara and Lucy, and the whole… beer bottle incident.”

Maggie smirked, “Not really, though Danvers, you have got it bad and really need to get that sorted out. No I just realized that while I do love you, I’m not in love with you.”

“You still love her don’t you?” Alex asked, “Your ex-fiancee?”

“Kate? Yes, still do, probably always will. I don’t know if I deserve her after what I did, deserve her forgiveness, but I want to try. You deserve better than someone who’s heart belongs to someone else.”

The agent bumped Maggie’s shoulder lightly, a small smile on her face, “Awe Sawyer, that might be the nicest thing anyone has ever said to me.” She wiped away at a tear that was threatening to roll down her face, “And Kane would be lucky to have you, you know? You’re a hell of a woman.”

“You say the nicest things Danvers,” she replied, returning the bump to the shoulder. “So we’re good, friends?”

“Can’t get rid of me that easy, how else are you going to plan to woo the elusive Kate Kane.”

Maggie waved her hand, “Oh no, that will come when it comes. I definitely need some time to myself though to work through why I walked out on Kate in the first place, that is something that I need to get over. No, what we will be working on is your game plan for Kara.”
“Wha- What game plan?” Alex stuttered, choking on her coffee. “I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“Right, and you crushed a bottle of beer in your hand just because you were happy about seeing Kara dancing with Major Lucy Lane, her introduced ex-girlfriend.” Alex grit her teeth at the mention of the major’s name and Maggie smirked. “See?” She pointed out, “My point exactly.”

Alex waved her hand, “Okay, okay, so I may have a tiny, tiny crush on Kara, it isn’t a big deal.”

“Oh no Danvers, this is a big deal,” Maggie proclaimed, “You are going to keep getting to know Kara, and since you are officially unattached now, you are going to woo her, turn up the Danvers’s charm.”

“Danvers’s charm?”

“Of course,” the detective said with a wink, “You learned it from me after all.”

Chapter End Notes

Who doesn't love a jealous Alex? Also I tossed in vague references to some super serum, not like really super, but enough to make her a bit more durable, if you know what I mean, wink wink, nudge nudge, whatever. I don't write explicit stuff, but something to keep in mind for the future.

We're getting closer to the end... Well I am, enjoy the ride while we get there.
Chapter 35

Chapter Notes

I don’t really remember much about this chapter, it was a last minute addition when I was starting the chapter that was originally going to follow chapter 34, I decided that there needed to be something else, so this was the chapter bridging the two. Chapter 36 starts part 4, so this chapter officially concludes Part 3, and 300+ pages in my doc.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“I do not cavort with the enemy,” Cat commented, not looking up from the papers spread out on her desk. She had heard the barely perceptible sound of feet landing on her balcony, one that she had become attuned to since she adopted a flying alien. She had stayed late to work at the office since both of her children were busy that night and Cat didn’t see the point of returning to an empty penthouse. With Kara preoccupied that night, that reduced the number of people capable of landing on her balcony, and prior experience has limited down to one. Cat glanced up and her eyes landed on the figure of Kara’s aunt Astra lurking on her balcony.

“Since when have I been labeled as the ‘enemy’?” Astra asked, stepping into the office. “I believed we had established a connection over the years.”

“You're the one that declared yourself the enemy by attacking my daughter,” Cat replied, folding her hands. “You put yourself on the other side.”

“An unfortunate but necessary situation.”

“And breaking into Maxwell Lord’s company, care to tell me what that was about,” the blonde continued, returning her attention to her papers. “Don’t tell me stealing some second rate technology is part of your master plan.”

“It is,” Astra breathed out, “a necessary evil, humans must be protected from themselves. I will not fail another planet.”

Cat rolled her eyes and looked back up at the woman, “You keep saying that, like you were personally responsible for letting Krypton die, from what Kara has told me and what she has managed to glean from that pod of hers and whatever was left to her cousin, Krypton’s downfall started long before any of you were alive.”

“It still could have been saved, much like your world can,” the darker woman defended, her eyes flashing dangerously. “I will not see another place that Kara calls home be destroyed by human foolishness.”

“So you are doing this for Kara,” Cat looked up at Astra with interest. “Despite the way you treat her, you do still care about her. I wondered for a while. You know, keeping the fact that you were alive from her got me in a lot of trouble, it really hurt her, we both did. Haven’t you hurt her enough for one life?”
“I’m trying to keep her from being hurt!”

The blonde just hummed in disbelief and moved to pour herself a drink from her mini-bar. “That I highly doubt,” she stated dryly after taking a healthy sip of her bourbon. “Alura and Astra In-Ze,” Cat mused, staring at the woman for a moment. It looked as if Cat was staring into her very soul and Astra nearly took a step back at the expression on her face. “Kara has of course told me about both of you, her mother and aunt, identical sisters. Different guilds, different ways with dealing with things, and yet you both hurt Kara in similar ways.” Cat took another sip of her drink, but her eyes continued boring in the Kryptonian’s, “Alura sent Kara away, and you’re pushing her away, results in the same thing, Kara being hurt.”

Before Cat could blink, Astra was right in front of her face, her eyes glowing, “You have no idea what you’re talking about, no idea how much I care about her.”

“You wouldn’t even tell her that you were alive, she had to find out by you attacking her,” Cat retorted, not afraid of the infuriated woman. Her previous dealings with her have indicated that Astra wouldn’t hurt her, not with her powers anyway, only with words.

“That… that is none of your concern,” the brunette stated, stepping away. “You’re human, you couldn’t possibly understand the depth of love I hold for my niece.”

Cat sat down on one of her couches, crossing her legs to stare at the woman, “Explain it to me then, why you’re doing what you’re doing and how you could possibly think that anything you’ve done is for Kara’s benefit?”

“Your planet is heading for destruction,” Astra explained, choosing to remain standing. “I will not let humans destroy their world the way we destroyed ours, Kara deserves more than that.”

The blonde woman waved her hand, “I know all of that, you’ve stated that, what I wanted to know about are your motives, why are you treating Kara the way you are? Why are you the way you are? You told me once you love Kara like she’s your own…”

Astra froze, Cat’s words sending her in a tailspin. This woman, this human woman wanted to know her, wanted to know her reasonings, her thoughts, why she did what she did and why she’s doing what she’s doing now. No one has ever asked before, but the only ones left to ask are Non, her soldiers, and Kara, though none of them would ever think to ask. She sank down onto one of the chairs across from the Cat lady, her eyes wary. “You’re not going to print what I say in your silly little reading pamphlet are you?”

Cat hummed, her eyes flashing dangerously, “First, it’s a magazine, you’d think after all your years on Earth you would know that, second, why would I publish this conversation? Yes, I would get readers, but as someone raising an alien daughter, I understand the value of privacy.”

The Kryptonian stared at her for a moment before looking away, staring behind her out over the city shining brightly against the darkened sky. “Kryptonians are born in pods,” Astra said finally after a few minutes, “The birthing matrix and the codex, they’re used to decide who a person will be, exactly what they will be, that way the population can be controlled and people can always have a place. It had been that way for hundreds of years, no surprises, no abnormalities.” She paused for a moment before continuing, “Until my sister and I were born. Twins were never heard of, not while using the birthing matrix that controlled every aspect of the process, but, well, Alura and I never liked fitting into the mould. By the time they noticed something unusual, our cells had already divided and we were both in the pod, living, growing. Our parents had planned for someone to follow them in the judiciary guild, and through tests they determined that Alura held that leaning, though I retained a strong sense of justice. My cells had to be slightly reprogrammed though and was
geared more as a warrior.” Astra fingered the silver streak of hair on her head, “That is why I have this while my sister did not.”

“Kara had told me that she had chosen the arts guild,” Cat mused, “Was she always meant to choose that guild?”

Breathing out a laugh, Astra shook her head, “No, no, Kara, Kara was different, special, but of course you know that.” She hummed, her eyes bright and smiling even as she talked, remembering a time and world long gone. “Kara was granted possibilities, everything the codex could offer, nothing was held back from her. This was mainly because Alura and Zor-El couldn’t decide between the judiciary and science guilds for their child.” She barked out a laugh, “They would’ve been shocked to know she chose the arts, proud of course, for paving her own path, but shocked.”

Her voice trailed off as she thought of her sister and her niece, both once bright spots in her life, now shroud in darkness for different reasons. “Alura and I,” she continued, “We grew up close, thick as thieves as you humans would say, but that changed when we separated into our guilds. Alura was older and took to the judiciary guild quite quickly, and made a well match into the house of El. My husband, Non… he is lesser than I in status and position, but we were still matched, mostly as a way to connect our houses and build alliances, which is an important part of the military guild. We were constantly denied the right to a child, something about Non’s genetics being systematically inferior in many ways.” Astra glanced down at her hands, “Part of me can’t help but feel that was a blessing now, with how everything turned out. Kara was enough for me, more than enough.”

“How were you imprisoned?” Cat questioned, “Oh Kara’s told me why of course, but how, you don’t seem like the type to get caught.”

“My sister used Kara to trap me,” the brunette growled. She took a small device out of her pocket and held it between her hands. “Our spy beacons,” she explained, “One of a pair, Kara had the other. Whenever she wanted to see me, Kara would leave a light on the beacon and I would follow it to her. Alura knew of course, and had Kara call me to her, which gave my sister opportunity to sentence me to life in prison, eternal damnation.”

“No love lost between sisters then,” the blonde hummed. “I can’t entirely relate, but I’ve always had an adversarial relationship with my mother, though she hasn’t been around much in recent years since I adopted Kara. She never approved, she always has a way of tearing people down, making them feel less than dirt.”

Astra nodded, “I’ve observed her, she resembles this race of beings from a planet I visited early in my years in the military guild. They resembled your lizards, just larger and more humanoid, and breathed fire.”

“That’s my mother,” Cat clicked her tongue. “Spits fire and venom, full of piss and vinegar, it’s a wonder she doesn’t burst into flames when she encounters sunlight.” At the confused look on Astra’s face, Cat waved her hand, “Human folklore.” The two women sat quietly for a moment, thinking about their similar lives and circumstances despite being light years and worlds apart. “Do you still want to do it?” Cat asked finally, “Do you still want to take over the world?”

“I don’t want to take over the world,” Astra said, standing from the couch. “I want to save it, protect it from humans. You have given me much to think about.”

Before Astra could take off the balcony, Cat’s voice stopped her in her tracks. “Ponder, debate, take all the time you need,” the blonde said, standing from her seat to approach the Kryptonian, “But make no mistake, if you continue to hurt Kara, break her heart in the way that you have been doing, I will find a way to destroy you if it’s the last thing I do.” Her eyes flashed dangerously, her words
punctuated with emotion, “I will kill you to save my daughter the heartbreak, do not underestimate me.”

Astra stared at the woman wide eyed before pushing off the balcony, disappearing quickly in the darkness. Cat watched her leave for a moment as she finished her drink, and turned one of the TVs on to distract her from her thoughts. She quickly realized her mistake though as images of Supergirl fighting a creepy red robot flash across the screen. One of her CatCo News choppers was broadcasting the footage, and she quickly called the pilot to confirm if he was live or not. Cat watched as Kara was knocked back by a tornado and one was unleashed on the people and cars nearby. She held her breath as Kara quickly defused the tornado and chased the android, taking it down further in the desert. She ordered the pilot to maintain his distance, not wanting to distract Supergirl from her task or put her pilot at risk.

A few moments later, a large explosion could be seen in the distance, and a red and blue blur shot off returning towards National City. The breath that had caught in her throat escaped as a relieved sigh, and Cat slumped back on her couch. “I didn’t take into account the stress of having a superhero for a daughter,” she grumbled, rubbing at her face. “I’m going to need to arrange a meeting with my therapist.”

She lingered in her office for a few minutes before gathering her purse and calling her driver to take her home. Her mind was split between worrying for her daughter and the conversation she had with Astra. Cat hoped that her words made a difference to the woman, she didn’t think her daughter would survive losing her aunt.

Krypto’s ear perked up when he heard a light knock on the apartment door and he turned his furry head towards the sound. He waited for a few moments for Kara to get up to check on the sound, and when she didn’t, he shuffled back into the apartment and padded silently towards the door. Sitting down, Krypto waited for the sound to return and was rewarded only a few seconds later. Sniffing the air, he quickly identified the person on the other side of the barrier, and carefully nosed the lock and opened the door. He sat back and wagged his tail as the person came into view, and snuffled her hands looking for treats.

“Thanks Krypto,” Maggie whispered, scratching him behind the ears, “where’s Kara?”

He pointed his nose in the direction of the bedroom where he could hear his person breathing deeply, still unconscious to the world. The woman moved to head to where Kara was, but Krypto parked himself in her path, still smiling and wagging his tail, nosing her for a treat. Maggie sighed and moved to the kitchen, searching for where Kara hid Krypto’s treats until she looked in the refrigerator and found a large box labeled ‘Krypto.’ Peeling off the lid of the container, the detective found large, homemade treats, and fished one out, dropping it in the dog bowl for Krypto while she trotted up to Kara’s bed. The dog demolished his treat before licking his bowl clean and returning to his house on the balcony to sleep for the rest of the night. He thought briefly about checking what Maggie wanted with his person, but reasoned that someone who smells as nice as Maggie didn’t mean any harm.

Maggie took in Kara’s sleeping form as best as she could in the limited light streaming in through the window. The blonde was curled up on her side, facing away from the window, her hair spread out on the pillow behind her and light breaths coming from her mouth. She wanted to be annoyed with her, she partially was really, if Kara had been honest from the beginning, Maggie wouldn’t have
been another month into a relationship she knew wouldn’t go anywhere.

Sighing, she turned away from the blonde and lightly sat down on the bed, rubbing at her face. Why did she come here, to Kara’s apartment? What was she looking for by seeing the younger woman? The truth, revenge, absolution, all of them, none of them? Maybe she was just seeking out comfort, and she knew from experience that Kara gave the best hugs, full of warmth and care. It was near impossible to hate the girl, which was frustrating at present.

“Mags?” Kara’s sleep filled voice broke Maggie out of her thoughts and she turned around to find sleepy blue eyes staring at her. “What are you…” Confusion flittered across her face as she struggled to find the words she was looking for, “Did you break into my apartment?”

Maggie couldn’t help but chuckle at the expression on Kara’s face and ran her fingers through soft blonde hair. “No, Little Bat, Krypto let me in,” she shot the girl a slight grin. “He’s a good guard dog.”

Kara let out a sigh and slumped down on her bed, muttering a low “bad Krypto” for the dog to hear, only to be answered by a ‘woof’ and the wagging of his tail. He really was a terrible guard dog, except when Carter was over, then he couldn’t be peeled away for anything, and wouldn’t let anyone in or leave the apartment except for Kara, Cat or Lena. One time Carter’s father had to pick him up from Kara’s apartment because he had been taking Krypto for a walk, and when Kara came home that night, the dog had trapped the man in the bathroom while he and Carter continued to watch TV. Kara had to let him out and pretend to scold Krypto, but later she gave him a large treat and long belly rub. Her tired mind ran over Maggie’s words again before catching on a phrase she hasn’t heard in awhile. “You called me Little Bat,” Kara said, turning over to better look at the detective. “You haven’t called me that in years, not since you and Kate broke up.”

The older woman smiled sadly and stared out the window, her eyes lost. “I couldn’t,” she whispered after a few minutes, “It hurt too much.”

Shuffling up in bed, Kara gave the woman her full attention; she knew Maggie, not as well as her other friends, but they talked a lot when the detective was dating Kate, she knew that the woman wouldn’t have just randomly showed up at her apartment, basically using her dog to break in without a reason. “Mags,” Kara started softly, not wanting to spook the distressed woman. “Hey, what’s wrong?”

“You could have told me you know,” Maggie murmured after a few minutes.

Kara scrunched her face in confusion and placed a hand on the older woman’s shoulder. “Told you what?”

Maggie shrugged off the hand and turned to face the blonde. “You should’ve told me you and Alex were married,” she said, staring hard into blue eyes. “A real friend would've told me.”

The Kryptonian’s eyes widened and Maggie briefly took pleasure in being able to surprise the girl before reality hit her like a brick. “I…” Kara started, unsure as to what to say. “I didn't, I don't… I don't know what to so.”

“How about the truth for once?”

“That's not fair Maggie.”

“No!” The detective yelled, standing up, “What's not fair is letting your friend unknowingly date your wife without telling her. What's not fair is letting that friend tug you around, rubbing their
relationship in your nose. What's not fair is not telling your friend she made the biggest mistake of her life by walking out on her fiancé, the love of her life because she was scared.” Tears welled in her eyes as she screamed before escaping down her cheeks as she broke down in sobs, slowly slumping to the floor.

Kara scrambled out of the bed to catch the detective before she could hit the floor and pulled her into a tight hug. “Shhhh, Maggie, it’s okay,” she murmured, tugging her back up on the bed with her.

“It’s not,” Maggie muttered, rubbing her face into Kara’s chest. “It’s not, I loved Kate, still love her, and I walked away from her, away from our wedding, our future because I was scared to lose her.”

“What?” Kara asked, her eyes wide.

Maggie pushed back away from the blonde and wiped her eyes. “That’s why I left,” she explained, sniffling slightly. “I… She kept throwing herself into danger with the Joker, Penguin, Scarecrow, Cheetah. Every time she went out on a mission that Batman sent her on or just chasing criminals, it would scare the hell out of me.”

“Don’t you think Kate was worried about you too Mags? I mean, you were out there too, chasing all of those bad guys, getting shot at, and she didn’t shy away from you Maggie, in fact I think it caused her to hold onto you tighter.”

“That’s different.”

“How is it different?”

Shaking her head, Maggie changed the conversation, “That doesn’t explain why you didn’t tell me that you were married to my girlfriend.”

“Who told you?”

“Does it matter?”

Kara looked at her for a moment before sighing and shrugging slightly, “No, I guess it doesn’t…” Her voice trailed off, her eyes dropping to the space on the bed between them. “I guess… I guess I just didn’t want to hurt you. I don’t really know Alex, not really, we got married after a drunken night in Las Vegas, and had one night together. She doesn’t remember me, and I don’t see the point of bringing it up.”

“Kara, you basically mate for life,” Maggie said, reaching out to squeeze her forearm. “Once you form that lifelong commitment, like marriage, with someone, you’re in, you have to tell her.”

“I don’t want to force her into it,” Kara replied. “She’s with you, she doesn’t… she doesn’t like me like that.”

Maggie had to hold back a snort of disbelief at her words, “Oh please, she is so into you, it’s painful to watch sometimes, the thirst is real in that one.” She rolled her eyes a bit, “And besides, we’re not together anymore, I broke up with her tonight, the relationship couldn’t go anywhere, not with her being technically married and me still head over heels for my ex-fiancée.”

“Oh Mags, I’m sorry,” Kara started, “I didn’t mean-”

“No, no,” Maggie cut her off. “It’s alright, it wasn’t… I think we both kind of knew that we were better off as friends, she’s one of the best friends I’ve ever had really. We both just kind of… got tired of being single and decided to give dating a try. Long term wouldn’t have really worked, we
both lacked the passion for each other needed in a healthy relationship.”

“Still… I really sorry Mags.”

The detective lightly punched the superhero on her arm, ignoring the stinging pain that shot through her hand. “Just take care of my best friend Grant, Danvers, whatever your last name is, and we won’t have any problems.”

“I just… I can’t tell her yet Mags,” Kara shook her head. “It isn’t the right time.”

“I’m not going to pressure you to tell her, that wouldn’t be cool. I know that you know you need to tell her, and I believe you will eventually, on your own terms.”

“You’re far more understanding about this than I thought you would be.”

Maggie grimaced and shrugged slightly, “Well, to be honest, I didn’t come over here intending to do any of this. My original plan was to scream and yell at you, and then drink whatever was left of the collection of alcohol you have here, so that I would end up at work tomorrow with a splitting headache.”

“How about we just to sleep?” Kara suggested, laughing weakly, “I mean, you’re not the only one that has to work tomorrow, and I’m exhausted from dealing with a rogue robot.”

“Married and trying to take another woman to bed,” Maggie tisked while Kara just rolled her eyes.

“Fine, you stay up, while I go back to sleep,” Kara humphed, climbing back under the covers and rolling to face away from the older woman.

“Oh come on Kara, don’t be like that,” Maggie chuckled. The blonde just sighed and snuggled down into her covers. The detective considered leaving for a moment but it was late and she was emotionally and physically exhausted from the day. Standing up from the bed, she stripped her shoes and pants off, and shed her jacket as she made her way to the dresser. She pulled out a pair of yoga pants and a tank top, and quickly put them on before moving back to the bed. Climbing in bed Kara, Maggie shuffled closer to the heat radiating alien, and wrapped an arm around her, pressing her front into the younger woman’s back.

“Mags,” Kara murmured, her voice heavy with sleep. “Are you spooning me?”

“I’m tired Little Bat,” Maggie responded, the warmth from the woman lulling her into sleep. “And you’re warm, go to sleep.” She breathed out a sigh and buried her face in soft blonde hair, inhaling the slight fragrance of peaches and vanilla. ‘Alex always liked eating peaches,’ she thought before drifting off to sleep.

Shuffling sounds outside of her apartment and the lock on her door turning pulled Kara out of her sleep and into the waking world. She blinked a little as her mind entered awareness and identified the heat radiating behind her as Maggie. “Well this is a surprise,” Lena’s voice sounded and Kara glanced down to see her best friend smirking at her. “Something you need to tell me about what happened last night?”

“Shut up Lena,” Kara groaned, dislodging herself from the detective’s hold to sit up in bed. Lena just
smirked again and trotted back to the kitchen to pull food out for breakfast. The blonde rubbed at her face in an attempt to wake up, while she poked Maggie in the shoulder. “Mags, Maggie! Wake up,” she said, rousing the woman into wakefulness.

“Mhm, Kara?” Maggie murmured, blinking herself away, “Kate was right, you are really snuggly.” Kara sputtered a bit, causing Maggie to crack a grin as she sat up. “Calm down Kara, geez, you’re so easy to rile up.”

“Keep it PG guys, there are innocent ears present,” Lena called back from the kitchen, causing Kara to roll her eyes.

“Leaves you out then Luthor,” Maggie replied, hopping up off the bed. The two started bickering while Kara just stared at them, wondering when her life got so weird that her best friend found her snuggled in bed with her sister’s ex-fiancée.

“Hey Mags,” Kara said quietly, drawing the older woman’s attention. “Are we okay?”

Maggie smiled, her dimples in full view, “Yeah Little Bat, we’re good. Just give me a few days, and I can start helping with your plan to woo Alex.”

Kara started to sputter, and Lena just looked at Maggie curiously before realization dawned in her eyes. “Ah, you’re in the know now aren’t you?” She asked, a large grin on her face.

“Yeah,” Maggie nodded, “And while I wish Kara had told me, things actually make sense now, and Kara and Alex would definitely make a good couple.”

“Right?” Lena stated, “You’re a shipper now too aren’t you, they make a hot couple.”

“They need a ship name,” the detective continued, ignoring the sputtering protests from the blonde.

“I’ve just been referring to them as Kalex, has a fun ring to it.”

Maggie smirked and shot a wink at the blushing superhero, “Kalex, I like it, so we just need a plan to get Kalex together.”

The two continued to talk and make breakfast while Kara just sighed and sat down at the kitchen island. “You guys are the worst.”

Chapter End Notes

Now that that's all cleared up, we can move on to the meaty, emotional messy part of the story before the happy ending. I deserve a happy ending after coming this far, we deserve a happy ending, it's going to happen.

On a slightly separate note, I'm curious as to what story tropes people stay away from, like I don't read any Kara g!p stories, for various reasons, though I'm sure some of them are very well written. I do love soulmate and time travel tropes though, so what tropes, common plot devices, do people avoid and which ones to you just read no matter what?
Chapter 36

Chapter Notes

Howdy folks, welcome back to update day! With our most recent installment of When Stars Fall, this is part four coming to you live on this Friday evening, or whenever you decide to read the story. So while the other previous parts I’ve kept at around 100 pages each, part four will be longer, considering I’m already at 50 pages and maybe 1/3 of the way through. It is the last section of the story though, so you have that to look forward to. I hope you guys look forward to all of the family and relationship drama. Family comes first, because this is foremost a family show, how a family is formed, more than just the people we share blood or our names with, family is the love that bonds us to people we care about. You’ll see those bonds rattle, shake, wither to basically nothing, but not give out.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“So Thanksgiving is coming up,” Kara commented, glancing over at her best friend. They were having their weekly breakfast at Noonan’s before they both had to head into work, Lena with her coffee and bagel, and Kara her latte and four sticky buns. “It’s your first one since moving back to National City, are you going to Metropolis or are you going to continue our Thanksgiving tradition and spend it with Mom and I?”

“Unless Lillian calls me back to Metropolis in some sort of family bonding moment,” Lena mused. “Or, heaven forbid, she comes here.”

Kara had the displeasure of meeting the woman before and she gave a full body shiver at the thought of the woman coming to National City. “That… that wouldn’t be good,” she said, shaking her head.

“Especially with the large alien population in the city.”

“Did you find anything else about… what was it, Cadmus?” Kara asked. Her friend had mentioned before about finding records with the name, but never said anything else about it.

Lena’s eyes widened and she set down her coffee. “I forgot,” she said after wiping her mouth. “I have looked into it some more, haven’t found much, but what I have found it’s not good.”

“Cadmus was a greek hero wasn’t he?” Kara asked, thinking back to her myths and legends class. Many of the creatures from the legends sounded like actual alien species, but Kara couldn’t know for sure.

“Yes,” the brunette nodded, biting into her bagel, “He was one of the first actually. The first king of Thebes and was a monster slayer, which is the image this group is trying to portray.”

“What?”

“It’s an anti-alien group,” she explained. “Started up sometime after Superman exposed himself, which inadvertently exposed the existence of aliens to the general populace. Pretty much like the
Nazis, they want to cleanse the world from the alien infestation, that’s what they claim anyway.”

“So what they say is different from what they are?”

Lena hummed a bit before answering, “Well, they are anti-aliens, but it seems they’re more into experimenting on them, figuring out how they work to advance humanity, some humanity anyway. Still very Nazi-like, but also a very poorly disguised method of world domination.”

“Typical bad guy stuff then.”

“Yes, and my mother is involved with it up to her perfectly plucked eyebrows, mark my words,” Lena replied, finishing her bagel. “I don’t know if Le- if he was involved, but she definitely is, why else would it be in my company’s private servers?”

“You’ve said that before Lee.”

“I know, but it’s entirely annoying that all of this was going on right under my nose,” she grumbled. “Do you know how many staff I’ve had to fire to root out the infestation? And I don’t even know if I’ve gotten them all because some of them are really good employees and really good at hiding their prejudice.”

“So what are you going to do?”

Lena shrugged, “Wait until they screw up, and hope that it isn’t something catastrophic that ends up hurting people or the company.” She waved her hand around, “Enough about me though, what about you, what are you going to do about Alex?”

Kara averted her eyes and fiddled with her cup, “I don’t know what you mean.”

“Oh come on Kara, it’s been what, a month since Alex and Maggie broke up, and you’ve been actively avoiding Alex since then,” Lena pointed out. “You can’t keep hiding forever.”

“I’m not hiding from her,” Kara retorted. “I just don’t know what to do.”

“Seduce her.”

The blonde nearly spit out the drink she had taken at Lean’s words. “I’m not going to seduce her,” Kara protested and Lena nodded.

“You’re right, some of the looks she’s been giving you indicate that it wouldn’t take much seduction, more like just making known you’re interested and she’ll jump in your bed.”

“Lena,” Kara hissed, shooting her friend a dark look.

The brunette just shrugged and glanced up at the door, a wicked grin appearing on her face. “Well, speak of the devil,” she said, and Kara knew instantly that Alex had walked through the doors. Before Kara could stop her, Lena was waving the woman over with a call of “Danvers.”

Alex saw her and ordered her coffee before walking over to sit down with them, choosing the seat next to Kara. “Hey,” she greeted, “Haven’t seen much of either of you this past month.”

Lena kicked Kara under the table, knowing that it wouldn’t hurt but it would annoy her best friend. The blonde shot her a dirty look before looking back at Alex. “We heard about your break up with Maggie,” she said. “Figured you wanted some time by yourself.”

The agent just shrugged, “I’m fine, it’s fine, Maggie and I were always better off as friends anyway.
I knew that she was still in love with her ex when we got together, but we were both really lonely, just wanted to stave off the loneliness a little."

“\text{"I can understand that, no shame in that,” Lena replied. “I have to go though, no rest for the CEO of a billion dollar company. Kara, I’ll text you later about Thanksgiving.”}

Kara resisted the urge to glare at her friend as Alex moved around the table to take Lena’s vacated seat. “You guys are spending Thanksgiving together?” Alex asked, drawing the blonde’s attention.

“We usually do,” Kara replied. “When we met in middle school, Lena would spend Thanksgiving with me and my adoptive family until she moved back to the east coast for school.”

“Adoptive family? I didn’t know you were adopted.”

“My parents died when I was thirteen in um, in a fire.”

“Oh,” Alex whispered, “I’m sorry.”

“No, it’s fine, I mean, it still hurts, but they’re always with me you know?” Kara continued, staring into brown eyes, “And, I mean, I have my mom and my little brother now, and amazing friends, even if I don’t see all of them all the time, so it didn’t turn out too bad.”

“My father died too,” the brunette said after a few minutes. “I mean, I was older, just past my 16th birthday. He went to work for this government agency and just… Never came home.”

“I’m sorry Alex…”

Shaking her head, Alex smiled sadly, “It’s just me and my mom now, though she can be… A bit much sometimes.”

“Are you going to see her for Thanksgiving?”

“She’s coming here. She’s been doing some lecture tours around the world, so rented her house out to some grad students back in Midvale studying at the local university. It’ll be easier if she comes here too since I might have to work.”

“Working on Thanksgiving,” Kara shook her head, remembering all of the times she’s had to pull her mother away from work so they could have Thanksgiving dinner together. Most often, Kara would eat the entire turkey herself while Cat demolished a salad and half a bottle of wine, especially since Carter’s dad had him for Thanksgiving. “My mom does that a lot, she tends to get wrapped up in things.”

“I spend a lot of time in my lab,” Alex admitted, “My boss has to make me leave sometimes or I forget to shower, or eat.”

“Now that truly is a crime,” Kara cracked a smile, causing the other woman to wink at her. Kara felt a flush creep up her neck and willed her face not to redden any further, but it didn’t work since the brunette just smirked at her.

The blonde finished her plate of sticky buns and her drink while Alex drank her own breakfast. Her phone chimed on the table and she glanced down, seeing a text from Winn flash across her screen. ‘\text{"Why is Leslie Willis in Ms. Grant’s office?’}

Kara rolled her eyes at the text and decided not to answer. The DJ of CatCo late night radio has been a thorn in her side ever since her mother hired her. She was crass, rude, ruthless, and thought far too
much about her opinion, which she shared freely across the airwaves for her fans and followers. Recently, the woman had become more vocal against Supergirl, something that Cat wouldn’t stand for since Supergirl and CatCo were linked entities. It didn’t surprise her after Leslie’s recent tirade the previous night that her mother had called her into her office, most likely to read her the riot act. ‘I don’t know you’re the one that’s there,’ Kara typed out a quick reply and then put her phone away.

“Problem?” Alex asked, watching her actions curiously.

“Just one of my coworkers, he wanted to know why Ms. Grant was in a meeting with someone so early in the morning,” Kara replied. “Especially since I’m not even there yet.”

“Grant not often have meetings before 8 in the morning?”

“Not usually, unless she needs to contact one of the overseas branches, but she had to call the nighttime DJ in this morning.”

“Nighttime DJ, you don’t me Leslie Willis do you?”

“You listen to late night CatCo radio?” Kara teased, “Never knew that about you Danvers.”

“Well there’s not much else to listen to in National City late at night, and the rage at listening to Willis’s opinion for a few hours on end kept me awake through the late shift,” Alex replied, a teasing smile on her face. “Honestly, I don’t know why Grant hired her, she doesn’t seem to fit the image of CatCo, she’s…”

“Crass, crude, idiotic?”

Alex let out a laugh that caused Kara’s heart to twinge slightly. “Yes, all of those things, Grant doesn’t seem the type to suffer fools easily and only want the best around her.” She sent Kara a wink, “I mean, she hired you as her assistant.”

Her heart warmed and her breath caught in her throat as she looked in the smiling brown eyes across from her. “I-I need to go, get to work and all that,” Kara stuttered out, packing up her things. “I have to get Ms. Grant’s latte and make sure the rest of her day is lined up after this meeting.”

“Don’t let me keep you, I have to get to work as well,” Alex replied, standing up to see Kara out. “I hope it’s not another month before we see each other again Kara.”

“Of course, just text me, just because you and Maggie broke up doesn’t mean that we can’t be friends.”

The word ‘friends’ tasted sour on her mouth even as she said them, and she walked out of Noonan’s, leaving Alex behind staring after her.

“I’m really sorry about Leslie Mom,” Kara murmured as she helped her mother prepare Thanksgiving dinner. “I didn’t realize that I could conduct electricity like that, I mean, I was hit, but she was the one that got hurt.”

“It’s not your fault Kara, you saved her life, whatever kind of life she’ll have after this anyway,” the older woman replied. “No, Leslie being up in that chopper was my fault, I really should have just
moved her to a time with less ear-traffic, or moved her to a smaller radio station outside of the city.”

“You wouldn’t fire her?”

“No, for all of Leslie’s faults, and there are many, she is still exceptionally good at her job,” Cat mused. “She does like to stir up a controversy.”

“Controversy seems to be her default setting Mom and that’s not always a good thing,” Kara countered. “Do you want me to heat up the turkey? It hasn’t finished cooking and Lena, Lucy, and Winn will be over soon.”

“I can’t believe you invited that cardigan hobbit,” the older blonde sighed, sipping at her wine as she gestured for Kara to go ahead and cook the bird. “Did you at least inform him not to wear one of those monstrosities in my penthouse?”

Kara rolled her eyes and stifled back a smile. She knew her mother never really cared much about what her employees wore, unless they were in her line of sight or were in the public eye. Unfortunately since Winn’s desk was right across from hers, he was constantly visible whenever Cat left her office or came back from an extremely annoying meeting with the board members. “I told him to dress casually Mom so leave him alone,” Kara responded before she zapped the turkey with her heat vision, roasting it to perfection.

“I’ll be nice,” Cat replied, rolling her eyes a bit as she sipped at her wine. “And for that matter, what is the superior Lane doing here? I figured she would be having Thanksgiving with the lesser Lane and Boy Wonder, definitely not her workaholic father.”

“Lois and Clark spend Thanksgiving in Kansas with his family, Lucy will most likely see them at Christmas. I was invited to meet the Kents, but I declined. I didn’t want to pass up our Thanksgiving traditions, and I think that Clark understands that we aren’t going to be a happy family like the last decade of him ignoring me didn’t happen.”

“Do you think you’ll ever have a relationship with him?” Cat asked. “It’s fine with me whatever you decide, he is your family after all.”

“I’m more concerned with the errant family members I have threatening the safety of our city rather than my cousin.”

Cat nodded, knowing the girl was referring to her wayward aunt. “Have you heard from her? Astra.”

Kara shook her head, “No, haven’t really heard a peep out of them since the break in at Lord technologies.”

“I didn’t ask when you last fought with them, when did you last speak with Astra?”

The younger blonde let out a sigh, “It’s been over a month now, I just wish… I just wish there was another way, I wish we could work together to save Earth and not resort to such radical tactics. Humans are so clever, so caring, they just need to be given a chance.”

“Sometimes I think you’re too good for this world Kara,” her mother mused. “You have more faith in us than we deserve.”

“Or maybe, you just need to have more faith in each other.” The buzzer front the elevator on the lobby floor rang, breaking the women from their conversation. Kara used her x-ray vision to peer through the different floors, and learned a few things about her old neighbors that she didn’t need to know, before locating the lobby. “It’s Lucy, Winn, and Lena.” She hit the button to send the elevator
down to them without having to use an access key, and used her super speed to finish getting the table ready and set everything down.

“Go ahead and carve the turkey too Kara, we don’t need to make a grand spectacle of it,” Cat told her, grabbing another bottle of wine to pair with dinner.

Kara had just finished slicing the turkey when the elevator doors opened and her three friends bustled in, Lena strolling in like she owned the place, while Lucy followed curiously. Winn lingered in the elevator, frozen in fear at entering the Cat Grant’s penthouse. Lena glanced back and rolled her eyes before grabbing him by his shirt collar and tugged him out of the elevator. “Man up Winn and grow some balls,” Lena hissed as she drug him behind her. She dropped him in a heap on one of the chairs at the table and took the bottle he was clutching out of his hands. “For you,” she said, offering the whiskey to Cat before glancing over at Kara. “This,” she said, gesturing back towards the still petrified man, “Is exactly why I don’t date men.”

“I thought it was because you liked boobs,” Lucy said as she generously filled her wine glass.

“That too,” the brunette conceded, snatching the wine from Lucy’s hands. “Sharing is caring Luce.”

“Girls,” Cat warned before the two could start squabbling. She turned a critical eye on the lone male at the table who shrunk even further down in his seat, “Oh do sit up Winslow, nobody likes a slouch.”

“Yes Ms. Grant,” he replied, bolting upright in his chair.

Cat nodded and then turned back to the table, raising a glass, “Let’s give thanks then for family and friends before partaking in this food.” She paused for a moment before nodding, “Alright, dig in.”

The five quickly filled their plates and glasses and dug into their meal, talking about idle subjects. Well, Lucy, Lena, Kara and Cat talked while Winn ate his food, chiming in every now and then, and attempted to maintain his cover as a piece of furniture. They made it through the meal and were about to start dessert when Cat’s cell phone chimed from where she left it in the kitchen. She stood and grabbed it from the counter, quickly clicking through her messages. “There’s a massive power outage at CatCo,” she said. She glanced up and her eyes zeroed in on Winn, “You, Walt, you’re coming with me, you do something something with computers right?”

“Um, yes, I am the IT guy,” he started but Cat just pulled him out of his chair.

“Good, you’ll need to test the servers to make sure they’re still functioning correctly.” The older woman tooted the increasingly nervous looking man to the elevator, grabbing her purse along the way. “Don’t eat all of the dessert Kara, we should be back shortly.”

“Poor Winn,” Kara muttered as she watched her friend get dragged out of the penthouse and back to work.

“Don’t feel too sorry for him,” Lena said, taking the bottle of wine abandoned on the table and refilling her glass. “This will be good for him, maybe he won’t be so terrified of Ms. Grant with this constant, upfront exposure.”

“I doubt it,” Lucy told her, sipping at her own drink. “I remember the few times I came over to pick you up for dates, and the woman continually terrified me.”

“Mom can be terrifying at times, but she means well,” Kara defended. She filled her plate up with more food and steadily ate through the turkey, stuffing, mashed potatoes, and variety of vegetables.
“I’m sure, but let’s focus on something different for now, such as what are you going to do about the sexy Agent Danvers,” Lucy started, a mischievous look on her face. It didn’t take her long to drag the full story about her odd interactions with Alex Danvers out of the blonde, and she instantly teamed up with Lena to get the two women together. “You know she’s a jealous one right? I’ve been in the DEO a few times since we all had dinner, and she glares at me when she's not trying to subtly ask me about you.”

“She does seem like the type that would have a jealous streak,” Lena mused. “Wonder what's keeping her from asking Kara out on a date?” She turned to Kara, “Or you for that matter, I mean, she's not dating Maggie anymore. Maggie is even totally supportive of you two getting together, so what is the hang up?”

Kara sighed, “I don’t even know, I can’t explain it… I’m afraid really, I’m afraid that she’s going to find out the truth about me, about us, and she’ll hate me for it.”

“She probably will Kara, nobody likes being lied to, but you have to have faith that you’ll both work it out,” Lucy said, setting her hand on Kara’s shoulder.

The blonde was about to respond to Lucy’s statement when something triggered in her hearing, and she twisted her head to focus on the noise. It was Cat’s heartbeat, erratic and elevated in her ears. “I need a little help here Supergirl,” Cat hissed, and Kara was in her suit and out of the window within a matter of seconds. She zeroed in on Cat on the top floor of CatCo and burst through one of the windows, landing in front of her just in time to absorb a strong wave of electricity. She shook off the blow and stared at the woman across from her, taking in the wild, spiky white hair and manic look in her eyes. “Leslie,” she murmured, trying to make sense of what she was seeing.

“It’s Livewire,” the woman countered, an evil smirk crossing her face. Her hands sparked again and she blasted two arcs of electricity at the superhero, which Kara counter with a quick blast of cold air, freezing the air and particles around the charged waves, counteracting them. Livewire growled and launched herself at Supergirl, while Cat ran for her elevator to get out of the way. Electricity raced through Kara’s body, and she grit her teeth to fight back the pain before finally landing a punch that sent Livewire sprawling on the ground. She disappeared in a flash back into the electrical sockets and Kara heard the elevator car shake and groan. Leslie’s face appeared on the screen but she ignored it in favor of rocketing down the elevator shaft to catch the runaway carriage.

Kara grabbed hold of the falling elevator and slowed it down so as not to jerk around the woman inside of it before bringing to a stop and throwing the hatch open. “Are you okay?” She asked, calling down to her mother.

“Yes, yes I’m fine, what happened to Livewire?” Cat asked, standing up.

“Gone,” Kara replied, “Let’s get you out of here.” She reached down and pulled her mother up out of the car and gently flew up to the executive floor again, depositing her in her office. “What happened to Winn?”

“I sent him down to security as soon as Leslie’s alter ego showed herself. He probably called the police too, and whatever metahuman clean-up squad the government has in this town.”

Kara heard sirens rushing towards the building and glanced down to see several black SUVs and vans pull up outside of the building. “They’re here, it’s the DEO. Do you want me to stay?”

“No, no Kara, go back to my penthouse, keep those two lushes you call friends from drinking all of my wine. I’ll call you as soon as I can.”
“Are you sure?”

Cat narrowed her eyes and shooed Kara towards the balcony, “If I can’t handle a shady government agency at this point in my career, then I’m not a very good journalist.”

Nodding, Kara took off back towards the penthouse and leftover Thanksgiving dinner still waiting for her, but her mind was preoccupied with Livewire and what happened to her.

“I don’t think this is a good idea Mom,” Kara whispered to her mother before the woman started laying her trap to capture Livewire.

“I want my life back Supergirl, and we need to get Livewire off the streets. I don’t have much faith in that black-ops group for their plan to work so we need to do something, and Lena provided you with an alternative option didn’t she?”

Supergirl shrugged, “It’s more like she said just hose her down, the water should short her out.”

“Can always count on that girl for a simple answer,” Cat murmured. “Shall we get started?” The woman flipped on the mic in front of her and her voice was broadcast over the airwaves, her message directed towards the electro-maniac racing through the wires. It was a taunting message, one to draw the woman out and back to the studio where she spouted her sarcasm and hate filled rhetoric to the teeming masses. When she finished, Cat ventured out to Leslie’s studio and stood in front of it, waiting for her.

It didn’t take long for Leslie to appear, and start mouthing off terrible Cat puns and misplaced anger. Kara landed right in front of Livewire, taking her by surprise and knocking her away from the CEO. “Was wondering when you were going to show up,” Leslie grunted, standing up. “Cat’s little bi-” Kara landed a hard punch against her jaw before she could finish her sentence, knocking her back again. Growling, Livewire disappeared into the transformer above them, sucking the power out before taking form again. Her electricity formed whips and she lashed out at the blonde superhero, jerking her around before throwing her hard on the ground.

Kara used the moment to glance beneath her, locating the waterline, and punched through the ground, pulling the pipe up with her. A loud scream pulled from Leslie’s throat as the water touched her and the electricity coursing through her shorted out before dropping to the ground unconscious in a steaming heap. Several minutes later, one of the DEO vans pulled up the road as Supergirl was fixing the water pipe with her heat vision and repairing the road as best as she could. “You couldn’t wait until we got our plan in place?” Alex asked as she stepped out of the van, surveying Livewire’s downed form. “Though it does seem you took care of the problem rather well.”

“Cat contacted me,” Supergirl replied, nodding her head at the other woman. “She didn’t want this looming over her for the rest of her Thanksgiving weekend, and neither did I really.”

“Well I hate to be the bearer of bad news, but we have a situation that needs your attention,” the agent said, signalling her team to start neutralizing the unconscious woman. “We have managed to capture the leader of the rogue Kryptonians that have been terrorizing the city for the past few months, the leader actually. She refuses to speak to anyone but you though.”

Astra, Kara thought before turning her focus to the agent. “Did you inform her that I do not work with or for your organization?”
“We really do need for you to talk to her, find out what she knows,” Alex repeated. “Our director, Hank Henshaw, I believe he has spoken with you, the other Kryptonians have taken him in retaliation.”

Hank Henshaw, J’onn J’onzz, the Green Martian. “I will speak with her,” Kara agreed, and allowed the agents to escort her to the DEO facilities in the desert. She was led down different corridors until she felt a small tingle run along her spine. “You have Kryptonite here?” She asked, alarmed.

“It’s the only way we can keep General In-Ze contained,” Alex admitted.

Kara gave her a sharp look, “You do know that Kryptonite is poisonous to our kind, could cause permanent radiation damage if exposed long enough.” At the woman’s blank look, the blonde rolled her eyes and strode into the room, fighting against the desire to grab hold of her stomach as the effects of Kryptonite slammed into her. Her aunt was in a small cage made of glass in the center of room with green lights shining all around them. “Astra,” Kara greeted, her face stoic. “I don’t believe for a minute that you were captured, so why did you let them capture you?”

“What makes you think I let myself get captured?”

“I know you, I know that you would never let down your guard enough to be captured, not unless you wanted to be caught.”

“I am pleased to see that your wit has not dulled in the years you’ve been living among these humans.”

“We’ve talked before Astra, you have tried repeatedly to convert me to your cause and it hasn’t worked, why do you think this time would work?” Kara asked, ignoring Astra’s statement. When the woman didn’t respond, Kara started to pace, “The agents claim that their director was taken hostage as soon as you were in retaliation, are you going to help them find him?”

“A hostage for a hostage, as is our way Little One, you know that.” Kara nodded and turned to leave when she heard a small clink behind her. Turning, she spotted a small device her her aunt’s hand, one she hadn’t seen in years. “You want to know why I allowed myself to be captured,” Astra said, “I wanted to tell you the truth, how I ended up in Fort Rozz.”

“You killed someone,” Kara said, her face hard. “I already know that, mother locked you away.”

“You’re lying,” the blonde countered. “Your mother didn’t lock me away for that,” the woman countered. “The High Council locked us away to keep up from speaking the truth, to keep us from telling people what was happening to Krypton, what would happen, and my sister used you to do it.”

Kara shook her head, “You’re lying.”

“That day, you called me with your spy beacon, was that your idea or your mother’s?” The girl thought back, her mind vaguely recalling the conversation with her mother the day before her aunt disappeared. “We were trying to save Krypton, Kara,” Astra continued, “And all we want to do is make sure that the humans don’t destroy their planet as well. If some have to be sacrificed, then so be it.”

“No,” the blonde countered. “No, we keep going round and round on this Aunt Astra, I can’t and won’t let you hurt them, there are other ways to accomplish your goals, less violent options.” She turned to storm out of the room, leaving the imprisoned woman to stare after her.

During their argument, neither woman noticed the mirror on the wall and the woman behind it in the next room watching and listening to everything. Alex stared into the room, her eyes wide as she
thought about what the prisoner had said. “Kara…”

Chapter End Notes

So yes I did that, no I didn’t realize that was going to happen when I first started this chapter, but it happened and I was like oh shit...
Almost forgot, but I didn't so there's that. So far I'm averaging about 1 chapter a week writing wise, so we're still doing pretty good. I do see an end in sight, but characters keep demanding attention, so it's a ways off. We're getting to the dramatic stuff. All of the dramatic stuff, just so much.

Oh, and I've signed up for the Supergirl Secret Santa femmeslash exchange on tumblr, I'll be writing for the season 1 and crossover section, so like Supercat, Superlane, Supercanary, etc etc, fun stuff. If you want to participate, go ahead and sign up, they have two slots, season 1 or season 2 pairings. I'm still debating about participating in the second one as well, but I would only do Supercorp there so I don't know. I have another week to decide.

Anyway, are you guys ready for the goodest good boy there ever was??

“Another family has gone missing,” Kara commented as she read through the Tribune. She had picked up a copy on her way to work and stopped at Winn’s desk to read it before making her way to her own. Cat was in a meeting so she focused on the words on the page rather than the occupants of the office. “Most signs point to them being aliens as well.”

“That’s what, the fifth family this week?” Winn questioned. He glanced around to make sure that nobody was listening and leaned towards his blonde friend, “Do you think Supergirl should investigate?”

“They’re missing persons’ cases Winn, there’s nothing that I can really do, but Maggie promised to keep me informed and will call me if it gets to the point where they need Supergirl’s skillset or a little extra muscle.”

“Do you think it’s a coincidence that they’re all alien families, or suspected to be aliens?”

“No,” Kara replied slowly, her head tilted, “And that’s what worries me…” She turned back to the front page where the headline dealt with the massive hack that took place at CatCo the previous day. “I really didn’t think that the Tribune would have put this on the front page, especially with the kidnappings taking place, and what with Ms. Grant…”

“It is news Kara, probably the biggest news in town, so it would be stupid of them to ignore it. Even the CatCo news channels are reporting it.”

“Who would want to publish Ms. Grant’s email though? What would they gain from it?”

Winn shrugged, “Probably to embarrass her? Or maybe find something that might force her out of CatCo, could be anything.”
Kara’s eyes narrowed as she thought about someone threatening her mother’s job, her empire, the very thing that she built from the ground up. A growl built in her throat, and a pleased smirk crossed her face as she thought about finding whoever it was and setting their head on fire. Cat’s office door clapped open and her mother and Lucy walked out with grim but determined expressions on their faces. “Hey,” Kara greeted as Cat walked away. “I’m assuming this means you got the job?”

“I did, and just at the right time too with this email hack going on,” Lucy responded before an odd look crossed her face. “Does your mom have a weird service kink?”

“I don’t want to know,” Kara said, holding up her hand.

“Lane!” Cat barked, “We have a meeting with the board members, I need my lead counsel in there with me.”

“Yes Ms. Grant.” Lucy looked at Kara again before she moved to follow the CEO. “I’ve been meaning to tell you, but I haven’t had the chance, I’m really sorry about what happened with your aunt, my father was out of line.”

Kara smiled sadly, “It’s okay, Luce, I know you didn’t have anything to do with it.” The woman walked off with Cat to the boardroom, and Kara returned to her desk, thinking about her aunt. After her talk with Astra didn’t lead to any clues about the DEO director’s whereabouts, General Lane took command of the woman and practically tortured her with liquid Kryptonite. She knew her aunt would not break under torture having endured much worse in the military guild, but finding out what that man did, ignoring basic fundamental rights, it was difficult to stop herself from burning his skin off one layer at a time.

Lucy was furious with her father for his actions, and reported him to his superiors for violations of civil liberties and war crimes. He was reprimanded, barely a slap on the wrist, and the woman was so incensed that she resigned her commission. She refused to work for an organization that ignored fundamental rights, whether the person was human or not. Cat soon snapped her up for the CatCo legal team, as well as her personal lawyer since her old lawyer, the one that helped facilitate her adoption, retired a few months previous. The DEO eventually managed to recover their director, but had to give up her aunt as their prisoner. Kara hasn’t heard from the woman since, and that worried the blonde more and more each passing day.

“I wonder what they’re talking about?” Kara muttered, absently biting her lip as she glanced towards where the boardroom was.

“Um, you have super powers,” Winn whispered before returning to his own work.

The blonde rolled her eyes at Winn’s words and returned to her computer to start rescheduling the rest of Cat’s day. She knew that her mother would kill her if she found out she listened in on a board meeting, or any kind of confidential meeting. Kara knew that Cat trusted her, but privacy had to be maintained for these meetings at all times, doesn’t mean she couldn’t listen when the meeting was over though. Her cell phone vibrated on her desk and Kara searched around under the papers for the buzzing device. “Mags?” She asked when she finally answered the phone.

“Hey Little Bat,” the detective whispered. “Look, I really shouldn’t be doing this again, but have you heard anything about all of those missing person cases?”

“The families? Yeah, the Tribune ran a story on them.”

“Right, well it’s more than families, individuals too, and we’ve managed to confirm they are all connected. They’re all aliens.”
Kara sucked in a breath, “I thought they were, the author of the article did as well but didn’t come out at state it since there wasn’t any proof. Despite alien amnesty, many just want to live anonymously and blend in. Do you know who’s taking them?”

“That is why I’m calling, I talked to some of my pals on the street, organization called Cadmus, you heard of them?”

Her heart stopped, “I-ye- Maggie, if this is Cadmus, it’s bad.”

“You know who they are?”

“Anti-alien terrorist group, Lena’s family was involved with them somehow, some slightly illegal sub-section of the government.”

“Shit, Luthors are involved with this too? Just gets better and better, I’ll have to talk with Little Luthor about this.”

“I can do it if you want Mags?”

“No, no, Little Bat, I’ve got this, has to be official, but might be a good idea to have a certain someone around for backup in case something happens. I’m just grateful that you’re a lot more levelheaded than your cousin.”

“You can thank my mom for that next time you see her,” Kara replied. “I’ve got to go though, keep me informed?”

“Like I’d be able to keep Little Luthor from telling you everything anyway.”

When Kara ended the call, Cat and Lucy were walking out of the boardroom with several board members walking with them. “They want me out,” Cat said when she and Lucy walked into the office space. “Walking male privilege Dirk Armstrong was especially vocal about it.”

“They can’t force you out, not yet, but they can try to force you to resign if something embarrassing is published by the hackers,” Lucy pointed out.

“They’ve released my real age, how often I see my therapist, and my exorbitant grocery bill, just tacky so far.”

Kara winced a bit, knowing that she was partly responsible for the large amount of food passing through her mother’s penthouse, though her preteen brother was starting to consume more and more food. “We need to go through your emails and records, see if there’s anything that this hacker can use against you that would be damaging,” Lucy said.

The blonde wasn’t listening as Lucy and Cat debated about the validity of calling the hack a ‘scandal.’ She instead focused on the three board members that gave Cat smug looks with her back turned, and listened in on their conversation. “We’ve set the stage,” Dirk said, a slimy look on his face. “She’ll be out by the end of the week.” She narrowed her eyes, and briefly considered using her heat vision on that walking sack of garbage.

Lucy’s voice broke her out her homicidal thoughts and back to the topic at hand. “Kara, Kara!”

“What?” Kara asked, “Oh, um, right, we need to go through Ms. Grant’s emails, look for anything scandalous.” Her phone buzzed again and she glanced down to see a text from Lena flashing across her screen.
My office, now!

“I’ll get you all the records and files,” Cat said as she walked to her office. “I’ll leave you to it.”

Another text flashed across her screen. *Hurry!*

“I'm sorry Luce, I really need to go, something’s come up,” Kara apologized.

“It's fine, I can always get Jimmy and Winn here to help me out,” Lucy grinned. “We'll get this sorted out.”

“Focus on Dirk Armstrong,” the blonde said, “I heard him in the elevator just now, he's behind the hack somehow I know it.”

Lucy furrowed her brow, “Armstrong? That makes sense, he was the most vocal about Cat resigning. I'll look into it, you go deal with whatever it is you need to sort out.”

“Thanks Lucy, just… just make sure to take care of her,” Kara said, glancing in her mother’s office. “You have no idea how close I came to just melting Armstrong’s stupid face off of his stupid head.”

“Your restraint is remarkable,” Lucy smirked. “Go, we’ll take care of it. We’ll find the evidence we need to trap him, and make sure there isn’t anything to find in Cat’s data.”

Kara squeezed her hand before heading down out of CatCo and over to LCorp. She picked up some coffee at Noonan’s, and headed up the LCorp office building. Jess waved her into Lena’s office and she dropped her coffee off before walking into the room. She found Lena lying on her couch, an arm tossed over her eyes and a glass of scotch clutched in her other hand.

“Lena,” Kara started, dropping the coffee off on the table. “It's not even 11 yet.” She pried the glass out of her best friend’s hand and sat her up, shoving the coffee in her suddenly empty hand. “Drink this, what happened?”

The brunette glared a bit at her friend, and downed some of the hot liquid. “My mother was here,” she bit out, her eyes distant. “I didn't even know she was in town.”

Kara winced, “What did she want?”

Lena sighed and sat up, “She was spewing some nonsense about wanting to catch up, be a family, protect the Luthor legacy, blah blah blah, like she didn’t ignore me all of my childhood and these last few years after Lex’s trial.” She snorted, “Lex was always her favorite, and she strolls in here like we can pick up with a happy family routine like I didn’t know that she always viewed me as less than Lex.”

“Why didn’t you call me when she showed up?” Kara asked, “Why wait until she had left?”

“She’s only briefly run into you in the past, any more encounters and she’s going to know who you are,” Lena explained. “And besides, she just surprised me, and was only here a short while. I was more shocked than anything, didn’t know how to respond to her being here. She left a while ago, but I needed some time to collect my thoughts.”

“So you poured yourself a drink?”

“That was my second drink really,” Lena muttered.

Kara rolled her eyes before something in Lena’s previous statement caught her attention. “Wait, why
“do you think she would figure out who I am?”

Lena smiled wryly, “Kara, darling, you can’t keep a secret, you try, but people can tell there’s something otherworldly about you.”

The blonde scoffed, “I’m not that obvious Lena.”

“I figured out you were an alien a few weeks after I knew you.”

“I was floating during a sleepover, I feel like that was a dead giveaway.”

“Or you were the crazy chick from the exorcist,” Lena shrugged, “Entirely possible.”

“Your affection is overwhelming sometimes.”

A knock came at the door and Jess poked her head in, “Ms. Luthor, a NCPD detective is here to ask you some questions, should I tell her you’re in a meeting?”

“It’s Maggie,” Kara announced. “She called me earlier and said she was going to have to talk to you about something. It makes sense now that you’ve told me that your mother is in town.”

“Send her in Jess, it’s okay, but try to cancel my meetings for the rest of the day, I probably won’t feel up to… any of them.”

“Yakimoto-san is not going to be happy about this,” Jess sighed, “Flew all the way from Tokyo for this meeting.”

“Extend his stay another day and book him a table at one of the best sushi places in National City,” Lena dismissed, waving her hand.

Jess nodded and disappeared out the door. “You do know that the best sushi in town is that little hole in the wall place with the chef that is missing 1 and a half fingers right?” Kara asked.

“Second best place then, have to keep that little gem to ourselves,” Lena snickered.

Maggie walked in a few seconds later to find the two women giggling on the couch. “I should have known you were going to head over here Little Bat,” the detective commented, rolling her eyes.

“I didn’t know when you were coming, and besides, Lena called me over,” Kara defended, sitting upright on the couch.

“Before we get too far in the blame game, what do you want detective?” Lena questioned, moving over to her desk. She waved Maggie to sit in the seat across from her and Kara decided to remain on the couch as an outside observer.

“What do you know about the group Cadmus?”

Lena narrowed her eyes, and glanced over at Kara before turning her attention to the detective. “Anti-alien terrorist group hell bent on returning Earth to those that ‘belong’ here. Why?”

“Reports have been flooding in about massive amounts of aliens being kidnapped all over the city and in surrounding regions, my sources indicate that Cadmus is involved and I was wondering if you had any knowledge about this situation?”

“That’s why my mother is in town,” the CEO murmured, “She must have something to do with the missing aliens.”
"Your mother?"

Lena leaned back in her seat and crossed her legs, "Cadmus is apparently my mother’s little project, started years ago when Lex was still out carrying a grudge against Superman. While Lex was focused on one alien, my mother focused on the bigger picture of all aliens and used Luthor Corp then Lex Corp resources to fuel her agenda.” She let out a loud sigh and folded her arms in front of her, “I’ve tried to root out all of the problems in the company, but they’re buried in deep.”

“Do you know for sure that your mother is involved?” Maggie questioned, furiously scribbling in her note pad.

“If I could prove it, I would’ve handed the information over to you as soon as you asked about Cadmus. All I can do is recognize her handy work and digital fingerprints.”

The detective growled and rubbed at her forehead, “Of course there’s no proof, that would be too easy… Do you have any idea what they plan to do with the aliens?”

“Nothing good,” Lena replied. She glanced over to Kara before she continued, “ Might need some reinforcements for this particular missing persons’ case detective.”

“Need a little ‘super’ assistance hmm?” Maggie murmured, winking back at Kara.

“I’ll help however you need,” Kara said, moving to the other chair next to Maggie. “But what about the DEO? Don’t they keep track of these things?”

Maggie shrugged, “I don’t know, Alex has been a little MIA recently, but I’ve heard that they been dealing with some internal trouble, so shouldn’t count on them too much for this.”

Kara’s phone sounded in her pocket, a familiar tone that had dread rolling down her spine. “Oh no,” she muttered, pulling it out to confirm the message. She glanced up to see Maggie and Lena looking at her curiously, and she rolled her eyes. “I set an alert for whenever Katherine Grant decides to make a trip to National City. She’s either coming because Christmas is soon, or she caught whiff of the latest scandal and she’s coming to lord it over Cat.”

“The emails? I saw that yesterday,” Lena replied. “She has some interesting names for Lois Lane doesn’t she?”

“And with that, I’m going to go, I hope you’ll both keep me apprised if you learn anything.” It was phrased like a question, but the younger women knew that it was a statement as Maggie walked out of the room to get back to tracking down the missing aliens.

“So what’s Ms. Grant going to do about the email situation?” The brunette asked once Maggie left the room.

“Oh,” Kara sat up, “That reminds me, Mom hired Lucy as her lead council, so she’s dealing with the issue. Some of the board members orchestrated this, so she’s on the warpath looking for proof, and you know what she’s like.”

“A damn bulldog, I know, I know,” Lena smiled ruefully, “I should’ve hired her for L-Corp, but of course, Cat Grant is on top of these things.” The blonde’s phone beeped again and Kara hissed, shoving it in her purse before scratching at her scalp, “Argh, there’s just, there’s just so much going on! The hack on CatCo, Cadmus snatching aliens for Rao knows what reason, Katherine showing up, Christmas coming and I haven’t even really started to decorate, my aunt being evil planning to take over the world…”
“Not to mention the wife you have that still doesn’t know that she’s your wife,” Lena commented, glancing through the papers on her desk as she sipped her coffee. She sensed the glare Kara sent her way and just looked up to give her friend an unimpressed look. “What? I’m getting tired of this Kara. I’m your friend, your best friend, and I always will be, but you really need to talk to Alex, and soon. If this goes on any longer without you saying anything, you’re both going to end up hurt.”

“I know, I know,” Kara growled, “But I don’t… I’m scared Lena, what if she hates me for this? For not telling her, for being an alien…”

“She might,” Lena answered, “And I probably would hate you too, so it’s entirely justified, but it’s at least better than not knowing, this holding pattern you’ve been in for months since you both reconnected.” She moved around her desk and sat next to her friend, “I know you don’t want to hear this, but you might be able to move on after this if it does go south.”

“I can’t Lena…”

“I know, I know, against your culture, but maybe you could think about it just in case?”

Kara sniffed, willing the tears to stay away, and nodded. “I will Lee, I promise,” she said, taking a deep, shuddering breath. “How are you dealing with everything? All of this with your mother and Cadmus?”

“I should’ve known that she was up to something,” Lena sighed, shaking her head. “No, I did know, but I didn’t think it would be kidnapping aliens…” Her voice trailed off as she looked out the window, “I hope she’s not hurting them…”

The blonde was about to reply when her phone vibrated in her bag. Pulling it out, she noticed a text from Lucy across her screen. ‘We found something,’ the first text read and Kara clicked to reply when another one flashed across the screen, ‘Come back now.’

She rolled her eyes at Lucy’s demanding tone and looked up at Lena, “It’s Lucy, they found something about the hack, I have to go and deal with this.”

“Go, go,” Lena waved her out, “I’m going to see if I can track down leads on Cadmus or where they might be stashing the aliens.”

“Thanks Lena, I’ll talk to you later,” Kara replied before heading out the door. Waving goodbye at Jess, she hit the button for the elevator and waited for it to open.

As soon as she entered and hit the button for the lobby floor, her phone buzzed again with another text from Lucy. ‘Is your mother keeping a lover in Opal City???’

Kara slowly slumped into her apartment hours later and let out a long sigh. It had been a long day dealing with the hack and blackmail attempt on Cat, and subtly trying to locate the missing aliens. James and Winn broke into Armstrong’s office to look for clues on his computer, while she kept watch and Lucy grilled her about Cat’s ‘lover’ in Opal City. It was altogether ridiculous and Kara contemplated slamming her head against the wall repeatedly to escape the brunette’s interrogation, but she didn’t feel like getting the drywall and plaster out to fix the hole that would form.

She lightly pushed herself off the door and floated to the kitchen and pulled out several large
containers of Chinese take-out that she had leftover from the previous night. Kara shot out controlled blasts of heat vision into her food and soon she had boxes of piping hot Chinese food, smelling fresh from the restaurant. “Don’t even try it Krypto,” she warned her dog when she sense him float off the ground towards the box sitting on the counter. The dog let out a long whine, before settling back down and looking petulantly at his own empty food bowl. He immediately perked up when Kara dumped a can of wet dog food in his bowl along with a large pile of dry food.

The blonde left him to his food and grabbed her own food, floating over to the table to look out as night fell over National City. “Lucy thought that Mom had a lover stashed away in Opal City,” Kara said between mouthfuls of food. “James and Winn thought so too, but I managed to get dissuade them from that line of thinking.” She demolished the rest of one container before moving on to another, “I can’t believe that she didn’t tell me that she was sending money to him.” Glancing away from her food, she found Krypto sitting near her, his attention shifting from her to the box of food in her hand. “You think it would come up sometime, or that she would mention that she was sending money to Adam. I’ve found letters she’s addressed to him and never sent, but I thought she left it off there, especially after everything that went down years ago…”

Kara had never met Cat’s oldest son, but she’s heard about him from both Carter and Cat, and overheard the few times that her mother has managed to speak with him. He wasn’t happy when he found out that Cat had adopted someone his age, a girl, and accused Cat of trying to replace him or seek some sort of redemption. It was a cruel and biting conversation that left Cat in tears, and Kara furious at a boy she never met. Now he had grown into a man, and while she didn’t think he has changed much in personality, Kara knew that Cat wanted to reconnect with him, needed to see him again.

Her phone rang from the counter where she left it and Kara quickly finished off her food, knowing better than to leave it where Krypto could see it, before answering her phone. “Lee?” She mumbled around the food in her mouth, swallowing part of it to ease the load.

“Kara,” Lena whispered out, “I think I found where Cadmus is keeping the aliens.”

“Wha?” The blonde quickly swallowed her food and focused on the conversation. “Are you sure?”

“Yeah, I looked through LCorp’s holdings, and found a defunct warehouse from when my brother was in charge. It’s supposed to be closed down, but it is sucking up lots of power and has seen a lot of activity recently.” Kara heard shuffling on the other side of the phone and her ears registered Lena’s elevated heartbeat.

“Lena?” She asked, “Lena?” Spinning into her suit, Kara took out off the balcony, not realizing that her dog had sensed one of his favorite people was in distress and shifted into his Great Pyrenees form to fly out after her.

Supergirl reached the LCorp office tower just as Lena was chased off her balcony and was plummeting towards the ground. Diving down towards her friend, Kara carefully caught her just in time to look up and spot her dog dashing into the office to chase after the men who tossed her over.

“Was that Krypto?” Lena asked, her arms wrapped around Kara’s neck as they both looked up at the office in bewilderment.

“Unless you know any other flying dog in National City,” Kara hummed, slowly floating up to the balcony. They found the dog in question sitting triumphantly on top of two, unconscious men, his tongue lolling out happily as he panted. The blonde set her friend down and scratched Krypto behind the ears, “Good boy Krypto, good boy.” She stood upright and the now white dog moved obediently to stand next to her.
“Well I guess that makes you Superdog,” Lena murmured, bending down to scratch his head.
“Thank you Superdog.” Krypto wagged his tail happily, mindful not to slap it against the floor in case he caused a crack in the balcony.

“You mentioned you found where Cadmus is keeping the aliens?” Kara asked once Lena was vertical again.

“Yes, let me get the address,” she hustled back into her office and pulled up a map. “The building is a large warehouse on the outskirts of the city, you can’t miss it. Though I have something for Krypto too.” She opened her bottom drawer and fished out a blue dog collar with the crest of El on it and a large red cape. “I’m a good dog aunt,” she defended, snapping the collar to Krypto’s neck. “There, now Superdog’s hero identity is complete, and it’s good because you definitely need backup dealing with some of the villains you have to battle.”

Kara glanced at the map where the warehouse was located and glanced down to see her furry friend ruffling his new cape with his nose. “Alright Superdog, let’s go get the bad guys.” The two took off and Kara quickly pulled out her phone to send a text to Maggie only to find that the detective was already there with Alex. Her heart nearly stopped as she tried to focus her hearing in on the two women, but was receiving major inference from the lead in the warehouse walls. “Holy shit,” Kara breathed as she saw a large spaceship start to lift up out of the warehouse. “We’re in trouble Superdog…”

Alex stared in shock as her father triggered the launch sequence for the spaceship behind her, the spaceship that held all of the missing aliens. Cadmus had decided on a non-aggressive stance to rid the world of aliens by simply sending them to the other side of the universe. It was surprising for such a radical terrorist group, but Alex had found out that her father was the one behind the idea. Her father who was supposed to be dead, her father who was the greatest and kindest man in the universe, her father who worked for a terrorist organization set to rid the world of aliens.

When J’onn found her at her lowest point, locked in a jail cell to sober up during her failed medical degree, she was told this fantastical story about how her father sacrificed his life to save J’onn’s, to protect him from the then fanatical head of the DEO Hank Henshaw. In honor of her father, J’onn took Henshaw’s place to make the DEO a better place. Alex has spent the last few years believing that her father died a hero, joined the DEO to carry on what he was doing, but it was a lie, her father isn’t dead, and he’s not a hero. She took her new gun out of her holster, something she picked up from one of the alien prisoners, and fired at the Cadmus goons around her.

As soon as she fired, all hell broke out around them as a series of explosions she had rigged with Maggie’s help started to go off. The spaceship continued rising through the air as the engines powered up, and Alex knew there wasn’t anything she could do for them on the ground. Her entire focus was on the three people in charge of this problem, Lillian Luthor, Hank Henshaw aka Cyborg Superman, and Jeremiah Danvers. Henshaw fired back at her with some kind of blast as he shielded his and Lillian’s escape, while her focus remained on her fleeing father. She fired her gun again, hitting the ground in front of him, causing Jeremiah to stop in his tracks.

“I want to know why?” Alex asked, her gun trained on her father as he slowly turned around to look at her.

“I did this for you Alex,” Jeremiah pled, “If I didn’t help them, they were going to hurt you and your
mother. I had to do something, and I realized that I was wrong, giving Superman more attention than you growing up. I wanted to make amends.”

Alex scoffed, “By sending aliens away?! What is with you Dad, you didn’t used to be so narrow-minded. Cadmus has obviously done something to you, something horrible, just let us help you.”

Jeremiah shook his head, “I’m sorry Alex, this is for the greater good.” He pulled out a small item and was about to throw it at her when a loud, piercing bark filled the air, causing both of them to drop to the floor clutching their ears.

The loud bark was followed by a series of quieter ones but still commanding, and Alex was confused, did one of the aliens bark? When her ears quit ringings, the agent looked up and was met by the absurd sight of a Great Pyrenees wearing a red cape sitting on her father, his tail wagging as he kept the man from standing up. “What…” Alex started, wondering if she hit her head on the way down.

“So it seem you’ve met Superdog,” Maggie came up behind her and helped her up.

“Super… dog?” Alex questioned, blinking her eyes trying to focus.

“Yup, Supergirl brought him as backup, and he dealt with the goons while she managed to get the spaceship stopped,” the detective said, pointing back to where the massive frigate was settled back down on the ground. Supergirl was helping several of the aliens off the ship and Alex recognized a few officers and DEO agents talking with them.

She turned back around and saw Superdog still sitting on her father, but he was looking at her with a pleading expression on his face. “Um, good boy?” The dog’s face lit up with a wide smile and his tail wagged faster, butting into the man beneath him.

“He was a very good boy,” Supergirl said, walking over to them. Superdog immediately stepped off of Jeremiah and stood next to the blonde heroine, who knelt down to rub the dog’s head as he licked all over her face. Alex didn’t know what to do with the sight in front of her, though she did try to ignore the way her heart melted at the superheroine’s laugh, and turned back to face her father. She slapped a pair of cuffs around his wrists and had a few of the other agents escort him to one of the vans to take back to the DEO.

“If you have everything under-control then here Detective Sawyer, Agent Danvers,” Supergirl’s voice, Kara’s voice, came again, and Alex resisted the urge to immediately turn and look into those familiar, enchanting blue eyes. She still didn’t know what to make of the woman she liked- the woman she had a crus- her friend, being the girl of steel, an alien.

“We’re good,” Maggie said, noticing the tension in Alex’s back. “Thank you for the assist Supergirl, and Superdog.”

Kara glanced briefly at Alex before nodding at the detective and taking off with Krypto trailing not too far behind her. Maggie waited a few moments until she was sure the hero was out of hearing range before turning to her ex-girlfriend and best friend. “You want to tell me what that was about Danvers?”

Alex looked at her friend for a moment before glancing away, “I have to get back to the DEO, I have to interrogate Jeremiah, see if he knows where Lillian and Henshaw have gone.” She stalked off before Maggie could get another word in, and located her bike, quickly speeding back to the central DEO headquarters.
By the time she reached the building and parked in the underground parking garage, her anger had reached new heights. J’onn stopped her as she made her way through the building towards the holding cells where she instructed the agents to place her father. “Don’t do anything rash Alex,” the martian cautioned her, looking at her with a worried gaze.

“Don’t do this J’onn,” Alex pleaded, “I need this.”

J’onn studied her for a moment and released her, letting her continue on her path to the back room. “Alex…” Jeremiah started again when he saw his daughter walk into the room.

“Don’t,” she replied coldly, a glare on her face.

“Alex please…”

“Don’t talk to me, you aren’t the man I knew, you aren’t the man that raised me, you aren’t my father.”

“I’m still your father Alex.”

“No!” The woman yelled furiously, pacing slightly to keep from lashing out at the barrier separating them. “No, you’re not my father, my father… my father wouldn’t condone any of this…”

Jeremiah sighed and sat back down, raking his hand through his hair. “I really did help them to protect you and your mother,” he said finally. “I didn’t convert to their line of thinking, yes some aliens are dangerous, and I felt terrible for letting you grow up in the shadow of Superman, but my main concern was making sure that you and your mother were safe and happy.” A small, sad smile crossed his face, “They would bring me pictures of both of you, give me updates on what you were doing, where you were. It was to let me know that they could always find you and kill you if I went rogue, but I soon grew to appreciate them since it was the only way I could see you both.”

His eyes were filled with tears as he spoke, staring lost at his daughter’s shoes, and Alex fought to keep her own tears at bay as she stared at her father, seeing the broken expression on his face. “I missed so much,” he murmured, finally looking back up at her. “I missed you graduating high school, college… I missed helping you with your PhDs, walking you down the aisle… That might have been the hardest, when I saw that marriage license…”

The tears immediately cleared as her father’s words registered in her mind and confusion filled her. “What marriage license?”

Chapter End Notes

who's a good boy?? SUPERDOG IS THE MOST SUPER DUPER GOODEST GOOD BOY! I can't resist Superdog, he's just adorable. This is so far the only fic I have with him so I'm taking advantage of that.

Now, this is obviously from the Exodus episode, so why did I do this now? Because it never made sense, try to kill all the aliens, that didn't work, send them away?? Wtf, no, that doesn't make sense and while Lillian is a complete crazy person, she's a sociopath, so I expect more logic out of her. It only makes sense to have this first, and then... Well, spoilers, so yeah.
And I guess with that last bit you can figure out what is going to happen soon.
Chapter Notes

So my friend told me that singularly, what goes on in this chapter isn't bad, but altogether it can be a bit heartbreaking. If you want to split up the chapter a bit, go right ahead, just know it gonna get super angsty for the next few chapters, though there will be fun stuff intermingled because I can't do all the angst all the time.

Haven't seen the first episode yet, I'm kind of nervous, though I didn't hear bad things, mostly I heard that Lena continues to rock and it just pisses me off that the producers would dare tease us about her going evil.

After Kara found out that Cat was still sending money to Adam, trying to connect with him, she was torn as to what to do. She knew that Adam was an ass, but her mother still loved him. Kara found one of the unsent letters Cat had written and finished it for her before sending it to the man. Then she had to stop a massive spaceship from being ejected out into space with hundreds of hostages, so she completely forgot about the letter when dealing with the stress from that situation.

It wasn’t until a week later when Adam Foster walked up to her desk asking to see Cat Grant that she remembered she had sent the letter. She stared stupidly at him for a moment before shaking her head. “Ah, um, she’s in a meeting right now, you can wait for her out here…” Kara replied, her mind whirling. Her mother was going to kill her.

“So how is it working for Cat Grant?” Adam asked, sitting down next to her desk. “I’ve heard she can be a bit of a hard ass to work for.”

“She’s just passionate about what she does,” Kara defended. She didn’t like anyone speaking ill of her mother; she couldn’t do anything about their thoughts, but she could keep them from speaking and eventually change their minds. “She wants the best from all of us because she gives her best all the time. She demands 110% from us because she always gives 150%. I’ve never met anyone as dedicated as she is.”

Adam was taken aback that his mother, the one that had basically abandoned him for her career, was defended so strongly by this girl, her assistant. His father always told him that she was a nightmare to work for, always barking out orders and making demands of her employees. “She must be difficult to work for though, or at least put up with all of those insults all the time? You can’t tell me those don’t happen, they’ve been plastered all over the news.”

“Those are a little difficult,” Kara said, remembering some of the more vicious names she’s heard hurled at her coworkers on their way out of Cat’s office. The woman occasionally forgot herself and picked at her during intensely frustrating moments, but Kara just endured it and waited out the storm. She knew she would eventually have to talk to her mother about that, but she decided to leave it to the woman’s therapist for now. “Honestly though,” Kara continued, “It’s just a coping technique. She can’t get mad here, she can’t throw things like most male CEOs of powerful companies can, so
she makes do with words, which are her speciality. Words tend to hold more power than actions, so she’s always very deliberate with them. Yes, I’ve heard all of the rumors, but she is still the best person I have ever known, and I’ve known some amazing people.”

The man glanced away from penetrating blue eyes, mulling over her words. “I’ll think about what you said,” he promised.

Kara was alerted to Cat’s return by the impatient foot tapping in her private elevator, and she stood, facing the doors. The older blonde strutted through the doors, the majority of the worker bees averting their gaze, but her gate faltered when she caught sight of Adam standing near Kara’s desk. “Adam?” Cat whispered, her eyes wide with hope. Kara had never felt more invisible than she did watching as her mother approached her oldest son, guiding him into her office with her. Part of her had always wondered, ever since she could really understand the concept, if she was just a replacement for her older son, someone Cat took in out of pity and the need to fill that hole in her life.

The blonde shook her head to rid herself of those thoughts, her mother loved her, she knew that she did, she has proved it time and time again over the years. As she glanced in the office, she couldn’t help the sinking feeling in her stomach that everything was going to change. She stayed outside of the office at her desk for the entire time Adam was in Cat’s office, leaving the distant sirens she heard in the city to the police and other first responders. About half an hour after Adam arrived, he left, nodding slightly to the request for dinner that evening from Cat.

“Kei-Ra!” Cat bellowed as soon as Adam left and Kara gulped before scurrying into her mother’s office, closing the door behind her as she went.

“Yes Ms. Grant,” Kara said, her eyes trailed on the floor.

Cat tapped her hands against the glass of her desk for a moment before looking up at her assistant, “What gives you the right to send a letter to my son, to presume to make such decisions for me?”

“You’ve been wanting to talk to him but you’ve been scared,” Kara defended. “If I had known that you were sending money to him, I would’ve done it sooner.”

“So you presume to take one of my letters-”

“One of the letters you launched at my head, yes, I just finished it for you, and sent it. You clearly have wanted to talk to him, so why don’t you just try.” Kara moved closer to the desk and looked up to meet her mother’s gaze, “This is your chance to get to know him the way that you want, to repair your relationship.” Cat glanced away for a moment, her mind whirling, fixated on the fact that this was her chance to get to know her eldest child. “So do you want me to make reservations for dinner or am I fired?” The woman just waved her out of her office and Kara breathed a sigh of relief, though the uneasy feeling never left.

Alex’s mind was whirling as she sat in her dark apartment, slowing demolishing the bottle of whiskey sitting in front of her. She had asked J’onn for a few days of leave after she spoke with her father and the director immediately granted them, wanting to help ease the chaotic mindset that was now bombarding her with its turmoil. Jeremiah had told her that she was married, that he had seen the marriage license in front of him with his own eyes, Cadmus had somehow obtained a copy. Alex
wanted to believe it was another Alexandra Danvers, wanted to believe that it was a mistake, someone else had gotten married, but he had seen pictures, he saw proof that she had gotten married. Years ago. In Vegas. When she was drunk.

When did she become the plot for a bad comedy?

Her father admitted that he couldn’t remember who it was that she was married to because all he was thinking about was that his little girl was married. He never mentioned a divorce or annulment, and she reasoned that she would have been contacted for either one of those options so she reasoned that she was still married. She hoped her drunk self at least managed to pick up a woman in Vegas or else things were going to be really awkward.

She knew she was gay in high school, her first kiss was with her best friend Vicky Donahue, and Alex was immediately enthralled with the softness of girls, women. Once she got to college, away from her mother, she decided to fully embrace her sexuality. When Alex got back to her apartment, she did a search for the license to see who it was that she married, but it had been removed from the internet along with all of her other personal data when she started working for the DEO.

That’s how she ended up days later curled up on her floor with a bottle of whiskey. Everything was getting to her, her father being part of Cadmus, Kara being Supergirl, her marriage, it was all too much. Part of her wondered if Kara being Supergirl should bother her as much as it did, she didn’t know why she was upset, at Kara for not telling her or herself for not noticing. Her logical mind would reason that Kara had no reason to tell her, especially since she worked for a government agency that tried to shoot her out of the sky, but her logical mind had abandoned her at the moment for anger and hurt.

Staring at the amber liquid in her glass, Alex was overcome with frustration and hurled it against the wall, watching in satisfaction as the thick, clear pieces clattered on the ground and whiskey trail down the bricks. She needed information, her information, the information that was scrubbed from the internet, and she knew who she needed to talk to in order to get it. Stumbling to her feet, Alex wobbled to the door before deciding it would be better to wait until she was sober, and she wavered back to the couch and fell on the sofa face first, instantly falling asleep.

Twelve hours later, freshly showered, fed and rested, Agent Alexandra Danvers stalked into the DEO, her body angled towards one particular department in the building. No one made eye contact with her as she cut through the floor, agents actually moving out of her way for fear of eliciting her wrath. Alex quickly located her target in the IT offices and her focus narrowed on the agent seated behind a large computer. He was working for the DEO before she was, and was in charge of monitoring their online presence, scrubbing information before people found it and inventing cover stories to spread around. The information she wanted, she needed, she knew that he had locked up somewhere on his server for safe keeping.

“Jackson,” Alex said, drawing the older agent’s attention.

The man looked up when he heard his name and his eyes widened at the sight of the director’s second in command. “Danvers, ma’am,” he said, slowly easing himself out of his chair. A leg injury had permanently benched him from field work, and he still had trouble standing up without the help of his cane.

“Don’t stand on my account Jackson, and don’t call me ma’am, I just need some information, and you’re in the game of having information.”

Jackson eased his back into his seat and steepled his fingers together, “How can I be of help Assistant Director Danvers?”
“Before I started working here, you were in charge of scrubbing my information off of the internet correct?” At his nod, Alex continued, “I need to see all of the information you found.”

The man’s brow nearly disappeared in his hairline, “I can pull it up for you, but may I ask why you need to see it? You’re the first agent who has asked.”

“No offense, but that’s my business Jackson,” Alex replied. “I just need to confirm a few things.”

Jackson nodded again and rolled over to another one of the computers nearby and ran through a few programs before clicking on the file labeled Alexandra Danvers and pulled up an iris scanner. “With the security installed, only the full files are available to the person they concern, so you’ll have to scan your eye. If I were to do it, it would pull up redacted files. We may be a secret government agency, but privacy is still privacy.”

“Thanks Jackson,” she said, placing her eye in the range of the scanner.

Waving his hand, Jackson rolled back to his own computer, “Pull up a chair and look through the files as much as you want. Just close everything down when you’re done, I’m going for a lunch break anyway.” Retrieving his cane, Jackson limped out of his office, leaving Alex alone with the humming computers.

Alex clicked through the files, her brow furrowing as she found things even she didn’t think were on the internet. Grade school report cards, pictures with friends, information about her prom date, it was all vary invasive and made her hyper aware about what was present on the internet. The files were arranged in chronological order, so she clicked through and located the files from a few years ago when she was on break in Vegas. The cursor hovered over the marriage license document, and she sucked in a deep breath before clicking on the file.

The license popped up on the screen, her eyes flitting over the name of the chapel in Vegas and the date before locating her own name and right across from it read Kara Katherine Grant. Kara Grant, she thought before anger raced through her system again, Kara Danvers.

“Hey Kara,” Adam greeted, a bright grin on his face as he walked up to the blonde’s desk.

“Hey Adam,” Kara replied, forcing a smile on her face. “Are you here to see your mom?”

“No, I saw her at breakfast, I’m actually here to see you,” he said, shifting a little on his feet as his nerves started to get to him. “I wanted to know if you were free for dinner tonight?”

Kara knew what he was asking, knew where this was going, it was obvious since he had been flirting with her since he showed up the previous day and when she ran into him at Noonan’s last night as she got her takeout order. She opened her mouth to turn him down when Cat piped up from behind her. “She’s free,” the older woman replied, a wide grin on her face as she slid between them. “She’s completely free, she’s free every night in fact, what could Keira have to possibly do at night?” Kara’s heart started to ache at her mother’s words, but she pushed it down, refocusing on the situation at hand.

“Ah, um, great, so would you like to get dinner with me?” Adam asked. He rubbed the back of his neck shyly as he continued to look at her, his heart beating loudly. He had never seen anyone as
beautiful as his mother’s blonde assistant, nor someone as passionate and willing to defend others and he wanted the chance to get to know her better.

“She would love too,” Cat replied instead and Kara just looked at her mother sharply.

“Ms. Grant,” she whispered, trying to snap her out of whatever haze had come over her mind, but Cat just tightened her grip on her arm. Sighing slightly, Kara looked back at Adam, “I would love to.”

“Great, um, I noticed there’s a nice restaurant down the street from Noonan’s, they have an outdoor terrace, I’ve already made reservations for 7:00 if you said yes. Should I pick you up?”

“I’ll meet you there instead,” Kara countered. “That way you don’t have to come all the way to my apartment. Traffic at night is crazy.” She really, really didn’t want him to know where she lived, she really didn’t.

Adam smiled, “Great, I’ll see you there.” He bid the two women goodbye before striding jauntily out of the office.

“Ms. Grant,” Kara sighed, turning to look at the older woman. “I don’t think this is a good idea.”

“Nonsense Keira,” Cat waved, walking back into her office. “Adam, my son, is interested in you, might encourage him to stay here longer. I do expect you to be a good date for him though.”

“Cat,” Kara hissed, “Shutting the door, I don’t think this is a good idea, did you forget that I’m your child too, don’t I get a say in this?”

Cat faltered for a moment, as if she had actually forgotten that Kara was her daughter as well when she was around her oldest son, and Kara felt a tiny piece of her heart break at that thought. “No, Kara, no, I-” The older woman stopped, but Kara had already slipped back into her role as assistant to CatCo’s CEO, media mogul Cat Grant.

“Will that be all Ms. Grant?”

“No Keira,” Cat said finally, dismissing the young woman. “You can go do, whatever it is that you do.”

Kara scrubbed at her face as she sat down at her desk, ignoring the concerned look that Winn shot her way. She finished the rest of the afternoon without any distractions or looking in at her mother before leaving promptly at five o’clock. The woman had obviously lost her mind and put her in a terrible situation, she already had enough to deal with with the whole Alex situation. She knew she needed to tell her, and soon, Kara didn’t think she could keep the secret from her any longer.

She pulled out her phone and dialed Lena’s number and listen to it ring for a while before sending her to voicemail. Kara frowned and sent her friend a quick text before heading home. “Hey Krypto,” Kara greeted when she walked through her door and he walked over and snuffled a greeting on her stomach. She poured him some food before collapsing on her couch, wondering what she was going to do about the mess Cat had gotten her into. “Mom set me up on a date with her son,” she said to the dog. Peeking over the couch, she spotted the odd look on Krypto’s face as he munched on his food and quickly deduced the reason. “Not Carter,” she said quickly, “Adam.”

Krypto crossed his eyes and woofed at her before returning to his food. “I know, I know,” she replied, “You don’t really like Adam.” She sighed again before pushing herself off the couch and too her bedroom to dig through her closet. Not wanting to send the wrong vibes about what this meant, Kara pulled out a pair of dark jeans and a t-shirt to pair with her calf-high boots. “I’ll be back later
Krypto,” Kara patted the dog on his head. “If you hear something suspicious make sure you come and get me rather than handling it yourself, even Superdog needs backup.” The dog gave her a wide grin and Kara slipped out of the apartment.

After the fight with altercation with Cadmus, Cat ran a full article on Krypto’s appearance as Superdog and convinced her to have enough pictures taken to fill a full spread. Superdog was a hit, and had ended up helping with problems around National City, mostly keeping track of the city’s animals. She hasn’t had to rescue a wayward pet in a tree or tracked down lost dogs in a week.

She decided against taking her truck back towards CatCo with street parking being virtually non-existent, and hopped on the bus. It was times like this that she wished she had gotten the motorcycle that she wanted, and resolved to check her funds to see how doable it was. Since Kara owned the apartment outright, it was saving her a lot of money on rent, but with her food bill she had to be careful. It was a little before seven when she finally arrived as Jazz, the restaurant Adam had mentioned, and spotted the man sitting out on the terrace. “Adam, hey,” Kara greeted, walking up to the table. She could tell that he was surprised by her choice in clothing, but she didn't let it show on her face.

“Hi Kara,” Adam stuttered out a bit. He stood up to pull her chair out but she just waved him away and sat down across from him.

“Have you ordered yet?” The blonde asked, gesturing towards the menus on the table. “They have excellent burgers here, and really good craft beer.”

Adam’s eyebrow rose as he stared at the girl questioningly before shaking his head, “No, I just got here a few minutes ago myself, though I ordered some water and was about to order wine though if you say the beer is good…”

“Much better than the wine selection here,” Kara nodded, pulling the drink menu out for him. “This is actually one of my favorite places, one of my many favorite places really. I don’t really drink all that much, but I do like the flavor of the beer here, it’s… Interesting.”

“Well I’ll take your word for it,” Adam replied with an easy smile. “I’m glad I picked this place then if it’s one of your favorites.” The waitress came over and the two ordered, though Kara toned down her normal order to only two orders of their sliders instead of four.

The man across from her seemed to take it in stride and placed his own order of food before handing the waitress his menu as she left. They sat for a minute in silence, not really knowing what to say to each other before Adam decided on a relatively safe topic. “So you went to National City University?” He asked, gesturing towards her shirt that had the mascot and logo printed on the front, and the name down the long sleeves.

Kara nodded as she sipped at her beer, “Yeah, I was in the Fine Arts school, made a lot of friends, and it was a really great experience overall.”

“Fine Arts? How did you end up working for Cat Grant?”

“I minored in journalism, and I needed a job to pay for my art without being a starving artist.” It was a tiny white lie, her trust fund that Cat set up for her pays for her art materials while the majority of her paycheck goes to feeding herself and Krypto. She technically didn’t need to work, not really, especially with some of the art she makes being picked up by a few galleries around town, but she enjoys it and someone needs to keep Cat in line.

They talked about random subjects for the rest of dinner, Kara steering the conversation away from
anything remotely romantic and trying to imply that this was a dinner between two people that would maybe become friends. She insisted on paying for her own food, and a couple hours after they arrived, the two left the restaurant. “So I had a great time tonight,” Adam started. They were standing to the side of Jazz in a low traffic area, and Kara debated if she wanted to walk home or catch the bus again.

“Yeah it was fun,” the blonde replied with a slight smile on her face. Adam wasn’t so bad, though she still carried a grudge on the way that he treated her mother, their mother. She wasn’t fully paying attention, so she didn’t notice when he leaned closer and pressed his lips into hers. “Whoa,” Kara said, backing up, “What are you doing?”

“What?” Adam questioned, a confused look on his face. “We both had a good time, I just though…”

“That doesn’t mean you can kiss me suddenly like that,” she replied. “Look Adam, you seem nice, but I’m not really interested in you, it would be too complicated.”

Confusion continued to flit across his face before finally settling on rage, and Kara was struck by how much he looked like Cat in that moment. “So what, you were just leading me on this whole time?”

Kara could barely contain her eye roll, “I wasn’t leading you on, I never gave you any indication that I was interested in you, I kept things very clear during dinner that this was between friends, nothing more.”

Adam just scoffed, “Sure, right, I see how this is. When I first met you, I thought no way could someone so kind work for Cat, I guess now I see that you’re not so kind after all.” He turned and stormed away, leaving Kara standing by herself, downtown by herself at night.

“I knew this would be a bad idea,” she muttered to herself as she started towards her apartment, disappearing down an alley to take off through the sky. She landed on her balcony and opened the door, Krypto coming out to greet her. “Hey boy,” Kara cooed, scratching him behind the ears. “Why don’t you go fly some patrols for a little while, nothing drastic, just stretch your legs a little.”

Krypto woofed and ran around quickly in a circle to shift into his Great Pyrenees form and red cape. If he hadn’t been able to shapeshift, Kara worried that Winn and Lena would have designed a little mask for him to cover the top of his face and fit over his ears. He strutted out the balcony door and took off in a blur of white, up over the city to watch over the residents of National City and their animal friends. It was like something out of a comic book, but Kara just let it go, realizing that her life was basically like a comic book.

Her cell phone started ringing from where she abandoned it on the dining room table, her mother’s ringtone echoing out of the device. Kara let out a sigh, this wasn’t going to be good. “Hey Mom,” she greeted, her voice quiet.

“What did you do?”

“Look Mom-”

“Adam is leaving,” Cat’s voice cut through her own. “Said there’s nothing worth staying here for.”

Kara sucked in a deep breath, “That’s not on me Cat, that’s on him. I didn’t want to go on a date with him, you basically forced me to go out with him, do you know how creepy that is? And you know I’m still married-”

“To a woman who doesn’t even know who you are,” Cat scoffed. “Some marriage, at least with
“Adam you would’ve had more hope.”

“I didn’t want to date Adam though!” Kara continued, “I don’t like him, you know I don’t like him, I don’t like how he treats you and Carter.” The Kryptonian rubbed at her face, feeling irritation seep into her bones, “I mean, he basically said that since I turned him down, that there was no reason for him to stay, he didn’t even think about you and Carter.”

“Well if you had just held out a little longer then maybe he would’ve gotten to know us a little better and had a reason to stay.”

“I’m not-” she breathed out, trying to stay calm. “I shouldn’t be responsible for him staying here Cat, and I don’t know why you would want me to do that, he is a grown man, he can make his own choices, and if he decides to be immature about this, then that is his problem.”

“How dare you ruin this for me Keira!” Cat barked out and Kara felt her heart shatter at her words, she promised, she promised she wouldn’t call her that when she wasn’t at work. “I won’t forget this.”

The older woman hung up before Kara could say anything else, and the girl just stared resolutely out the window. “Guess you had no problem forgetting me Mom,” she whispered, wiping away a stray tear before it had the chance to trickle down her face.

Before she could set her phone down and return her gaze to the inside of her fridge, a loud pounding sounded on her door and Kara turned her attention on it. “Oh what now,” she muttered, yanking open the door. “Alex?” She muttered, startled at seeing the brunette leaning against the wall, her manner clearly indicating that she was well on her way to being drunk.

“How dare you,” Alex slurred out, pushing her way into Kara’s apartment. “How dare you do this to me?”

“Do what?” Kara questioned, shutting the door. “I haven’t done anything to you.”

Alex let out a humorless chuckle, “You haven’t done anything to me, sure, right, I guess you haven’t, after all, you didn’t bother to tell me that we were married.”

Kara sucked in another breath as she let out a gasp, “How-”

“How did I find out?” Alex interrupted, “My dead father told me, or better, my father who’s supposed to be dead but is actually an alien hating psychopath told me I was married. Was a shock to the system.”

The blonde was quiet for a few minutes, “What do you want me to say?”

“Why didn’t you tell me?” Alex asked, “We’ve known each other for months, and you never said anything, not a word.”

“You were dating Maggie, or don’t you remember?”

“Even after we broke up, you didn’t say anything-”

“-It’s not like you were around a lot for me to tell you,” Kara retorted, “You basically went MIA for a while.”

Alex thought for a moment before snorting, “Oh yes, that’s because I found out that you were lying to me then too, so you’ve basically been lying to me about everything since I met you.”
“What do you mean?”

The agent stopped her frantic pacing and whirled on the blonde, “Other than the fact we’re married or that you’re actually Cat Grant’s adopted daughter, how about the fact that you’re an alien, that you’re Supergirl?”

“Why would I need to tell you that?”

“I thought we were friends!” Alex yelled, her voice covering Kara’s. “I thought we were friends.”

Kara let out her own mirthless laugh, “Right, that would’ve worked, if you don’t remember, you work for an organization that hunts down aliens and locks them up without proper authorization or due process of law.”

“That doesn’t have any bearing on me!”

“Oh yes it does!” Kara returned, “You don’t think I couldn’t tell how much you hated aliens when we first met, how you treated them with fear and suspicion, including me?” She shook her head, “Is it any wonder that I didn’t tell you that I was an alien, or that we were married?”

“So you judged me to be a narrow-minded xenophobe before you even knew me?”

“You’re behavior identified who you were.”

“And you used that as an excuse not to tell me that we were married.”

“I was scared!” Kara cried, “I was scared okay, is that what you wanted to hear? I was scared to tell you the truth because I was scared that you would hate me.”

“Why not just get a divorce then, or an annulment? It was just a drunken night in Vegas that I barely remember.” That was a lie, Alex knew it was a lie because as soon as she saw the marriage certificate in that file, fragmented memories started flooding back to her about hard muscles, soft skin, and breathy cries. She didn’t know if the flush that covered her body and the heat that raced through her was from anger or…

“It’s against my culture,” Kara whispered, her voice low. “Marriage is sacred under Rao, divorce is unthinkable.”

“And you still didn’t think to tell me, knowing all of that?” Alex didn’t know what to think; she was attracted to Kara, crazy attracted to her, she would have to be blind not to see how beautiful the blonde was, but this… She wasn’t ready for any of this. “I’m going to get this annulled,” she stated, her eyes hard as she met the teary eyes of the blonde. “I can’t- You lied to me about this for the entire time that we’ve known each other, I can’t do this.”

“Alex please, I just, I can’t.” Kara replied, hating how desperate she sounded. This is what she needed after the day she had, her mother basically emotionally disowning her for her ‘son,’ and Alex finding out about them being married. She knew that the agent wasn’t going to take it well, she just wished she had worked up the nerve to tell the older woman herself.

“No,” the agent barked. “You don’t get to feel bad about this, you’ve known for months, you’ve withheld this information for months, and I can’t… I can’t trust you, I’m going to get this marriage annulled and so help me Kara…” She took a step towards the blonde but changed her mind and shook her head. “Look, just stay away from me, I can’t- I don’t want to talk to you or see you.”

“Alex-”
The woman just backed away from Kara and walked to the door, “Just don’t.”

Kara watched as Alex walked out of her apartment, and couldn’t help but think she had just walked out of her life without any chance for them to reconcile. She loved Alex, she hadn’t admitted to herself before in case something like this happened, but she had never been able to get her heart to listen to reason. She had somehow fallen in love with the beautiful, grouchy, over-protective, compassionate agent that hunted down rogue aliens, drank black coffee like water, and wore black every minute of every day.

A soft padding registered in her ears and Krypto snuffled into her chest, his warm, wet nose pushing against her cheek, softly lapping at her tears. “Oh Krypto, I’ve made a mess of things haven’t I?” She murmured, burying her face in his soft fur. “Mom is mad at me, Alex is furious with me, I don’t know what to do.” Tears continued to fall down her face as she sobbed, and Krypto stood there patiently while she clutched at him, trying to offer any comfort that he could. Kara didn’t know how she was going to fix the mess she had found herself in, she didn’t know if she would be able to fix it.

Chapter End Notes

Right, so this chapter was THAT chapter, but it wasn’t so bad right? There was only slight screaming, no throwing things, because that's not how I interpret this bunch. They're the more silent, broody type. And with Cat, she would probably seem super OOC this chapter, and that is kind of explained, but she was super OOC in the show when Adam showed up too, so it continued to fit well.

Cute friend moment coming up, cute family moments, and more drama. And Krypto is the goodest good boy ever!
So I know everyone was a little upset with me (Cat wouldn't do that, how could Cat, yada yada, how dare Alex! stuff like that), but those things had to happen to set up the tone for the next few chapters. Hopefully the amount of fluff will balance out the angst, but probably not, you'll be annoyed for the next few chapters.

And with this, I'm not sure if I'll be able to update next Friday night or not, I hope to, cross your fingers, but the chapters I'm working on, they need full attention and they're more difficult to write so it's taking longer. But again, this is a good thing because it means we're drawing closer to an ending. I have the climax in mind, just need to get there and then the falling action and the happy ending.

Btw, picking out events from the first season to use for this story has been interesting, first season was pretty easy, second season, take out the drama with daxamites, Sanvers and occasional white martians, not a whole lot happened. The climax of the story therefore won't be from either seasons, but oh boy, the rising action man, it keeps rising.

And figuring out how to get our girls back together, that's been fun.

Her eyes were crusted over and swollen from spending half the night crying, even as a Kryptonian, she still dealt with puffy, red eyes after a night of tears. The swelling would go down after sometime in the sun, but Kara was reluctant to leave her bed. Her groaning stomach drove her out of her cozy sheets and into the kitchen to look for food. When her fridge proved lacking in anything interesting to it to eat, Kara closed the door with a sigh and set her head against the cool stainless steel. She settled on going out for breakfast to get take-out, and drop in to see Lena. She hadn’t heard from the brunette in the past few days, and she wanted to talk to someone about everything that had happened the previous day. Normally Kara would go to Cat when she had relationship problems, but the woman had made it clear that she wanted nothing to do with her because she turned down Adam and ‘caused him to leave.’ Kara snorted at the thought, it was the stupidest thing she had ever heard, and she couldn’t believe it came out of her mother’s mouth.

She sped through a quick shower and pulled on a fresh set of clothes before gesturing Krypto over to her. Clipping on his leash, Kara let him tug her out of the apartment building, and down the street, a bounce obvious in his steps. She stopped at the nearby Barkery to get him a pet friendly breakfast before heading to the park to walk him around. Letting him off the leash, Krypto loped around the dog park, greeting all of his friends and sniffing around to see who else had visited while he was away. Kara let him run for a while and do his business, before her stomach fully demanded sustenance. Whistling, she called Krypto back to her and he bounced over, his tongue lolling out.

“Did you have fun with your friends?” Kara asked, kneeling down to scratch his head. He nodded his large, black head and snuffled against her face, poking her with his nose. “Alright, alright, I get it, if I give you your leash, can you manage to get yourself home without any trouble? You could go
out and make appearances as Superdog if you want?” Krypto nodded and gently took the leash in his mouth before running off again, disappearing in the trees before a white and red blur streaked out through the air.

Kara walked out of the park and headed towards her favorite breakfast haunt, Dally’s Diner, and ordered a tremendous amount of food, even for her. Once her food was ready, she gathered all of the bags and toted them to Lena’s building, waving at the doorman as much as she could with her hands full as he buzzed her into the building. She took the elevator to the top floor, and rang the doorbell for Lena’s apartment. Her keys were stuffed in her back pocket or she would try to open the door herself. Kara heard a frantic thud from inside the apartment and muttered curses, and she focused her hearing on the rooms behind the door, picking up something unusual.

“Hey Kara,” Lena greeted as she pulled open the door. It was obvious that the other woman had just gotten out of bed with the way her hair was strewn around her head and her makeup was smudged under her eyes. Curiously enough though, her clothes were mostly wrinkle free. “What are you doing here?” The brunette continued, moving out of the doorway to let Kara in her apartment.

“A lot of stuff happened last night, and I needed to talk to you about it so I brought breakfast,” Kara explained, setting the food down on the counter. “I tried to call you last night, but you didn’t pick up.”

Lena laughed nervously as she helped Kara unpack the food, “Yeah, I, um, was busy working. So what happened last night that has you here before eight in the morning on a Saturday with more food than even you can eat?”

“Just basically my life ending,” Kara groaned before cocking her head. “You know you can tell Sara to come out of the closet right? She doesn’t have to hide.”

The brunette blinked stupidly for a moment before groaning and walking back to her bedroom, returning a few minutes later with a sheepish Sara Lance in tow, sporting a similar look to her best friend. Kara was giving them both an unimpressed look as she forked pieces of a waffle into her mouth. “So,” she started, looking between both of her friends, “Is anyone going to tell me how and when this started. I mean, Rao Sara, I didn’t even know you were in town.”

“Yeah, um,” Sara rubbed the back of her neck sheepishly. “I got into town yesterday.”

“And you just happened to fall in bed with my best friend?”

“No… Well yes, but it’s not like that,” Sara started before Lena put her hand on her shoulder.

“Just stop talking,” Lena whispered in her ear and sat across from Kara at the counter, glancing through the boxes before locating one she wanted. “The sleeping together thing is new,” she explained after a few minutes, “As in just last night new, but I’ve had feelings for Sara for a while and lucky for me, she returns them.”

“Intelligent, tough, smoking hot brunettes were always my type,” Sara winked, sliding onto the bar stool next to Lena.

Kara obviously rolled her eyes and the overly sweet looks the two were giving to each other, but bit back a small smile. She was happy for her two friends, really, they deserved each other, but just because she approved didn’t mean that the two were off the hook for not telling her. “So when you got back in town,” Kara started again, drawing their attention. “You just decided to seek Lena out, blurt out your feelings, and one thing led to another…”
Sara shrugged, “Well, kind of…” She paused as she thought about how to deal with the topic at hand. “I’ve learned in the last few years that life is too short not to go after what you want.”

“Where have you been the last few years?” Lena asked, turning to her lover. “You were a bit cagey about that last night.”

“Yeah, you’ve been in contact, but it’s been pretty sporadic.”

The shorter blonde hummed and stood up, moving around to locate the coffee and coffee filters to make a fresh pot. She needed a strong cup to get through this conversation. “It started when we were in college,” Sara said after a few minutes, picking at the eggs in front of her. “The summer after our freshman year, I encounter a mysterious group of… vigilantes I guess, though they’re more than that. They’re a secret society that cover the globe, right wrongs, dish out justice and vengeance, or that’s what they do now anyway since they’re… under new management. I started working with them, helped with the whole languages thing, and I’ve been running around the globe ever since basically.”

“So you’re what… like a vigilante spy?” Kara asked.

Sara just shrugged again, “They’re called the League of Assassins, so more like an assassin, though I left the league a while ago, so I’m in between careers right now. Though I did work as a mercenary for them for a while, and I made a ton of money, so I’m not hurting for funds.”

“A mercenary assassin,” Lena purred, leaning closer to Sara. “That’s all kinds of hot.”

“You think so?” Sara smirked, turning her attention to the brunette.

“Most definitely.” Lena was going to do something to wipe that smirk off of Sara’s face when the sound of a throat clearing lifted the haze of lust surrounding them.

“Yeah I’m sitting right here,” Kara said when the two of them turned to look at her. “Try to control yourselves.”

Lena rolled her eyes and continued eating while Sara just looked at her curiously, “Are you, are you okay with this, with us?”

Kara snorted, “Are you kidding? Of course I’m fine with it, though it’s none of my business either way. You guys are my friends, and I want you both to be happy.” She reached across the counter and pulled them both into a strong, nearly bone-crushing hug. When she released them, she looked Sara in the eyes, “If you ever think about hurting my best friend, I will toss you into space, got it?”

“Got it space girl, now why don’t you spill, what’s up with all the food?” Sara asked, “This is impressive even for you, which leads me to believe that you’re stress eating.”

“I do not stress eat,” Kara retorted, stuffing an entire pancake in her mouth.

“Yes you do,” both Lena and Sara replied, staring at each other in surprise before Sara continued. “You ate about ten pizzas the night before your senior critique, you stress eat, so spill blondie.”

Kara glared at them halfheartedly for a moment before tears started to fill her eyes and fall down her cheeks. “Oh no sweetie,” Lena rushed around the counter to embrace her best friend while Sara took her hand. “What's wrong?” The brunette murmured, “Here, have some bacon.” She shoved the food in her friend’s mouth, and wiped at the tears on her face.

The whole story spilled out of her mouth before Kara could even register what was happening, starting with finding out that Cat was still sending Adam money, being forced to go on a date with
him, Cat being mad at her, and then ending with Alex finding out the truth and demanding an annulment. “That,” Sara started, taking in the story, “That bitch!”

“Which one?” Lena asked wryly, fury building within her at what her best friend had been through. “I can’t believe that Ms. Grant would say things like that, she basically picked Adam over Kara.”

“Adam has always been her weakness,” Kara said, wiping at her own eyes. “She feels she failed him by not fighting for him, for just giving him up to focus on her career. I hoped that by contacting him, she could start building a relationship with him, and yet this happens.”

Lena shook her head, “But still, she basically placed the responsibility of keeping Adam here on your shoulders, knowing that you didn’t want a relationship with him, and couldn’t have one with your issues with Alex still unresolved. And then she blamed you for him leaving instead of seeing Adam for who he is, a man-child who can’t handle rejection. He’s probably one of those people that would use the term ‘friend-zone’ to describe when someone doesn’t want to be in a relationship with him.”

“I didn’t even really want to be friends with him,” Kara groaned. “I mean, he was nice, and I thought maybe, but I can’t forget everything that he’s said to Cat over the years. It’s not like I can just unhear all of those conversations.”

“You mom is one problem that will need to be sorted out but what the fuck is up with this Alex person?” Sara asked, “What’s her deal?” Kara gave her a brief rundown of her history with Alex and the interactions she’s had with the agent in the past few months as both Kara and Supergirl.

“So does she hate aliens or does she just work for an agency that hates aliens?” The shorter blonde questioned, trying to reason this unknown woman out.

Kara shook her head, “I don’t think she hates aliens, that wasn’t what it sounded like to me, though initially I thought that she did. I think she was more pissed off that I didn’t tell her… Any of this earlier.”

“Well, yeah, that was pretty shitty of you not to tell her that you met her before, and that you were married, I feel like that is pretty important information to share with someone,” Sara told her.

“Go ahead and just make me feel terrible about this,” Kara grumbled.

Sara shook her head, “I’m not, but you have to admit you messed up on that front, but I get it, you were scared, I wouldn’t know what I would have done in your situation.” She shrugged, “I really don’t know, but you’re in this situation now. But still, what this Alex person did, that was uncalled for, yeah she was pissed, but what she did, how she handled this, that wasn’t cool or fair to you.”

“Thanks Sara,” Kara reached across the counter and squeezed her friend’s hand. “So what happens now?”

“Now I figure out a way to toss her into space,” Lena growled, her eyes narrowed as she stared resolutely at the wall. “Or I can just make her vanish off the face of the Earth, yes, that’s better, I’m sure Lex stashed away some of his more interesting weapons… Or I can develop my own, even better, a vaporizer or perhaps something that will toss her into another dimension…” The brunette moved away from the table towards the large white board she kept in the living room and started sketching out plans for whatever device she had in mind to ‘deal’ with that ‘upstart agent.’

“Think she’ll actually figure out a way to make this Agent Danvers disappear?” Sara asked, adding a snap of her fingers at the word ‘disappear.’
“Probably,” Kara nodded, “But hopefully we can stop her before she goes too far and descends to the role of supervillain. I’d have to come up with a good excuse not to lock up my best friend.”

“You wouldn’t lock Lena up if she became a supervillain?” At Kara’s answer shake, Sara continued, “Why?”

Kara thought for a moment, nibbling on a piece of toast. “My cousin and Lex Luthor were best friends once,” she said finally, “But there was so much left unsaid between them, lies, distrust, it drove them apart in the end. Lena and I don’t have that problem, and I know Lena, if ever she did walk down that path it would be for a good reason. Probably not a villain, at most an anti-hero.” Sara nodded thoughtfully at her answer and they glanced back at the brunette who was still plotting out notes on the board.

“Oh,” Kara said, remembering part of their earlier conversation. “You said you were a type of mercenary/vigilante/assassin person, does that mean you have a suit and cool name?”

“I have a suit,” Sara grinned. “Lots of leather, and I go by White Canary so if you see me around town beating up thugs you can stop and say hi.”

“White Canary?” She questioned.

Sara shrugged, “Family thing.”

“So you're just giving a common courtesy that you're going to be running around full vigilante garb?”

“I'll get bored not doing anything and every city has low level thugs the police can't deal with.”

“Well if the league is as good as you say, I would love your help with the problems I run into,” Kara told her. “I'm sure you'd be able to handle rogue aliens, or racist, xenophobic jerks.”

The other blonde grinned, “If you ever need help taking out the trash, just give me a heads up.”

Kara laughed and agreed before both of them glanced back at Lena who had progressed to a full model on the board with long equations explaining how the device worked. “I think we need to stop her now,” Kara sighed, standing up to fetch her friend from the board.

“Probably a good idea.”

“Wake up Danvers!” Maggie’s voice yelled as a beam of light suddenly assaulted Alex’s face, causing her to groan in discomfort.

“Go’way Sawyer,” Alex grumbled, burying her face in her pillow to block out the intruding sunlight. She pulled a blanket over her head to hide from the incessant probes of the detective as the woman poked at her shoulders and her sides.

“Come on Danvers, time to get up, after last night, your liver needs food and sustenance to recover from what you put it through.”

Alex peeked out from under the covers, glaring at her friend, willing her to vanish from her sight. “How’d you know what I did last night?” She grumbled, trying not to slur her words.
“Kara called me,” Maggie replied, earning a dark look from the agent. “Don’t make a face, she was worried about you, worried about what state you’d be in this morning.”

“She doesn’t have the right to be worried,” Alex told her, pushing herself out of bed. 

Maggie just hummed, “Little bird told me that she does have a right to be worried, and that now you know this detail.”

“You knew?!”

The detective held up her hands, “Whoa, easy Danvers, easy, I didn’t know until shortly before we broke up.”

“Is that,” Alex started, “Is that why we broke up?”

“” We broke up because we are in love with different people,” Maggie said, gesturing between them. “You being married didn’t have anything to do with it, the way you look at Kara like a dying man in the desert and she was a beautiful oasis—”

“You can stop now,” the auburn haired woman grumbled, rubbing at her face.

Maggie held up her hands, “Look, my point is that Kara really didn’t have anything to do with us breaking up, that was all on us, better as friends really. And besides, I figured you would be happy to find out about your attached status with Kara.”

Alex sputtered a bit, “Happy?!"

“Yeah, I mean, you have the hots for her, a blind man could see that, and you know being married to Kara basically guarantees fidelity. Plus, have you seen her? She’s gorgeous, always a good thing to be attracted to the one you’re married to, not to mention she’s loaded…”

“Wait what?”

“You figured out she was Cat Grant’s daughter but you didn’t really put it together did you?” Maggie mused, “She’s basically going to inherit part of Cat’s estate, meaning a multi-million dollar media company, along with whatever she has in her trust fund right now. Though, that girl can eat, so wouldn’t surprise me if she’s already eaten through most of it.”

“It’s too early for this conversation,” Alex sighed, standing up from her bed to shuffle towards the kitchen, though she didn’t know if she was looking for coffee, food, or beer, maybe all three.

“I just don’t get it Danvers,” Maggie said, following after her friend. “You like Kara, like really like her, so why are you pushing her away? Why ask for an annulment?”

“I can’t do this with her Mags, not now, not now that I know… everything.”

“It’s not that she’s an alien, I know you better than that,” Maggie hummed. “Is it because she didn’t tell you?”

“She lied to me Sawyer, she deliberately held back this information, something that impacted both of us, not just her.” Alex drained her cup of coffee and quickly refilled her mug, “It’s more than that though…”

Maggie waited while Alex gathered her thoughts, wondering what the real problem was. “Kara said we got married in Vegas two years ago during a drunken one night stand. It’s a time period in my life
that I am trying to forget. I wasn't… I wasn't in a good place, it wasn't a good time for me. Kara, knowing that I married her, it would just be a reminder of the worst point in my life, and I just, I can't.”

“Alright Danvers, alright, I won't ask you about it anymore.” The detective looked at her friend thoughtfully, “Though, for what it's worth, I think that Kara really likes you.”

Alex didn't respond, but the traitorous part of her couldn't help but warm at the words and her heart skipped a beat. “I really like her too…”

Kara felt her pen flex and bend in her hand as she stared at the desk across from her in annoyance. Though empty due to the simpering occupant of said desk being in Cat’s office at the moment, she still directed her anger and irritation filled glare towards the empty desk. Siobhan Smythe, the name sounded like a comic book character and she acted like one too, smiling, giggling, sucking up to Cat at every turn. Her mom just ate it up, smiling pleasantly at the brunette and having her sit in meetings with her, while giving grunt work to Kara.

It had been over a week since the fiasco with Adam and the words Cat said to her that couldn’t be unsaid. It had been over a week since she really talked to her mother, though Carter still called her and came over like everything was fine. It had been over a week since she last heard from Alex, though she waited all the time for papers to show up in her mailbox stating that the woman wanted to terminate their marriage. It had been over a week since she found out that two of her best friends were dating, and she couldn’t have been happier for them.

And it had been exactly a week since Cat had hired Siobhan Smythe aka Executive Assistant number 1, while demoting her to Executive Assistant number 2. She couldn’t believe how petty Cat was being, hiring someone else to put distance between them, picking at her, calling her every name ‘K’ name under the sun but her own, she even heard Linda or Lee slipped in there a few times. It was petty and Kara couldn’t believe this was the same woman who raised her, and she was tempted to ask Lena to run scans on Cat’s brain to see if she’s been taken over by a parasite.

The creative and colorful names that left Cat’s mouth though could only have been thought up by her.

She knew she didn't have to put up with the verbal abuse, she knew that she should either quit or confront Cat about her treatment, but she couldn't do either of those things. Her paintings were doing well, especially since her lawyer negotiated a deal with a toy company to also offer them as puzzles, and then later on bags, mugs, calendars… She hadn't really noticed, but they were pulling in a lot of money, people enjoyed seeing the ‘fantasy' worlds she painted, or constellations up close with kaleidoscopes of color around them. They would never guess the worlds were real, or paintings of stars or clouds in full color were done from memory rather than fantastical imagining.

Kara also wanted Cat to acknowledge that was she was doing was emotional abuse, verbal abuse, because Cat had always told her the last to consciously acknowledge the abuse were the abusers. She knew that she had more worth than to let her boss degrade her, yell at her and call her names not her own. Logically, realistically, mentally she knew this, but when said boss was also her mother, the one who had raised her for the past eleven, twelve years, it was complicated.

Hiring Siobhan though was low, even for Cat. The woman was a snake and everyone could tell, she
was only out to further herself, whether it was at CatCo or another company. She had to constantly fix the other woman’s mistakes, and make reservations she ‘forgot’ about last minute. It was a complete waste of her time, having to do the filing work Cat assigned her along with the work that Siobhan screwed up. If Cat wasn’t bad enough, Winn was following the woman around like a lost puppy, and she has heard them taking far too many ‘breaks’ in the supply closet.

She was rethinking quitting every day since the harpy had been hired, and it had only been a week.

With her Supergirl duties on top of basically doing two jobs at CatCo and the stress from her non-existent relationship with Alex, Kara was exhausted. Cadmus was lying low ever since the failed plot of sending the aliens of National City away to the other side of the universe. She worried that it meant that they were plotting something more nefarious in the shadows, but with Astra and Non stepping up their plans and taking more aggressive actions, dealing with Cadmus has been put on the backburner.

Kara let out another aggravated sigh as “Karen” left Cat’s mouth and she slowly stood up, shuffling into the office.

“Yes Ms. Grant?” She asked, her hands folded in front of her.

“Ah, Assistant Number 2, good, I need these files taken back down to records,” Cat said, pointing to the file boxes that Kara had brought up just that morning for a meeting Cat was going to have later that afternoon. “ Turns out I don’t need them after all.”

The younger blonde grit her teeth together but smiled brightly despite the smirk present on Siobhan’s face and the dismissive look on Cat’s. “Of course Ms. Grant,” she replied, hefting the two file boxes off the ground and out towards the elevator. They weren’t heavy, but the cumbersome size made them awkward to hold as she stood there waiting for the elevator to reach her so she could haul them back down to records.

Cat hated wasting time, especially her own time, which is why Kara continued to wonder what happened to her mother and who was the vengeful, spiteful woman that replaced her?

The rest of the day passed relatively peacefully, crime was quiet in the city for once, nothing that required Supergirl’s attention, and she was stuck on the 36th floor with the team in charge of CatCo’s social media presence since Siobhan messed up again and Kara was required to fix it, again. It was after eight by the time that Kara made it home, slumping into her apartment with a loud sigh. “I’m home Krypto,” Kara called when the dog didn’t immediately greet her as usual. Her brow furrowed in confusion, he always came home when he heard her coming except for when Carter took him out, but he usually texted her when he was leaving to take Krypto out.

Kara pushed herself off the door and glanced around her apartment, looking for her missing dog, before spotting his tail poking out from the other side of the counter. “Krypto?” She called again, walking towards him only to find the massive dog collapsed on the ground. “Krypto!” Kara cried, falling on the ground next to her friend, her hand brushing through his fur and along his head. “Krypto?”

She heard a loud sound behind her and whirled around, but before she could face who or what had hurt Krypto, a force knocked into her chest, pushing her back. Kara fought to escape whatever had knocked her over, but her vision quickly faded to black and she was pulled into the deep recesses of her mind. Her worry, fear and irritation from the past week quickly gave away as she succumbed to the darkness.
Cat stood on her balcony overlooking the city, an untouched drink clutched in her hands. It had been over a week since her family fell apart, mostly by her own doing, and rather than try to fix it, she continued to make the problem worse. She didn’t know why she pushed Kara and Adam together, other than she saw Adam’s interest in her daughter and she immediately jumped on the opportunity to keep Adam in National City longer. In a life filled with decisions and regrets, not fighting for Adam after he was born was her greatest regret. Had been her greatest regret. Now, Cat’s greatest regret and biggest mistake was ruining her relationship with her daughter, basically throwing her away for a son that neither wanted her nor cared about her.

Kara never cared for Adam, Cat knew that, not with how he had reacted the last few times that she tried to reach out to him. The younger woman held her tongue when she saw her words upset Cat, but even disliking him, she still chose to contact Adam, to try and get him to National City for Cat to make amends. She blew it though, she put all of her eggs in one basket, without consulting Kara about her plan or taking her feelings into consideration, and Adam was gone before she even realized what had happened.

The more rational side of her mind wanted to roll her eyes at how Adam just fled the city because he was rejected, but she was a mother first and foremost and all she saw was someone hurt her child. Her claws were out looking for blood and unfortunately they set on her other child, Kara, her daughter whom she adopted and loved as much as if she had given birth to her herself. Her child that had already lost so much in her life, her family, her culture, her planet, broken and yet made stronger by the comfort of a new, loving family and home.

She wondered if this was what she was waiting for her whole life, anticipating with dread the moment when she would eventually turn into her mother, utter sharp, degrading, scathing words to her child, a quick sharp slap against their cheek to teach them a lesson. Cat had been dreading the moment when she would wake up and see her mother staring at her in the mirror, and she had seen that very thing every day since emotionally cutting Kara out of their family and hiring that useless, vapid woman as her new assistant. She could see Kara suffering, every day she saw the anger and hurt in crystal blue eyes as she chose the other woman over her again and again. She knew that she needed to apologize, to swallow her pride and tell her daughter that she was wrong, that she loves her and didn’t mean to hurt her or treat her as if she were less than Adam, less than Siobhan, she knew this. Pride had always been her downfall though, and apologizing had never been something she learned how to do.

A soft thud reached her ears, but Cat didn't stray her eyes from the scene in front of her. “I'm not in the mood for one of your chats Astra,” she bit out, glancing towards the woman. The stricken look on the brunette’s face gave her pause. “What's wrong?”

“I didn't,” Astra stopped, shaking her head. “I didn't think he'd do something like this, something so drastic…”

“Who?” Cat demanded, “General! What is wrong?!”

“It's Kara…”

“What's wrong with Kara?” Cat felt her heart rise to her throat.

Her phone started buzzing on her desk, and she rushed for it, hoping to see Kara’s face on the screen, a frown crossing it when she saw Lena’s number instead. “Lena?” She answered, “I can't talk there's-”
“Cat,” Lena’s voice was strained when she spoke. “Cat it's Kara, there's something wrong with her, she's… you better get to L-Corp.”

Lena hung up and Cat stared at her well unseeingly before turning to the Kryptonian woman in the room with her. “One of your men did something to Kara,” Cat stated.

“Non, my… my husband,” Astra replied looking down. She couldn't believe that he would stoop so low, do something so terrible to her niece.

Cat nodded absently, grabbing her phone and purse on autopilot before turning out the lights. The brunette watched the woman in confusion before Cat turned a determined glare on her, and walked up to her, grabbing the front of her uniform and yanking her down to her level. “You are going to take me to L-Corp,” she said, her voice even. “And you are going to explain whatever it is that your husband did to my daughter, and you are going to help fix her.”

Astra nodded and carefully picked the woman up, flying towards L-Corp as fast as she dared to travel. They touched down on Lena’s balcony on the top floor and the CEO rushed out to meet them, anxiety and fear written all over her face. “Cat, thank goodness you’re here… though did you have to bring her?” Lena asked, gesturing towards the tall woman behind her.

“She is partially responsible for whatever is wrong with my daughter and she is going to help fix it,” Cat growled, her hand clutching at Astra’s wrist. The general knew that if she were human, the vice grip on her arm would probably have broken her wrist, though she did wince slightly at the feel of nails digging into her arm.

Lena gave the woman an unimpressed look, “Well, alright, come on Santa, maybe you can explain this to us.” Astra rolled her eyes but followed her niece’s best friend into the office as Cat yanked her on, her grip never wavering. Lena gestured them into the secret lab she kept just outside of her office, and Cat nearly collapsed when she saw Kara lying on a table, a large wriggling mass attached to her chest. She barely acknowledged Lucy and Sara in the room as well, Sara keeping watch over Kara while Lucy checked on Krypto who was still recovering from the kryptonite darts that knocked him out earlier that night.

“What is that thing?” Cat asked, turning to the woman whose arm she held captive.

“A black mercy,” Astra replied, a grim look on her face. “It’s a type of parasite, trapping the victim in their ideal world as it slowly feeds off of them. If you don’t find a way to break her out of the fantasy, she’ll die.”

“So what do we do?” Lena questioned, one hand clutching her best friend’s hand, the other holding onto her girlfriend. “How do we break her out of the fantasy?”

“You have to remind her about what is real,” the general said. “You have to make her choose this world.”

Cat growled, “That doesn’t explain how we’re supposed to do that when she’s… when she’s like this!” She was set to go through another tirade when a hand fell on her arm and she glanced over, her eyes connecting with Lucy.

“I think,” the lawyer started, her eyes shifting from Cat to Kara, and then back to Cat. “I think I have an idea.”

Chapter End Notes
I still have yet to watch 3rd season, purely because of time, I've been busy. This weekend though, definitely. Then there was that cryptic thing that Chyler posted about wrapping up the crossover and I'm like logically I know that she was talking about the end of Sanvers, but it sounded like she was also leaving and I about had a mini-heartattack because no, just no, the heart and soul of the show, the Danvers sisters, can't be broken up! I was like breathe, breathe, chill, probably just talking about what y'all already knew, Floriana Lima leaving the show, which we all knew was coming, but still.

I hope they give Alex an awesome story after this.

And I really, really hope that the writers aren't planning to go in the Lena/James direction because that just doesn't seem like a good idea. What happened to the whole Kara/James thing? I wasn't sold on that but definitely had more going on there. Or really, do we have to have that many romantic relationships? Can't we just, idk, have a fun show with personal relationships that could just be friendships?

They would ruin Supercorp, we all know this, look what the Arrow writers did to Oliver and Felicity?

I low-key ship Sara/Alex, not gonna lie.

Okay, I'm done
Chapter 40

Chapter Notes

Hello everyone! Back for another installment! Updates will be every other week for now, I have a ton of personal and professional real life stuff happening that just drains all of my time. I'm writing as fast as I can though, and plotting out the last section of the story. Part of me is just like screw it, end it next chapter, but I'm like no, I've written this far, I at least deserve to have a happy, plotted out ending and cute scenes that satisfy all of the fluffy desires and heart wrenching moments that pull tears...

Anyway, I'm working on it, as well as my next story and my secret santa prompts for this year! I'm nervous about them but it's always fun!

So I hope you like this chapter, I watched a few episodes of the first and second season to plan this out and I made some notes on the episodes and I was like I wonder what would've happened if and this is what came out.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“I’ve always wanted to break into a top secret government facility,” Sara commented to Lucy as they drove to the desert facility of the DEO. “I mean, I’ve broken into government facilities before, but not a top secret government facility.”

“We’re not really breaking in,” Lucy said. “I still have my army credentials, and I can enter the facility if I need to, I’m not sure how I’m going to get you in though.”

Sara just waved her hand, “Don’t worry about me, I was basically trained by a bunch of ninjas, I can probably get myself in sooner than you do.”

Lucy slowed the SUV as she pulled up to the gates and turned to look at Sara, but found that the blonde had disappeared. “It’s a good thing the Martian stays at the city facility,” she grumbled quietly. Kara had told her about the DEO director, and she made sure to hide her thoughts as best as she could, though her and Sara would be detected immediately were he present at the base.

The agents at the gate nodded to her as she passed them, and Lucy just sent up a silent prayer that Sara figured out how to get in the base. Lucy walked through the doors, thankful that there was only a skeleton crew left at the base, and even fewer of them were there at night. When she located the correct lab, she opened the door, and stared in shock at Sara who was already dismantling the equipment they needed. “You’re late,” Sara stated, glancing at the lawyer. “I already have most of this packed up.”

“Do I want to know how you got in here?” Lucy asked, grabbing the last pieces of the device and stuffing it into one of the bags.

“The same way that I’m going to get these,” Sara gestured to the duffle bags, “Out of here. You can’t exactly be seen stealing.”
“Borrowing,” Lucy correcting.

“DEO property,” the blonde continued. “So I’m going to take them with me, and meet you outside. Don’t forget your cover on why you came to begin with.”

Lucy pulled her dress hat out of her bag, but Sara was gone before she could double check that the woman knew what she was doing. “Fucking ninjas,” Lucy grumbled, making her way out of the compound. The agents at the gate just waved her through barely acknowledging her presence, and Lucy was on full alert looking for Sara.

“Well that was fun,” Sara said, popping up from the back seat, scaring the crap out of Lucy in the process. She jerked the car on the road, swerving a bit before finally course correcting. “You need to watch where you’re going,” the blonde told her as she settled into the passenger seat.

“Why did I think this would be a good idea?” Lucy griped, pressing the pedal down to rush back to L-Corp tower. They reached the building sooner than they would have if the brunette cared about traffic laws in the middle of the night when her friend was in pain and possibly dying.

“Lucy, thank Rao,” Lena muttered when she saw the two women carrying in the duffle bags of equipment. “Did you get everything?”

“Yeah,” Lucy replied, opening up one of the bags. “I noticed this on the DEO seize inventory list weeks ago, apparently Maxwell Lord’s fiancée was being very naughty, cavorting with terrorist groups and what not, which prompted a search and seizure of many of Lord’s properties. This was found in one of the properties for a subsidiary of Lord Industries, one that was devoted to developing anti-alien technologies, which is why the DEO was involved in the process.”

“Maxwell Lord’s fiancée,” Lena murmured before realization dawned on her. “Rachel Berkowitz.”

“Yeah, she’s a piece of work, but because of that, we have what we need,” Lucy responded.

“You’re going to need it,” another voice said and Lucy turned to see a dark skinned woman hovering over Kara, one of her hands placed on her forehead. “I cannot see where Kara is due to her Kryptonian powers, but the Black Mercy is weakening her and I can see brief glimpses passed the normally impenetrable barrier around her mind.”

Sara grinned as she saw the woman and wrapped her arms around her, “M’gann! Roomie, long time no see. Is that your phone in your pocket or are you happy to see me?”

“Still the same as ever Sara,” M’gann rolled her eyes. “Now, who is going in this crazy fantasy developed by this psycho plant? Because from what I saw, we need to hurry.”

“I’m going,” Cat rasped out before anyone else could, her eyes red but determined.

“Ms. Grant, no-” Lena started before Cat sent her a dark look.

“Kara is my daughter, my responsibility, I have to be the one to go in after her, to break her out of the world this tacky little plant has trapped her in,” the older woman said, her hands on her hips as she glared down the other women in the room. None of them could match the intensity of Cat’s glare, so they quickly backed down, leaving only Lena to match wits with the media mogul.

“Don’t think I don’t know how you’ve been treating Kara over the past week,” Lena stated, her eyes hard. “Hiring a basically worthless assistant to lord over Kara, while treating your own daughter like someone less than dirt.”
Cat resisted the urge to flinch at Lena’s harsh words. “My decisions recently,” Cat murmured, “Have been suspect, and I can only say that I haven’t been in my right mind. I’ve been wanting to apologize to her, but with this plant, I might… I might not get the chance, so Lena please,” Cat pleaded. “Please let me do this, let me save Kara. I can do this, I should be the one to do this.”

“She is Little One’s mother,” Astra pointed out, drawing attention to her presence in the corner. “Though I do know that you care about her as well Fierce One,” she said, nodding at Lena. “Cat should be the one to go in after her.”

“So you say Santa,” Lena snarked, “But don’t think we’ve forgotten that you’re partly to blame for this very situation!”

“Don’t you think I don’t know that!” Astra snarled.

Before the argument could devolve any further, Lucy stepped in between the three women, “Alright ladies, calm down, we need to focus on what’s important here, saving Kara.” She turned her attention to Cat and gave her an assessing look, “Do you really think you can do this Cat?”

“I have to do this Lane,” Cat replied, staring down at Kara on the table. “The alternative is letting her die, and that is not an option.”

Lucy nodded and fixed the helmet on Cat's head. “We'll monitor you both out here, and if it looks like you're in distress, we're pulling you out.”

“You listen to me very carefully Lane,” Cat said glaring at the woman. “You too Lita, I don't come out until she comes out.”

Cat blinked as her eyes came into focus and stared around her in shock. The buildings, tall spires, and red sun shining above her were dead giveaways at where she was, Krypton. “This is Kara’s ideal fantasy,” Cat murmured, glancing around. She was inside a hallway glancing out over a vast city, Argo City if she remembered correctly from what Kara has described to her about her home world. The younger blonde had done numerous paintings and sketches of her original home over the years, and to finally see it in person, Krypton was beautiful, unlike anything Cat had seen before. She wondered, if Kara’s ideal world was Krypton, what that meant for her, Carter, and everyone else that Kara met and cared about on Earth.

She heard footsteps coming down the hall and Cat turned, her breath stolen as she saw Kara striding down the hallway in loose, green robes tinged in white, red and blue. Her hair was partially pulled back, while the rest flowed around her head like a wild mane. Blue eyes landed on her for a moment, and Cat froze, wondering how she would be received but Kara brightened and headed right to her. “Aunt Cat!” Kara cried, pulling her into a tight hug, and Cat realized that it was the first hug she’s gotten from Kara in several weeks. She fought back tears at the realization and just accepted the tight hug, returning it with equal enthusiasm. “I didn’t know you were coming,” Kara said when she pulled away from the woman, “Aunt Astra mentioned that you were petitioning the high council today and didn’t think you were able to come.”

“You don’t think I would miss this do you Kara?” Cat replied, going with a safe answer. She wasn’t sure what was going on, but apparently she was part of this fantasy world, part of Kara’s ideal world, even if as not her mother, still part of her family. With her parents still alive, it would make sense to
“I hoped you wouldn’t,” Kara bit her lip and glanced down. “I mean, this is the unveiling of my first public work that I completed all by myself rather than with the rest of the Artisan guild.” She was practically bouncing with excitement as she linked her arm with Cat’s and led her down the hall. “Everyone is going to be there, Mother, Father, Uncle Jor-El and Aunt Lara, you and Aunt Astra, hopefully Lena if Sara manages to drag her away from the lab. Though Aunt Astra tells me that Carter-Ze and Kal-El will be busy with their studies in the Science guild. My cousins clearly work too hard.” Cat’s heart stuttered at those words, Carter was here as well, on Krypton, as her son presumably and he and Superm- Kal-El, were part of the science guild together.

The world inside of Kara’s mind was more than she could ever have imagined. The younger woman led her out of the building, which she identified as the living community for their combined families, the House of El and the House of Ze. Cat held a suspicion at how she and Carter were related to Kara’s family in this world, but she only replied with vague comments in order to not out herself too early. She knew time was of the essence in order to get Kara out of the control of the Black Mercy, but she wanted to give her this time in her world. And curiosity was one of her weaknesses, she wanted to learn more about Kara’s fantasy, see Krypton from Kara’s point of view.

They arrived in the square a short time later, Kara keeping up a nervous babble that Cat always found endearing. She had learned that the work that Kara designed and built was a fountain, which made sense because the girl had always been fascinated by fountains on Earth. Cat had taken the girl to some of the most famous fountains in the world just to see her stare in fascination at the sculpture and water trickling around the forms. Fountains weren’t common on Krypton because water was a precious resource but apparently in Kara’s perfect world, Krypton was spared from over-mining and polluting the oceans, and everything was clean and vibrant, though tinged red from the sun.

She recognized Kara’s parents immediately and while Kara left her to go speak with them, Cat hung back to study Zor-El and Alura In-Ze. They looked exactly like the drawings Kara had completed and of course the hologram pictures she showed her, but seeing them in person, they seemed different. Cat knew that the people in front of her were phantoms from Kara’s mind, but she also knew that they were closer to the real Alura and Zor-El than any hologram could get.

A slender arm snuck around her waist and Cat jumped in surprise. She whirled around and found Astra standing next to her, staring at her in amusement. “Didn't mean to startle you beloved,” Astra murmured, her fingers tenderly stroking Cat's hip. “I just didn't think you'd be here with the list of grievances you were presenting before the council today.”

Her suspicions were right, she was Kara’s aunt in her mind because she bonded with Astra, which would make Carter her and Astra’s son. “Surely you didn't think I would miss out Little One’s big day?” She replied, leaning into the taller woman. She would play the part for now, and Cat had to admit that Astra was certainly more attractive than the men she had been entangled with previously. She turned her attention back to Kara and found the girl was being chatted up by a lithe woman with short, reddish-brown hair in the traditional black robes of the military guild. The woman looked familiar to Cat but she needed confirmation. “Astra,” Cat started tilting her head towards her wife. “Who is that talking to Kara?”

Astra hummed and glanced over to where her wife was indicating, “Oh, that is Lexy Da-Vers of House Vers, she is one of the best commanders in the military guild.” She continued to study the two women, observing the way they interacted, “She would be a good match for our Kara, the House Vers is very respected, and the children they would produce would be very gifted.”

Cat knew about the fallout between Kara and Agent Alex Danvers, Kara hasn’t told her because she
hasn’t been welcoming of any personal conversations recently, but she knew something happened.
Watching her daughter talk animatedly with the fantasy version of Alex, her hands waving, eyes shining, it nearly broke Cat’s heart. This was everything that Kara wanted, success, appreciation, acknowledgement, but most of all, love. Kara always wanted to surround herself with love, from her family and friends, and someone special one day. Here it was in front of her, everything that she knew her daughter wanted, everything that she wanted for her, and it hurt. It hurt so much because Cat knew that none of it was real, she knew that this was all a twisted fantasy caused by the Black Mercy, pulled from Kara’s mind. She couldn’t let Kara live in this fantasy world, despite how wonderful it seemed, because none of it was real, and reality, no matter how ugly and brutal, was always better than dreams.

The unveiling of the new fountain in the square went off without a hitch, and Kara was praised for the beauty and dynamism of the sculpture. Cat wasn’t sure how much time passed, but there was food and dance, and Astra barely strayed from her side the entire time. She found the taller woman’s presence to be comforting, almost welcome, and she wasn’t sure what to do with that feeling, if it was actually hers or influence from the fantasy. The Kryptonian dishes were delicious and unique, and in a brief moment when she was left alone by Astra, Cat wondered if she could recreate them with spices and ingredients on Earth.

Her mind snapped to awareness as she realized that she was alone, and Cat glanced around, locating Astra talking with other members of the military guild and a few members of the high council. Cat was eternally grateful that Kara explained the guilds, houses, and the council to her years ago, about the different colored robes for the different guilds or else she would’ve been lost. She looked around again and spotted Kara standing a little ways away from everyone, just looking out at the city and people around them. Walking over to the blonde, Cat stared out at the same scene, a city of lights, a city of life that radiated warmth and safety.

“It’s a beautiful sight,” Cat said finally, glancing at Kara out of the corner of her eye.

“It is,” Kara murmured out a reply, “It’s always been beautiful.”

“The fountain is beautiful as well Kara, and everyone here knows it. Everyone here loves you and cares about you.”

Kara hummed and nodded her head, a sad expression crossing her face, “Too bad it’s not real…” Cat looked at her wide-eyed and Kara rolled her eyes, “Don’t look so surprised Mom, I know it’s you. The Aunt Cat I ‘remember’ from this world was less affectionate than you, and she always called me Little One like Aunt Astra, never ‘Kara.’” A slight smirk crossed Kara’s face, “And you had no idea what meeting you were supposed to be in with the High Council did you?”

Cat let out a dry laugh and shook her head, “No, no clue, Astra made it sound important though.”

“You were lobbying the Council for the people’s right to know, the right for information,” Kara grinned. “Basically you were fighting for something never before seen on Krypton, freedom of the press.”

“Sounds like me,” Cat smiled. “Being bonded to Astra was a surprise though.”

“Yeah that was interesting too, but I never did like Non and I imagine that I wanted you and Carter here with me somehow.”

Cat nodded in understanding, “That doesn’t explain why you’re still here though, if you knew this was all a fake.”
Kara gave her mother a sad smile and glanced behind her, looking at her family. “I wanted to spend some time with them again,” she murmured, “Even if none of this was real, this was the closest I would get to my mother and father again. And here in this world, Alex isn’t mad at me, you and Carter are family, and Lena is still here, a leading member of the science guild with my father and uncle.” A brighter smile crossed her face, “And Carter makes such a good scientist, he would’ve fit right in with the science guild, my father and uncle would’ve loved him, such a quick mind.” She took another look at her family, the *images* of her family, “Do you know why I’m trapped in this world? Trapped in something, some place so cruel.”

“Non used a Black Mercy on you,” Cat told her. “I’m here to bring you out of this fantasy.”

“I have to reject the fantasy,” Kara murmured, a devastated look crossing her face. “I have to lose them all again.”

“No Kara, no,” the older blonde said, grabbing her hand. “You don’t have to lose them, you’ll always have them because you’ll always remember them. That’s how this world was created, from your memories, your wishes.”

“I wish Krypton had been like this,” Kara replied, wiping away a tear. “Krypton had been anything close to this, then, maybe, it would still feel like home…”

Cat jerked awake, sitting up on the table where they had laid her, and wrenched the headset away from her head. “What happened?” She demanded, looking at the others in the room. “Why was I pulled out?”

“Um, Ms. Grant, we didn’t do that,” Lucy said, gesturing towards the other side of the table where Kara was located. Cat looked over and saw the horrendous plant slither off of Kara’s chest, collapsing on the floor in a shrivelled husk.

The blonde shifted for a moment before bolting upright, gasping for breath. “Easy Kara, easy,” Cat soothed, running her fingers comfortingly through soft blonde hair.

Kara sucked in great lungfuls of air, releasing them in gasps as she tried to calm down. Shakes and shudders quaked through her body, so much so that she couldn’t control her limbs as they pulled in on her, clamping around her like a vice. She continued to breathe, but she couldn’t breathe, every bit of air she pulled in felt like needles stinging her lungs. “Easy Kara,” she heard her mother’s voice whisper in her ear. “Easy, it’s alright, you’re here with us, and you’re safe.” Letting out a few more shuddering breaths, Kara glanced up. The first person she saw was her mother, looking at her in concern and care, more than she’s seen in the past week. Lena was hovering on her other side, Sara not too far behind her, and Lucy and M’gann were a few paces away.

She caught sight of her Aunt lingering in the corner, her arms folded across her chest, and her face displaying the stoicism of a general. “I’m going to kill him,” Kara said, her eyes cold.

“Not before I do,” Astra vowed, pushing off the wall. “I didn’t know that he would do this to you Little One, I swear I didn’t know.”

The younger woman just gave Astra an unimpressed look, “So what? Non does something terrible to me so you realize that he’s a bastard, a bit late don’t you think?”
Astra winced at Kara’s words, truth ringing loud and clear. Her husband, while a good soldier, was a terrible person, she knew that when she married him, and she can only assume it was one of the reasons why she was denied a place in the queue for a child. At the time, Astra blamed it on the government, the secrets they kept, and slowly started to rebel. Years spent in the Phantom Zone allowed her more perspective on her life and choices. After landing on Earth, her focus was consumed with finding a way to preserve the world, to save the humans from themselves and their own destruction. Until she learned that Non attacked her niece’s dog and sent a Black Mercy after the girl, Astra was content to forget her husband’s bad traits, especially with how competent a soldier he was.

“Truthfully,” Astra started. “I’ve been thinking about some of the things that you’ve said, the things that you’ve done, the things that you’ve shown me, and I’ve started to realize that there are other ways to save the world, ways where we can work together rather than against each other.”

“Takes me losing Krypton again to bring you to your senses then.” Kara shook her head and stumbled to her feet, waving away Cat’s questing hand, her gaze locked on where Krypto was lying with a portable sun lamp. “Are you okay buddy?” She asked, kneeling next to her fallen friend. Krypto gave a little wag of his tail and licked at Kara’s face before snuggling into her chest and letting out a sigh. “Yeah, I know it was awful, kryptonite is terrible and I’m sorry you had to experience that.” She had run into the stuff once when visiting the Bat Cave and she still remembers the queasy feeling it left in her stomach and the energy it sapped out of her body, as well as the tongue lashing Cat gave Bruce for leaving it out.

Kara felt arms wrap around her as Lena pulled her into a tight hug, one that would’ve bruised if she didn’t have her powers. “I’m okay Lena,” the blonde replied, patting one of the brunette’s arms. “Physically maybe,” Lena muffled out a reply as she moved her head from Kara’s back to her shoulder. “That doesn’t mean you’re okay emotionally, that means hug time.”

“You’re the best Lee,” Kara murmured, leaning into her friend.

“What about the rest of us?” Sara questioned, pointing between herself, Lucy and M’gann, who were introduced while Kara was indisposed. “Don’t we get hug time?”

The kryptonian rolled her eyes and gestured them over with her head, “Come on, get over here, get on in the hug fest.” Sara gave her friend a big grin and wormed her way around her front and wrapped her arms around Kara, planting a wet kiss on Lena’s lips right next to Kara’s face. “Oh gross guys,” Kara groaned. “Keep that to yourselves why don’t you, I am right here.”

“Yes you are,” the shorter blonde replied, planting a loud kiss on her lips as well. “And we love you to pieces and are very grateful that you left your ideal fantasy world to dredge it out here with the rest of us.”

“I’m,” Kara breathed out, “I’m glad I came back too, though, Sara, just because I came back, don’t get any funny ideas.”

“Nah Alien girl, I’m more of a one woman kind of girl, though if I do decide to start a haram, I’ll let you know.” The blonde was rewarded by two sharp jabs on either side of her rib cage, causing her to let out a squawk in protest, “Alright, alright, geez, no more jokes. Seriously though, Lena is more than enough for me, sometimes too much, that thing she does with her tongue…”

“Okay,” Kara said, standing up from the sandwich she had found herself in. “That is too much information, you can just stop right there. I know I’ve seen both of you naked, but just no.” She walked over to where Lucy and M’gann were standing and wrapped her friends in a tight hug.
“Megan I didn’t know you were back from Gotham,” Kara murmured, squeezing the Martian a little tighter. “Or do you want us to call you M’gann now since we’re out of school?”

“I’ll answer to either,” M’gann answer, pulling Kara into a tight hug. “And I only got back a few days ago, I’ve been busy trying to sort through the paperwork at the bar, and other business prospects.”

“I’m just glad you’re back, and you two met each other?” Kara asked, looking between Lucy and M’gann.

“We were introduced while you were napping Kara,” Lucy told her, wrapping her arms around her blonde friend again. “Try not to take anymore unauthorized naps in the future, okay Kar’?”

Kara was about to reply when a large explosion shuddered through the building, rocking the foundation. “Not again,” Lena growled, dashing out of the lab to her office where she pulled up her security feed, the rest following after her. “What the hell,” she muttered when she pulled up the security footage and saw images of John Corben and a few other men with alien weaponry blasting the lobby of L-Corp and the street outside. “I thought he was dead? I’m pretty sure I shot him in the chest, which usually leads to dead, so why is he not dead and where has his undead self been this whole time?”

“I’ll deal with him,” Kara growled out, “I need to hit something.”

“Wait Kara!” Lena called before her friend could change into the spare uniform that Lena kept in her office. “Corben, he’s glowing green, I don’t know what it means, but you need to be prepared for it to be kryptonite.”

“I’ll be careful Lena,” Kara murmured before changing into her suit and flying out of the window.

Astra glanced at the footage as well before flying after her niece to provide whatever help she could, to prove that she really was trying to change, to be good. “I’m going down there too,” Sara said, grabbing her bag and heading for the stairs. “They can’t handle all of those guys if there’s kryptonite, M’gann, can you get them out of here?” Sara asked, motioning towards Cat, Lucy, and Lena.

“‘I’m not leaving,’” the three women said, glares on their faces.

“Ohay,” Sara drawled out, “Just make sure they don’t die.” She took off down the stairs, pulling on her suit as she went.

Kara dodged out of the way as a bolt of kryptonite erupted from Corben’s chest, a twisted sneer present on his face. Astra was engaging in combat with his evil twin, her reinforced tactical gear protecting her from the debilitating effect of the growing green mineral. She used her heat vision and freeze breath against the man rather than engaging in direct combat, dodging away from him whenever she could. She saw that Astra quickly took the other man out of the building and Sara was taking down the other goons with her bo staff, while she was still tangling with the first freak show. “What happened to you?” Kara yelled at him, dodging another blast of kryptonite.

“I was chosen to transcend,” Corben replied, blasting more kryptonite. “I was saved from death and evolved to cleanse the world from you alien scum, lording your powers and otherworldliness over us, demanding to be worshipped and ruling with fear.”

“I’ve just been trying to help,” Kara yelled back. “This is my home, I want to protect it as much as any human.”

“But you’re not a human, you’re an alien, a foreigner, an outsider, an invader,” he sneered. “A
mistake, you and your cousin, showing off your powers like you’re better than us. My employers though have located a substance that will eliminate that issue.” Corben took a small syringe out of his pocket and grinned at her before firing kryptonite at her again. The green beam caught her side and Kara dropped, sliding across the ground. The man slammed the needle of the syringe against the glowing kryptonite core in his chest, a gasp of pain leaving his throat as the liquid in the vial flowed through him. The green faded and slowly changed to gold, causing Corben’s eyes to light up with a golden light. “They were saving this for Superman,” he hissed out, pain flooding his system. “But with your recent interference with our plans and acquaintances, you moved up on the list.”

Kara watched in horror as Corben started to scream, a beam of gold leaving his chest headed straight for her when her vision was masked by thick, brown hair as she was knocked away. “Astra!” She yelled out as her aunt took the full hit of the beam. The older kryptonian grit her teeth against the pain, but eventually the pressure on her system overrode her self-control and she let out out a loud scream.

The beam continued to fire until the glow in Corben’s chest gave out and he crashed to the floor, his body finally giving out from the experiments Cadmus put him through. “Aunt Astra!” Kara cried, moving over to her aunt’s body.

“Don’t touch her,” Sara yelled, running up to her before Kara could touch the fallen woman. When Supergirl looked up at her questioningly, she shook her head, “Whatever that guy used against her, it was meant for you, there might still be remnants on her clothes, you can’t touch her.”

“We can’t leave her here,” Kara said, gesturing to the wrecked lobby.

“We’ll get her up to Lena’s lab Kara,” M’gann’s voice came as the woman walked up to them.

“I can’t,” the blonde gasped out, her breaths coming out fast. “I can’t Sara, what if she dies? It’s too much, I just lost my first family all over again, I can’t, I can’t lose Astra too.”

Sara embraced her friend, tugging her face into her chest and setting her cheek on soft blonde hair. “We’ll do what we can Kara,” she soothed, tightening her arms around Kara’s shoulders. “Lena will find out what’s wrong with her and will save her.

“It’s too much Sara,” Kara cried into Sara’s shirt, “It’s just all been too much.” Tears fell out of her eyes and sobs wracked her body. Sara continued to hold her but part of her wondered how much more her normally strong friend could take.

Chapter End Notes

I caught up through episode 3 of Supergirl this season. I’m definitely getting some serious Lena/James vibes, and it’s obvious how the writers are planning on breaking Sanvers up. It’s a dumb way to do it, but it is an issue a lot of couples face, and it’s good they’re talking about it before they got married. Is anyone else picking up on the subtle Samantha/Alex tones? Like I hope they’re not going in that direction, because Samantha is going to become a villain, so Alex shouldn’t be torn like that. And I feel like she’ll need time to mourn and heal from Maggie, like she came out of the closet for her, that’s gotta be rough.

In other news, I’m officially planning a Supercop story, Idk what yet, but enough people have convinced me, and I do like unusual pairings. Superlane is still my OTP, but that
doesn't mean I can't have other favorites or explore relationships and such. Or just fun stories, that's always the main thing, enjoy what you do.
Chapter 41

Hello! Back again! With the holidays coming, I would expect every other Friday for updates, plus the chapters are kicking my ass right now, taking so long to write them.

Anyway, saw Justice League last night, it is a much better movie if you don't go in expecting something on the same caliber as Wonder Woman. Go in expecting something as ridiculous as Batman vs Superman, and be pleasantly surprised. Overall I give it a passing grade, but below average. Gal Gadot was awesome as Wonder Woman, but I don't like the inconsistencies in her character from what Patty Jenkins created in WW movie, to what Zack Synder decided on in BvS and in JL. Jason Momoa was so, so, so pretty, if the Aquaman movie is literally him popping out of the water for two hours, that's fine, front row ticket please. Ezra Miller killed it as Barry Allen, I found him better than Grant Gustin truthfully because of his facial expressions and how dorky he was. True hero of the day: Alfred the sass master and sarcastic quip genius.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Gold kryptonite?” Kara repeated, looking at Lena with wide, questioning eyes.

“Gold kryptonite,” Lena confirmed, setting her elbows on Kara’s counter and scratching her head. It had been over a week since the incident at L-Corp, the holiday season firmly behind them along with half of January. Astra was still unconscious from Corben’s assault and hidden away in Lena’s secret office with different monitors hooked up to her along with an IV line. The fact that the needle easily went into the woman’s arm when Lena tried had Kara near hyperventilating in the lab. She was comforted by her aunt’s steady, if slow, heartbeat, but whatever Corben had shot her with rendered her powerless.

“What is gold kryptonite?” The blonde continued, “What does it do?”

Lena hummed and bit into the french toast sitting on the plate in front of her. She had come over to Kara’s apartment to let her know what she had discovered about the material that hit her aunt and found her best friend stress cooking, something the blonde had picked up from her adoptive mother. The brunette just took one of the plates of stuffed french toast off of her hands and sat down at the kitchen island. “Well it’s a mineral from Krypton, obviously,” Lena muffled out around her mouthful of french toast. “I did a rudimentary scan of the area around National City for more fragments with the same radioactive composition using some of L-Corp’s satellites and drones, but didn’t find anything, just other similar traces that indicate different colors of kryptonite, which will do different things to Kryptonians.” Lena wiped her hands and pulled out a file from her purse, “I destroyed each sample after I analyzed it and ran the properties against the Kryptonian brain modeling software you helped me create.”

“Had to wear that stupid hat for like a week,” Kara grumbled, remembering helping Lena with her project but not knowing what it was for.
“You lived,” Lena quipped, not looking up from her folder. “But the purpose was to be able to check which areas of the brain the different kinds of kryptonite effected in order to determine what they would do to you if you happened to come into contact with them.” She turned the page in her folder, “Green as you know, weakens you, so it greatly reduces the overall effectiveness of your brain to process anything, making you feel sick, or weak. Blue kryptonite doesn’t appear to do anything to you, so if you want some I saved those samples. Red affects the decision making and emotional cortex of the brain, silver causes an intense fear and hallucination response, and pink… well, it awakens the sexual aspect of the brain, to what extent I’m not sure, and I don’t really want to find out.”

“Good to know,” Kara blinked, “But what does gold kryptonite do?”

“Ah, well, yes, that’s the tricky thing, there were only slight traces left on Astra’s suit, fortunately enough for me to run them through my program. The results were inconclusive, but it looked like the gold kryptonite started to change Astra on a cellular level, making her cells unable to store solar energy, and shifting them to resemble those of a human.” Lena tilted her head trying to find the words, “I guess, it would seem like the gold kryptonite effectively made her human. She still has Kryptonian biology, but basically rendered her powerless.”

A shiver of dread raced down Kara’s spine as she shuddered, thinking about what that would mean. “Corben said they were saving it for Superman,” she murmured, “But I got in the way so they targeted me, I would’ve lost my powers if Astra hadn’t stepped in and taken the shot for me.” Kara shook her head, before turning back to the situation at hand, “Will she be alright? It’s been over a week since it happened, and she hasn’t woken up yet.”

“I think her body is adjusting to being without superior abilities,” Lena told her. “Remember you blew out your powers so often when we were teenagers because of your moods you were able to get your immunizations and build up your immune system, Astra hasn’t, she’s basically starting from scratch.”

“So what does that mean exactly? She’s going to die from the common cold?”

“What is means,” Lena started, “Is that I’ve been pumping her full of immunizations and medicines that will strengthen her immune system, many that are being developed by a subsidiary of L-Corp.”

“You’re giving my aunt experimental medicines?”

“No? Well yes technically, but they’ve gone through rigorous testing and Astra was showing signs of developing the flu, which could’ve easily turned into the plague or leprosy and I was desperate,” Lena retorted.

“It’s fine… well, it’s not fine fine, but I know you didn’t do it deliberately to try and kill my aunt.”

“No no no,” the brunette replied. “Partly I wanted to see what they would do.” At the incredulous look Kara was giving her, Lena waved her hand, “Kidding, kidding, I was kidding.” She finished eating her french toast and sipped on the latte that Kara had given her, “On a slightly separate note, since we’re talking about family, have you made up with your mother yet?”

Kara just shrugged, “Not yet, after everything that happened we just… I don’t know, we never really connected. Cat went back to work, I went back to being ‘Keira.’ She stopped treating me like shit at work, though Siobhan is still around, simpering behind Cat, smirking, Rao she is such a brown-nosing snake.” She finally quit cooking and just started eating the large piles of food, Kryptonian version of stress eating, “Mom isn’t giving me the third degree anymore, but she’s not really talking to me either. I mean, even Carter has noticed that something is wrong, and texted me about why
Mom and I weren’t talking, and you know how oblivious Carter can be about things.”

“Carter’s like me,” Lena pointed out. “We get too wrapped up in our studies or when we’re working on things, though we do occasionally poke our heads out to scavenge for food. Then we notice things.”

Rolling her eyes, Kara nodded, her brother and best friend were far too alike, and she blamed that on herself for bringing Lena around a lot during Carter’s formative years. “I just, I don’t know how to start the conversation with her,” she said after a few moments. “I mean, how do you really start? Just go ‘hey mom, we really need to talk about that time when you were mad at me for going out with the son you pushed me at, but then stopped being mad when you came to get me from my ultimate fantasy world.’”

“I feel like that’s not the best way to start the conversation,” Lena pointed out.

The blonde gave her friend and exasperated look and continued to plow her way through the piles of food on her counter, just eating away her feelings. She hasn’t been flying around much as Supergirl recently, still recovering from the emotional trauma of losing Krypton again and her aunt being injured while saving her from Cadmus. Krypto recovered well enough from the effects of the kryptonite flung at him, and he’s been helping out more around the city as Superdog, assisting the new hero White Canary who took the city by storm. Kara was grateful for her friends helping her out as she tried to sort things out in her mind, but she couldn’t help but feel guilty every time the media captured footage of Superdog or White Canary, asking where was Supergirl?

She was on her sixth plate of eggs and french toast, a piece of bacon sticking out of her mouth, when Lena slammed her hands down on the counter. “That does it,” the brunette said, yanking Kara out of her seat.

“Wha- Lena!” Kara protested as Lena womanhandled her out of her apartment, grabbing her coat and keys as she went. She pushed her down in her car and Kara pouted as Lena climbed into the driver’s seat and pulled out of the parking garage. “Where are we going?”

“We’re going to solve this problem,” Lena told her, “And don’t think I didn’t notice that if you really didn’t want to come, I wouldn’t have been able to make you move.”

“You caught me off guard,” Kara grumbled, folding her arms. “And if Krypto comes back and eats all of that food, he’s staying at his aunt Lena’s tonight.”

“And deal with Superdog sized gas? I don’t think so,” the brunette retorted, turning her car towards Cat’s penthouse. “He can go sleep outside somewhere, maybe fly up into the stratosphere and cause planetary extinction from all the methane, put us out of our misery.”

“You’re hilarious, you should do stand-up when you’re not being such a nerd.”

“You’re a nerd,” Lena retorted. “You’re literally an alien, you’re a bigger nerd than I am.”

“Out of the two of us, who is the most normal, the one with superpowers or the who thinks the Cardinality of the Continuum equation is beautiful?”

Lena paused before nodding her head, “Fair point, I’ll concede to that.” She pulled up in front of the apartment building and Kara peered out the window up towards the penthouse apartment where she could hear her mother and brother’s hearts beating steadily. “You can’t really talk to her if you stay in the car,” Lena pointed out, urging Kara to go talk to her mother.

“I don’t think I can…”
“Kara,” Lena sighed, turning fully to look at her best friend. “We’ve both lost moms, we lost them far earlier than we really should have, and we were given new mothers to take care of us. Mine just happens to be a raging, racist, xenophobic sociopath while yours… yours is possibly the most amazing mother ever, if a little emotionally stunted at times.” Kara cracked a smile at Lena’s words and the brunette continued, “She uses alcohol and M&M’s as crutches for stress, has a wicked sharp tongue and an even sharper mouth, and loves her children with everything within her, blood related or not.” Ducking her head a little, green eyes met blue and Lena sent her friend a comforting smile, “Cat loves you, and probably wants to sort out this issue between you both as much as you do.”

Kara glanced from her friend to the building, up to the penthouse apartment suit and sighed. “I hope you’re right,” she replied, unbuckling her seatbelt and stepping out of the car. “Oh, by the way, you call Mom ‘Cat’ a lot when she’s not around, think you’ll ever call her that in person?”

“When Hell freezes over probably,” Lena replied before pulling away from the curb, leaving Kara standing there staring after her.

She turned around and looked back up at the building, gazing through walls and floors, ignoring the amorous couple in 12C, and locked onto her mother and brother in the penthouse. Carter was in his room secretly working on a science project while his video game was running through tutorial mode to disguise his actions. The beaker over the small burner started vibrating when Carter wasn’t looking at it, and Kara darted around the building out of sight before shooting off into the air and through Carter’s open window before he could blink. She moved the beaker off of the heat before it could shatter and cradled the glass in her hand to prevent the heat from escaping and possibly ruining whatever her brother was working on.

“Kara!” Carter squeaked out, giving his sister a hug before looking at the glass in her hand. “Wait, what are you doing here?”

“I was in the area, I was coming to talk to Mom when I noticed that your experiment was about to explode and I didn’t want you to get hurt.”

Carter’s eyes widened and he whirled around to look at his project, “Ah, shoot, I had the heat turned up to high.” He turned the heat down and Kara replaced the beaker on it’s stand.

“What are you trying to do anyway?” Kara asked, “You know you’re supposed to tell Mom when you’re experimenting and not have your video game playing in tutorial mode.”

“I know, I know,” Carter sighed, scuffing his foot against the carpeted floor. “I just, I wanted this to be a surprise.”

“What?”

“I was working on developing a new perfume for Mom,” he said, sitting down on his bed. “One that was calming but also smelled good, and maybe reminded her a bit of…”

“Of?”

Carter shrugged, “Of us, you know, her family. I got nectar, leaves and blossoms of the flowers from her tattoo and I was hoping it would remind her of why she loves us and you guys would start talking again…”

“Oh Carter,” Kara sighed, sitting down next to him and tugging him into a hug. He was reluctant at first but quickly sank into her hold, his own arms wrapping around her and his head burying in her chest. “It’s… what happened between Mom and I was just a result in the breakdown of
communication between us, it’s nothing for you to be concerned about.”

“But why did you guys stop talking,” Carter continued, pushing back from his sister a little. “You guys always talk, about everything, what made this different?”

Kara paused, she wasn’t sure. Her brother was right, they always used to talk about everything so why was this time so hard, why did they fracture so quickly and spectacularly? “I don’t know Carter,” she said finally. “I don’t know why this happened, but I came over here to talk to Mom, to repair what’s been broken.” She gave the teenager a hard look, “I won’t tell her you’ve been experimenting without supervision, so long as you put everything up immediately and finish your other homework.”

“I finished my homework,” Carter countered, wincing as the lie was easily detectable in his words.

“Including that book report due next week?”

“Do I have to?” Carter whined, “I don’t really want to read Romeo and Juliet, and I really don’t want to do a project for it. It’s so depressing.”

“Romeo and Juliet is so funny though,” Kara said. “You just have to read it like a bad, teenage drama story; the writing is beautiful of course, but the jokes are amazing, it’s basically a running commentary on culture and the fickleness of love. Just give it another read, you’ll find something to do your project on.”

“If you say so,” Carter sighed, pulling the book out of his backpack. “I’m just going to read this, with my headphones on, just in case there’s yelling and stuff.”

“Mom and I aren’t going to yell Carter,” Kara rolled her eyes and stood up. “But she probably will appreciate the privacy so thanks buddy.”

Carter nodded to her as she walked out the door, and Kara softly shut the door on her way out as she headed to Cat’s office. She paused outside of the doors and rested her forehead against the cool wood for a moment before slipping through into the room. “Oh Mom,” Kara sighed slightly, finding her mother sprawled out on the couch in her office, an empty bourbon glass sitting next to her on the low coffee table. “It’s not even 11 yet,” she muttered to herself as she sped out of the room to get a glass of water. “Though I guess this would count as Sunday brunch.” She propped Cat up against the arm of the couch and flicked water on her face trying to pull the older woman out of her drunken doze.

The older blonde’s face scrunched in irritation at the water drops on her face, and Cat momentarily wondered how it was raining indoors. When she opened her eyes to discover the source of the rain, she found Kara sitting in front of her on the coffee table holding a glass of water. “What’re doing?” Cat muffled out, a hand automatically coming up to run through blonde hair, straightening the wayward strands.

“Making sure your liver survives long enough to see your grandkids graduate college,” Kara replied, handing her the glass of water. “Drink up, I’m going to get you some aspirin.” There was barely a flutter of wind before Kara was back and placing two aspirin in Cat’s outstretched hand. She watched as the woman downed the pills and the glass of water, concerned etched across her face. “You know I don’t like it when you drink like that,” Kara murmured.

“It was only one glass,” Cat defended, “I didn’t get much sleep last night with the mess at the Paris office, and by the time I got that sorted out it was early. I ate some breakfast with Carter and then came in here, I must’ve fell asleep after I had that glass. She rubbed at her eyes and blinked at Kara
tiredly, “Why are you here?”

“I came over to talk finally, but you’re in no state to have this conversation,” Kara said, picking her mother up off the couch and carrying her to her room.

“Kara! Put me down!”

“Mom,” the younger woman said, setting Cat down on her bed. “You need to sleep.”

“But you wanted to talk,” Cat started again, desperate longing tinting her voice. “We need to talk.”

“And we will, when you’re rested,” Kara replied, smoothing her hair back and kissing her mother on her forehead. “Sleep, I’ll be here later when you wake up.” The older woman grumbled a little bit about not being a child before slipping off into dreamland. Kara studied her mother for a few minutes, a frown etched on her face as she took in the stress lines around her mouth and on her forehead. She softly smoothed the lines away in an attempt to ease the woman’s discomfort, and Cat shifted into an easier sleep.

Kara sighed and left the room, knowing that the tension between them was part of the reason why Cat was so stressed. They hadn’t ever fought before to the point that they stopped speaking, stopped communicating, and they always worked it out within a few days. It’s been going on for weeks now and nothing has reconciled, they’ve been in a holding pattern and Kara missed her mother. She hasn’t had the chance to tell her what has happened with Alex or really talk about what they both experienced under the Black Mercy. They were at a stalemate and Kara was at a loss at how to resolve it, to move past words said and actions taken.

She walked into the kitchen after leaving her mother’s room and quickly looked through the fridge and cupboards, hoping to locate something to feed Cat and Carter for lunch. It was obviously clear to Kara that Cat hasn’t placed a grocery order in a while with how bare everything looked, other than a few half eaten boxes of cereal. Carter coming over every day this week to raid her fridge suddenly made sense, though Kara had to wonder how long it’s been since her mother ate a proper meal. Kara quickly located her purse and double checked on both Cat and Carter before popping back out the window and down to the road.

As she walked the few blocks to Noonan’s to grab some lunch for them, Kara pulled out her phone and called one of Cat’s personal shoppers and dictated a grocery list to the man. Normally her mother just placed an order with the store and had it delivered, but that usually required a few days’ notice and they needed food immediately. “Brie!” Kara said, brightening when she saw her old friend. “Thank goodness you’re working today, I need a rush order on some food.”

The redhead took in the anxiety on Kara’s face and nodded her head, pulling out her notepad. “Just let me know what you want and I can let the kitchen know it’s for you so they’ll put a rush in for it.”

Kara recited her and Carter’s usual order, hesitating slightly before ordering Cat a large burger and order of onion rings. Comfort food would be good for her right about now, and the calories would stick with her if she decided to work through meals again this week. She sat down at the one of the empty tables, and Brie quickly bustled back around, dropping a glass of water off on her way. Kara pulled out her phone and started to idly scroll through different pictures of kittens and puppies that she kept for when she was feeling depressed. She was lost in the images of cute animals that she didn’t notice a familiar heartbeat approach and enter the restaurant.

The owner of the heartbeat stuttered out a gasp as she spotted Kara and warred with herself for a moment before deciding to walk over. “Kara,” she murmured, causing the blonde to freeze before looking up at her wide-eyed.
“Laurel?” Kara gasped out, staring up at her ex-girlfriend. “How… what?”

The now blonde woman smiled widely and tugged Kara out of her chair, pulling her into a hug, one that was longer than many would consider appropriate. “It’s great to see you Kara,” Laurel said when she finally released the girl and sat down across from her at the table.

“Ye-yeah, you too,” Kara replied nervously. “Um, so wh- I didn’t even know that you were back in National City? From what I understood, you had moved back to Star City and taken a job there?”

“Sara told you,” Laurel stated, a smirk on her face. “But yeah, I did, I ended up working for a non-profit charity for a while before taking a job in the DA’s office. I actually was elected district attorney for Star City this year.”

“District attorney, that’s…” Kara didn’t quite know what to say, she never really imagined running into her ex-girlfriend, nevermind sitting down with her in what used to be their place. She half wondered if the Black Mercy had an evil cousin that trapped her in her worst nightmare.

“It’s weird,” Laurel finished for her, breaking her from her thoughts. “I know, I didn’t imagine myself being district attorney of my home city, but I just kind of fell into the job really.”

“So what are you doing down here in National City?”

“Ah, well, I heard that my sister was back in town and I came down looking for her,” the older woman explained. “We… None of us have really seen her since… Well since I moved back to Star City. Communication was always… stilted between Sara and our parents, but at least she spoke to me on occasion… I haven’t really heard from her in years.”

“So you came all the way down to National City just to talk to your sister?”

Laurel nodded, “I wanted to make sure that she was okay, and that she wasn’t… doing anything she really shouldn’t be doing. I didn’t plan on running into you Kara but now that I have, I can’t up but feel grateful.”

“Laurel…”

“No Kara, don’t, look I… I don’t like the way we left it between us years ago. I fucked up, I know that, I really, really fucked up, but I can't help but think that us running into each other again is a sign that maybe we can work things out.”

“James was…” Laurel didn’t exactly know what to say to Kara’s words. She didn’t much care for her ex-coworker (never would she acknowledge him as an ex-lover), even when they were working together he came off as slimy. Laurel didn’t realize it then of course, she could only see his true colors now looking back, and she couldn’t help but curse her idiocy. She lost one of the best things that ever happened to her just because she had a momentary weakness for charm, feigned intelligence, and a hefty trust fund. “James was a mistake, a horrible mistake that shouldn’t have happened, and I know, I know it only became a mistake when I got caught, but Kara, believe me, I didn’t do it to hurt you. I don’t even know what I was thinking.”

“Probably thinking that you missed it, the feel of a man rather than a woman,” Kara returned, sipping at her water distractedly. This was such a weird conversation, she didn’t even know how she ended up discussing this with her ex-lover, retreating so far back into the past as to consider what might
have been… Laurel was her road untraveled, and she would always partially wondered what would’ve happened if they had stayed together, if the woman hadn’t betrayed her. An image of Alex’s face flashed through her mind, and Kara idly brushed away thoughts of Laurel. She couldn’t regret meeting Alex, being with her, despite how it was working out for her. The auburn haired woman was strong, beautiful, interesting, everything that Kara could have asked for, everything that her Kryptonian instincts searched for in a bondmate.

“You weren’t the first woman I was involved with Kara, though definitely the one that lasted the longest.” Laurel fiddled slightly with the condiments on the table, “But maybe we could try again, while I’m in town, start over…”

Kara didn’t know quite how to answer the older woman, she wasn’t really at a place where she could get in a relationship with someone else, not when there was someone else to think about. The other person she was thinking of suddenly entered her peripheral vision and Kara jumped slightly in her seat. “Al-alex,” she stuttered out, her eyes wide at the sight of the agent. “Wh- um, what are you doing here?”

Alex really didn’t know what she was doing there. Noonan’s had the best coffee in National City and she had a craving for a particular bean used by the restaurant. When Alex walked through the doors, she instantly spotted Kara sitting with another blonde woman and her feet carried her over to their table before she fully registered what she was doing. She hadn’t seen the blonde in several weeks, not since she told her that she was seeking an annulment. It was an impulsive decision, but she wasn’t sure what other option she really had. “Coffee,” Alex said, tearing her eyes away from Kara’s and shaking her mind free of thoughts that promised happily ever after; it only existed in fairy tales. “Noonan’s has the best coffee, as you know.”

“Right,” Kara replied, her mood dampening a bit. She caught the look Alex was giving both her and Laurel and she knew that she would have to clarify their relationship so the brunette doesn’t get the wrong idea. “Oh, right, um, Alex, this is my ex-girlfriend, Laurel Lance, Laurel this is my frie- um, this is Agent Alex Danvers. Laurel is visiting from Star City.”

“Agent,” Laurel mused, standing to shake the other woman’s hand. Both held firm grips, eying each other, testing their strength, their measure. “What branch do you belong with agent?”

“FBI,” the lie came out quick and smooth as Alex continued to stare at the woman across from her. “And may I ask why you have decided to visit National City Ms. Lance?”

“I’m looking for my sister Agent Danvers,” Laurel replied. “And I happened to run into Kara here while I was stopping in for some food, and I decided to try and reconnect a little.” She turned and smiled at the blonde, reaching out to stroke her hand, “We did have something amazing years ago.”

Kara momentarily wished she was back in the Phantom Zone if only to get away from the tension of this conversation. “Kara,” Brie called, “I have your order ready.” She nearly outed herself in the busy restaurant in her haste to get to the large bags of food the redhead was holding.

“Thank you,” Kara whispered. “You have no idea.”

“What’s the story there?” Brie asked, gesturing at the two women who were still staring each other down.

“Um, one’s an ex and the other is a sort of ex? Sort of, it’s complicated.”

Brie winced, “Ouch, yikes, you got on out of here away from all that drama.”
Kara nodded before turning back to look at the two women who were still locked in a stalemate. “Um, I have to… go, right, I have to go, I’ll see both of you… later.” She hesitated slightly, wanting to talk to Alex since it was the first time she’s seen the other woman since their fight, but she really wanted to be away from Laurel and all of the confusion she caused within her. Kara fled out of the restaurant, leaving Laurel and Alex behind, believing that she was escaping with her life.

Cat groaned a bit as awareness filtered through her mind caused by the sound of muffled voices and the smell of something greasy and artery clogging. Her mouth tasted like lighter fluid and regret so she quickly stumbled into her bathroom, turning the shower on to heat up while she brushed her teeth. The shower was quick but rejuvenating, and Cat exited the room wrapped in her robe. She quickly located some of her softer clothes, a well worn t-shirt and a pair of yoga pants, and pulled them on before walking out into the living room.

“Hey Mom,” Kara greeted, biting into the giant wrap she held in her hands. “I got you a cheeseburger,” she continued when she swallowed, “I figured you could use the calories, and Nate dropped off a load of groceries for you.”

Cat winced slightly at her words and realized that it has been a while since she placed a grocery order. “Thanks,” she replied, sitting down to her burger. “Where's Carter?”

“Back in his room with his food. He's working on a book report.”

The older woman nodded and bit into her food, relishing the taste but also mentally scheduling her pilates appointments. She groaned a bit at the flavor, relishing at the thick meat of the burger and the crisp quality of the vegetables. After a few more bites, she set it down in favor of sampling some of the golden onion rings in the makeshift basket, enjoying the honey beer batter flavor. Silence stretched between them, neither comforting nor tense, just there, unnecessarily. “Kara,” Cat started, trying to think of what to say. “We do need to talk.” When Kara didn’t say anything, the older woman continued to press, “Kara please.”

“Why did you do it?” Kara whispered out, her voice low. “Why did you push Adam and I together, and then cut me out when it didn’t work out?”

Cat sighed, and glanced down at her food. She knew that she would have to provide an answer to Kara, and not just the basic ‘I don’t know.’ “I think I wanted a way to make it up to Adam,” she said finally. “For not being there for him growing up, so I tried to tie him to you, someone who I knew was loving, compassionate, strong, astonishing, someone that anyone would be lucky to date.”

“Did it not seem weird to you that you were setting your son up with your daughter? Or was I no longer your daughter at that moment when the original had returned?”

“No!” Cat barked out immediately, wanting to rid that notion from Kara’s head. “You are my daughter, blood related or not. I’ve taken care of you, fed you, loved you, that’s what makes a mother, a family, not just blood relation to each other.”

“Then why Cat?!” Kara cried, “Why any of this?”

“I really wish that I could give you an answer that was suitable, one that fully explained my actions and the reasons behind them but I don’t have anything like that,” she said, green eyes staring into blue. “I’m not going to make excuses, I made a terrible decision, a series of terrible decisions. I
pushed you away because I realized that I made a mistake by insisting you two go out on a date, and I didn’t want to admit that it was a mistake and I snapped at you without thinking.”

“I’ve really needed you these past few weeks Cat,” Kara sniffed, wiping at her eyes. “There’s things… I really needed you, needed my mother, but you made yourself emotionally unavailable. You clouded work and personal lives, something that you told me you wouldn’t do, and I just… I just can’t help but wonder why, what did I do that was so terrible Cat? I told Adam I didn’t want to date him, just wanted to be friends, and you flipped out that he overreacted. You basically blamed me for not wanting to date him.”

“I am so sorry Kara,” Cat whispered out again, wiping at the tears that started to fall down her face. “I’m so sorry.”

Kara glanced down at her food, pushing her mozzarella sticks around idly as she stared at what was left of her wrap. “Alex found out,” she said after a few moments. “She found out I was Supergirl and that we were married. She… she didn’t take it well, either of those things…”

“Oh Kara…”

“I needed you Mom,” Kara stressed again. Tears fell down her own face but she ignored them. “I needed you to tell me that it was going to be okay, that everything would work out, but you were too busy ignoring me for a perceived slight against your son.”

“What can I do Kara?” Cat pleaded, “What can I do to show you how sorry I am, that you are as much my child as Adam, that you are just as important to me.”

The younger blonde just shook her head, “I don’t know Mom, I don’t know.”

Chapter End Notes

I didn't want Cat and Kara to make up right away, their relationship will sort of just resume professionally, but the closeness will take time and major events. Oh and all of the types of Kryptonite mentioned at the beginning I found on a chart listing what they do, RedK wasn't always a synthetic Kryptonite like the did on the show, it was an actual version. Synthetic Kryptonite doesn't exist in this world, for reasons.

I haven't caught up on the show, but I have a general idea was happens. Sanvers imploded, heartbreaking, Lena, Kara and Sam are apparently sisters now and I'm like pft, okay, Kara and Lena as sisters, alright, maybe in this story here that I'm writing, but they don't have lingering touches, flirtatious looks and buying out whole companies in this story, ridiculous. And they still haven't really explained how Lena and Sam know each other?? The general idea of season 2 about Lena was she didn't have many friends so inconsistency?? And brace yourselves y'all, Mon-el is coming back, not a fan of their relationship, too much focus on it. But here's hoping since the show runner was axed, this might get fixed. I wouldn't hold your breath, but wouldn't it be amazing if a show staring a woman about a woman superhero would have a, idk, woman show runner? Shocking.
Chapter Notes

Hello everyone! So here's the deal about why I had to shift back to every two weeks. The semester is winding down, grades are due, and students are emailing me whining about their grades and I'm like oh, I'm so sorry that you didn't do any work for this entire semester, clearly that is my fault... And clearly it is also my fault that I don't offer extra credit for you to make up all of your work.

Anyway, so with that, and holidays, my free time is being demolished and my mood is irritated, always. If I write when I'm irritated, I end up with angst ridden nonsense and that's not fun.

So fret not, I am still typing away, just at a slower pace than normal.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Maggie sauntered through the DEO city office, waving at a few of the agents that the recognized as she made her way to the gym. She’s visited Alex at the office numerous times during the course of their friendship and their brief stint at dating, so she knew quite a few of the agents. Several of them even joined her softball league with the other agencies and first responders in the city, though under the guise of FBI instead of a secret, clandestine organization.

She found her wayward friend laying into a punching bag, stripped down to a pair of shorts and sports bra, sweat dripping down her back and shoulders. “Hey sexy,” Maggie greeted as she walked up to the woman. “I brought coffee and donuts for breakfast.”

Alex gave one the bag one last punch, and watched in satisfaction and is broke off of the chain and clattered to the floor, landing with a loud thump. She turned around and saw that Maggie was smirking at her as she eyed her up and down, and rolled her eyes. “Keep it in your pants Sawyer,” Alex said, tossing a towel at her friend. “You have another lady love you’re trying to win back.”

“Doesn’t mean that I can’t look,” Maggie shrugged, handing over one of the coffees. “And it’s hard to woo a lady love when said lady love is busy tracking a drug smuggling ring around the world.”

“Just a long distance relationship Mags, it’s not like you’re the first one to have to suffer through them,” Alex replied, grabbing one of the donuts out of the bad. “Aren’t there enough jokes about cops and donuts?”

“I fully admit that I will follow a line of these delicious, glazed dough rings under a box,” Maggie told her friend, sitting down on a stack of mats. She fished out a donut and bit into one, moaning loudly at the taste and wiggling her eyebrows.

“What are we friends?” Alex groaned as she sat down next to the woman.

“Who else would be friends with you, you dork.” Maggie studied Alex’s pensive look as she sipped at her coffee and picked apart her donut. “Alright Danvers, spill, what’s eating at you?” She asked, taking another bite out of the glorious fried dough in her hand.
“Nothing.” Alex realized her mistake before she finished speaking, her word was too quick, too harshly spoken, something the keen eared detective would’ve caught on to easily.

“Oh really?” Maggie hummed, sipping her at her coffee again. There were only a few things that could really rile her friend, and while she suspected what was eating at her, she needed more concrete proof. “So how’s your mom?” She started, eliminating possibilities, “Have you told her about Jeremiah?”

“She’s still on her lecture tour, and I didn’t really want her to drop everything to fly here and see a terrorist,” Alex replied. “She knows he’s alive, I told her as soon as we received proof of that, but I haven’t told her that we have him, what he’s become…”

Maggie nodded, “So you haven’t made any progress with your dad? Still preaching about ridding the world of aliens and other xenophobic ideology?”

“More like he keeps insisting that he did this all for me, as a way to make it up to me, for neglecting me as a kid,” Alex gestured with her free hand in frustration. “It’s annoying.”

“So the family is the same as ever, so whatever’s eating you must have something to do with Kara,” Maggie commented. Her words finally pulled a reaction out of Alex as her eyes narrowed and hardened, and her grip tightened on the cup, causing the fortunately empty cardboard container to crumple. “So Kara is the reason for the mood you’re in.”

“I’m not in a ‘mood.’”

“Tell that to the innocent coffee cup you just crushed,” the detective said, pointing at the crumpled pile of cardboard. “Now spill, what’s eating at you, finally reconsidering ending your marriage with the sunny, bubbly blonde?”

“What? No, just no, that has to happen,” the agent stated firmly. “She knew this whole time, she lied to me.”

“Yes but think about it, you already got over the hard part, getting a kind, smart, insanely attractive woman to marry you,” Maggie pointed out. “And fidelity to boot, so I still don’t understand what your problem is.”

“She lied,” Alex grit out. “Or withheld information, whatever you prefer to think of it us, she still knew something about me and didn’t share.”

“It wasn’t just about you though, it was also about her, and she was hesitant to share with you something about herself. Kara had significantly more to lose by you finding out this information, than you did for finding it out.” Maggie took a bit out of one of her donuts and shrugged a little, “I guess you proved her fears correct when you basically shut her out after finding out the truth.”

Alex looked away from her friend, knowing she was right but not fully ready to swallow that pill. She liked Kara, she could very well love the blonde, though skipping straight to marriage without really getting to know the other woman, it was more than she could really deal with. “Her ex is in town,” Alex said finally after a few moments of silence.

“Which one?” Maggie mused, “She has a few, not a lot of course, but a few. You know Lucy, so I don’t she’d be pulling this kind of reaction from you, unless she stepped up her flirting game to make you jealous, worked really well last time.”

“That wasn’t- I’m not- I’m not jealous,” Alex protested, rolling her eyes. “And it’s not Lucy, it’s District Attorney for Star City Laurel Lance.”
Maggie whistled, “Laurel Lance is in town? The Laurel Lance, Kara’s ex Laurel Lance? Girl has some nerve showing back up in town, I heard about what went down between them from Kate, and it was not good. I wonder what brings her to town?”

“She claims to be looking for her sister, but from what I’ve seen she’s not so much looking for her sister as she is looking at Kara,” Alex spat out, briefly missing what Maggie said about Kara and Laurel’s breakup. “I’ve seen them a few times around town, at Noonan’s, at CatCo…” Maggie wanted to point out that it seemed like Alex was following the blonde around a lot for someone who was supposed to be angry with the other woman, but thought better of it and just waited. “She’s just…” The auburn haired woman continued, “She’s hanging around Kara all the time, and I wonder what she wants…”

“What does it matter to you?” Maggie asks and Alex turned to look at her with a wide-eyed expression. The detective just shrugged, “What? It’s a valid question. Look Alex, you’ve made it very clear that you want a divorce, or annulment, and basically nothing to do with Kara since she ‘lied’ to you. However you seem to have a hard time letting go, or actually moving on.” She shook her head, but kept going, “I don’t know if you noticed, but in order to actually see Lance meeting up with Kara, you’d have to either be following one or both of them, too often is too great a coincidence Danvers.”

“I… I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“Sure you don’t.” Maggie sighed and wiped at her face, “Look, Alex, you’re one of my best friends, and I want you to be happy, but you’re being ridiculous. Either let the girl go or pull on your big girl panties and do something about it Alex. You’ve been sticking your head in the sand for weeks, ignoring the problem.” She placed her hand on her friend’s shoulder, “You need to actually make a decision, a real one, and not just run away from it.” She glanced around for a moment before meeting Alex’s eyes again, “Hiding in here and punching it out doesn’t really solve anything.”

After polishing off her donuts, Maggie hopped off the stack of mats and made her way to the door before turning back to look at her friend. “Danvers, keep in mind, you were in here pummeling away at that punching bag because you were irritated that Kara’s ex was sniffing around her, you might want to take some time and think about why that was bothering you.” She turned around and waved her hand as she left, “Remember drinks tonight, don’t die out there today because you’re buying.”

“Bye Sawyer,” Alex called after her. She sat in the gym for a little while longer, Maggie’s words swirling through her head. She knew that her friend was right, but she wasn’t ready to face those truths just yet.

Harsh light assaulted Astra’s eyes as she blinked into awareness, immediately slamming them closed again. Her body felt odd, old almost, tired, as if all of the life was drained out of her and part of it was siphoned back in. When she moved past the odd feeling, her mind registered something that she hadn’t really felt in a long time, not since before her induction into the military guild, pain. Not the burning, soul-tearing pain she endured as the liquid kryptonite roared through her veins, but more of an intense ache that settled in her bones.

Her trainers in the military guild instilled within her a high pain tolerance, so feeling something this unsettling, this deep of a pain in her bones without it being induced by a toxic mineral was disconcerting. Astra let out a groan as she forced herself into wakefulness, her eyes flinching against
the harsh light but quickly adjusting. She took in her surroundings, noting that she was in a small room with bright lights, lying on a bed with stark white sheets. There were strange devices attached to her left hand and a tube in her arm. She tried to yank the alien devices off her arm, but found that she could barely move. Her limbs felt like lead weights and for the first time on the planet, she could fully feel the effects of gravity on her body.

“Don’t try to move too much Sleeping Beauty, you’ll only end up hurting yourself even further,” a voice came and Astra shifted to her eyes to her right and spotted Cat Grant sitting next to her bed, flipping through documents on her tablet.

“Strong One?” Astra mumbled out what she named Cat in her head, her voice rough. Her mouth tasted of sandpaper and felt like she had been chewing mouthfuls of cotton, her head was heavy.

“Strong One?” Cat asked, her brow quirked as she looked at the woman.

“First impression I got of you,” the Kryptonian whispered out. “Strong, unrelenting What happened, where is Kara, why does everything hurt, where am I?”

“Astra, Astra calm down,” Cat said when she saw the heart rate spike on the machine. When the heart rate continued to rise, the blonde woman looked down at the panicking alien in concern. “General!” She barked out, drawing Astra’s attention, “You need to calm down, you are safe, Kara is safe, getting yourself worked up is just going to hurt you even further.” Astra stared at Cat wide-eyed as she slowed her breathing and sucked in large, lungfuls of air, her heart rate steadying out. “Better,” Cat nodded, sitting back down. “Now, to answer your questions, Kara is fine, she is currently with my son Carter at a hockey game.” She rolled her eyes, “He’s going through another sports phase, I’m just thankful that he doesn’t like watching football or basketball. I refuse to take him to anymore sporting events after a baseball headed straight for my face, so Kara takes him now.”

“Baseball…” Astra muttered in confusion.

“Perhaps you’ll go to a game in a few months with Carter and see how truly annoying the sport is first hand,” Cat replied. “Anyway, what happened, Cadmus launched an attack with a creepy glowing psycho, and he attacked L-Corp. Kara was there and jumped into the scuffle, and the walking science experiment, tackily named Metallo, attempted to attack her with a different type of kryptonite Cadmus located, gold kryptonite. You knocked her out of the way, you saved her.”

“She’s my niece,” the woman murmured. “More than that, she’s the child I never had. I’ve done a lot of terrible things in my time, more than my fair share, I’ve hurt her repeatedly, without care or concern about her emotional and physical well being. I needed- I need to make it up to her, to tell her that I’m sorry.”

“You saved her Astra,” Cat told her. “This gold kryptonite, it rendered you completely powerless, and it appears to be permanent. Kara was devastated when she learned the news, but completely grateful, she wouldn’t have been able to continue being Supergirl if Cadmus had succeeded with their plans.”

Astra struggled a bit to sit up in the bed, and Cat pushed the button to raise it slightly so that the woman didn’t end up hurting herself in the process. “I guess that explains why I feel like death warmed over,” she chuckled, wincing a little as the movement sent pain racing through her body. She slumped back against the raised bed, her fingers absentmindedly tracing designs against the fabric under her fingers. “I was initially displeased when Kara chose to be like that disgraceful cousin of hers,” Astra said, her focus on the wall in front of her though she looked at it unseeingly. “I always knew that Jor-El’s boy would grow up to be weak, just like his father, incompetent man, Zor-El was far superior and I was pleased when my sister was paired with him rather than his brother.” Cat opened
her mouth to comment but Astra just shook her head. “When I first landed on this planet, I was amazed by the vivid colors, the bright greens and blues, the numerous varieties of flora and fauna. I had never seen birds before until coming to Earth, none of the other planets I visited had such creatures.”

Cat cracked a grin at that, “Birds were Kara’s favorite too, she would just sit and watch them for hours.”

“I know,” Astra murmured. “I watched her. While I was amazed by the beauty and bounty Terra had to offer, I was horrified by the damage already caused by you humans, and I knew that if something wasn’t done immediately, this world would meet the same fate as Krypton.”

“So you chose to become an eco-terrorist basically, but why did you wait until after Kara became Supergirl?”

Astra shook her head, “We didn’t wait, we just kept a low profile in this area. My men and I traveled around the world, studying your history, your technology, your behavior, most of the damage has occurred within the past century and much of it could still be reversed if humans were given the proper tools and… motivation. That’s when Non and I started making our plans. Fighting with Kara though, warring with her, being on opposite sides, it wasn’t worth it. She was right, both of you were right, there are other ways, but I fear that it may be too late…”

Before Cat could question her on what she meant, the door to the lab slid open and Lena walked in. “Oh good, you’re awake,” the brunette said, “The monitors informed me that that was the case but I couldn’t be sure-”

“Lena,” Cat interrupted before the girl could continue to babble. “Your lipstick is smudged, either you’ve been biting a lot of napkins or your girlfriend came for a visit and distracted you.”

The younger CEO blushed and stubbornly looked at the tablet in her hand rather than at the older woman who she considered her mother, or sometimes her annoying aunt. “Um, right, so Astra,” she said, addressing the woman on the bed. “Has Cat filled you in on what happened and where you are?”

“We got sidetracked on the last part, but I’ve been made aware of my current situation,” Astra replied, wincing again as she shifted.

“You’re at L-Corp in my lab,” Lena told her. “No one knows that you’re here, so you’re safe. I have you hooked up to a heart rate monitor and an IV to pump in fluids and medication.” She indicated the bag next to Astra’s bed, “Since you no longer benefit from the miraculous healing from the sun, I’ve been pumping you with pain medication as well as immunizations to boost your immune system. At this point, you could catch the flu and be bedridden for weeks.”

“The flu?” Astra looked puzzled, causing Cat and Lena to sigh and roll their eyes.

“Nevermind, just know that you’re staying here for a few days while I boost your immune system. After that, well…” Lena’s voice trailed off, “You’ll have to be taught how to be human, find somewhere to live, have someone look after you while you adjust. Kara was a walking disaster the first few times she lost her powers, she’d burn herself, cut herself.”

“First time she stubbed her toe, you’d have thought she broke her entire leg,” Cat chuckled, smiling at the memory. She didn’t like seeing Kara in pain, but it was hilarious to watch her hop around holding her foot, groaning and moaning like she had chopped her foot off.
“Right, so I don’t want to deal with another dramatic Kryptonian, someone will need to look after you while you adjust,” Lena commented.

“She’s moving in with me,” Cat said unthinkingly, drawing looks from the other two women. “I- I have the room, and I do have experience dealing with Kryptonians.” She looked at Astra as she spoke, “And you’re my daughter’s aunt, I think she’ll appreciate having her family close.”

Before Astra could reply, the lights in the room flickered before shutting off completely. “What the-” Lena muttered. A few moments later, the lights came back on followed by a distinctive hum. “Those are the backup solar generators kicking in,” she said, striding out of the room.

Astra pulled the heart rate monitor off her thumb and was about to pull the IV out when Cat stopped her. “Don’t even think about it,” the blonde woman warned as she helped Astra out of bed and had her grab the IV rack. She led the wounded kryptonian out into Lena’s office and they stared out in shock at the National City skyline which was almost completely dark.

“L-Corp donated similar solar generators that we use to National City General,” Lena murmured, gesturing to one of the only buildings still lit among the dark city. “Along with CatCo of course. They’ll hold for a few hours, but a power outage across the entire city?”

A few seconds later, Kara landed on Lena’s balcony and set Carter down. “Aunt Astra!” Kara cried out, striding into the office to embrace her aunt, “You’re awake!”

“Woke up a few minutes ago Little One,” Astra replied, patting the girl on the shoulder to get her to let her go.

“Right, good, maybe you can help,” Kara said, moving away from her aunt. “Do you know anything about an alien named Indigo?”

“Indigo?” Astra murmured in confusion.

“Green skin, red hair, completely psycho.”

“Oh,” comprehension entered the older woman’s eyes. “You mean Brainiac, one of the Brainiac’s anyway, she did like to go by Indigo. She was a prisoner on Fort Rozz, imprisoned for many years for attempted genocide on Kryton. She was there long before your mother and I were even born, it is unclear how long exactly she’s been a prisoner.”

“Genocide,” Kara whispered, a horrified expression on her face. “Why- why did she…”

Astra shook her head, “The Brainiacs desire control, they’re androids that can communicate with any form of technology. Brainiac 8, Indigo, was especially dangerous for causing the extinction of numerous species before setting her sights on Krypton. She thrives on fear and wiping out organic lifeforms for her own kind to flourish.”

“Is… do you think that’s what she’s doing here?” Lena asked, looking out over the dark city. “But why disrupt the power grid?”

“Perhaps she didn’t account for the generators at the hospital, maybe she needs the power for something else, maybe this is serving as a distraction,” Kara listed off as she paced. “I feel so… so helpless! There are people out there that need power and I can’t do anything about it because I can’t find the person responsible!”

“Kara, Kara darling,” Cat said, trying to halt her daughter’s pacing. “Kara, we’ll figure this out. Now how did you know it was this Brainiac person?”
“She appeared on the jumbotron at the hockey game before the power went out,” Carter said from his place on Lena’s couch. He had helped Astra sit down and was setting up Lena’s chessboard as a way to pass the time until this crisis was solved. The teenager wasn’t concerned, his family would save the day, and it would give him the chance to get acquainted with his new family member. “She was kind of psycho, sickly green skin, red hair, crazy look in her eyes.” Carter shivered. “She didn’t say what she wanted, just that she wanted to see how we felt trapped in the dark, after that the lights cut out. Kara got us out pretty quickly after that, and then we came here.”

“She isn’t to be trifled with Kara,” Astra said as she watched Carter curiously. “She may retain a humanoid form, but she’s a monster with no heart. There’s no telling how many planets she’s wiped out, how many species she’s eradicated.”

“We have to find her first,” Lena commented. “You said she’s basically like a living computer right?”

Before Astra could reply, Winn burst into the office, followed quickly by Sara, though it looked more like he was running away from the blonde as she sauntered over to her girlfriend. “Hey um,” Winn said, pulling on the collar of his t-shirt. “Did you guys notice the power is out? People are going crazy, first responders are answering traffic accidents, fires, rioting, it’s a mess out there.”


The man blushed and shuffled a bit, “N-no… Well okay, but I didn’t expect to be pulled out of bed and dragged here.” He shot a glare at Sara who just shrugged innocently.

“Crazy sounding green lady shows up on every screen in National City before the power cuts off? Sounds like something techy, so I decided that the two best techy people I know should be in the same place to solve the problem.” The blonde had met the newest member of their little ragtag group a few days ago, and while Winn was terrified of her, she liked him and thought of him like a geeky little brother. “Hey babe,” Sara greeted, kissing Lena softly before turning her attention back to the group. “So who are we punching?”

“Genocidal techno alien that managed to shut down National City’s power grid,” Kara told her. “Probably planning something that will kill us all.”

“That sounds fun,” Sara commented, moving over to stand next to the blonde superheroine. “So I will do the punching, and you can stand there and look sexy, or should we switch roles?”

“If this Indigo woman is like a living supercomputer,” Lena continued, ignoring her girlfriend as she opened her laptop. “Then we can track her, especially since it seems like she can travel through computerized devices.” She handed Winn a second laptop. “Would be faster with two people, Sara, Kara, go… help some people or something, whatever heroes do, we need to concentrate.”

Sara rolled her eyes and nudged Kara, gesturing towards the balcony, “I’ll go hit some thugs upside the head, and you can deal with wrecks and fires. Give me a lift?” Supergirl nodded and Sara pulled a spare White Canary suit from one of Lena’s closets, donning it before running and jumping off of the balcony.

“I should just let her go splat, serves her right,” Kara grumbled, taking off after her friend.

Astra growled in frustration as she watched her niece fly off into the night, her hand tightening around the IV pole. “I hate this,” she muttered, her eyes hard and her knuckles white. “I can’t- I feel so useless, I should be out there helping her, not trapped in here, waiting…”
“You saved her Astra,” Cat murmured, sitting next to the woman. “You protected her from Cadmus plans, and because of this, she’s able to go out there and help people.”

“But I want to be able to help her…”

“You can, by supporting her, being here for her when she comes back,” the blonde woman said. “Lifting the weight of the world on her shoulders can be a heavy burden. Kara needs all of the love and support that we can give her.”

“You’re sure this plan is going to work?” Kara asked, looking down at the usb in her hand.

“Dude, I built that virus myself.” Winn’s voice crackled through her earpiece before she heard several thumping sounds.

“Winn? Anyone?”

“Sorry, Winn got a little excited and I had to hit him,” Lena replied.

“That’s so sexy,” Sara chimed in and Kara resisted the urge to roll her eyes and pinch the bridge of her nose.

“Guys! Focus!” She yelled.

“It should work Supergirl, Indigo works like an invasive computer program, so attacking her with a virus should do the trick,” Lena answered. “You just need to get it into the computer she’s inhabiting.”

“And you think she’s all the way out here in the desert?”

“Underneath you is a defunct, Cold War era missile silo,” Lena said, “It was decommissioned in the 90s, and were later purchased by Maxwell Lord, who modernized it.”

“Why did Maxwell Lord need a secret missile silo, and why do you know about it?”

Kara heard Lena hesitate for a moment before clearing her throat. “Eh, well, with Maxwell Lord facing trial for terrorism charges, his shareholders are deserting left and right, so I’ve started to slowly buy up the company, dirt cheap basically. When I became majority shareholder, I hacked into their servers to see what they were up to, you know, since it was technically mine, and I found this silo that Lord buried under different shell companies.”

“Did it say what was in it?”

“No, but it’s Lord, so nothing good. Just be careful.”

“Kara!” Sara called from the ground and Kara looked down at her friend who waved her down. “I’ve found a way in.”

Supergirl landed next to White Canary and handed her the flash drive while she prepared to deal with whatever Indigo had in store. “You’re too late Supergirl,” Indigo’s voice echoed across the sound system as they entered the storage facility. They wound their way back to the control room and found the alien bent over the computers, a sinister look on her face. A satellite image of National
City was on the screen in front of them, along with a timer counting down minutes and seconds. “Did you like my little distraction Supergirl?” Indigo smirked as she turned around, staring in confusion at the woman in white leather. “And friend, who are you? Doesn’t matter, you’re here to witness the beginning of my triumph.”

“Your triumph?” Kara questioned, gesturing subtly for Sara to start moving around towards the hard drives. All they had to do was infect a computer that Indigo was connected to and the virus should, in theory, take care of the rest.

“Why yes,” the woman cackled. “The destruction of National City or course. I’ve been floating around Maxwell Lord’s computer server for some time now, such a shame he was arrested, he had such fun ideas.” She purred, a wicked glint in her eyes, “After he was gone, I found out about this place, and I realized it would be perfect to start over my plans.” Indigo sighed in feigned sadness as she walked up to Supergirl, “Such as shame I couldn’t deal with Krypton the way I did those other worlds, but I didn’t really need to did I? You did everything for me, all I needed to do was get out of that infernal Fort Rozz, which is where you came in, darling Kara Zor-El, your pod led me straight to Earth.”

“You’re lying…” Kara muttered, her teeth clenched.

Indigo smirked, and backhanded the blonde, sending her flying, “Oh no Princess, I’m not, I reactivated the system in your pod and ‘woke’ you up. You brought us here, you and the guidance system on your little contraption. I guess I should be thanking you.” She grinned again, large and full of teeth and malice, “Though, I guess seeing another home go up in flames makes us even.”

“No!” Kara yelled, just as the countdown ended and several launch doors opened, shooting missiles into the air. Sara slammed the flash drive into one of the usb ports, activating the virus to contaminate the system. A blonde and blue streak blurred out of the room, chasing down the missiles, while Sara dealt with the android alien writhing around the control room.

“What are you doing to me-e-e?” Indigo screeched out as her body distorted and morphed, pixelating before Sara’s eyes.

“If you learned anything about human medicine while on our planet, Violet, it’s that we cure diseases with other viruses,” Sara replied, kneeling next to the alien. “Fun fact there, many of our vaccines have viruses in them to teach the human body how to deal with the virus.” She hummed a bit and gave the woman a thoughtful look, “The more you know, right Magenta?” Indigo screeched and disappeared in a pixelated cloud while Sara took off out of the bunker and to her motorcycle. She could hear Winn and Lena debating over the coms how best to stop the missiles while Supergirl continued to fly into them, punching them into submission. There were far too many missiles though, and National City was getting closer. “Guys, guys! What about that shady organization?” Sara suggested, “The one with the… the alien hunter government alphabet soup people, wouldn’t they have something to tackle this problem?”

Lena let out a loud sigh, “I guess that means I’m putting in a call to the wife Supergirl…”

Chapter End Notes

I'm caught up on Supergirl up to the crossover, though I knew that Sara and Alex were going to sleep together, I totally knew that was coming. There's also a lot of forced chemistry with James and Lena and I'm finding it extremely awkward. Oh and if you're
wondering about Indigo having green skin instead of blue, she has green skin in the comic books, so I went with that. Blue skin and red hair was too similar to Mystique for me.

Legit question though, with the whole thing with Reign going to happen, what do you think will happen with Ruby? Clearly stated she was an aberration, so do you think Reign will takeover Samantha's thoughts, because I liked her, Reign, not so much from what I'm seeing.

Anyway, hoped you liked the story, I started writing part 5 last week, and I'm really hoping to wrap everything up soon, not like soon soon, but soonish.
Chapter 43

Chapter Notes

It feels like forever since I updated this. It's been slow going with the writing, which I think means that I'm approaching the end of the story. I only have two major action events, with smaller ones that lead up to them, so I am close to the end. Just have to get our girls together somehow. Cross your fingers!

And I've also been working on other thing, ideas that won't leave me alone and such. Plus work, work is difficult this time of year but I'm off for the holidays, huzzah!

I feel like I should apologize to all of you for the length of this story, I didn't set out to write something this long, just the characters, I loved how they interacted and it just grew from there. We still have a ways to go but hopefully the majority of the story is behind us.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“Um, Ma’am,” Vasquez’s voice came through the coms as Alex was taking shelter behind a parked car, returning fire rogue criminals and aliens emerged to take advantage of the total chaos raining down on National City.

“I’m a little busy at the moment Vasquez,” Alex bit out, firing back at the aliens before diving to find other shelter.

“Right, ah, well, there’s a call for you Ma’am, and I think you’re going to want to take this,” the woman replied.

“Fine, just send it to my com.”

“I will Ma’am, and everyone else is muted.”

Alex was about to ask why when she heard the distinctive click of the source shifting in the coms as the call was punched through. “Danvers?” The new voice came, and Alex’s face scrunched as she tried to figure out where she knew that voice.

“Luthor?” She questioned, recognizing the voice.

“I prefer WatchTower in moments like this, but sure, we’ll go with that,” Lena replied. “But look, Supergirl and White Canary have dealt with the alien that caused the blackout, but not before she launched dozens of missiles Maxwell Lord was keeping in a secret hangar several miles out in the desert. Supergirl is doing her best to stop them, but there’s too many for even her to deal with,”

“Dozens of missiles?” Alex muttered, “Shit, what was Lord doing with dozens of missiles?”

“Not the priority right now Danvers, we need to know if you have anything that can shut these missiles down before they reach the city, that would be great.”
“We might have something. I’ll see what I can do.” Lena clicked off, and Alex quickly took down the alien that she was dealing with before calling Vasquez again. “Vasquez, I need—”

“Director Henshaw has already been apprised of the situation with Supergirl and has called for anti-missile maneuvers, which should take effect in 3… 2… 1.”

Alex didn’t hear anything but she saw little puffs of explosions as missiles connected with missiles high up in the atmosphere on the outskirts of National City, and breathed a sigh of relief. The relief was short lived as she was very quickly reminded that she was currently in a firefight with a band of crazy thugs. A loud scream rang through the streets and Alex covered her ears to block out the sound. She turned in the direction of the sound, expecting to see the White Canary as that was a sound that has accompanied the vigilante since she showed up in the city. Her eyes widened when instead of being met with a woman in white leather, Alex spotted a taller woman dressed in black leather taking down the thugs with a bo staff, much like National City’s newest hero.

The agent took down the remaining criminals before turning to the staff wielding woman. “I guess I should thank you for your assistance…”

“Black Canary,” the woman answered, a smirk on her face.

“Any relation to White Canary then?” Alex questioned. “She turned up here a few weeks ago.”

The woman smirked and shifted slightly on her feet, “Ah, yes, we know each other. I’ve been trying to find her actually, she’s been rather difficult to track down.”

Alex stared at this woman, scrutinizing her; the inflection of her voice was familiar, the way she spoke, though it was difficult to properly recognize it with the voice modulator she used. That smirk though, the smirk that spread across her face as she looked at her, like she knew something that Alex didn’t, and a memory clicked in the agent’s mind. “You—”

Before Alex could finish her thought, Supergirl was landing in front of her, blonde hair blowing in the wind and soot cover the part of her face not obscured by her mask. Alex tried to resist the urge to look in those familiar blue eyes, but they were enchanting, glowing bright blue in the dark, almost hypnotizing. Alex failed to understand how she hadn’t realized that the superheroine and her crush-new friend were the same person.

“Is everyone okay?” Kara asked, her ‘hero persona’ out and emotional barriers in place. Aside from that brief run-in at Noonan’s, she hasn’t really interacted with Alex since their fight, though she has seen her practically everywhere. The blonde was still upset with the agent for not giving her more of a chance to explain. She understood Alex’s reaction but Lena and Sara both pointed out that it wasn’t a secret that just affected Alex, it was her life as well. Kara didn’t know how she felt about Alex at this point, she still liked the other woman, still found her strong, beautiful, and fascinating, but she was determined to carry a grudge for as long as she could.

“We’re all okay here Supergirl,” Alex told her. “Thanks to you for stopping that psycho.”

Kara nodded, “Any word on when the power will be back on?”

“Should only take a few hours to fix the problem, but in the meantime, we’ll need help keeping the chaos in check.” She nodded to the woman standing behind the caped heroine, “I’m sure our new friend here can help out as well if she’s amenable.”

Supergirl glanced around and her eyes locked onto the figure in black behind her and Kara gasped, “Laurel?”
The Black Canary shifted slightly and stepped closer, her eyes not straying from the blonde’s. “Kara?” She murmured, her eyes wide.

“Wha- no…”

“Kara, I’ve seen you naked-”

Kara held up her hand before she could continue, “Nevermind, I’ve said that to someone before, nevermind. We should probably… talk though…”

“After I’ve had a talk with my sister,” the White Canary commented, appearing out of the shadows like a spector. “It’s been a while sis.”

“Ah Sara,” Laurel murmured, turning to her sister. “Now that I know who Supergirl is, it makes more sense that you’re working with her, you normally don’t like working with others.”

“Depends on who the others are,” Sara returned. “I didn’t know that you had gotten involved in all of this, though I should’ve known the ‘Black Canary’ running around with an archer in Star City was you.”

“We should go,” Kara whispered to Alex as the two sisters quarrelled. “Best to leave them alone when they’re like this.”

Alex was glad that she had taken her com out of her ear earlier when Black Canary first showed up from all of the reveals that occurred on the deserted street. “I can imagine, what made them lose touch?” The agent asked.

Kara sighed loudly and glanced around quickly to make sure that no one was in the area. “Laurel and I didn’t have the best breakup,” the blonde admitted. “She… anyway, Sara was my friend before I started dating her sister, and they already didn’t have the best relationship. I don’t know exactly what they said to each other after everything went down, but when the dust settled, Laurel had left town, and Sara was pretending like nothing had happened.”

“You have some dramatic friends,” Alex murmured, “And interesting Exs, any more that I should know about?”

“Well, the guy I briefly dated in high school after Lucy became college football star and then a speedster superhero,” the blonde commented. “Though it was a very brief relationship, and we haven’t talked in years.”

“That guy in the red shirt and metal helmet running around Ohio?”

“Yeah him, apparently he’s allied himself with my cousin, Wonder Woman, and Batman for the Justice League. It makes sense, with them all being centered more towards the east coast.” Kara glanced away before she spoke again, “I have a few more, no one that was serious, and, of course, a woman I met on a brief trip to Vegas…”

“Kara…”

The superheroine shook her head, “No, Alex, it’s okay… Well, no, no it’s not. You didn’t even give me a chance to explain, you just jumped all over me that I didn’t tell you, but it’s my life too Alex! And I was afraid, I was so afraid that you would do what you did, jump to conclusions without really listening to me.” She shook her head, “I don’t know, maybe you were right about this whole thing, maybe it is better if we split, so as not to complicate things.” Kara stopped and cocked her head, a look of concentration on her face. “I’m sorry,” she said, “I have to go.” The heroine disappeared.
before Alex could do or say anything else, leaving the auburn haired woman to stare after her, wondering where everything went wrong.

“No,” Astra replied, folding her arms petulantly and looking away from the smaller woman in front of her.

Cat’s eyes flashed dangerously, and she set her hands on her hips in preparation for a confrontation. She took deep breath to calm herself and prevent herself from doing verbal or physical damage to the woman. The woman had already been through enough, being attacked and losing her powers, and she didn’t want to end up strangling the formerly indestructible woman because she was being annoying. “I know this isn’t in the realm of anything you’re used to,” Cat said carefully, “But this is something that you need to do.”

“But why do I need to use that chair?” Astra continued, “I am perfectly capable of walking.” She stared distastefully at the wheelchair parked by her bed, and looked away with a frown on her face.

“You don’t have to of course, if you think you can make it down to the car I have waiting and then up to my penthouse, you don’t have to use the wheelchair. It’s to make things easier on you though, since you aren’t used to gravity having any effect on you.”

“I have to get used to it some time,” Astra sighed sadly. “Will you help me?”

The blonde woman nodded and pushed the wheelchair aside. “Of course, I figured you wouldn’t take the chair anyway, which is why I brought you a cane,” Cat said, handing the carved stick to the woman. “Just use it and me to lean on, and we’ll get you walking in no time.”

Astra grit her teeth as she pushed off the table, her feet feeling like heavy weights as she tried to step forward. She nearly fell because of the sensation, but the cane caught part of her weight and Cat caught the rest of it. Part of her was disgusted with herself for needing such aid, she was a general, a warrior, she did not show weakness. Yet here she was, struggling to walk, like a babe pushing off the ground to take their first steps. It was demeaning and embarrassing to be relying on someone else as if she were a child. The way the smaller woman’s arm encircled her waist and picked her off the ground, providing strength and comfort, a steady presence, it meant more to Astra than she could say or understand.

Cat helped Astra off the floor and they slowly made their way out of Lena’s lab and to the elevator to take them down to the parking garage. “I never did understand these tin cans that carried humans up and down, why bother with them when there are stairs and you’re perfectly capable of walking, but I understand now,” Astra breathed out as she leaned against the railing in the elevator. “This is nice.”

“I don’t plan on walking up and down forty floors in these heels, I assure you,” Cat replied, gesturing to the crafted stilettos on her feet. “Though I imagine it would do my calves wonders.”

“Your calves don’t need any more work I assure you,” Astra muttered out unthinkingly. She froze as the words she uttered registered in her mind, and she furiously started cursing herself in her mind, what in the name of Rao had she been thinking.

“You can thank my pilates instructor for that,” the blonde woman replied, a smirk threatening to overtake her features. The elevator dinged open and Cat took Astra’s arm and escorted her to the limo that she had waiting in the garage. Fortunately it was after hours so most of Lena’s employees
had already left, leaving the structure empty other than a stray car mostly likely belonging to security or the cleaning staff.

“Part of me wonders if I’ll ever see daylight again,” Astra murmured as Cat tucked her in the back seat before moving around the other side to join her. The brunette’s eyes were focused on the street lights shining as they slowly drove towards Cat’s building. Night had fallen over the city, Lena had decided that was the best time to slip Astra out since no one really knew that the woman was there, other than Jess, Lena’s assistant. Cat was reluctant to admit that the woman was a competent and loyal assistant, almost as competent as her own, almost, but no one would really compare to Kara.

“What makes you say that?” Cat asked, not looking up from her tablet.

Astra hummed, lazily looking at the other woman, “I keep getting shifted around, shunted in the dark from place to place, not like I can show my face in the light of day again, not with the things I’ve done.”

“Truthfully, you haven’t done anything truly bad yet, and nobody has really seen your face, outside of the military and sordid government agencies,” the media mogul replied, putting her tablet away. “And if I have any say about it, which I do, you won’t be going to prison, or even charged for your crimes. I think you’ve been punished enough.” A pensive look crossed Cat’s face, “Though I really hope that was all of the gold kryptonite Cadmus had, I would hate that they found more and used it against Kara again, or worse, bozos like General Lane got their hands on it.”

The Kryptonian shivered at the mention of that man’s name, remembering the look of indifference and hatred on his face as he sent liquid kryptonite through her veins. “They indicated that it was all they had,” Astra murmured. “Kara’s friends, the Fierce One and the Nervous One with unfortunate clothing, they took a sample, I’m sure they’ll be able to scan for traces of the material.”

“Nervous One… Oh yes, Walt, Winifred, whatever,” Cat replied, waving her hand. The driver pulled into the underground parking for her building, reserved for residents and employees of the structure, and Cat helped Astra out of the car and over towards her private elevator. Normally she would just tell her driver to briefly stop in front of the lobby doors, but she knew that Astra would want privacy from prying eyes. Despite the discretion policy she pushed for by the building manager, due to one too many accidents with super strength and heat vision, Cat’s neighbors were incredibly nosey.

A few minutes later, Cat was sitting Astra down on one of the plump couches in her living room, barely resisting the urge to collapse onto it herself. “Are you hungry?” Cat asked, manners that her boarding school teachers instilled in her coming to the forefront of her mind. “Coffee, tea, wine? Though I imagine that alcohol will have more of an effect on you now that you’re basically human, so maybe we’ll skip that today.”

Astra cracked a smile, “I have developed a taste for tea since arriving on Earth, though I rarely get the opportunity. Non, my husband, he disapproves of most of the things here on Earth, the way you humans make things, cook things, he misses the food on Krypton.”

Cat nodded, “As did Kara, though she quickly found new favorites among the fare we have to offer, basically everything really. I can make some tea, but there’s also a tea house nearby that I can convince to deliver a fresh pot and some sandwiches.”

“I know that place,” Astra murmured. “I would visit there after watching over Kara, it was soothing, almost detoxifying.”

“We humans do occasionally drink tea to relax and as a detox,” Cat replied. “I’ll put in an order,
extra food in case you’ve retained your Kryptonian appetite, and either way, Kara will probably stop over later. She’s been busy trying to clean up the mess from the power outage, two days later and the city is still a mess. What kind of tea do you prefer? Black, green, Oolong?”

“Surprise me,” Astra murmured, her eyes not straying far from the view out of Cat’s windows. The blonde placed the order with the tea house and they promised they would have someone deliver the tea and food right away. Cat bustled around, pulling out her own tea set, choosing on of the cheaper sets in case Astra felt shaky and dropped a few cups. It was already missing a few tea cups, not due to her Kryptonian daughter surprisingly, but her son who thought they made excellent helmets for his stuffed animal army.

When she finished her call, Cat retrieved a glass of wine and sat down next to Astra on the couch, staring out over the city. “Are you going to tell Kara your plans?” Cat asked, sipping at her wine.

“I have no plans,” the brunette replied. “I lost my powers, my Kryptonian heritage, all I have left is Kara.” She glanced over at Cat before turning away, “I have no plans.”

“You have more than Kara,” the blonde woman told her. “You have Carter and me, and I’m sure Kara’s ragtag group of friends would love to adopt you as part of their family. They seem to be lacking on family members as a whole, so can use some more.”

“Where is Carter anyway?”

Cat sighed, “With the blackout, Carter’s father freaked out and took him on an extended vacation to the Caribbean on a cruise. They’ll be gone for a few weeks.” She gave the woman an assessing look, “And don’t think I didn’t notice how you dodged my question. You do have plans, the plans that you and your husband have been working towards.”

Astra was silent for a few moments, “It’s good that Carter is away, out of the city.”

“Astra?”

“I can’t,” the woman shook her head.

“I thought you had switch sides Astra? Agreed with Kara that we’re worth protecting?”

“After what those… those monsters did to me, tried to do to Kara?” Astra snorted, “And they call us the monsters…”

“Astra…”

Astra just shook her head again, “Look, I do believe that this world needs saving, and probably the best way is to work with you humans. But this Cadmus, their actions indicate that you don’t want us to work with you.” She looked away from Cat, “I’m not going to aid in the plan, I couldn’t even if I wanted to, they’ve already progressed too far. I doubt there would be much that any of us could do to prevent what is coming, but it can be stopped after, before everything gets too far.”

“Will you tell her?” Cat repeated, “Will you tell her what’s coming?”

“I will try,” Astra said finally.

“What were you planning?”

“Something that started years ago on Krypton, something that could have saved our planet from destruction, something that would’ve save it had it been implemented,” Astra stated, her eyes hard
and dark. “The council thought they knew what was best, so did Alura, Zor-El and Jor-El, and Non and I thought we knew what was best.” She sighed and set her head back on the backrest of the couch, “None of us really did though, we just thought that we did, pride drove us to commit great horrors, and nothing changed, Krypton still died.”

“Not all of Krypton is gone though Astra,” Cat murmured. “You are alive, Kara is alive, you both carry remnants of Krypton inside of you.”

“I’m glad you didn’t mention Jor-El’s son Kal-El,” Astra sneered, rolling her eyes. “His mother Lara, lovely woman, what she would think of him…”

“He’s more Kansas farm boy than Kryptonian really.”

“Human, you can say it, he’s more human than Kryptonian.”

Cat didn’t add to the statement, merely hummed and continued to sip her wine as they stared out the window. The tea and sandwiches were delivered not to long after, and almost as if summoned by the scent of food, Kara landed on the balcony and strode through the doors. “Hey what are we- ooh, sandwiches,” Kara cried, immediately falling on the pile of food like she hadn’t eaten in days. Astra only made it through a single sandwich before stopping and just sipping her tea, proving that her advanced appetite was gone as well as her powers, causing Cat to breathe a sigh of relief. She could feed one Kryptonian stomach, she feared she would have to find a second job to feed another one.

“Kara,” Astra started, drawing her niece’s attention. “I have something to tell you.” Kara glanced over at her aunt, crumbs and remnants of her sandwiches sprinkled around her mouth. She looked ridiculous with food on her face in her suit without her mask or boots, but both of the women thought she looked adorable. Cat was reluctant to even think the word adorable, but even she acknowledged that somehow when she adopted a daughter over eleven years ago, she somehow ended up with a golden retriever.

“What is it?” Kara asked, wiping her face with a napkin before moving to sit on the armrest next to her aunt.

“It’s about what Non and I were planning,” she said slowly, “It’s called Myriad.”

Kara stared at the ceiling of her apartment for hours as sleep eluded her; her mind continued to churn around what her aunt had told her, the council of Krypton had made a program to control the minds of the people in order to prevent their own destruction. The Myriad program was never initiated for use, and Krypton continued to spiral downwards until it’s destruction. Part of her wondered if it would have been better to enact the program if it could have saved her people from self-destruction, but she quickly rid her head of such thoughts. It was no better than slavery, forcing one’s will onto a large group of people, and kryptonians had always been against slavery.

She managed to fall asleep a few hours before sunrise, but was up and out on her balcony when Sol started rising through the sky. Kara soaked in the rays for a few minutes with Krypto sitting next to her also basking in the sunlight, his dark fur glinting in the sunlight. She only had a few moments of peace before the dog started pawing her leg every now and then, begging for his normal helping of breakfast. Sighing, Kara fluttered back into the kitchen and poured out food for the dog. Krypto’s tail knocked against the floor as he watched her dish out his food and pounced on it as soon as she was
done, immediately devouring the entire bowl.

Opening her fridge, Kara stared blankly at the contents before settling on a large protein drink Lena developed specifically for her, and chugged the contents of the bottle. She fiddled around her apartment for a while, focusing more on the city around her than anything in the building. Nothing was immediately demanding her attention, the worst criminals and supervillains deciding to take it easy on a Sunday morning. “Probably out for brunch,” Kara muttered to herself, her mind still consumed with thoughts of Myriad. She didn’t know what to do, she didn’t know how she was going to prevent Non and his soldiers from taking over National City with his program, let alone the entire world.

“Krypto I’m going to see Lena,” Kara told him, scratching the dog’s head. “Go out and protect the city, be good, and don’t get hurt.” Krypto woofed at her and she kissed his nose before darting back to her room to grab some other clothes. A few minutes later, she was spinning into her super suit and rocketing off of her balcony, speeding over to her best friend’s penthouse.

Kara landed on the balcony and let herself into the apartment, finding Lena in the kitchen making breakfast and heard Sara in the bathroom brushing her teeth. “Well aren’t you two all domestic now,” Kara commented after she changed back into her normal clothes.

“I am a domestic goddess,” Lena smirked, winking back at her friend. Assessing green eyes drifted all over the blonde’s face, taking in the worry lines on her forehead and the distressed look in her eyes, and a frown formed on Lena’s face. “Breakfast?” She asked, pointing Kara to the counter, “And you can tell me why you have that crinkle on your forehead.”

The blonde rubbed at her head as she sat down at the counter and started picking at the omelet Lena set in front of her. She rolled her eyes at the massive amount of kale sticking out either side of the dish but slowly at it anyway. Sara walked out of the bathroom a few moments later and sat down next to Kara, and started eating her own breakfast. “Alright blondie, spill,” Sara said, “You have a crinkle.”

Lena sat down across from her best friend and next to her girlfriend, slowly eating her own breakfast. Kara recounted the information that Astra had given her, about how the Myriad program was developed on Krypton, what it was supposed to do, and how Non and her aunt wanted to use it on humans. “A large scale mind control program,” Lena murmured, her eyes distant and unfocused. Kara stared at her in confusion before jumping a little as Lena slammed her hands down on the counter. “That’s it! That’s the feedback I’ve been receiving, though it’s very minute…”

“A large scale mind control!” Lena yelled, slamming her hands down on her table. “That’s it! That’s the feedback I’ve been receiving, though it’s very minute…”

Kara blinked as her friend rushed to her laptop on her coffee table and practically threw it open, furiously typing away at the screen. “Um, Lena?” The brunette just waved her hand in a shooing gesture and Kara looked at the blonde across the counter from her. “Is she alright?”

“Don’t look at me, she’s your best friend,” Sara replied, sipping at her coffee and working on the crossword puzzle in the newspaper.

“She’s your girlfriend.”

The shorter blonde waved her hand dismissively, “I jumped on this crazy train late, you guys were already wacko before I even got here, so whatever world she’s disappeared to, you’re the one responsible for her.”
“You’re a tremendous help Sara Lance.”

“I aim to please.”

Kara rolled her eyes and moved to sit across from where her best friend was curled up on her couch with her laptop. “Lena,” Kara prodded, nudging her friend with her foot. The brunette just hummed and continued typing, her eyes narrowed at whatever was on the screen. “Lena,” she said again, “What are you thinking?” When her friend didn’t reply, Kara nudged her harder with her foot, “Lena!”

“Huh, what?” Lena stated, looking up at her friend.

“What are you thinking?”

“Oh,” Lena blinked, “Wasn’t I explaining that?”

The Kryptonian sighed and looked at her friend with thinly veiled exasperation, “You were doing that thing where you have an entire conversation in your head again. I don’t know what you’re thinking sweetie, you have to actually speak out loud.”

“Um, right, of course,” Lena twisted on the couch so she was showing Kara the screen. “So you remember that break in at Lord Technologies awhile back, before Lord’s fall from grace of course?”

“That was when the Fort Rozz Kryptonians broke in and didn’t steal anything right?”

“Right, that, so what they actually did was piggyback a system onto Lord’s satellites, and that’s-”

“Wait, they broke into Lord’s business for his satellites? Why didn’t they break into L-Corp then? Aren’t your satellites superior?”

“Well yes, yes they are, but we also have more security than Lord did, constantly screening for feeds piggybacking on our system.” She made a face, “One lesson I did learn from the Luthors, constant paranoia and all that.”

“Alright, continue.”

“Right so I’ve been picking up some interference on Lord’s satellites, nothing major, just a low level frequency pinging every now and then. It didn’t have a ton of power, so I analyzed it for a while, broke down the layers, and then forgot about it with all of the other drama going on.”

“So they’re using the satellites to broadcast their mind control program?”

Lena nodded, “Though it’s more like… they’re waves, radio waves, they’re designed to influence minds that think on a particular frequency. I don’t think they’ve been able to figure out how to get it to work on human minds, if what you’re telling me is true, it was originally designed to influence Kryptonians. That would defeat the purpose here of course, so it seemed like they were trying to figure out how to alter it and boost the power.”

“How close are they?” Kara asked, “Can we get the satellites offline before they trigger Myriad?”

“Unfortunately no, those satellites are communication satellites, and it looks like the program has advanced to the point that there’s no stopping it now.”

“So what do we do?” The blonde groaned out, “Just let them take control of everyone in National City?”
“I don’t think we have much choice,” Lena murmured sadly, patting her friend’s hand. She froze for a moment her eyes falling on her screen again before flashing over to her television. “I don’t think we have much time either look!”

Kara turned and froze at what was flashing across the screen, rows upon rows of aliens symbols, Kryptonian letters. “Myriad,” Kara breathed, recognizing some of the information on the screen her aunt had mentioned. “It’s starting…”

Chapter End Notes

Still haven't caught up with the new episodes, and I still don't know how I feel about Lena/James. Some people are being generally nasty because of the biracial thing and I'm like they're both beautiful and they're beautiful together, I would totally get into a relationship with James in a heartbeat. My problem is the story, it doesn't make sense. They have chemistry, but they have the same problem with most relationships in this show, it happened far too fast. The writers for this show just kind of toss people together with a few episodes, and it doesn't really give me enough time to be fully get the feel for the two together. My favorite pairings are always the slow builds, the ones that take a long time to develop in shows. I mean, Xena and Gabrielle weren't even a confirmed thing until like the final episode of the show, though there were hints before that. And my go to favorite, Shawn and Juliet on Psych! That took forever and they were completely amazing together!

Idk, I feel if you really want to sell on a relationship, it takes time. That said, I will watch and see with Lena/James, hopefully they're not as toxic as Kara/Mon-El relationship. I don't need either of Lena or James's characters lost in the relationship status.
“Wait, if it’s started, why aren’t you a zombie?” Kara asked, looking at her friend.

Lena rolled her eyes and gestured to one of her cartilage piercings. “I didn’t just get these things to piss off my mother,” she said. “Well, I did, but I also had them made out of material that would deflect similar types of waves. Luthor paranoia and all that, it wouldn’t do for our minds to be taken over, our minds are the only thing truly private after all.”

“Right, of course, should’ve known that you were prepared for every contingency,” the blonde rolled her eyes. “But what about…” The two looked back at Sara, who was sitting at the counter. Her head was down on the counter, a slight snore escaping her mouth as drool dripped down onto her newspaper. “I don’t think that Non and Astra’s plan was to put everyone to sleep…” Kara stated as she stared at the other blonde in confusion.

Humming, Lena poked experimentally at her girlfriend, jostling Sara only slightly before heading over to step out on her balcony. “No, I don’t think their plan was to put people to sleep, more like the creepy, alien sci-fi version of Night of the Living Dead.”

Kara stepped out on the balcony as well and looked down at the people clustering in the streets, walking towards the downtown area of National City. She could see the glow of the large screens decorating the buildings downtown, each of them displaying the same words scrolling across Lena’s phone, TV, and computer. “Mindless drones? Okay that makes more sense, sleeping beauty in there doesn’t fit the pattern though,” Kara said, gesturing towards the blonde still snoozing away.

“Well I did say that this Myriad program reaches people on specific brain waves, but if you think on a different level, or have blockers, then the waves won’t affect you.” Lena turned an assessing eye on Sara, moving back into her apartment to poke at the other woman again. “I think when Sara was working for that League, she went through some cognitive training, and she’s currently fighting off the instructions being sent to her. Sleeping is just a side effect.”

“She’s going to be a big help during this crisis then.” Kara scrubbed at her face, “Do you have any more of those earring blocker things?”

Lena shrugged, “I didn’t really see the point in making more. I don’t take mine out except to clean it, so I didn’t make any more to replace it.”

“So we’re basically on our own then,” Kara sighed, pinching the bridge between her nose. A brief thought filtered through her mind, causing the woman to jolt in shock as her eyes popped open in
fear. “Lena, what about my mom and my aunt? Carter is out of town, but Cat and Astra are at the penthouse!”

“Shit,” Lena muttered, dashing around the room to locate her jeans and a jacket.

“Lena, what are you doing, we have to go check on my mother,” Kara said, her anxiousness fading away as she watched her friend pull her sweatpants off and hop around attempting to pull on her jeans.

“Kara we’re going to save the city, possibly the world, I am not going out there in sweatpants and an oversized t-shirt,” the brunette replied, tugging a National City Renegades sweatshirt over her head. “Okay, now I’m ready, let’s go save your mom and the world from alien terrorists.” Kara spun into her suit and was about to pick her friend up when Lena waved her hand, “Wait wait, what about Sara?”

Giving Lena an incredulous look, Kara plucked Sara off her chair and placed her on the couch with a blanket tucked around her shoulders. The snoozing blonde shifted her face towards the back of the sofa, and drool continued to leak out of her mouth onto the cushion beneath her head. “She’s fine, she’ll be fine, we have to check on my mother Lena,” Kara cried, lifting her friend into her arms and jumping off the balcony.

The CEO screamed bloody murder as Kara nearly broke the sound barrier attempting to get to the penthouse, rattling several windows in nearby buildings. Kara touched down on her mother’s balcony and Lena practically threw herself out of her arms, landing on the floor in a heap. “Could’ve warned me you were going to go that fast,” she shuddered out, shakily climbing to her feet. “Good thing I dressed warm.”

Kara rolled her eyes and scanned the penthouse, looking for her aunt and her mother. She opened the door and hesitantly stepped into the living room after locating the two, her ears instantly catching the conversation occurring between the two. “- can come back to us General, we can find a way to cure you of your disability,” Cat said, her tone flat and words stilted.

“I’m basically human now Non,” Astra replied. “It’s not a disability, I just have to get used to living without powers, like I would have if Krypton had not collapsed.”

“You are useless to the cause now,” Cat replied and Kara realized that Non was using the Myriad signal to speak through her mother. “You are nothing more than just a weak, pitiful human, like this woman, the one that raised your worthless niece.”

“Hey,” Kara barked, drawing the two’s attention, “My mother is the strongest woman I know, much stronger than you Non.”

“Ah, the wayward daughter of Krypton.” Kara could hear the sneer in her mother’s voice, and she clenched her teeth at Non using Cat as his personal puppet. “Though not much of a daughter of Krypton now, not with how much you defend these humans like they’re worth something.”

“They are worth something, they’re worth giving a chance!”

“They are vermin, a pestilence, a parasitic infection corrupting and destroying their own world.” Cat shifted to move around Kara, circling her, a sneer on her face though her eyes were blank. “And this human, the so called ‘Queen,’ she is probably the worst of them all. She has all of this power and uses none of her influence to actually protect this world, she cares more for frivolous things than actual problems.”
“You don’t know anything about my mother,” Kara replied. “She’s far better than you will ever be.”

“Oh how quickly you forget your heritage when presented with affection, tell me, how long did it take for you to forget your real mother Alura and refer to this human as such?” Kara’s fists clenched and she fought back the urge to find wherever Non was located and pummel him into the ground. She did not trust him with her mother, not when he was controlling her actions and words through her mind.

“Kara,” Astra hissed at her niece. “You have to try to break his hold on her.”

“How?” Kara asked.

“Talk to her, talk to your mother.”

“Silence you!” Non snarled through Cat’s voice and her hand lashed out, backhanding Astra across the face. “Traitors do not get to speak under kryptonian law!”

“Cat don’t do this,” Kara pleaded, trying to reach her mother under Myriad’s control. “Mom you’re more than this, you’re stronger than this.”

“Don’t waste your breath Kara Zor-El, you’ll never be able to reach her.” A sneer crossed Cat’s face, “How does it feel, to see the one you’ve called mother nothing but a puppet, just a plaything for superior whims. Oh yes, she’ll do wonderfully to further our aims.”

“Who are you working with Non?” Astra asked, pulling his attention away from her niece while she attempted to collect herself.

“Hmm? Oh an old friend, one who facilitated our escape from the Phantom Zone and dear Supergirl met face to face not too long ago.”

“Indigo,” the older woman snarled and Kara felt her face pale at the thought of the brainiac and Non working together. It was only a matter of time before the android convinced Non to exterminate all life on Earth rather than simply control them. She wouldn’t let that happen.

“Mom,” Kara murmured, trying to pull the woman’s attention back to her, trying to reach her. “Please Mom, you’re stronger than this, stronger than him.” Thoughts rapidly flashed through her mind as she tried to figure out what to say, “I never did tell you that I was sorry with everything that happened with Adam. I know that I dumped a lot of the blame on what happened at your feet. You set me up with him and got mad when he left because I didn’t want to date him, but part of that was my fault too. I didn’t try to stop you, I didn’t say no.” Kara shook her head, “No that isn’t right, I just wanted you to be happy, and I wanted to see if I could get along with Adam for you since I never gave him a chance before. You had so many regrets about giving him away, giving up on him, and I just… I wanted him to be back in your life despite me not liking him, so I didn’t say no. I didn’t stand up to you when you tried to set us up, I didn’t tell you why it bothered me that you did that, and for that I’m sorry.”

Kara sighed and glanced away for a moment before looking back at her mother, “I’m not sorry for rejecting Adam, seeing how he reacted to rejection confirmed my opinion of him. I am sorry that you were hurt in the process, but then you lashed out and hired Siobhan and I didn’t really know what to say. I thought you hated me, I thought you regretted adopting me, taking me in, the poor, orphaned alien.”

“Orphaned because your parents—”

“But then you came for me,” Kara continued as if Non hadn’t spoken through Cat. “You came for
me when I was trapped in the hold of the Black Mercy, you pulled me out of my fantasy world but you were prepared to leave me there if I was truly happy. I didn’t really think about it at the time, the kind of courage that would take, the kind of love that required.” She sighed again and shook her head, “I don’t know if I could be able to do that, let go of someone I love so that they could be happy, happy while away from me, knowing I wouldn’t see them again. I couldn’t do that, I’m not strong enough for that.” Tears welled in Kara’s eyes and a few escaped to slip down her cheek. “That’s why you have to fight against Non’s control of you mom, you’re stronger than him, stronger than he could ever be.”

Cat wavered a bit and Kara could see that Non’s control over her was slipping, she just needed that extra push. “Please Mom, you’ve always been my hero, you taught me how to be a hero, I need you, I can’t do this without you,” she pleaded. “I love you.” She could see the moment when Myriad’s control broke on the older woman, Cat’s eyes dilated and her body shuddered as she shook herself awake.

“What?” Cat blinked, her eyes focusing on Kara, causing the younger blonde to sob in relief as they were clear from the mind-control haze.

“Mom!” Kara cried in relief, embracing the woman in a tight hug. Cat didn’t flinch away from Kara’s strength, but embraced her as tightly as she could, a hug that even a Kryptonian could feel. “I was so worried that Non was going to do something to you.”

“Other than use me to spout off his ridiculous ideas and beliefs,” Cat scoffed, though relief was present in her tone. “I could hear everything that he was saying through me, and see everything that he was doing but I couldn’t stop myself.” She looked mournfully at her daughter, “I didn’t mean anything that I said, I love you Kara and I’m very proud of you.”

“I love you too Mom, and I am sorry, about everything.”

Cat shook her head, “You have nothing to be sorry about, the fiasco with Adam and then Siobhan was my doing, not yours.”

“I hate to break up this cute family moment,” Lena interrupted and Kara nearly jumped out of her skin having forgotten she was there. The brunette gave her best friend a withering look, “Nice to know where I rank on your priorities.” Kara just smiled sheepishly and Lena rolled her eyes, “We need to figure out how to shut down that program and release everyone from this weird mind control thing, how did you break out of the hold Ms. Grant?”

“I don’t know,” Cat replied, her face portraying an annoyed expression. “I just, Kara’s words, what she was saying, they inspired something in me, love, hope, and it felt like a curtain was lifting from my mind.”

“The program was designed to block access to parts of the brain,” Astra supplied, struggling to stand. “It was meant to keep people compliant, to keep them of one mind and one goal, though there is a flaw. Certain emotions brought about by increase in chemicals in the brain can override the program and make it useless as a weapon. Fear, love, hope, they would all produce the same result.”

“We can’t scare the entire population of National City,” Kara pointed out. “It won’t work, and trying to break everyone out of the haze individually will take far too long, there are millions of people affected by the program right now.”

“We can provide them hope though,” Cat pointed out, “You can provide them hope.” She reached out and tapped the crest on Kara’s suit lightly with her finger. “You can give them hope for a better tomorrow, just as you always have for me.”
“How are we going to do that?” Lena asked, “We can’t exactly broadcast anything with creepy Myriad Air taking over all of the channels.”

“We’re going to have to go old school for this,” the older blonde informed them.

Before they could question Cat on what she meant, a knock sounded on the balcony door and Kara turned to find Lucy and M’gann standing outside. M’gann was in her guise as Miss Martian, red hair flashing in the sunlight, and green skin mostly hidden by the tight uniform and cape wrapped around her shoulders. “M’gann, Lucy, what are you guys doing here?” Kara asked, waving them in. “And Lucy how are you not affected by the signal?”

“I’m blocking the neural waves from reaching her,” M’gann said, accepting a hug from the blonde superhero. “Although a heads up would’ve been nice, I didn’t know what was happening when she suddenly turned into a mindless zombie this morning.”

“And why exactly were you two together this morning hmm?” Lena questioned, staring between the two suspiciously.

Lucy snorted and shot a glare at the other brunette, “If you can’t figure out what we were up to this morning, then I seriously question your sex life.”

“Seriously?” Kara squealed, pulling her two friends into a tight hug. “Oh I’m so happy for you!” She cried before a realization popped in her mind and she pushed them away, “Wait a minute, you two only met what, a week ago? When I was under the Black Mercy, and you’re already sleeping together?”

“Kara, you married someone after only knowing her for like two hours,” Lucy pointed out. “You have no room to judge. Besides, M’gann can do amazing things with her tongue and that shape shifter thing is really—”

“Alright, enough, I don’t want to know,” Kara exclaimed, slapping a hand over Lucy’s mouth. “Let’s just go with I am very happy for you both, and leave it at that, bad enough I’m probably going to accidentally glance in the direction of one of your apartments and see... things...”

Lucy snickered and M’gann just patted Kara’s shoulder sympathetically before glancing around the room. “Where’s Sara?” M’gann asked, noting the lack of a third blonde.

“Sleeping off the mind control in my apartment apparently,” Lena sighed. “You think you can... fiddle with her head like you did with Lucy?”

M’gann shook her head, “No, the waves are too strong. I could possibly block two people, but there would be the chance of one or both of them falling back under. Knowing Sara, she’ll probably snap out of it on her own though.” The Martian winced and pressed her hand into her ribcage, feeling the bruises from her earlier altercation already forming. “That green Martian in charge of the DEO sure packs a punch.”

“J’onn?” Kara questioned, recalling her brief meeting with the other alien. “Why did he attack you, and why were you at the DEO?”

“With the agents all under mind control, I was concerned that the prisoners they had taken in would be released and cause more havoc than we need, so M’gann and I went to contain them as best as we could,” Lucy explained. “I knew that Henshaw, J’onn was it, was an alien, I was read into that by the president, but I didn’t realize that he and M’gann were basically mortal enemies since she’s naturally a White Martian.”
“You went to the DEO as a White Martian? Really?” Kara asked, turning to M’gann, “What were you thinking?”

“It wasn’t planned,” M’gann groaned, “They have a White Martian prisoner and he outed me when I was there. Luckily only J’onn J’onzz and your wife were awake and aware.”

“Alex? Alex was okay?” The blonde hated how desperate her voice sounded, but she needed to know that the other woman was okay. She wanted to not feel anything for her, she wanted to not have her heart ache every time she thought about her, she wanted to not smile at the memory of their conversations, she wanted to not remember the flutters of her heart when she would spot Alex walking into Noonan’s in her tight jeans and leather jacket. Kara didn’t want many things, but the main thing she didn’t want was the distance that had come between her and Alex. She might have withheld the truth from the other woman, starting their friendship on a falsehood, but she thought that the friendship had formed to something stronger at this point, something that could have recovered.

Kara shook her head away from such though, recriminations never solved anything, especially since she wasn’t sure what there was to solve. “So the director attacked M’gann,” Kara continued, “Obviously since you’re here, you got the upper hand in the situation?”

“I’ve been fighting as a hero for years, J’onn has been fighting as a hero or behind a desk, so he’s a little rusty. Hopefully we can make peace before he tries to attack me again or lock me up.”

Lucy’s eyes narrowed, “He better not try to lock you up because your girlfriend is a lawyer who happens to be well versed in dealing with shady government types…”

“Can we focus back at the problem at hand?” Cat asked, rolling her eyes. “We have a city of mindless zombies that need attending to, and a plan to try and shake them out of this mindless haze.”

“Of course Cat has a plan, Cat always has a plan,” Lucy sighed. “So what’s the plan?”

“We’re heading to my old broadcasting studio, and Lena is going to fix it up so that Kara can send out a message of hope,” Cat replied. When the younger women in the room just stared at her, Cat narrowed her gaze and set her hands on her hips. “Stop gawking, and let’s get going.”

“I officially love this place,” Lena murmured, running her hands along the control panels as she poke and prodded at the wires. “This tech is so old, it’s almost a dinosaur.”

“It’s not that old Lita,” Cat groused out, giving the brunette a dark look. Lena just waved her hand and proceeded to rewire the system in the old television station to piggyback on the Myriad waves. Astra was next to her propped up on her cane observing her work and speaking to Cat in low tones, Kara could hear what she was saying but chose not to eavesdrop.

“So what’s the story there?” Lucy asked, tugging Kara out of the building. “Between your mom and your aunt, I was sensing some serious tension there, and not the angry kind.”

“Honestly I have no idea,” Kara shrugged, leaning back up against the building. “They’ve been spending a lot of time together recently, Mom would go see Astra when she was cooped up at L-Corp recuperating, and then of course apparently they’ve been meeting secretly off and on for the majority of my childhood.” A confused look crossed her face as she scrunched her nose, her mask shifting with her movement, “I don’t know what’s going on, they’re friends I guess, but they
“They don’t seem like just friends do they?” Lucy’s words were more of a statement than a question but Kara nodded all the same. “Does your mom even swing that way? I mean, obviously she doesn’t have a problem with it, but it’s not something that I would’ve pegged for Cat Grant.”

Kara shrugged, “I don’t recall her ever saying anything either way, I mean obviously she was married to a man, a jerk really, but then she’s also had lovers, nothing serious though. A few of them were women, I could hear them when they…” The blonde blushed a bit and tugged at her uniform. “Don’t tell Mom that, she would get embarrassed.”

“*She* would get embarrassed, right,” Lucy shook her head before mirroring Kara’s position against the building, head tilted up to the sky and arms crossed. “Do you really think this will work? This plan to inspire everyone with a message of hope?”

“Mom thinks it will, and Astra confirmed that if it does, the surge of hope and love will override the neural pathways used by Myriad and basically make this re-programing, mind-control thing useless.”

“And I was hoping I would get to see my sister all doped up on mind-control the next time she visited,” Lucy sighed. “Or might use it to keep my dad in line when he finds out I’m dating an alien.”

“You could always tell him you dated two aliens?”

The shorter woman cracked a grin and let out a bubbling laugh, “Oh to see his face, I will think on it, if only to see him faint or keel over from a heart attack.”

“You scare me sometimes Luce,” Kara replied after a few seconds of silence.

Lucy nodded, “That’s fair, I scare myself sometimes.”

Soft but sure footsteps echoed in Kara’s ears before she could reply, and she cast her eyes around in an attempt to locate the source. A lithe figure strode out of the darkness, clothed in black leather and a mask, poised and ready for battle. “Laurel?” Kara murmured as the Black Canary stopped and took a fighting pose.

“You won’t succeed Supergirl,” the Black Canary intoned and Kara realized that she was also under the control of the Myriad waves. “Let’s see what kind of hero you are, can you fight against a loved one? Someone that knew you intimately, how you looked in the throes of ecstasy?” A smirk crossed her face, “Can’t fight me can you Kara?”

“Wait,” Lucy said, looking between the woman and Kara. “Is that Laurel? Like *the* Laurel, you ex who cheated on you?”

“She’s the Black Canary, a type of vigilante superhero, mainly based in Star City but she’s visiting to see Sara and… well…”

“Win you back,” Lucy finished, giving Laurel an assessing look. “Well I can’t blame her for that, she was an idiot for letting you go in the first place. Why do you think Non sent her here, it’s not like she can hurt you…” Before Lucy finished speaking, Laurel pulled out a small device and flicked it open, transforming it into a glowing green staff.

“Kryptonite,” Kara muttered and Lucy cursed under her breath.

“She must’ve broken into the DEO, I saw similar weapons when I was there, Non must’ve directed her to them.” She narrowed her eyes at the smirking woman, “At least now we know why he sent
her here, but Non miscalculated when he thought that she would be fighting you and you would be unable to hurt her.”

“What do you…” Kara’s voice trailed off when she saw Lucy reach into the back of her belt and pulled out her own device that quickly snapped open to form a staff.

“Ever since I found out this bitch cheated on you, broke your heart, I’ve wanted to beat her senseless, kick her ass from here to Metropolis and Non practically delivers her to me on a silver platter.” Undisguised glee was practically dripping from Lucy’s voice as she stared at Laurel, also assuming a fighting stance. “Come on Purple Cockatoo, let’s see how you face against a black ops trained soldier.”

Kara watched as the two sized each other up, measuring them as opponents before lunging, lashing out with their respective staves. She thought for a moment about intervening, but the glowing green staff kept her at bay, along with the knowledge that Lucy could take care of herself. Wincing at the vicious hit the shorter woman landed on the vigilante’s face, Kara wondered if she should be more concerned about Laurel’s welfare instead.

“What is going on out here?” Cat asked as she stepped out of the building to locate her daughter.

The younger blonde just sighed, “Lucy and a brainwashed Laurel are comparing dick sizes, what’s going on in there?”

“Everything’s almost ready,” Cat replied, “M’gann, Astra and Lena are arguing about the technicalities of technology and complexities of the human brain.”

Kara rolled her eyes, “Of course they are.” Her attention turned back to the fight at hand and she saw that Lucy managed to knock out one of Laurel’s knees but had her shoulder dislocated in retaliation.

“I really am sorry,” Cat murmured, drawing Kara’s attention. “For everything with Adam and Siobhan, it was petty and wrong.” She shook her head, “There’s no way for me to make it up to you, I was abusive, and I broke your trust. I’ll fire Siobhan as soon as this is over if you want, I only kept her around this long to ease your load with having to be Supergirl and my assistant.”

“Mom, mom,” Kara said, stopping the woman’s bitter rambling. “It’s okay, well it’s not, but it will be okay, and I forgive you. Just you acknowledging that what you were doing was abusive is enough for me, and you don’t have to fire Siobhan but I would suggest moving her to a department with less… sensitive material.”

“She’s a snake isn’t she,” Cat replied, rolling her eyes. “At least I had you around to fix all of the work she messed up trying to get ahead. No, she needs to be fired, or at least transferred to a different location, perhaps the location in Star City.”

Kara snorted, “She would just love that, especially if you make it look like a promotion instead of sending her away to a CatCo station where she couldn’t cause anymore trouble, the city itself causes enough.”

A final thump was heard and Kara glanced over to see a triumphant Lucy dragging an unconscious Laurel by the ankle, her head roughly sliding against the pavement the entire way. “I have performed the neural reprogramming,” Lucy announced, dropping the leg with a thud. “I didn’t feel like going through some hope speech, just a good old fashioned hit to the head, works every time.”

“You didn’t kill her did you?” Kara asked, examining Laurel more closely now that the kryptonite staff had been deactivated.
Lucy shrugged, “I don’t think so, just hit her really hard, but she asked for it, gives as good as she takes. She dislocated my shoulder, do you see this shit?” The lawyer glanced at her dangling left arm and winced as she accidentally jostled it. “Bitch is lucky I only hit her upside the head a few times…”

“Do you want me to…” Supergirl’s voice trailed off as she gestured towards Lucy’s arm. At the brunette’s nod, Kara quickly popped it back in place, prompting a string of curses and promises of pain and destruction from the normally unflappable lawyer.

“Do I want to know what’s going on out here?” M’gann asked and the two blondes turned to see the Martian standing in the doorway.

“Probably not,” Kara replied while Cat just rolled her eyes.

“Right well, we’re all set up in here if you want to come in and do your thing,” the woman replied before disappearing back into the studio.

The superhero took a deep breath and glanced over at her mother who just smiled and squeezed her hand. “Let’s go save the city Supergirl.”

Chapter End Notes

So originally I was going to have Alex and Laurel go at it, but Lucy wanted to have some fun in this story as well and who am I to deny her? Still not sure how many more chapters, the action is almost through, just a ton of romance to get through, but the story is (hopefully) winding down in terms of I have less chapters left to write.
Tada! New chapter! I'm still a bit behind, but that's because my work load has increased so I have less time. I will try to work around this and make more time but we shall see.

As for Supergirl episodes, I don't hate them, they're more meh recently. The stuff with Mon-el is overplayed now, he's married, stop staring at him with longing Kara, and stop treating Saturn Girl like she's the enemy, she's looked up to you for so long, chill.

Alex is totally gonna end up taking care of Ruby, but wtf is going to happen with Sam, the persistent question. She's kind of fun, so I hope she sticks around. I don't have anything else to say about James and Lena. Anyone else curious about where Winn's gf disappeared to? Or like where Superman is with all these Reign shenanigans? Or if Lillian is going to turn up again this season?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“... When I first arrived on this planet, I was scared and alone,” Kara spoke, her eyes trained on the camera in front of her while her hands were folded together on the table. I didn’t know what to do, or who I could turn to, all I knew was my planet was gone, everyone I knew was gone, and I had spent a lot of time alone.” She briefly glanced up and met Cat’s eyes in the booth watching her. “But I found a family, people that want me, love me, took me in, an orphan from another planet without pause or reservation, more concerned about the scared little girl than anything else.”

She took a breath before she continued, “It taught me something about humans, your unwavering ability to strive, to hope, to reach forward towards a new tomorrow. It taught me about the kindness present in human hearts, about the love we’re all capable of feeling, human, alien.” Pausing again, Kara let out a little laugh, “There’s a phrase I learned here on Earth, ‘that’s what makes us human,’ this is used whenever someone shows weakness or expresses optimism, hope. These feelings aren’t weaknesses, and it is more than what ‘makes us human,’ these traits make us, all of us who we are. It’s easy to give up, to lose hope when everything is stack against us, but we are more than that. You all have taught me that over the years, that true strength, true courage is continuing on when you’re hurting, when it seems that everything is stacked against you, that is the measure of a hero.”

“That strength, that courage, is inside each and everyone one of you, the heart of a hero, that can’t be snuffed out, that can’t be overwhelmed. Years ago I fell to Earth and found refuge, a safe haven, and you all helped me to grow into who I am today. I ask for your help again, to fight, to hope, to prove that you are more than your enemies think you are, to prove that you are stronger because of your hearts, that you will reach out to help those who hurt you and hope that they are willing to do the same. Show hope, show love, show them everything that I’ve always loved about humans,” Kara continued, willing her own bit of hope that this worked. “Show them that we all are heroes, that we are strong, that we overcome. Hope to see your loved ones again, dare to see them again.”

Even before M’gann walked to the door and told her that it was working, Kara knew that National City was coming back to life. She could hear murmurs, people reaching for their phones to call their loved ones and Kara breathed a sigh of relief. The broadcast ending and she stepped out of the studio to accept a hug from her mother and best friend, while Lucy continued to poke at Laurel’s
unconscious form with her foot. “Is it over?” Kara asked, looking between her friends before her eyes fell on her grim looking aunt.

“I fear this defeat won’t be taken lightly,” Astra answered. “Especially since we know that Non is working with Brainiac 8. Her goal is always planetary extinction, and she may have just been going along with the Myriad program so far because she feels she can manipulate him into doing as she wants.”

“You think Indigo will convince Non to just wipe out human life rather than trying to control them?” Kara’s eyes were wide as she glanced from her aunt to her mother. “What can we do?”

“We can’t do anything until we know for sure what they’re doing to do,” Cat said, rubbing Kara’s arms. “Best we can do is regroup and clean up the city as best as we can. I have to get to CatCo, make sure those mindless employees haven’t done any damage, though I guess for some of the executives it’s not all that different from normal.”

“So we’re just supposed to wait?” Kara questioned.

“What else can we do?” Lena returned. “Ms. Grant is right, we should regroup, and M’gann, Lucy, and Laurel should probably receive some medical attention, mostly Laurel, geez what did you do to her Luce?”

Lena’s phone rang before Lucy could answer and Lena jumped to answer the device. “It’s Sara, hey Sara, babe,” she said, walking out of the door.

Kara listened long enough for Sara to ask about why she woke up on the couch in a puddle of her own drool before tuning them out. “So Mom, I can take you and Aunt Astra back to the penthouse,” she said, glancing between the women. “Or do you want me to take you straight to CatCo?”

“My first instinct is CatCo, but I need to change, so home please, I can call my driver to take me… us,” Cat amended seeing the expression on Astra’s face, “Take us to the office.”

“I can be in shortly to help,” Kara replied. “I just need to make sure that Lucy, M’gann, and Laurel get the medical attention that they need.”

“I can help with that,” another voice stated and Kara whirled around to find Alex Danvers standing at the studio door with Lena standing in front of her barring entrance. Brown eyes locked with blue for a split second before Alex tore away from the superheroine to stare at the CEO in front of her. “Are you going to let me in?”

“No we’re not Supergirl,” J’onn replied, dragging his attention to the masked blonde. “I just didn’t expect you to align yourself with a species known for genocide and terrorism.”

Kara nodded, “Yes, humans do have all of those traits and more, but I choose to believe in them.”

J’onn blinked for a moment before narrowing his eyes and flinging an accusing finger at a smirking M’gann. “I meant the White Martian,” he seethed. “You do know that they slaughtered my people!”
“I know that M’gann had nothing to do with that,” Kara returned. “I know that M’gann chose to fight against it, she chose to be a Green Martian, and she has chosen to live on Earth and act as a superhero, despite knowing how Terrans feel about aliens. She is a veteran hero, one that has been fighting for years as Miss Martian with the Teen Titans and on her own, what have you been doing Director?”

The Martian grit his teeth but Alex stepped in front of him before he could start something and potentially injure the civilians, though one of the women in the room looked remarkably similar to one of the Kryptonians that had been threatening the city the past few months. She chose to let that go for now and focused on the problem at hand. “We didn’t come to fight Ka- Supergirl, I promise, we just came to offer help,” Alex said, her eyes pleading with the blonde. “Look, the DEO is down several agents right now from Major Lane and Miss Martian knocking them out during the mind control, but we have better medical technology than you’d find anywhere.”

“I doubt it,” Lena stated. “The government can’t beat anything that I’ve created.”

“So you have technology specifically designed for Martians?” Alex countered. “Because we do, and we should really work together on this problem before it becomes worse or someone worse comes to town to deal with it.” She gave Lucy a significant look, “Someone like your father.”

“Heaven forbid,” Lucy grumbled before looking at Kara. “We should probably work with them, it’s the least we can do, pretty sure M’gann and I knocked quite a few of them out.”

Kara stared at Alex for a minute before reluctantly nodding her head, “Fine, you two go ahead and take Laurel with you, I’m going to drop Mom and Astra off at the Penthouse.”

“I’m going back to my apartment to check on Sara and then I’m going to L-Corp to monitor the situation.” The suspicious look Lena sent Alex and J’onn let Kara know that she did not trust the two, or at least J’onn, Kara knew that her best friend disliked Alex with a burning rage. Lena glanced back at Supergirl and squeezed her friend’s hand, “Let me know if you run into any problems.”

“I’ll be fine Lee, keep track of the Myriad wave and let me know if anything changes.”

Lena nodded and glanced between Kara and the auburn haired DEO agent, “You let me know if anything changes.”

Supergirl nodded and Lena strolled out of the studio door heading back to her apartment. Her girlfriend was going to meet up with her to catch up on what she missed as well as to hit the streets in case any low-life decided to take advantage of everyone’s confusion. Kara turned back to her mother and gestured for her and Astra to walk out of the building. “I’ll meet up with you both at the DEO,” Kara said, looking at Lucy and M’gann.

“Do you even know where are offices are?” Alex asked, drawing Kara’s attention.

The blonde tilted her head and smirked, a look that had Alex’s abdomen quivering with excitement and need. “I’ll find you,” the heroine replied before striding out of the studio.

Laurel groaned into awareness as a persistent beeping invaded her consciousness and her hand automatically reached up to rub at her head, despite her entire body groaning out a protest. “You
might want to take it easy a bit.” The voice drew Laurel’s attention and her eyes immediately snapped open, focusing on the lithe, auburn haired woman standing at the foot of her bed. Alex Danvers’s dark eyes looked up from the chart in her hands and trained on her, “Nothing’s broken, but Lane gave you a pretty good beating. For what it’s worth though, judging by the bruises she’s sporting, you gave as good as you got.”

She let out another groan and pushed herself into a seated position. “What was it that messed with my head,” Laurel muttered, rubbing at her face, careful not to disturb her mask. “I feel like I’ve been drugged.”

“No, just exposed to some really intense mind control and then beaten to a pulp by a tiny woman who was apparently trained for a special ops unit,” the agent replied. “You’ll feel like one big bruise for a few days, but I’m sure with your extra curricular activities in Star City, you’re used to it by now.”

“Looked me up did you?”

“I make it my business to know anyone who’s going to be working and causing trouble in my city in an unofficial capacity,” Alex retorted. “In case I ever ran into them while on a mission or working a case.”

“‘Your’ city is it?”

Alex glared at the vigilante, “Well I am a federal agent.”

Laurel smirked and slowly slid off the table, wincing as she settled her weight on her feet. “Really,” she said, straightening. “Is that really the reason why you investigated me, or is this a reaction to someone getting close to Kara?” Alex cursed herself as her jaw involuntarily clenched and her hands twisted up into fists.

Relaxing her pose, Alex tilted her head before looking away, “I don’t know what you mean.”

“What’s it to you?” Laurel grunted out, “Who made you her keeper, from what I could tell, you don’t even like being around her that much.”

Alex knew that the other woman had a point, what right did she have to dictate who Kara spent time with, what right did she have to get angry at someone for looking at the blonde with lust in their eyes. Despite the fact that she knew this, she still felt rage swirling whenever she saw the lawyer, part-time vigilante staring at her- at Kara. Jealousy wasn’t an emotion she was familiar with, not feeling it anyway, she had inspired it in other people though. She had felt envious of others, for their relationship with their families, their parents, normal, loving relationships that she wished she had with hers. Alex wasn’t used to feeling jealous over someone else, the green haze that descended over her eyes whenever she saw Laurel and Kara together, the anger at seeing Laurel’s lingering gaze on
the younger blonde.

Before Alex could further analyze what she was feeling, Supergirl stepped into the room and glanced between the two women. “Is there something going on here that I should know about?” Kara asked, her eyebrow raised in a questioning manner.

Alex immediately released the other woman and stepped away from her, resisting the urge to fidget uncomfortably. She was a secret agent, she did not fidget. “We’re good here,” she said, looking over at Laurel. “Just working on Black Canary’s reflexes, making sure Lane didn’t knock anything out of place.”

“Yes, Agent Danvers was helping me work out a few kinks,” Laurel jumped in, also not wanting to anger the already stressed out Kryptonian.

Kara gave them both disbelieving looks but chose to let it go. “If you say so,” she said instead, “Let’s go, Watchtower’s found something about the Myriad signal.”

“Why does she insist on being called ‘Watchtower?’” Alex asked, following behind the blonde superheroine.

“She thinks it’s cool, and since she’s someone that could hack into my phone to put kale on my grocery list, I try not to piss her off too much.” The agent made a face at the mention of kale and Kara nodded, “Right? Like who even eats that stuff.”

“She and Maggie should hang out more, they both eat the same thing.” Alex let out a shudder at how many kale salads she’s eaten since befriending the detective. “I’ll take a burger any day.”

“Have you been to Belly Burger?” Kara questioned, “I swear, they have the best burgers, and large portions. Good for, well, consuming large quantities of calories at one time.”

“That burger they have with the layered cheese and onion rings on it nearly killed me but it was so worth it,” Alex agreed and the two women giggled.

Laurel observed them quietly as she followed behind, and she wasn’t sure what to make of what she was seeing. The dynamic between the agent and her ex-girlfriend was interesting; there was constant, almost tangible tension around them that thrummed and vibrated with need, nearly convincing the vigilante that the two were lovers at one time. Their interactions weren’t the usual sort for people that have experienced each other at the heights of pleasure, taken each other to the peak, touching and tasting the most intimate of places. Laurel wasn’t sure what to make of the agent, her role in Kara’s life, but she wouldn’t give up on the younger blonde without a fight. What she did, cheating on her, was one of the worst mistakes of her life, and running away back to Star City without really trying to rectify things with the younger woman just exacerbated that mistake.

The trio sobered when they entered the command room and Kara approached the console in the center. “Watchtower,” the blonde spoke, “What have you found about the Myriad signal?”

“Finally someone uses the name,” Lena grumbled out and Kara rolled her eyes at her friend’s voice echoing through the console. “Alright, so what I’ve found out about the Myriad signal is that it never stopped.”

“What do you mean it never stopped?” Alex asked, “Nobody is walking around like a zombie or mind controlled, so how do you know?”

“Excuse you, but I’ve been tracking this signal for a while now, I would know if it had stopped, and while the frequency has changed, the signal itself is still there, and growing stronger. Have any of
you notice a slight headache that has been extremely persistent?”

The humans in the room glanced at each other uneasily while Kara’s face scrunched in confusion. “And this is bad I’m guessing?”

“Depends if you think planet wide extinction of the human race is bad,” Lena quipped dryly. “The signal is constantly getting stronger, right now it’s only at 17%, but it’ll just keep growing, and when it reaches 100%, that basically means are brains explode in our skulls.”

“And this is only affecting humans?” Lucy questioned, limping over from her spot near the control board.

“The signal was calibrated to only affect humans, or really people who think on a certain wave length. Supergirl, Meta-humans, and other aliens won’t be affected.”

“So what do we do?” Kara asked, “How do we stop this?”

“You have to destroy the signal, I’m working right now on tracking down the source of the wave, and I’ll let you know as soon as I find anything.”

“How long do we have Watchtower?” Alex questioned, her mind thinking furiously, trying to come up with different ideas to counteract the wave long enough to give them a fighting chance.

Kara heard Lena sigh across the line, “Not enough, the strength has increased while we’ve been talking. We have a few hours at best, and even that might be overestimating. I have to get back to scanning, I’ll let you know as soon as I find anything.” The line cut off, leaving those still in the room at the DEO quiet and contemplative.

“You can’t face them on your own,” Alex said suddenly, drawing Kara’s attention. The auburn haired woman’s eyes were dark and serious as they bored into Kara’s, and the blonde could detect worry and fear behind the mask of professionalism. “You don’t know how many you’ll be facing when you finally find the source of the Myriad signal, there will definitely be soldiers guarding it at least.”

“I don’t think Non and Indigo would keep it far from them really,” Kara murmured. “They’ll be there, and whatever soldiers Non has with him.”

“So you definitely can’t go alone, you’ll be outnumbered, even for Supergirl those aren’t good odds,” Alex continued.

“I’ll be going with her,” J’onn’s voice came, and Kara turned to see the disguised Martian hobbling into the room.

“You’re in no condition to be fighting,” M’gann said, walking in after him. “I’ll be going.”

“Neither of you will be coming with me because neither of you are in the right condition to fight either Non or Indigo,” Kara stated firmly, silencing their argument before it could really start. “I know that I can’t go alone, that’s why I called for some backup while waiting for word from Watchtower.”

Before Alex could voice the question that was on the tip of her tongue, a green glow appeared in the room, and the Green Lantern flew into the DEO base. “Hey Supergirl,” Kyle greeted, “Sorry I’m late. I tried to get here sooner, but traffic and all that.”

“You called the Green Lantern?” J’onn questioned, staring at the glowing man questioningly. “Why
“Not your cousin Superman?”

“Superman grew up here, he’s more human than alien and I have no doubt that he would have succumbed to the Myriad signal,” Kara replied. “Truthfully I would’ve contacted Wonder Woman, but she’s notoriously difficult to get ahold of.”

“So what, I’m a last resort?” Kyle pouted.

Kara nodded, a thoughtful look on her face, “Pretty much, though you’re pretty handy to have around too.”

“Pretty handy?” He questioned before shrugging, “Eh, I’ll take it, so what are we up against?”

“Planet wide extinction of the human race.”

Kyle blinked, “Well that doesn’t sound fun, so what are we going to do?”

The blonde shrugged, “Beat the crap out of people and save the day?”

“Sounds good.”

“We should probably go, I have some things to take care of first while we wait for word from Watchtower.”

“Watchtower?” Kyle questioned and when Kara gave him a significant look, his eyes widened. “Oh right, Watchtower, right of course. So, we’ll just…” He wiggled his fingers in a walking motion and waved at the door.

Kara nodded and Kyle zipped back out the entrance. “Ka-Supergirl wait,” Alex said, snagging Kara’s arm before she could follow after her friend. “Where… are you sure that you can do this? I know Green Lantern is well known in Coast City, but are you sure that you can trust him to back you up on this?”

“We’re old friends, I can trust him with my life though he’s not one I would trust to look after my dog,” Kara replied, a strange look on her face. “And my dog is an alien…”

“It could be a suicide mission Kara,” Alex insisted, her voice a whisper.

“I know that,” the blonde bit out. “But that doesn’t mean that I’m not going to go. Every time I go out to fight an alien or a villain, it could be a suicide mission. I could be permanently injured or die, never see the people I lov- never see my family again. But I go out anyway, not because I have to but because it’s the right thing to do.”

“The price of being a hero,” the agent murmured.

Kara gave her a small smile and squeezed her hand. “You should know,” she replied, “You’re one too.”

“Lena, you need to rest,” Kara said, watching her friend rub at her head as she typed frantically on her keyboard.
“Can’t, too busy, I have to find the source of the signal,” the brunette continued.

“Lee, it’s already affecting you, you need to take a break and let the computer program do its job,” Kara continued. “It’ll be able to find the wave without you monitoring it so closely.”

“Kara,” Lena said, looking up at her friend. “You’re the one that has to fight these bastards and stop the wave before we all die, and you can only do that when I find the source. I can’t go out there to help you, this is the only thing that I can do so please,” she pleaded. “Let me do this.”

Sara tugged Kara away from the woman and they both walked out of Lena’s office to leave her to work in peace. “She’s just worried is all Kara,” Sara told her. “We both are, and Lena is trying her best to do her part. It irritates me to no end that I won’t be able to go out and knock a few heads together either.”

“Are you starting to feel the effects of the signal?” Kara asked, looking closely at her friend.

The vigilante shrugged, “It comes and it goes, we’re taught to resist pain in the league, so it’s not a problem now, but I imagine the closer it gets to critical mass, the worse it will get.” Her eyes narrowed as she looked at her friend, “Have you talked to your mom? About what’s going on?”

Kara sighed, “I hadn’t planned on it, she’s already been so stressed out recently with everything that’s happened, I don’t want to have to tell her about the Myriad signal strengthening.”

“Or the fact that you could be walking into a trap/suicide mission of epic proportions,” Sara continued.

“I really appreciate the vote of confidence Sara,” Kara replied, rolling her eyes.

“Don’t be like that, you know I have all of the faith in the world in you, I know that you can do this, as a fellow hero. As your friend though, part of me is still scared.”

“I’m scared too,” Kara admitted, leaning against the door of Lena’s office. “I’m scared I won’t be able to do this, or…”

Sara set her hand on her friend’s arm, drawing the other blonde’s attention to her. “Kara,” she murmured. “Go talk to your mom, if you aren’t going to tell her about what’s going on, at least tell her that you love her.” She nodded back at Lena, “We’ve got this, Kyle is out running patrols, waiting for the signal, so you have time.”

Kara stared at her friend for a moment before leaving Lena’s office and taking the elevator down to the lobby and out of the building. She headed over towards Noonan’s, grabbing her usual order of coffee and pastries, before heading across the street into CatCo.

“Kara, hey,” Winn called as he jogged up to her when she reached the top floor. “What’s wrong?” He asked when he caught sight of her face. “You look like someone just ate the last potsticker in the world. I mean, you just saved the city, you should be feeling happy right?”

“I am, I just have a lot of stuff on my mind right now that’s all,” Kara dodged before heading to her mother’s office. “Your latte Ms. Grant,” she said, slipping easily into the role of Cat Grant’s assistant.

“Keira,” Cat acknowledged, looking up at the younger blonde. “Ditch the latte, go fetch me one of those green juice smoothie things with the chinese herbs that Gwyneth is always prattling on about.”

Kara blinked at Cat’s words and slowly lowered the latte, “But you hate Chinese herbs… and Gwyneth…”
“I don’t hate her, I just constantly wish she wasn’t breathing my oxygen,” the older woman countered. “And you know, we’ve been through hell recently, so sometimes we have to make changes, do things that scare us to remind us that we are in fact living and thriving, despite all odds.”

“Okay…” Kara said slowly, and turned to walk out of the office, the latte still clutched tightly in her hands.

“Well since you already have the latte, I might as well take it,” Cat said before she could leave and Kara placed the drink on her desk.

She glanced around and finally spotted her aunt sleeping on the bench on the balcony. “Is she okay?” She whispered, looking at her mother.

Cat glanced out towards her balcony, “She is, she’s just tired. I can imagine it’s been a little hard on her especially since she lost her powers.” The older woman took a good look at her daughter, taking in the tense posture, clenched fists, and stressed look in her eyes. “Kara,” the CEO murmured, “What’s going on?”

“Wh-what do you mean?”

“You’re nervous, scared, it takes a lot to rattle you, so what’s going on?”

“Mom I- I can’t…” Kara’s voice trailed off. “I have to do something… This, Myriad, it’s not over, and I have to stop it but I don’t know…” Her voice trailed off as she glanced out at the balcony again, over the city, and her fortitude strengthened. “I just wanted to say that… that the lessons you’ve taught me over the years have made me into the person that I am now, and I’m grateful because I wouldn’t have been able to do any of this without you. You lead the city every day with grace and integrity despite your sometimes prickly exterior and I’ve always wanted to be able to do that, to inspire people the way that you do and I hope that I’ll be able to do that same day.”

“Kara…”

Before Cat could finish, the comm in Kara’s ear flared to life with Lena’s voice coming through. “Kara I found them, I tracked the signal of an omegahedron, it’s powering the signal about 500 miles northeast of National City, somewhere in Nevada.”

“What’s in Nevada?” Kara whispered, her gaze distant as she listened to Lena’s response. She didn’t even notice when Cat moved to stand next to her rather than remain at her desk.

“Agent Danvers reports that that is where Fort Rozz crashed landed, and something about the army not being able to move a million ton spaceship.”

Kara rolled her eyes, “Right, of course, contact Kyle, we have to go now.”

“Already did.” Lena’s voice trailed off for a moment before starting again, “And Kara, be careful please, I don’t want to have to break in a new best friend.”

The blonde shut off the com without saying anything and turned back to her mother. “I have to go,” she told her. “I love you Mom.” She had to leave, she had to leave before her mother could say anything else or she wouldn’t be able to go.

Racing out of the building, Kara had changed into her suit and was in the air in a matter of moments, rocketing northeast towards Nevada. Kyle met up with her a short time later and was about half a pace behind her as they flew. “Hey,” he called up to her, “What’s the plan?”
“Take out the bad guys and stop the wave,” Kara called back. “Kyle, these two, Non and Indigo, they’re not going to stop, Brainiacs don’t stop until they’ve destroyed everything in their path. We might have to do things that we don’t want to in order to stop them.”

“I don’t like it anymore than you do Supergirl, but we’re heroes, we do what we have to in order to protect people, the world, or even just the people we care most about,” the Lantern replied and Kara nodded her head.

They quickly located the massive prison and landed away from it, hoping to draw out any combatants. The two didn’t have long to wait until Non and Indigo flew out of the fortress and landed in front of them. “Look what we have here,” Indigo sneered, “A Kryptonian and a Lantern, I always hated the Lantern Corps, always have a habit of showing up and ruining plans.”

“You’re too late now though,” Non said, staring at his niece in disdain. “The Myriad signal is growing in strength, soon this planet will be cleansed of the human infestation and be allowed to thrive again.”

“And you will be the sole survivor of another extinction,” Indigo added. “Or you would be, if we weren’t going to kill you.”

“Non,” Kara called out, “Astra wants to save this planet, and she’s seen that in order to do that she has to work with the humans, why can’t you see that?”

“Astra has been blinded by her feelings for you and that mother of yours,” Non sneered. “It has made her weak, blinded her to the truth that humankind is an infection to this world.”

Kara shook her head, “You’re wrong Non, don’t do this, where’s the omegahedron powering Myriad?”

“This?” Non held up the small sphere, “You can keep it, we don’t need it. Fort Rozz powers the signal.”

“And it’s not something you can stop,” Indigo added. “No matter how strong you are.”

The blonde grit her teeth and launched herself at her uncle while Kyle engaged Indigo, creating fighters from Dragon Ball Z with his ring to battle the Brainiac. If she wasn’t busy trading blows with her psychopathic uncle, she would’ve rolled her eyes at his blatant nerd display. Kara slammed her fist into her uncle’s face, knocking him out of the air and into the ground. Non zoomed up from the dust and countered with a vicious kick to her sternum, sending her flying into the mountains around them. Groaning, Kara picked herself out of the dust and flew at the man, only to have him quickly shift behind her and grab her leg, throwing her into the ground. She stumbled to her feet, her entire body protesting at the movement.

“I wonder if a lost child of Krypton could find her way to Rao’s light from even this forsaken planet,” Non murmured as he landed behind her. “Would you get to see your parents again I wonder?”

“Why don’t we find out,” Kara grumbled out, her eyes flaring as she turned her heat vision on her uncle. Sizzling beams met in the air and they were both pushed back by the force of power. Kara was tired, she’d been tired for days, constantly fighting under pressure and strain, not just physical but emotional and mental as well. Rage flooded through her body, providing her power that she didn’t know she was capable of as she roared and forced the beams back at Non, burning out his eyes straight into his brain. She staggered a little as Non fell backwards, his body twitching minutely as he hit the ground.
Kara ignored the feeling of revulsion that welled up within her as she looked away from the body to locate Kyle. He was half lying on the ground behind her, clutching at his side while pieces of the Brainiac lay scattered around him. “Hey, you okay?” Kara asked, leaning over the downed Lantern.

“Yeah, she just got me pretty good in the ribs, but I’ll be fine in a jiffy,” Kyle breathed out. “Go figure out how to stop the signal.”

The blonde nodded and took off for the ship, immediately locating the command room in order to try and shut down the Myriad wave. “Lena,” she called through her com. “Lena we have a problem, Non and Indigo, they set the signal to be powered by Fort Rozz. They locked engines and the computers, I can’t shut it down.”

“Kara…” Lena’s voice sounded strained. “The signal is getting stronger, we don’t have much time.”

“I know,” Kara swallowed, thinking furiously. “I’m going to fly Fort Rozz into space myself. The Green Lantern is hurt, and this is the only way to stop the signal, to push it out of Earth’s atmosphere and away from the gravitational hold.”

“There’s no oxygen in space Kara, how will you breathe? And without the gravitational pull, how will you fly to get back down?”

“I’ll hold my breathe, it’ll be fine.” It wouldn’t be fine, but she wasn’t going to tell her best friend that. “Lena… you’re my best friend, and I love you, if things go south…”

“Kara…”

“I won’t ask you to get a new best friend, because who could replace me right?” Kara whispered, fighting back the tears. “But try to get out there, have a good life with Sara, and… take care of my mom for me, and Carter. He swears he’s going to work for your company one day.”

“Probably take over it really,” Lena replied. “Kara, you have to be there to see it!”

“Promise me Lena, there isn’t much time left,” Kara said. “I have to go…”

“I’m not promising you jack shit Kara Catherine Zor-El Grant Danvers until you promise me that you’re going to do your best to come back to us,” Lena returned.

Kara let out a breathless chuckle, “Only you would try to negotiate these terms. I promise Lena.”

“Good, and I promise, if you die, to drag your body back to Earth, bring you back to life and kill you myself. And I’ll do it again for your mother to kill you.” The blonde knew that that was as close to a promise as she was going to get, so she flew out of the ship and pressed against the center of the top ring.

One million ton spaceship flashed through her mind as she pushed and strained against the massive weight of the ship, attempting to generate enough thrust to lift it off the ground. Metal creaked around her as her hands dug into it slightly, not even to break but enough to cause it to shift as it dealt with the building pressure pressing against it. After what felt like hours but was most likely only second, the ship started to lift off the ground and Kara double her efforts, knowing that she would have to fight against gravity the entire way up. Her arms shook as she powered through air and clouds, her eyes closed as she focused all of her attention on lifting the ship. The air thinned around her until it completely dissipated and Kara was left with a hollow sensation in her lungs. Her body felt weightless, unmoving, and an impossible cold settled over her form.
She opened her eyes, blue orbs immediately falling on the form of Fort Rozz floating away in the abyss of space. Her attention was pulled away by the millions of stars shining around her, and the faint feel of Sol’s rays as she drifted in its light. As her eyes slipped closed again, she spotted a faint, green light in her peripheral vision.

A warm, tickling sensation fluttered against Kara’s face and arms, pulling her into awareness. Her fingers shifted and her nose twitched as she acclimated to herself to the waking world. The sensations finally registered in her brain, feeling vastly different from the cold confines of space that she had been floating in previously. Kara’s eyes flew open and she bolted upright on the table, immediately regretting it as her whole body screamed out in pain like one giant bruise.

“Ow,” Kara groaned, falling back down on the solar table.

“Kind of serves you right,” Alex’s voice came and Kara’s eyes popped open again, immediately locating the agent leaning against the wall.

“Alex?” Kara questioned shuffling up on her elbows. “What…”

“Are you completely insane?” The auburn haired woman yelled, “Flying that, that monster ship up into space! If Green Lantern wasn’t there, you would have been stuck on there, floating in orbit.”

“I had to do something, there was any other way to disable the Myriad signal.”

“And you couldn’t wait for backup at least?”

“Green Lantern was hurt and there wasn’t time for anyone else to come, I had to take it up myself.”

Alex started pacing, her mind whirling from one furious thought to another, all of the ways that Supergirl, that Kara could have died trying to complete the mission. “And you went in, completely half-cocked, without a plan!”

“Excuse me if I didn’t have time to come up with any!”

“Impulsive, irritating superheroes,” Alex hissed out, glaring at the blonde. She didn’t know why she was so furious with the hero, all she knew when Green Lantern staggered into the DEO with the blonde, Alex had never felt that kind of anger and relief in her life.

“Well how would you have done it Agent Badas—” Kara was cut off by a pair of insistent lips pressing against her own, and two hands cupping her face. She quickly sank into the feeling, relishing the near bruising pressure the other woman was using.

Different thoughts were racing through Alex’s mind, memories of the first time feeling the soft, almost silken lips of the other woman against hers, biting them, sucking them, tasting them. Images flooded her mind, causing intense heat to blossom in places she tried not to think about. She pulled back from the kiss, her eyes wide gasping for breath. Kara looked somewhere between dazed and thoroughly fucked with her glassy eyes, mussed hair and heaving chest. Flashes of a sweaty, naked Kara writhing in passion appeared in Alex’s mind again, sucking air from her chest and pushing heat to her groin. “I…” The agent stuttered out, unsure as to what to say. “I have to go.” She quickly rushed out of the room, not daring to look back.
Kara stared after the older woman for a few moments, blinking slightly to try to come out of her daze. “What just happened?”

Chapter End Notes

So this is the end of part four, in case you're wondering, I separate them in aprox. 100 pages, so we're at 400+ pages now, which is incredible and unbelievable. I really have other stories I want to work on but I desperately need to finish this because if I don't do it while I'm thinking about it, I might never finish it. I do have a general plan for the rest of the story, but who knows how many chapters it'll take. This thing is ridiculous, someone should stop me.
Chapter 46

Chapter Notes

Another chapter in, now transitioning to a new part of the story, which will hopefully be the last. I know I said that last time, but here’s hoping on this one. Of course, I might change my mind because I deserve to have Alex and Kara together, happy and cute with some cute scenes after all of this drama. We all deserve it at this point.

Anyway, so enjoy the chapter, I’m off to watch the Olympics!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

“So she kissed you,” Lena stated, giving her best friend an incredulous look. “She bitched at you for saving the world, she kissed you, and then ran away.”

“Yup,” Kara replied, nudging Lena lightly with her foot. It had been a few days since she flew Fort Rozz into space and saved the human race from mass extinction. Kyle had recovered enough while she was lifting the massive ship to fly up and rescue her from the vacuum of space, his Green Lantern powers allowing him easy travel in the harshness of space. After going through a debriefing with the secret agency, both heroes left with their friends in tow, making it clear that they still weren’t planning on aligning themselves with the DEO. Life resumed as normal for the most part, and Kara and Lena were having one of their usual movie nights in the blonde’s apartment with Krypto curled up on the floor in front of the couch. “I don’t think Alex was really mad though, I think she was just scared.”

“Well you scared the shit out of all of us, you didn’t see me smacking a kiss on your lips,” Lena said, rolling her eyes.

“That’s because Sara did it for you,” the blonde snickered. The other blonde has always been rather expressive with her affections, often times more than other people would want.

Lena rolled her eyes, “Yes, I remember, and felt up your ass, which is the reason she’s in the dog house and not here.”

“Other than the fact that we designated these as strictly best friend nights without significant others?” Kara grinned, “And besides, she’s most likely roaming the streets taking her sexual frustration out on unsuspecting drug dealers and other low-life criminals.”

“Whatever,” Lena grumbled out, causing Kara’s grin to widened. “And we were talking about your love life, not mine, so Alex kissed you and ran away, how did that make you feel?”

“You’re not a psychologist Lena.”

“I’m your best friend, same thing,” the brunette dismissed. “Now spill, how did it make you feel when Alex kissed you?”

Kara glared at Lena for a moment before a dopey smile crossed her face. “Amazing,” she replied, settling back against the arm of the couch. “Everything from years ago rushed back, and it was just… amazing, wonderful, but also very, very confusing.”
“Well considering she did ask for a divorce, but then never really did anything about it, I can imagine it would be confusing.” Lena sighed, “You really need to talk to her about being the queen of mixed signals.”

“I would, but she’s not exactly speaking to me, but my primary concern is the fact that my mother isn’t really speaking to me either.”

“Again?”

Kara shook her head, “No, not like before, she’s speaking to me at work, is actually pretty decent to me, hasn’t called me Keira once in the past few days, but outside of work? She’s been pretty quiet. Carter has basically been a koala whenever I see him since his dad brought him back, though he’s starting to ease up since he’s getting back into his normal routine.”

“Nice that the school systems gave everyone a few days off to recover, being mind controlled would be hard for an adult, can’t even imagine how it felt as a kid.” Lena shook her head, “Your mother was probably scared too, and she’s dealing with it by not talking to you.” She let out a snort, “I like how your mother and estranged wife are behaving exactly the same way, you have a type.”

“I do not have a type,” Kara rolled her eyes, “We’ve discussed this before.”

“Yeah, when I thought it was just appearance, but really, the women you’re into have strong, forward personalities, take charge type people like your mother, or that bat lady you’re so fond of, yeah it’s all starting to make sense now.”

The blonde nudged her foot against Lena’s leg, nearly knocking the brunette off the couch. “Not funny Luthor,” Kara bit out, doing her best to cross her arms with chopsticks in one hand and potstickers in the other.

“I’m hilarious Grant, you just can’t appreciate my humor, either way, I’m right about this and you know it, you have a type, either that or you just attract strong women.”

“What does that say about you?” Kara asked, looking over at her friend.

“That I’m obviously the best of the bunch,” Lena scooted closer to the blonde and tossed her arm around her shoulders. “Second to your mom of course, because she’s brilliant and frightening, and I want to be just like her when I grow up.”

“You eat privileged white men for breakfast, I’m pretty sure you did grow up to be just like my mom,” Kara responded.

Questing fingers danced up and down Lena’s side, causing the other woman to shriek and wiggle away. “Not cool, not cool,” Lena wheezed out, trying to escape the sensation. “Evil, evil, so this is how it ends? This is how a Luthor is defeated by a Super.” The brunette hit back against the blonde, her own fingers finding Kara’s sensitive spots under her arms and chin. Kara let out a shriek as she flew back off the couch to get away from the ticklish fingers. “Yeah that’s what I thought,” Lena smirked, “Victory is mine, I finally took down a Super, something my brother never did, who knew all he had to do was find their ticklish spots.” She hummed and snatched the box of potstickers that Kara had dropped in the struggle, “Or take their food.”

Kara’s eyes widened and she scrambled back down to the couch, “I knew you were evil, just pure evil.”

“Nurture babe, that’s all nurture.”
The blonde heard the bitterness in Lena’s teasing tone and opened her mouth to refute Lena’s assertions on her own character, but the crackling of the TV distracted them from their conversation. Static flickered across the TV before a shadowy image appeared on the screen and a robotic voice spoke, “Citizens of National City, several days ago, we were attacked, our minds were violated, our very selves taken over by an alien threat. These aliens that are being welcomed with open arms have proven themselves to be dangerous and destructive to our human way of life.” Images flashed across the screen of the damage in Metropolis whenever Superman battled his many enemies or the few times criminals caused damage in National City while Supergirl attempted to stop them.

“They do know that I don’t really cause that much damage right,” Kara stated, as she snacked on some of the chips she had on her end table. “It’s more the aliens or human criminals that cause a lot of havoc in the city, I mean the government’s Red Tornado thingy did more damage than I do.”

“I don’t think they care too much,” Lena responded, pulling out her laptop. “This has Cadmus and my mother written all over it, so they’re just fear-mongering.”

“We are here,” the voice continued droning on the screen. “To tell you the truth, to expose them for what they are, alien threats. We have been threatened, attacked, violated, and we will.” Before the figure could finish their speech, the screen cut out to display candid videos of Supergirl and Superdog saving people and animals all over the city appeared on the TV. There were shots of Supergirl comforting a family after their house had caught fire during the holidays, and more pictures of Superdog letting assault victims hug him, the presence of the powerful dog helping to calm them and recover from the trauma.

Kara looked over at Lena who had a smug expression on her face as she folded and stashed away her laptop. “What?” Lena started, “They decided to take over the airwaves to spread their anti-alien message, and I decided to take over their take over and broadcast my own thoughts on the subject. I mean just look, blatant destruction and devaluation for human life.” She started gesturing at the screen, another picture of Supergirl pulling kittens out of the tree and Superdog escorting a lost child home. “You guys are the worst.”

The blonde cracked a smile and wrapped her arms around her best friend, tugging her into her side and squeezing her as tightly as she dared. “You’re the best Lena,” Kara murmured. “You’re definitely our knight in shining armour.”

“Yeah, well, you know, not all heroes wear capes,” Lena replied, winking at the blonde.

“I take it back,” Kara returned, shoving her away. “You’re the worst.”

“Nu-uh, no takes-backs,” the brunette said, sticking her tongue out at her friend.

“You do know that they’re probably going to trace that hack back to you right?” Kara suggested, looking at Lena in concern. “That means that Cadmus might come after you next.”

“Let them come, I’m not afraid of them,” Lena sniffed. “Besides, it’s about time for a mother daughter reunion don’t you think? Lillian hasn’t been seen since the fiasco with trying to deport all of the aliens living in National City, I wonder what her game is this time.”

“Whatever it is, it can’t be good,” Kara mentioned. “Please don’t antagonize her. I know that you can take care of yourself, but with all of this mess with straightening up from Myriad, and everything with Alex, I don’t have time to deal with two Luthors going nuclear in National City.”

“I can control myself you know,” Lena retorted. “Besides, what’s the worst that could happen?”
Alex slumped her way into her apartment, her jacket and purse hitting the ground as she went. She kicked the door shut and her boots were immediately kicked off and fell alongside her jacket. “I need a beer,” she grumbled to herself, rubbing tiredly at her face. After everything with Myriad and then the anti-alien sentiments sparked by Cadmus, National City was in chaos.

“Then you should probably get a beer,” a voice came from her couch, causing Alex to whirl around. “There’s plenty in the fridge.”

The agent immediately pulled her gun on the figured, still shadowed by the darkness in her apartment, but she could make out a slender form in a relaxed position drinking a beer, one of her beers. “Who are you?” She asked, her grip tightening on the trigger. “What do you want?”

Letting out a hum, the figure sighed as she continued sipping at the beer in her hands. “You could turn on the light and find out,” she suggested, “And we could have a civilized conversation instead of one in the dark with you pointing a gun at me.”

Alex slowly moved to the light switch, her eyes never leaving the figure as she flipped the switch, illuminating the room and the redhead in a cowl and dark suit. “Batwoman I presume,” Alex stated, not relaxing her stance in the slightest.

“Agent Alexandra Danvers I presume,” Batwoman countered, her legs bouncing slightly as she spoke. “Daughter of Drs Jeremiah and Eliza Danvers, Jeremiah Danvers presumed deceased but actuality located in a secret base currently being de-programmed from his time spent with a xenophobic terrorist group, and Eliza Danvers currently employed as a guest lecturer in Gotham, discussing environmental science and the effects of climate change.” The woman just hummed again and took another sip of her beer, her piercing eyes analyzing the agent. “Star student and athlete all through high school at your local school Midvale High, received a scholarship to Stanford for your undergrad and continued your stellar performance with two degrees, biology and chemistry, along with a minor in engineering. You graduated early and attracted the attention of National City University, and you were granted admission to the medical school. There were many bright and gifted students in your program, and for once you weren’t the only special, intelligent person around. The bad habits you picked up in college to cope with the pressures of school and your mother’s expectations, the drinking, the partying, returned in full force until you were suspended from your program.”

Dread welled up in Alex’s chest the more that the heroine talked but she held her stance and kept her gun trained on the woman. “Nothing to say yet?” Batwoman mused before standing up and walking back towards the windows. “Wait, there’s more, after being suspended from your program, you fell face first into another bottle and another party, until you were arrested and left to sober up in a drunk tank to keep you from driving. That’s when you had your first encounter with the Martian Manhunter, J’onn J’onzz, though he introduced himself as Hank Henshaw, director of the Department of Extranormal Operations. J’onzz recruited you after making a promise to your father who saved his life, and you became an agent of the D.E.O., you who were already suspicious and prejudice against aliens, or at least one alien that ate up a lot of your parents’ time.”

“You seem to know a lot about me,” Alex shifted uncomfortably. “Have you been spying on me?”

Batwoman smirked underneath her cowl, “No, but I have checked up on you.”

“Why?” Alex asked, “What does one of Gotham’s bats want with a simple agent for a covert
“Nothing, absolutely nothing,” the heroine replied, turning to look back at the brunette. She slowly pulled the cowl back off her face, and stared at the auburn haired woman. “Now Kate Kane is very much interested in knowing more about the woman who wedded and bedded her little sister and completely forgot about it.”

“Kate Kane,” the agent’s eyes widened as she lowered her gun. “The socialite Kate Kane, CEO of Kane Industries, Maggie’s Ex. She told me about you, how close you were to Kara.”

Kate smirked, “I met that girl a few months after she first started living with Cat, and I never met anyone that could settle in your heart the way that she could.” She stepped around Alex, and moved towards the kitchen, fishing another two beers out of the refrigerator. “I mean, you’ve obviously spent time with her, so you know that she basically just worms through any kind of exterior defenses and just kind of wraps your heart in a warm hug. She’s capable of turning cold blooded murderers into kittens with a smile, and pacifists into bloodthirsty warlords at the sight of tears.” The redhead clinked bottles with the agent before wandering back to the couch. “I mean, she has Harley Quinn and Poison Ivy wrapped around her fingers, it’s ridiculous. Do you know they cause crimes now just to ask me or Batty about how she’s doing, if we’ve heard anything recently. Don’t be surprised if they show up in National City one of these days looking for her.”

“Oh good, something for me to look forward to,” Alex replied, opening the beer the woman handed her. She took a long swig of her drink and sat down next to Batwoman on the couch. “So is this going to be another shovel talk?” She asked, her voice weary from the day she’s had. “’You hurt my little sister, I’ll hurt you,’ kind of deal?”

The other woman just hummed, “I think you’ll get enough of a cold shoulder from Kara’s best friend, so I won’t even bother. No me? This is a ‘get to know you’ talk, and a ‘how are you doing’ talk, followed immediately by a ‘what the hell are you thinking’ talk.”

Alex blinked, “Well that’s different. Though, I haven’t eaten in… twelve hours, and this sounds like a conversation that should take place over food and more beer.” She looked at the heroine, “Do you want something more comfortable, you really shouldn’t have to walk around in that, though I imagine it does help with stealth and all that.”

“The studio apartment layout is fun,” Kate replied. “I would ask for a bra, but I don’t think you have one in my size.”

Rolling her eyes and the cheek of the other redhead, Alex dug through her closet and tossed the clothes at the woman, including a sports bra and clean pair of underwear. “Don’t even think about it,” Alex said, stopping her before she could strip in the living room. “In the bathroom, go, I’m going to change into something out here and call for some pizzas. There’s a place nearby that delivers late.”

“Two in the morning isn’t late, 6am, now that is late,” Kate retorted as she stepped past Alex into the bathroom. The agent resisted the urge to roll her eyes again, concerned that they might get stuck in that position, and quickly changed into a oversized t-shirt and flannel pajama pants before texting the pizza place her order. When she got the confirmation that her order had been placed and would be delivered in fifteen minutes, Alex retrieved a few more beers from the fridge and set another six pack on the lower rack to chill. “The studio apartment layout is fun,” Kate said as she emerged from the bathroom, setting her bat suit on one of the chairs. “What made you decide on this place?”

“I got it when I was in grad school,” Alex hummed, tossing Kate one of the beers. “When everything went down, I couldn't bring myself to get rid of it.”
“It doesn’t really fit with the badass agent vibe you have though,” Kate mused. “Though when I was poking around, it was obvious to me that you have a romantic streak a mile wide hidden under that gruff exterior.”

Alex blushed but hid it under a cough and another sip of beer. “So, obviously you had time to snoop around while waiting for me,” she said, “What else did you uncover about me while you were waiting?”

“You’re a terrible housekeeper,” Kate mused after a few minutes. “And your cupboards are basically bare, I mean, do you even cook your own food?”

“I manage,” the agent defended. “But I’m pretty much always working so I don’t bother with anything fancy. Frozen meals, chicken, frozen veggies, eggs, toast, sandwiches, all of the basic stuff.” Kate let out a disbelieving hum and the two sat in silence for a few more minutes, disrupted only by the knock at the door from the pizza delivery guy. “So you found my piles of dirty laundry and my takeout menus,” Alex said, setting the pizza down on the coffee table, foregoing plates. “Anything else you found out about me snooping around my apartment?”

“That you don’t really want to get an annulment, or divorced from Kara.” Kate’s words surprised Alex so much that she froze mid-swallow and a lump of pizza painfully slid down her throat. She starting coughing as part of it went down the wrong way and took a long swig of beer. She felt Kate pounding on her back a few times and Alex waved her away as she let out a few shuddering breaths.

“What are you…” Alex sputtered out, “What are you talking about, how could you…”

“You mean how could I figure out that you actually kind of like that bubbly, giggly, alien who has experienced more loss than any of us could ever imagine? That you might very well be on your way to actually loving that alien, or you’re at least open to the possibility of it?” Alex just looked at Kate wide-eyed and the other woman simply patted her on the cheek, “Dear sweet Alex, can’t you tell, your whole apartment screams that you just want someone to love you. Someone who can be strong when you can’t, and someone that you can provide strength for when they need it, a shoulder to cry on, someone for you to confide in and someone to confide in you.”

“How do you figure that?” Alex bit back, “And what does that have to do with Kara?”

“If you’re wondering if there was anything specific in your apartment that led me to those conclusions, like an ‘I heart Supergirl’ t-shirt, or love letters written to Kara, then no, it was nothing specific like that.” Kate hummed a bit, devouring another slice of pizza, “It was little things here and there, though mainly the napkins you have stashed in your bedside table.”

Alex winced, “You found those?” She didn’t bother trying to deny it, especially since Kate had already found them.

“Your little versions of a diary?” The heroine clarified, “Yes, I found them. I glanced at a few of them, because I wasn’t really sure what I was looking at, but as soon as I figured it out, I put them away.” She hummed again and took a few more bites of pizza, “That’s how I knew you were a romantic though, I mean, you kept napkins from each encounter you had with Kara. You wrote down impressions, information about what was going on around you, standard notes for keeping track of a scene, almost like you were on a stakeout or observing a suspect, but you weren’t, you were just recording the moment.”

“It’s something I picked up from my father,” Alex said after a few minutes. “Recording the moment, particularly moments with people that you feel are going to greatly impact your life. When I met
Kara, when I met her the second time, I could feel that my life was going to change, and I just, I wanted to record it so I started writing on napkins, random things, impressions.” She set her head back against the couch, “The ones about Kara, and Supergirl, they’re the only ones I’ve kept through the years though.”

Kate let out a light laugh, “That’s beautiful, but I did find one other recorded moment in this apartment. Was a little difficult to find, stuffed in the bottom of a backpack that had seen better days.” She reached over behind the cushions, fished out a small object, and handed it over to the agent so that she could get a better look at the item.

It was a small, stained cocktail napkin with a logo printed on one side. Alex fingered it softly, feeling the alternating smooth and rough texture of the paper. She turned it over and her eyes widened at the messy scrawl written on the opposite side. “‘Met the love of my life today,’” Alex read, interpreting the drunken words. “‘Blonde hair, dazzling eyes, amazing boobs, and even more amazing smile. I’m going to marry her one day.’” She let out a disbelieving laugh, “I can’t believe I did this…”

“I guess I lied,” Kate said, “I guess I did find a love letter written to Kara, though more like a drunken mess proclaiming how hot and amazing she is, and how much you wanted to marry her.” She grabbed another slice of pizza and waved it around, “Guess what Agent Grumpy, you did! Now the question is, what are you going to do about it?”

“What do you mean?” Alex asked, still clutching at napkin. “What can I do about any of this? I told Kara I wanted a divorce, an annulment, I yelled at her, basically froze her out, then starting talking to her again.” She dropped the napkin on the couch and scratched at her scalp, “I don’t even really know her, so how do I, how does this…”

“How does this work? What does this mean? It’s love Danvers,” Kate said, shoving the agent’s shoulder. “It doesn’t really need an explanation.”

“I don’t- I’m not- I barely know her!”

“So? Love doesn’t always come along slow, developing over time, sometimes it creeps up on you in an instant, like one second you’re one way, and the next second you’re knocked completely off your axis because suddenly you wake up thinking about someone else, or they cross your mind throughout the day without you really noticing. You can’t really explain how these things happen Danvers, sometimes they just do.” The older woman sighed and took a long drink out of her bottle, “That’s what happened to me first time I met Sawyer, though it took her a while to warm up to me. Love has a way of creeping up on people when they least expect it.”

Alex was about to refute again that she was not in love with Kara, she liked her, yes, found her extremely, extremely attractive, yes, but love? They barely knew each other, just months of near weekly breakfast meetings, some with Maggie, which definitely don’t count, long conversations, and then the silence after the truth came out, practically seeing Kara everywhere, the looks of longing-Alex’s eyes widened and she looked over at Kate, who was just looking at her with a smug expression on her face. “See?” She said softly, “I told ya, love.”

“Fuck,” Alex muttered, rubbing her face. “So what do I do? I don’t think Kara will talk to me, not after everything…”

“Kara was in the wrong too, so really, you both just need to sit down and have a long conversation about everything, what you want, how you both feel. And I mean a real conversation, not one of those things you two do over coffee at Noonan’s.”

“What, do I just show up at her place?”
Kate shrugged, “That’s one way to do it, probably best make sure Lena isn’t around though, or Cat, they’d eat you alive, but you know, faint heart never won fair maiden.”

Alex hit the other woman’s shoulder for that, nearly shoving her off the couch, “That was terrible.”

“It is a point though,” Kate retorted once she righted herself. “You do have to try, talking to each other, it’s the only way to sort this out.”

“I know,” the agent sighed. “But the question is, will she listen to me?”

Chapter End Notes

I'm kind of bored with a lot of Supergirl stories right now. I dig some Supercorp, but I need variety. And I need something other than Kara in pantsuits all the time. I know that butch Kara is kind of taking off from but idk, I'm not super big on them. So I haven't been reading a lot recently, which does mean I have more time to write, but then I get sad when some of my favorite stories or series aren't being updated so like... It goes either way... Alright, enough moaning from me, remember if you guys want to ask me something, anything, future stories, pairings, thoughts, opinions, you can hit me up on tumblr @artistiafox
Chapter 47

Chapter Notes

Tada! So February was a little hectic with Olympics, and work, and all kind of crazy stuff. But if you missed it, I posted another 3 shot SuperLane story for the winter Olympics, if you want to pop over and read that. Also, it's taking me longer to write the chapters for this story because, tada, we're getting closer to the end, so I'm making sure that everything gets tied up all nice.

So, Supergirl, still on hiatus, but let's talk about movies! Black Panther was epic! Must go see, Tomb Raider was also pretty awesome, don't go expecting the games, go wanting to see a strong female character overcoming odds and kicking ass to grow even stronger. Plenty of good action and interesting story, definitely needed a lot more promoting than what it got. A Wrinkle in Time, I give this a meh. People should see it, but don't spend a ton of money on it if you don't have to.

And I'm feeling a little... saggy lately, so if people want to write me some stories to read, that would be great. Haven't really found anything interesting recently.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“I thought you claimed that you had been hacking into L-Corp’s sever’s,” a voice growled out, causing the nervous technician to shake even harder than he already was. Derrik Travis had been working for L-Corp for several months when he was approached by a goon from Cadmus, one offering him money to act as a mole for the organization. With his student loans and the crushing weight of his mother’s gambling addiction, he didn’t have any other choice but to say yes and agree to help the group. But now, as he was attempting to hack into L-Corp’s sever’s after hours with two glowing cyborgs looming over his shoulder, Derrik wishes he had been able to say no.

“I ha-have,” Derrik stuttered out, trying to control his shaking. “But it takes time, you have me looking for something and you haven’t even told me what I’m looking for.”

“That’s a need to know basis chum,” one of the cyborgs replied, leaning in close to him. Derrik could feel the hot, rancid breath on his ear as the cyborg breathed out. “And you don’t need to know.”

“Leave him alone Metallo, let him work before I put you back in that grave we dug you out of,” the other cyborg growled, pulling the glowing metallic man away from the frightened technician.

“Fear is a good motivator Henshaw,” Metallo bit back. “If it wasn’t, we would be out of a job and aliens would be running havoc all over the planet.”

“Ah, Mr… Cyborgs? I found the section you wanted me to look for,” Derrik said, drawing their attention back to him. He pointed at the screen and Henshaw clanked over to him and leaned down to better look at the computer, his metallic eye quickly scanning over the text to locate the object he was sent to retrieve. “That one,” he said, pointing to the row. “Where is that item located?”
“In Research and Development,” the technician said quickly. “They’re still working on it, it’s not stable yet.”

“It’s stable enough for what we need,” Henshaw growled out. “Metallo, stay with him, I’m going to get the device. Try not to break anything.”

“Does that include the nerd here,” Metallo grumbled, prodding the technician’s back lightly with his metallic fingers.

“Don’t break him,” Henshaw hissed out, “We might still need him.”

Metallo rolled his eyes and Henshaw knocked into him on his way out of the room up towards the R&D department. The enhanced cyborg thumped his way up to the labs from the basement server room, his heavy metallic limbs heavily striking the floors as he walked. L-Corp had been heavily monitored since Lena had taken over LexCorp and constructed the tower in National City, and nearly every inch of the facility had been mapped by their spies. When he reached Research and Development, it looked as if the entire lab had been redesigned since the last mole managed to infiltrate the company several months ago. He let out a growl and lashed out at the closest object to him, smashing his hand through one of the desktop computers. His fingers twisted through wire and metal, yanking them out with him as he pulled out his hand. The cyborg had standing orders to not cause much damage to the company, not when Lillian thought that her daughter could be brought to heel. However his orders to find the device were much more urgent, and his started ransacking the lab, dumping items and projects out of crates as he searched for what he needed.

As soon as Henshaw located the device, he grabbed it, just as a loud explosion came from downstairs where he had left Metallo and the boy. “Can’t trust him not to break anything,” Henshaw grumbled as the fire alarm started sounding throughout the building. He let out a growl and lashed out at the closest object to him, smashing his hand through one of the desktop computers. His fingers twisted through wire and metal, yanking them out with him as he pulled out his hand. The cyborg had standing orders to not cause much damage to the company, not when Lillian thought that her daughter could be brought to heel. However his orders to find the device were much more urgent, and his started ransacking the lab, dumping items and projects out of crates as he searched for what he needed.

“You are an idiot,” Henshaw growled, “Remember who is in charge here Corbin.”

“Right, just point me in her direction when she gets here,” the cyborg bit back, his voice more robot than man, much like the rest of his body.

Before Henshaw could reply, a blast of heat vision knocked him and Metallo down and sent them skidding across the floor. “How many times have you died?” Supergirl questioned as she stared at Metallo in exasperation before turning her attention to Henshaw. “You look… familiar…”

“If you’re talking about that thing parading around in my face, then you are mistaken,” Henshaw growled. “I am Cyborg Superman.”

“Well that’s…” Kara’s voice trailed off as she stared at the cyborg. “I don’t really know what to say other than that’s really, really stupid, couldn’t you have come up with something better? I mean, I didn’t really get to pick my own name, I would’ve gone with something cooler, like Superwoman or Warbird, ooh, Titania would’ve been fun, but you don’t really have that excuse.”

Henshaw let out another growl and fired a blast at the heroine, pushing her backwards but the masked blonde held her ground. “I’ve been waiting for another chance to have a go at you blondie,” Corbin grinned as he got back to his feet. “Too bad I don’t have any more of that special kryptonite,
I’ll just have to settle with killing you the old fashioned way.” Kara barely managed to dodge out of the way of the first shot but the second blast of kryptonite from the cyborg collided and sent the heroine flying out of the room.

“We need to get out of here Corbin,” Henshaw bit out. “We already have what we came for.”

“I’m not giving up this opportunity to have a go at that creature,” Metallo pushed Henshaw away and raced after Supergirl, a maniacal gleam in his eyes. Before he could locate the downed hero, a staff briefly flashed in his vision and collided with his face, sending him reeling backwards. “What the…” he stuttered out, his eyes whirling around until he spotted a short blonde woman clad in leather holding a staff.

“Well you look like the bad end of a toaster,” Sara smirked, flicking her staff around. “And I’ve never been fond of green.” She let out a loud screech that rattled the cyborg’s metallic eardrums, and her bo staff struck the side of his face again, sending him whirling back into the room.

“White Canary,” Kara greeted, slowly pushing herself off the ground. She wavered on her feet, her stomach rolling violently from the exposure to green kryptonite.

“Easy there Supergirl,” Sara said, easing Kara back down to the floor. “Why don’t you sit this one out Supes, let us take care of this.”

“Us?” Kara repeated, tilting her head in confusion. The shorter blonde tilted her head to the side and Kara saw two bat-a-rangs fly out and strike the two cyborgs, sending volts of electricity through their circuits. Kara’s eyes widened and her head whirled around as she looked for the source when a soft hand landed on her shoulder. Her head turned to the right, and her eyes filled with tears, “Kate…”

“Hey Lil’ Sis,” Batwoman cooed, pushing blonde hair away from Kara’s face. “Why don’t you sit here for a minute, recover from that awful junk, and then pitch in when you feel better?” She pressed a kiss to Supergirl’s forehead before turning her attention to the woman in white leather. “White Canary, looks like we have two pieces of junk that need to go to the scrap heap.”

“It’s an honor to take out the trash with you Batwoman,” Sara bowed her head slightly, and the two immediately leapt into action. They quickly forced the two cyborgs out of the remnants of the server room and away from the building and the woosy kryptonian. Kara staggered to her feet once the kryptonite was out of her presence and quickly scanned the room, looking for any other signs of life. Her enhanced hearing picked up the faint sound of a heartbeat among the rubble and she pulled out the body of a young man from under some crumbled plaster.

“Hey, hey,” Kara said, patting his face trying to wake him up. He didn’t appear to have any threatening injuries other than a few scrapes from the plaster, but the large bump on his head was concerning. “Hey, wake up, come on.” Derrik's eyes blinked open minutely and he stared up at the heroine with lidded eyes, not fully processing what he was seeing. “There you are, I’m going to get you to the hospital,” Kara told him, “I think you have a concussion, which is bad but not as bad as it could have been.” She carefully scooped him up and bolted out of the building, flying directly to the hospital. Leaving the man in the care of the emergency room staff, Kara left and flew back to L-Corp, wincing slightly at the gaping hole in the lobby of the building. Lena was not going to be happy about that one.

“Need any help?” Kara questioned as she launched a kick at Cyborg Superman’s head, touching down next to Sara.

“Any help would be greatly appreciated with these losers Supergirl,” Sara replied, smirk still present
on her face. “Miss Martian showed up and is helping Batwoman dealing with creepy greeny over there while we have this guy.”

Henshaw glared viciously at the two heroes, he hated aliens but he hated humans that knowingly sided with them much more. He knew that if it was just Corbin and him against the kryptonian that they would be able to easily take her down, but he has no idea where these other heroes came from. Pulling a handful of explosive powder out of his pocket, Henshaw tossed it at the ground, causing a large flash followed by an explosion. It had just a bare minimum of kryptonite laced in it to render Supergirl useless long enough for him to grab Corbin and escape down the sewer system.

“Where-” Kara coughed out as she fought to get the kryptonite particles out of her lungs. “Where did they go?”

“They’re gone,” Sara replied while Kate and M’gann walked up to them.

“We should get you to Lena,” Kate said, setting her arm on Kara’s shoulder. “She can run some oxygen through your lungs to get the rest of that dust out.”

“Yeah, go Kara, we’ll stay here and do some recon and clean up a bit,” Sara told her, shooing the other blonde away.

Kara nodded and shakily launched into the air, wavering only slightly before banking away from L-Corp towards her best friend’s apartment. She flew through the open balcony door and landed on the couch with a heap, and spotted her best friend pacing around the living room with her phone pressed to her ear.

“I don’t care what you have to do,” Lena bit out, “I want those repairs started tonight as soon as the police clear everything. I have a business to run and employees counting on me for their paychecks. I can’t run a tech company very well if one of my server rooms is smashed to bits.” She stopped and listened for a few minutes to the person on the other side of the phone before starting up again, “No, I pay for the premium service for a reason, get to L-Corp headquarters and do your job.” Roughly pushing the ‘end call’ button on her phone didn’t fully translate her irritation to the person on the other end of the call, but it made Lena feel better. She turned around and her eyes landed on her best friend, still in her suit, wheezing slightly on the couch. “Shit, Kara?”

“Powdered kryptonite,” Kara explained between gasps. “Oxygen please.”

“Right,” Lena hustled to where she kept the spare oxygen tanks and quickly strapped a mask to Kara’s face and flooded her lungs with pure oxygen. Kryptonians could handle more pure oxygen in their systems than humans could, most likely due to the higher concentration of oxygen in the Kryptonian atmosphere and the presence of Earth’s yellow sun. With high blasts of oxygen, it made it easier to flush gases and particles out of lungs and Lena had Kara’s airways clear in no time.

“Thanks,” Kara breathed out, her lungs already feeling much better once they were clear. “I hate that stuff.”

“I really need to work on a way to counteract it,” Lena murmured. “I’ve been hitting a brick wall though, and I’ve been trying to undo the effects of gold kryptonite on your aunt.”

“You know you’re the best friend a superhero could ask for,” Kara sighed, shucking off her boots and curling up on the couch.

“Obviously,” Lena replied, sitting down next to the blonde and wrapping an arm around her shoulders. “We could totally take over the world if we wanted to.”
“Too much paperwork,” Kara sighed, slipping the mask off her face and fluffing her hair out a bit. “I mean, we’d have to get everyone to agree to equal rights, equal pay, and figure out how to provide healthcare for everyone, and jobs, food, shelter, just all too much trouble.”

“Right? Who decided taking over the world was what villains wanted to do, it is just far too much to deal with, unless they have a proper army of underlings.”

“We could get underlings,” the blonde murmured. “How hard could it be? Your mother has managed to find some.”

“My mother is crazy, so obviously we need to be crazy.” Lena sighed a bit before biting the bullet and asking the question she’s been avoiding. “What’s the damage?”

“Metallo was back and more metallic than ever,” Kara replied, leaning against her friend. “And some creepy guy who called himself Cyborg Superman, which is completely stupid by the way. If Cadmus is supposed to hate aliens, why do they keep making creepy people that look like aliens from horror movies?”

Lena shrugged, “My mother isn’t very creative and probably stole most of her lackies from Hollywood blockbusters. So what were the two creepies after?”

“I have no idea, I found them in the server room with one of your employees, looks like Metallo tried to blow something up but the other guy, Cyborg Stupid was just getting back and pocketed something, something small and silver, it looked like a cylinder, almost like a thermos. I’m not sure what it was and where he got it though.”

“Research and development,” Sara commented strolling in through the balcony door. “Batty and I poked around and your R&D lab was kind of trashed, but he stopped when he reached this box.” She gave Lena the label for the box before taking in her and Kara’s pose on the couch. “I leave in the middle of our fun recreational activities, and I come back to find another blonde in your arms, I’m hurt.”

“Wait, you guys weren’t doing ‘it’ on this couch were you?” Kara asked, pushing away from Lena to scan the couch. “If you were, I’ll never be able to look at this couch again, let alone sit on it, might have to burn it.” Her eyes lit up as she contemplated incinerating something, but a sharp tap to the back of her head broke her concentration.

“Don’t even think about it,” Kate said, wrapping her arm around Kara’s shoulder as she strolled up behind her. “Let them have their fun, besides they seem more like the kitchen counter type than the couch.”

“Kate!” Kara cried, whirling around to embrace the older woman. “Wait, what do you mean by kitchen counter?”

“You need to focus on something else Kara sweetie,” Kate told her scratching at her scalp softly.

Kara rolled her eyes, “Fine, what are you doing here? When did you get here? Last I checked, you were sailing around the world hunting criminals.”

“And I have been, but it was time I was stateside again. With Bats and his crew in Gotham, I’m not needed there right away, so I figured I would visit with you for a while, check in on the west branch of Kane Industries and see how it’s doing.”

The blonde nodded and leaned her head against the redhead’s neck for a moment. “Have you talked to Maggie?” She mumbled out so that only the woman could hear her.
“If you mean I’ve talked to her recently, then no, but I have talked to her since she dumped me at the aisle, when you and Danvers were trying to figure things out.”

“So you haven’t really talked to her since she’s been newly single these past few months?” Kara clarified, “I know you told me once she was the love of your life.”

“She still is,” Kate murmured. “That wouldn't bother you? Sawyer and I dating again?”

“I like Maggie, and she’s good for you, now that she knows everything and has a bit more experience dealing with weird stuff, superheroes, aliens and all that.”

“I don't want to take her away from National City if she's settled down here,” Kate replied. “My home is in Gotham City, though I work other places on occasion.”

“Don’t think that far ahead right now,” Kara shushed her. “Just, I don't know, ask her on a date? See how that goes?”

“When did you get so smart?”

“You have met my mother right?” The blonde retorted.

“You guys,” Lena interrupted and the two turned to look at the woman who was still on the couch but with her tablet in hand. “I think I know what the two creepies were after, what they took, but the thing is, I don’t know why they took it.”

“What was it?” Kara asked, sitting down next to her friend.

“It’s a type of isotope along with a dispersal system, aerosol dispersal,” Lena replied, a puzzled look on her face. “I don’t know why they bothered to take it though, it doesn’t work.”

“What was it supposed to do?” Kate questioned.

“The isotope was being tested as a stabilizing and synthesizing agent to disperse a cure for those affected by toxic gas. I couldn’t ever get this particular isotope to stabilize though, it actually nullifies whatever it is mixed with so it works more like a counter agent. I had scrapped the project but then I was going to see if I could refurbish it to sell secretly as like a counter weapon for countries that plan to use gas in warfare, make it so the gas is rendered harmless.”

“My baby is doing so well in her role as the anti-hero and slightly evil genius,” Sara murmured, pressing a kiss to Lena’s temple.

Lena smirked at her girlfriend then gave her a confused look before fully looking at the other two women in the room with her. “I think I’ve stepped into like every straight guy and lesbian’s ultimate fantasy,” she muttered. “Three insanely hot superheroines in my apartment.” The three heroes looked at each other and finally realized that they were still in their suits. “Seriously you guys, there are far too many of you in here right now, and I have to get to work in the morning, there’s a hole in my building, perhaps you’ve seen it?”

Kate smirked and disappeared out the window, the soft clang of a grappling hook catching on the roof ledge following in her wake. The White Canary pulled the CEO into a fierce kiss before disappearing out of the window as well. Kara didn’t register any sounds until she heard Sara’s feet hit the ground, and she detected the light sounds of the woman walking away towards her bike.

“How did she get down?” Lena asked and Kara shrugged.

“I stopped asking how Sara does anything,” the blonde shrugged. “Do you want me to bring coffee
“That would be great,” Lena replied. “Something healthy, not all of us have your alien genetics.”

“Bacon is healthy Lena,” Kara retorted, floating out the window and taking off for her own apartment. Krypto greeted her when she landed, and Kara quickly changed into her pajamas, falling soundless into bed. As she fell asleep, her mind mulled over the problem of what Cadmus would want with an isotope that doesn’t work.

Alex watched as Supergirl, Batwoman, White Canary, and Miss Martian dealt with two cyborgs that had broken into L-Corp headquarters. The two were known agents of Cadmus and the DEO had been monitoring for movements of the terrorist group. They had been too slow in the response and missed their infiltration of the corporate building. She was slightly grateful that they had missed it, if only so she could witness four heroines working together to wipe the floor with the Cadmus goons.

“It’s beautiful isn’t it?” Alex turned towards the voice and found the Black Canary standing in the shadows only a few feet from her. “Four strong, remarkable women coming together to right wrongs, battle unspeakable foes, it’s amazing really, the times we live in.”

“Why aren’t you out there with them?” The agent asked after watching the battle a few more minutes. The two tensed when the self-named Cyborg Superman tossed a fistfull of explosive powder at the ground, and caused Supergirl to start heaving from the recognizable green particles. The tension in their bodies eased when the downed heroine flew away, the other three soon following after her. Signaling the clean-up crew to move in, Alex hung back with the Black Canary while the sweeper agents moved in to collect evidence. “You didn’t answer my question,” she said after a few minutes. “Why weren’t you out there with the other heroes?”

“I was going to,” Laurel replied, a slight smile on her face. “I suited up and everything, as you could tell, but when I got here, I realized that there really isn’t a place for me.”

“It’s not like they have a limit on who can join their group,” Alex told her. “As far as I know they haven’t organized anything official, and even then, you know you’re being stupid.”

Laurel shook her head, “It’s not that, it’s… I don’t belong here, in more ways than one and I’m starting to realize that.”

“If this is about Kara and I…”

“Don’t flatter yourself,” the Black Canary rolled her eyes. “I messed up with Kara years ago, I’m big enough to admit that, I missed my chance and nothing I do will get her to trust me again enough to be lovers. That’s my fault and I’m admitting it, which has nothing to do with you.” She smirked slightly at the irritated expression on the agent’s face and continued, “My sister doesn’t need me as well, she has a job, a girlfriend, friends, a life, she doesn’t need her older sister hovering and meddling. Sara has agreed to pop home at some point for a visit, and that’s really what I came for. No, Kara doesn’t need me, Sara doesn’t need me, and with that bunch working together, National City doesn’t need the Black Canary. It’s time for me to go back to Star City, the people of that city need me just as National City needs the White Canary.”

“Well I can’t say that I’m sorry to see you go.”
Laurel let out a chuckle, “I will miss you Alexandra Danvers, you have been an interesting person to meet and I have learned a few things from you.”

“Such as?”

“Don’t get drunk and marry a random person in Vegas for starters.” The glare on Alex’s face could strip paint off walls but Laurel merely brushed it off. “What? It’s a pretty valuable lesson.” The vigilante could practically feel the electricity crackling with the agent’s thunderous expression.

“Look, Alex, we don’t like each other, we haven’t liked each other. I saw you as an obstacle for Kara’s affections, and whether you’d admit it or not, you were jealous of me.”

“I was not jealous,” Alex bit out, “I was irritated and confused. I had literally just found out that Kara and I had met before and gotten married, and then you showed up and started flirting with her.”

“Whatever you tell yourself to make you feel better.” Laurel stopped and took a deep breath, the conversation was getting away from the point she wanted to make. “I fucked up,” she said finally, “I truly, colossally fucked up my relationship with Kara. I have no one to blame but myself for that. You though, for some reason or another, Kara loves you, she might not admit it yet, but when you’ve seen love in Kara’s eyes directed at you, then you can recognize when it’s directed at others as well. And you love her as well, I know because I’ve been there before, but you keep digging your heels in the ground about doing something about it.” Her eyes hardened and she turned a glare on the other woman, “Stop being so damn stubborn and grow a pair and tell her how you feel, or I will come back and try my hardest to win her affections again.”

“Like hell you will,” Alex snarled out before fully registering what she was saying. Brown eyes widened for a fraction of a moment before narrowing again, her brow furrowing as she thought about what she said, what she was feeling. “I…” she said after a few moments, “I’m going to talk to Kara.”

Laurel watched as the agent walked away in a haze though her steps were clear and determined. “You’ve surprised me,” a voice came and Laurel turned, finding Miss Martian standing not too far away from her.

“How have I surprised the famous psychic Miss Martian?” The Black Canary asked, her arms crossed in front of her chest.

The alien rolled her eyes and the green skin faded away to leave Megan Morse standing behind Laurel in the alley. “Megan?” Laurel’s brow rose before shaking her head, “I should’ve known.”

M’gann rolled her eyes, “Just remember that I was there during your and Kara’s relationship, and I was there for the aftermath that left Kara in a mess. I can’t read her mind, but I can damn sure read yours, I know exactly how long you were cheating on her with that douchebag, and I know what your heart was like. You were selfish then and didn’t deserve Kara, now though… I am truly surprised by how much you’ve changed.”

“Well I guess that’s a good thing then, that I can surprise a psychic.”

“Sara surprises me all the time, so don’t get ahead of yourself,” M’gann replied. “With the way you came back here though, coming back to National City, barging into Kara’s life again, and when you found out about her and Danvers’s… complicated relationship, I thought for sure that you two were going to get into it. Agent Danvers is… very aggressive, and you’ve never been one to shy away from a fight, so for you to encourage her, basically goad her into admitting her feelings for Kara and talk to her, it’s very progressive for you.”
“Don’t think too highly of me,” Laurel admitted, “I would have taken Danvers down to the ground without any hesitation but… but that would be the type of person I was when I cheated on Kara years ago, only thinking about myself. I still love her, always will, but I want her to be happy. And if a grumpy, red-haired, trigger happy Agent makes her happy then who am I to stand in her way?”

“Who indeed,” M’gann replied, a slight smile on her face. “Well then, I wish you well on your return to Star City, Black Canary.”

“You as well Miss Martian.”

Alex went through possibly the fastest debrief in her life, answering every question J’onn tossed at her about the incident at L-Corp. She wondered if her boss could tell she was distracted, but he didn’t say anything and she quickly left the office before anyone could stop her. Her body moved on autopilot as she unlocked her helmet and swung her leg over the seat to straddle her motorcycle. She revved the engine and sped out of the garage, zooming through the streets until she made it to Kara’s apartment building. Parking haphazardly on the street, Alex hopped off and raced into the building, taking the stairs two at a time. It was a familiar route, one she had taken weeks before but with hopefully a different outcome this time.

Stopping in front of Kara’s door, the auburn haired woman raised her hand to knock on the door when she froze, halting her action with her hand only an inch from the wood. She couldn’t do this, she didn’t know if she should do this, the terrible things she said to Kara, the way she treated her. Before she could turn away from the door, it opened, revealing a sleep tousled Kara. “Alex?” The blonde murmured, rubbing her eyes. “What are you doing here?”

“I…” Alex started. “We need to talk.”

Chapter End Notes

So before anyone gets excited, the ultimately climax scene is not going to be something from the show, it was decided on prior to starting the story, and I've been working on how it will go for some time now. But as you can imagine I am building my own sort of Justice League, I think I called them Justice Alliance or Justice Friends previously, I don't remember, but if anyone has any suggestions for a name, I will take it under consideration.

And seriously, STORIES, please, I feel... saggy.
Chapter 48

Chapter Notes

I know I just kind of dropped that last chapter on you and then packed myself up on vacation where I didn't do any writing, just enjoyed myself, but I came back and decided to write another chapter, meaning I could put this one out of you guys. So I am really close to the end, so it's getting longer to write chapters because there's a lot more thinking going on with all the moving parts. Bear with me, but we will be getting to the end of this story soon.

I haven't watched new Supergirl episode yet, I'm afraid to. I've also quit reading a lot of Supercorp stories, it is so overdone now, almost everything has been written and people are boxing the characters into roles like what they did to the swanqueen OUaT fandom with Kara being butch, masculine, g!p etc and Lena being super femme, omega, yada yada. I know there are a few that go the other way with those roles, but they are few and far between. I get so tired of the g!p Kara stories at the very least, so I don't read them. I know some of the authors I like have written or are writing stories like that, but I pretty much avoid them.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Kara blinked, her mind still foggy from being woken up by the erratic heartbeat just outside of her door. Alex’s words barely registered in her mind, and she shuffled out of the way to let the older woman through the door. “S’okay Krypto,” Kara mumbled, reassuring the large dog as he growled at the agent. Krypto stared up at Kara for a moment, before giving Alex a suspicious look and returning to his house on the balcony, keeping a wary eye on the visitor.

“Your dog hates me,” Alex deadpanned as she followed Kara over to the kitchen island.

“Krypto doesn’t hate anyone,” Kara replied, pulling a carton of ice cream out of her freezer. “He does get slightly suspicious of people though, so try to be nice to him.” She held the carton out to the redhead, “Ice cream? It helps with conversations and I think you mentioned something about talking.”

Alex nodded and Kara handed her a spoon, both of them digging into the frozen concoction. “So what did you want to talk about?” Kara asked, her mind more alert with the sugar flooding through her system.

The agent poked at the ice cream for a moment before setting her spoon to the side. “I did and I meant it, we do need to talk,” she said slowly, folding her hands together.

“Okay, talk about what?”

“Us.”

Kara’s brow rose, “I didn’t know there was an us.”
“There isn’t, not really, but I was hoping that maybe… that maybe that could change…”

“You said-”

“I know what I said,” Alex interrupted. “Believe me, I know what I said, it echoes on repeat through my brain constantly, and there isn’t… I truly regret what I said, I didn’t mean them.”

“Sounded like you did at the time,” Kara replied lowly, not looking up from the carton of ice cream.

Because I thought I did,” Alex admitted. “At the time anyway. I was just angry and frustrated and… and I felt cheated.”

“Cheated?”

Alex shrugged, “We had just really started to getting to know each other when I found out that we were married. You’re supposed to find out more about a person, date, fall in love and then get married, or any case, that’s what I always believed would happen. Finding out that we married and… Well, basically married and had a one-night-stand in Vegas, it just feels like we got cheated somehow.”

Kara studied the other woman for a few moments before reaching out and grabbing her hand. “Alex,” she said, drawing her attention. “Just because we’re married doesn’t mean that we still can’t have all of those things you wanted, dating, getting to know each other.”

“It’s not the same,” Alex insisted. “Say we start dating, we fall in love and want more from each other, I won’t be able to ask you to marry me because we’ll already be married.”

“You already did ask me, years ago,” the blonde replied, squeezing her hand. “Part of asking someone to marry you is understanding that you could be rejected, but Alex, I would never reject you.” She took a deep breath as she thought about what she was going to say, “Alex, we’re married, and for Kryptonians, marriage is sacred, literally until death do us part, there’s no going back for me, but truthfully I don’t want to.” Kara reached up and brushed her fingers along Alex’s cheek, cupping her face softly, “We could have something beautiful, something great, we both just have to try.”

“I want to try,” Alex replied, leaning into the hand. “I really, really want to try, but I’m afraid. I’ve never felt this way about anyone before, never this strongly.”

“You think I have? You’ve met two of my exs already and I didn’t feel for them what I feel for you right now,” Kara told her. “You’re intelligent, funny, and so, so beautiful and sometimes when I saw you before, even when you were dating Maggie, I didn’t know what to do with myself.”

Alex mentally cursed her body for betraying her as she felt heat instantly flood her cheeks and Kara’s words. She cleared her throat and shifted away from the blonde, trying to regain her composure. “So what are we going to do?” The agent asked, not looking at Kara.

Kara hummed and bit down on her lip to keep herself from squealing at how cute the auburn haired woman was. “Well,” she drawled out, “We could probably start by going on a date.”

“A date,” Alex blinked. “A date, right, yes a date, um dinner, will you go to dinner with me tomorrow night?” She looked over at the clock, “Well, tonight actually?”

“I’d love to,” Kara said, a bright smile on her face. “What time?”

“I’ll pick you up at eight, dress um… casual? Casual, should we do casual or something fancy? Maybe something fancy, casual is too-” Before Alex could continue her nervous rambling, a soft pair
of lips pressed against her own quickly silenced her, swallowing the rest of her words. Kara’s lips were soft, softer than she remembered when she spontaneously kissed the blonde after her near suicidal mission delivering Fort Rozz to space. That kiss was hard and full of passion and fear, but this one, this one was soft and chaste, filled with promises and a future. They broke apart a few seconds later and Alex exhaled deeply through her nose, her eyes glazed. “Wow,” she murmured after a few moments before snapping her eyes open. “I don’t usually kiss before the second date.”

Kara gave the older woman a wry smile, “So since you kissed me after I flew Fort Rozz into space, what would you consider our first two dates?”

“I think we can chalk that up to me being terrified that you were going to die and feeling relief that you were okay in the end.”

“I think that we both can agree that the situation we’re in is unique so any rules about kissing before a certain period can be ignored.”

The agent nodded thoughtfully, “What about, you know, anything else…”

Kara softly brushed her fingers against Alex’s cheeks as she cupped her face, “Anything else that might happen will happen when we’re both ready for it, and not before, that’s how things have always worked for us. It’s been a bit chaotic at times, we’ve hit some walls, but it got us to where we are now, and that’s a really good place.”

“I don’t want us to move backwards anymore or even continue treading water in place,” Alex said, placing her hands over Kara’s and gently slipping them from her face. She ran her fingers along Kara’s palm, briefly massaging her hand, tracing designs with her fingertips. “I want… I do want there to be an us. It’s taken me a while to admit it, but I do, I don’t want to end up where we were.”

“We both have to try.” Kara tangled her fingers with Alex’s and squeezed her hands, “And no more secrets, except the fun ones.” A thoughtful look crossed the blonde’s face and her eyes glanced out towards the balcony. “Though the first thing you’re going to have to do is make nice with my dog.”

Alex groaned and looked over at the animal out on the balcony and found the dog staring at her suspiciously, just a pair of glowing eyes peering at her in a mass of black fur. “He hates me,” she deadpanned, looking back at the dog.

“Krypto doesn’t hate anyone, he’s just protective,” Kara replied, smiling at her oldest friend. “So we’ll go on a date tomorrow and you’ll work on making nice with my dog.”

“Hmmm, can’t wait…”

“We have the isotope,” Henshaw growled as Lillian pulled out the device and examined it under the light. “What do we do with it now?”

“All in due time Cyborg Superman,” Lillian smiled, setting the isotope aside. “And I do believe that my daughter will be helping us with our endeavor.”

“What makes you think that she will help us? You know that she is friends with that… that creature, she actually helps it.”
“She may have been temporarily swayed by the Kryptonian’s desire to help people she doesn’t see the real evil, that the alien is luling us into a false sense of security before more of them descend from the heavens and take our world.” Lillian smirked as she glanced from Henshaw to the corner where Corbin was standing waiting for orders, “I believe it’s time to arrange a meeting with my daughter, I’m sure once we actually talk she will come around to our way of thinking.”

Metallo nodded at the implied order and left the room to track down other Cadmus agents and plan the… meeting with the youngest Luthor. “We’re going to have to test the product before we go ahead with our big plans,” Henshaw commented when Corbin left the room. “If it is what we think it is, we need to make sure.”

“My son would never make a mistake like that, his files say he has it so he does,” Lillian snapped, her eyes flashing. “My precious boy just didn’t realize what he had, too caught up in his feud with Superman to fully understand the potential of what he had access to, but we do. We just need my daughter’s help to access it and we can begin to cleanse the world from the alien stain.” She walked over to one of the computer consoles and pulled up an image of The Maid of Might, Supergirl herself. “People are deceived by the blonde hair and pretty smile, not realizing that she is an alien lording herself above us, demanding that we worship her as a god. They will see though, they will know that I do this for the good of Earth when I liberate the world from her reign.”

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A low groan emerged from Kara’s throat as sun filtered in through the curtains, falling across her bed in strips. She reached her arms up and stretched until she felt her back pop, a harder action for a kryptonian than a human. Sinking back down into the mattress, Kara relaxed for a few more minutes before her eyes popped open again. Her date with Alex was that night, their first date. She felt excitement flooding her body at the thought of a date with the auburn haired woman, and a squeal left her mouth as she floated off the bed, twirling gleefully in the air.

“I need to go talk to my mom,” she muttered, zipping around her apartment to get dressed and grabbing her suit as an afterthought. “Make some rounds around the city today Krypto,” Kara said, pouring food into his dish. “Be good, make lots of friends, be safe.” Krypto nodded his large, furry head and Kara scratched him behind his ears. “And try to make nice with Alex and some point,” she whispered to him. “I know she upset you with the way she’s treated me, but she is very important to me, both of you are, so try please, for me?”

Krypto chuffed and snuffled Kara’s face for a moment before returning to his food. He would have to think some more about his mistress’s new “friend” after he finished his food, maybe do some rounds around the city and spy on her a bit.

Kara could tell that her dog was plotting as he scarfed down his food but she was too excited about her date that night to truly worry about what he was planning. She spun into her suit and rocketed out of the building, speeding passed anyone that might see her. Banking around the city, she landed on the balcony at her mother’s penthouse and walked through the door into the living room, changing back into her normal clothes as she went. “Mom?” Kara called out, walking through the apartment. It was Carter’s week as his dad’s and she had spent part of the last few days on the phone with him as he complained about his dad’s new girlfriend, someone who looked “barely out of high school” he claimed.

She heard a thump coming from her mother’s bedroom, followed by a low groan and her brow furrowed. “Mom?” Padding softly back towards the master bedroom, Kara pushed the door open
and her eyes widened. “Sweet Rao,” she gasped. “Mom, Aunt Astra?!”

“Kara?” Cat groaned, her eyes heavy and her head pounding. “Not so loud darling, everything is yelling and hot.”

“You’re both too loud and it is far too hot in here,” a voice groaned out from right above her head, causing Cat’s eyes to snap open.

The older blonde pushed herself up on her elbows, blinking her eyes as her vision swam in an attempt to clear out the fishes. “Astra?” She mumbled out, barely making out the brown hair and silver streak with her eyes attempted to focus. Her vision cleared and her eyes widened as she realized where her head was laying not a moment ago, pressed against Astra’s naked breast. “Shit,” she quickly glanced down at herself and found she was in a similar state of undress and her eyes turned to where Kara was standing in the doorway, her back facing them. Cat could barely make out her daughter’s face but judging by the state of her flaming red ears, the girl was probably putting tomatoes to shame. “Astra wake up,” Cat demanded as she pulled the sheet up and tucked it under her arms.

Astra groaned again and her eyes snuck open before the air tickling at her breast registered in her mind. A string of kryptonian curse words fell out of her mouth and she wrenched the blanket up over her chest while shooting the woman in bed with her a confused and shocked look. “Kara you can turn around, we’re decent,” Cat sighed out, exasperated, her mind still muddled from the hangover she was experiencing.

Kara slowly peeked behind her and was relieved when she found both of them covered, not completely covered but covered enough to have a conversation. “Do I want to know what happened last night?”

“Nothing happened last night,” Cat stated, grabbing her head as it immediately started to pound. She did a mental catalogue, reviewing the blurred memory from the night before and her current state of undress to make sure that nothing happened. “Nothing happened,” she said again, looking up at Kara and glancing over at Astra. “Nothing happened.” The former general just groaned and flopped back down on the pillow, flinging an arm over her face. Cat resisted the urge to roll her eyes, knowing it would just make her headache worse, and waved Kara out of the room. “Just wait out in the living room, I’ll be there in a minute after I put my robe on and swallow a bottle of Advil.”

“Right, I’m uh, I’m gonna be out there,” Kara stuttered before rushing out of the room.

“Try to get a hold of yourself Astra,” Cat muttered as she clambered out of the bed. Fortunately she still had her underwear on if nothing else, and she moved to the bathroom to retrieve her robe and wash her face. “Kara sweetie,” the older blonde said as she walked out into the living room and found her daughter sitting on the couch staring blankly out the window. “Nothing happened between your aunt and I.”

“So what were you both doing in bed naked?” Kara asked, her face reddening slightly.

“Nearly naked,” Cat corrected. “We were talking last night, you know what I’m like when Carter is at his father’s, and we were drinking, probably more than we should have. One thing led to another and we ended up in bed, drinking some more, and it was hot so we took off our clothes and that’s the last I remember.”

Kara nodded and looked at her mother curiously, “Did you want something to happen?”

“What do you mean?”
“You and Astra have been close for a while, longer than I knew, but it’s been years. You’ve grown closer over the last few weeks she’s been living here everyone who knows has commented on it and I haven’t said anything but after what I saw, are you sure there’s nothing going on?”

Cat studied Kara for a minute before turning her gaze out over the city, her mind processing the younger blonde’s words. Was something going on between them? No, could something happen between them? Yes, but did she want something to happen? That was the one thing she wasn’t sure about, Astra was a beautiful woman, and she would be lying if she said she hadn’t thought about something happening between them. There were more things to think about than just the two of them though. “Would that bother you?” Cat asked slowly, turning to face her daughter again. “If something happened between your aunt and I, would you mind?”

“Honestly,” Kara replied, “No, though if you asked me a while ago, I probably would’ve had a different answer. Aunt Astra’s changed though, being here with you, especially with Non dead, it’s been good for her. She always was like a second mother to me, truthfully she understood me better than my mother ever could, and you two together…” Her voice trailed off for a moment as she took her mother’s hands, “But I want what’s best for both of you, I don’t want to push you together because it’s what I want or what you think I’ll want.”

“When have I ever done anything that I didn’t want to do?”

“Whenever you have board meetings or need to conduct interviews on the ‘walking white male privilege.’”

Cat rolled her eyes, “You know what I mean. I don’t know if something will happen. Your aunt is a beautiful, interesting, intelligent woman and I am interested, but you know I don’t take these things lightly, especially if it’s people already close to you and Carter.”

“I knew my words were going to come back at me one day,” the older woman sighed, squeezing Kara’s hands. “Enough about me though, why did you come over? I didn’t hear the elevator so obviously you flew here, which you reserve for emergencies only.”

Biting her lip, Kara nearly vibrated off the couch with excitement. “Alex and I are going on a date tonight,” she blurted out, unable to hold it in any longer. “She came over last night, well early this morning, and we talked, really talked, we’re going to try to give it a go, date for a bit, see if there really is something here.”

“Kara, that’s wonderful,” Cat gasped, hugging the girl. “I know that you’ve been conflicted about what to do, how to deal with your feelings for her and how she’s treated you.”

“We talked about all of that, and we’re moving beyond it, mistakes were made on both sides,” Kara answered with a sigh. “I’m just really tired of wasting time Mom, I spent years floating in space, and then once I landed, time flew by in the blink of an eye, I want to spend as much time as I can with the people I love.”

“That I can understand,” Cat murmured. Kara scooted closer to the woman and laid her head on her shoulder, tucking her body into her mother’s smaller frame. “Do you know where she’s taking you? What you’re going to wear?”

“She’s picking me up at eight and I’m supposed to dress casual and that’s all I know.” Blue eyes turned sad and pleading as she started to pout, “I was hoping that my boss would let me out of work on time tonight so that I could get home, eat first dinner, and get ready.”
“Mhm, so that’s how it is,” the woman sighed, giving Kara the side eye. “And put those things away, they don’t work on me and you know it.” That was a lie, a humongous lie, Kara’s pout always worked on Cat, but she tried not to actively show it or else she would be caving to large, teary blue eyes for the rest of her life. She didn’t know what she would do if Kara ever had children, but she knew it would be along the lines of buying out a toy store at the sound of a sniffle. “I can probably let you out on time,” Cat finally sighed out like it was a huge imposition. “Only if you call me later and let me know how the date went.”

“Deal, bye Mom, I’ll see you in a couple of hours at work, you want me to bring in your usual or do you want that green smoothie thing?”

“Very funny, latte, hotter than the sun please,” the woman retorted, waving her daughter out of her apartment. The blonde blurred around and disappeared out of the window in a flash of red and blue, a gust of wind blowing back in her wake. Cat let out a sigh and closed her eyes, meditating for a few moments until she felt someone sit down on the couch next to her. Hazel green eyes snapped open and darted to her side and she found her house guest staring at her curiously. “How much of that did you hear?” She croaked out, trying to sound aloof.

“Enough,” Astra replied. “I may have lost my ability to hear everything in the city, but I can still manage the next room.” She struggled with what to say next, not use to displaying weakness in any form. “I am…” she started, “Unsure of the traditional courting rituals for this world, my niece has grown up here and is more comfortable but I’ve stayed distant of humans except for when I was observing you. Based on what I do know though, I’ve surmised from your conversation with Kara that you desire to court me?”

“We typically call it dating now,” Cat correct, an amused smirk crossing her face. “And it would be dating each other rather than one person doing the courting.”

“Yes, but that did not truly answer my inquiry.”

Resisting the urge to shift uncomfortably, Cat sighed again and pulled her legs up on the couch with her. “I have come to realize that I have… feelings, for you,” she said finally. “Feelings that I originally thought were just lust, since you are a very, very beautiful woman, but I’ve had dalliances that were purely driven by lust and that’s definitely not what I’m feeling here. And those were meaningless encounters, you’re family, I don’t want this to just be about relieving tension or scratching an itch.”

“Relationships, love, they were different on Krypton,” Astra started slowly. “I had an arranged marriage with Non, and it was one of mutual respect rather than love. My husband is dead now, though I don’t think I ever saw him as such, but I don’t know how to be in a relationship like people on earth, like one that you want.”

“I’m not going to push you into this Astra or force you to do something that your not comfortable with,” Cat told her. “I just want to know if you’re feeling the same things I’m feeling, if you’re interested. If you’re not, we’ll never speak of this again and you can continue staying here like none of this happened.”

“You are a strong, remarkable woman Cat Grant,” Astra said. “I have little doubt that the matricomp would have paired us together had we both been on Krypton. That said, I know little about relationships on Earth, but I am not opposed to learning, if you were to help me.”

Cat flashed back to the fantasy dreamworld that Kara created under the influence of the Black Mercy, to what she and Astra shared in that version of Krypton. “In the version of Krypton that Kara created, her ideal world, we were together,” she admitted, causing Astra’s eyes to widen. “We can
go slow, it’s been a while since I’ve been in a relationship and you just got out of a rather permanent one and had most of your life altered, slow is probably best for us.”

Astra nodded and squeezed Cat’s hand, “I can do slow.”

Working late tonight, call me when you get done with your date. The text from Lena flashed across the screen and Kara briefly glanced at her phone, grabbing it just as another one came through. Unless the date ends in a sleepover, in that case call me tomorrow.

Kara rolled her eyes and shot her best friend a message, Very funny, I’ll call you later.

If you must, but you need to get laid at some point girl. She chose not to even bother answering that text and tossed her phone to the side while she continued to get ready for her date. Alex had told her to dress casual but that didn’t mean that she had to look like what she usually did when hanging out at home on the couch or over at her easel. Plucking a long sleeve, knee length dress out of her closet, Kara quickly tugged it over her head and pulled out a pair of leggings to wear under it. She debated for a moment between leaving her hair down or pulling it up, but decided to pull it back into a loose fishtail braid.

She was just finishing when she heard a knock on the door. “Be nice,” she muttered to Krypto as she walked over to open the door. “Hey,” Kara greeted when she saw Alex standing nervously on the other side of the door, her hands behind her as she shifted on her feet.

“Hey, hi,” Alex corrected. “Um, these are for you,” she said, handing Kara a bouquet of flowers, mainly lilies.

“Thanks, lilies are my favorite,” Kara replied, softly taking them out of Alex’s hands and placing them in a small vase in the kitchen.

“I um, I remembered you had a tattoo on your… Anyway, I figured that they were important.”

Kara froze for a moment as she poured water into the vase before completing her action. “So you’re starting to remember things,” she said casually despite the shaking in her hands.

“Some parts, the important parts.” The look exchanged between the two women was significant and full of heat and fire, before Alex looked away and cleared her throat nervously. “Anyway,” she started. “I was thinking we could just get some dinner and talk, there’s this hole in the wall place across the city that has unlimited fries and is open all night.”

“I thought I’ve managed to find all of the places in the city with unlimited anything,” Kara mused as she grabbed her purse and followed Alex out the door.

“It’s not new, but they started doing the unlimited fries thing recently, and the burgers are excellent.”

“Well you definitely know the way to my heart,” Kara teased and Alex’s chest nearly puffed out in pride at her words as she led the blonde towards her car. Kara let out a whistle as the agent opened the passenger door for her, “Is this a brand new Dodge Charger?”

“Yeah, just got it. Figured I needed something else other than my motorcycle and just driving DEO vehicles.”
“Sports car and motorcycle,” Kara hummed. “Can you get any more attractive?”

“Just get in the car Danvers,” Alex growled.

“You should take your own advice Danvers.”

Alex shut Kara’s door and walked around to her own, and quickly started the car and peeled away from the curb. “So I’ve never figured out how you change in your suit so fast,” Alex started, darting her eyes to her passenger. “Do you just wear it under your clothes?”

“That’s something my cousin does,” Kara rolled her eyes. “Pretty easy for men, but most of the clothes I wear it would be fairly obvious that I was wearing something else. I have several different suits, one I keep at home with me, one stashed at CatCo, one at LCorp, and then I have different pieces of another placed all over the city in case I’m not in any of the other places, though I keep the mask with me at all times.”

“How just the mask?”

“Lena specifically made it for me, to alter how I look as Supergirl, there’s only one. The fabric of my suit was easy to replicate but the mask was not.”

“God, the tech Luthor must work with all the time,” Alex whistled, “What I wouldn’t give to have access to some of that stuff.”

“If you play nice with my best friend, maybe she’ll let you use her private lab,” Kara winked and Alex nearly had a heart attack as she pulled into a spot near their destination. The redhead quickly ushered the blonde out of the car and into the small diner, choosing a booth close to the front but away from the window.

“So how did you and Luthor meet?” Alex asked once they placed their order, her own modest one verses Kara’s request for two half-pound burgers and never ending fry basket. “I mean, you have to admit it is a little weird that you two are best friends considering…”

“Considering her family?” Kara finished. “I didn’t know who her family was when I first met her, we went to school together, and she went under a different name, though most everyone knew. Since I was new to Earth, I didn’t stuff like that didn’t really matter. She told me eventually though but it didn’t matter to me, like when she found out that I was an alien, it didn’t matter to her, we were family at that point. She basically spent most of the holiday breaks other than summer with me, Cat and Carter. I was there for her when Lex had his meltdown in Metropolis, and when she inherited Luthor Corp despite still being in college.”

“And you’re the reason why she moved her company here?”

Kara shrugged, “I think she just wanted to be around people that loved her, considering some of the nasty comments I heard about her in Metropolis, I can’t really blame her.” She paused for a moment as she sipped at her water before motioning at Alex, “What about you, I know some stuff from when you were dating Maggie, but there must be more to Alexandra Danvers.”

The waiter returned and Alex popped a hot fry in her mouth, relishing the unusual mix of spices used to flavor the food. “What would you like to know?” She asked, biting into another fry.

“Anything you’re willing to tell me.”

The two talked, not the heavy conversations that had been plaguing them, but talked like two people wanting to know more about each other. They ignored the fact that they already knew the darkest
things about each other and what was kept secret, and focused more on innocent stories from the past and their families. Without either of them noticing, an several hours had passed as they talked and demolished their food, Kara easily working her way through her third basket of fries. “Wait, so you ended up being thrust out of the closet when your mom found your fooling around on your bed with your best friend?” Kara gasped out, trying to hold in the laughter and tears flooding down her cheeks.

“It wasn’t funny,” Alex groaned. “I couldn’t look at my mother for two weeks. I thought she would be mad, but all she said was she was glad I figured things out and to keep the door opened when Vicky came to visit. I was mortified.”

Kara shook her head and wiped away her tears, “I never really thought about it. It wasn’t unheard of on Krypton, and you know Cat, she’s not one to be closed minded, except for about poor fashion choices and grammar rules.”

“I’m not going to lie, your mom terrifies me.”

“Might be a shorter list to talk about who isn’t afraid of her,” Kara chuckled. “Speaking of, I probably should get home, I do have work tomorrow.”

“Don’t worry about it, I’ve got to be up early and hit the gym, not all of us can be blessed with your metabolism,” Alex replied. She left money on the table and escorted Kara out to her car.

The blonde was about to say something else when something caught her attention, or more like the lack of something. “Wait,” Kara said, gripping Alex’s arm. “I don’t hear it.”

“Hear what?”

Dread filled Kara as she glanced at Alex, “Lena’s heartbeat.”

Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoyed it, I'm currently writing a chapter with sass master Lena out in full force!
“What do you mean you can’t hear her heartbeat?” Alex asked, “Can you normally hear it?”

“It’s this thing I do with people I care about, I kind of memorize their heartbeat and just idly listen to them through the day, not to be creepy, but it’s kind of comforting in a city full of noise. I can’t hear hers however and I know that she was supposed to be at work.” The urgency in Kara’s voice was growing as she strained her hearing as much as she could, searching the city for her best friend. “I have to—”

“Go, yes I know, but you aren’t going without me,” Alex stated firmly. “You aren’t in any condition to really search for her, she’s your best friend, you need someone level-headed to look for signs or clues that could tell you what happened.”

“I… alright, can you take me to L-Corp?”

Alex waved her into the car and quickly jumped in the driver’s seat, the tires squealing as she headed towards the skyscraper. “How are we going to get into the building?” Alex asked, “I imagine the guards don’t let anyone in at night.”

“They would let me in, but it might be better if we go up to the balcony,” Kara murmured, her heart racing as she thought about what she would find. Alex pulled into a parking space a block down from L-Corp and Kara was out of the car before she even finished parking. “You don’t have a problem flying do you?” She asked before picking Alex up and taking off for Lena’s balcony.

“It’s a good thing I didn’t,” Alex muttered but Kara was too focused on finding out what happened to Lena to really focus on the woman in her arms. She briefly set Alex down before triggering the biometric security on the balcony door and walking in through the doors.

“I’m going to get my suit, can you look around and see if you find anything,” Kara murmured, her quick glance around the office revealing no sight of the missing brunette.

“There’s no sign of a struggle,” the redhead murmured to herself as she examined the meticulous office. Everything was in its proper place, everything was clean, almost too clean. “Kara is Lena left or right handed?”

“She taught herself to be ambidextrous for the sake of convenience, but she prefers her right hand,”
Kara replied. “Why?”

Alex just hummed and continued looking around, “Is she normally this tidy? Everything has a place and everything is in its place.”

“Lena’s not a slob,” Kara said, walking out of her best friend’s secret lab. “But she’s usually not super particular about things, that’s how her mother was, is. Lena likes to have places that look like they’re occupied, lived in rather than something cold and unfeeling, even her office.”

“Then it looks like someone cleaned up in here, made it look like there wasn’t a struggle, wasn’t anything suspicious that happened.” Alex wasn’t a detective by any means but she has picked up a few skills during her time with the DEO about assessing a crime scene and looking for clues as to what occurred. She heard a soft thunk behind her and it had Alex whirling around, pulling her gun out of her waistband, but Kara grabbed her arm before she could get it into position.

“It’s okay,” the blonde said. “It’s okay, it’s only Sara.”

“How did you get up here?” Alex asked when she saw the leather clad woman step out of the darkness, the white of her suit glowing a bit in the ambient light.

“Don’t bother asking, she’ll give you some weird ninja assassin response,” Kara replied before looking at her friend. “What are you doing here?”

“I could ask you the same question,” Sara replied. “When Lena didn’t call me like she usually does when she’s working late, I got concerned. There was no sign of her at her apartment so I came here and found you two skulking around.”

“Alex and I were- well we were on a date, and then I realized that I couldn’t hear Lena’s heartbeat anymore. I knew she was working late, so Alex brought me here.”

“You- you couldn’t hear her heartbeat?” Sara stuttered out, trying to keep a level head.

“Which could be because of any reason,” Kara continued, trying to keep Sara from having a meltdown about her girlfriend being missing.

“I think I know what happened,” Alex said, interrupting the two. She stood up from where she was crouched near Lena’s desk and held up a small dart, barely an inch long. “It’s a tranquilizer dart,” she told them, handing it over to Sara. “Whoever came in must’ve used it on Luthor to keep her quiet and then took her to a different location.”

“So she’s been kidnapped, and likely being kept some place either further out of the city or lined with lead so that Supergirl couldn’t hear her, possibly both,” Sara muttered, her eyes sharp as she thought through the various scenarios. “Who could know that much and want to kidnap her?”

“Lillian,” Kara said, “This has to be Lillian and Cadmus, nobody else would kidnap her and make it look so clean. They would want people to know that she was gone for ransom or to kill her. Only her mother would take her in such a way that no one would know she was gone.”

“Kara, if Cadmus is involved, we should really contact the DEO,” Alex commented. “We’ll be able to search for them, get back up, a team put together-”

“No Alex,” Kara interrupted. “You know as well as I that the agency you work for doesn’t trust Lena because she’s a Luthor. I know they would probably help find her if only to stop whatever Cadmus is up to, but I can’t risk Lena getting hurt in the process. I can understand helping us might be a conflict of interest and I would never ask you to put your job, or even yourself, in danger.”
“You just told me a few hours ago that Lena was family, so what kind of girlfriend would I be if I just left now with her missing.” Alex shrugged, “Besides, officially it’s my day off now, so what I do in my personal time is my business, though I still feel like we should at least call the DEO to get some help tracking Lena.”

“I know someone who can help with that, and probably do it faster than anyone at the DEO, no offense,” Kara said, trying to keep her heart from racing at the idea that Alex maybe thought of her as her girlfriend. It was not the right time to think of such things, but Kara couldn’t help the warmth that blossomed in her chest.

Another thump was heard and Alex whirled towards the balcony with her gun, but Sara waved her off. “Don’t worry about it, I’ve called for reinforcements,” she said as Miss Martian walked through the doors, dropping a terrified Winn on the couch.

“I remembered that you said he was excellent with computers,” M’gann said as she shifted back to her human form. “I tried to get a hold of Lucy after Sara called me, but she didn’t answer her phone.”

“She was in briefings all day, she’s probably exhausted,” Kara explained. “And Kate had to head up to Portland to track some venom shipments, so it’s just us since Green Lantern is back in Coast City.” She sat down next to Winn and tapped the terrified man on the shoulder, “Winn, Winn! Snap out of it!”

“Huh? Oh, Kar-er, Supergirl, what can I do for you?” Winn asked, looking around nervously.

“Why are we in Lena’s office?”

“No time for being politically correct Winn, Lena’s missing,” Kara said. She got him up off the couch and started pushing Winn towards the hidden section of the wall where Lena kept her spare computer on a private server. Triggering the panel to reveal the hidden compartment, Kara waved between Winn and the computer. “You need to do your thing so we know exactly who took her and where they would go.”

“I’m on it,” he replied, already accessing the files on the computer and scouring it for information. “Whoa, looks like this thing has all of the information from L-Corp but separate from the company’s server, and looks like Lena has kept all the dirt on her family on this thing too.”

“She always did say that paranoia was one of the best things the Luthors taught her,” Kara whispered to Alex while Sara hovered over Winn’s shoulder. “She has all of these countermeasures set up just in case one of her crazy family members comes after her or those numerous enemies pop up randomly out of nowhere.”

“She also has a secret security camera set up in her office,” Winn commented, clicking through the files. “One that records everything that happens in her office.” He accessed the previous recordings and rewound until he found the time when Lena was supposedly abducted. “So we have three people here in Lena’s office around the right time…”

Kara leaned over and studied the screen, “That’s Lillian, Metallo and Robot Superman.”

“Cyborg Superman,” M’gann corrected, also looking at the screen. “It looks like Lillian was trying to convince Lena to go with them, but Lena refused so she drugged her anyway.” She hummed a bit and backed away from the computer, “So she definitely needs Lena alive for something, though I would love to get in the head of that woman and see what she’s thinking. I bet it’s fascinating, I haven’t been able to be in the head of a sociopathic psychopath in a while, not since that one time I encounter the clown prince of Gotham. I wonder if their minds will be similar?”
“Do you have any way to track them?” Alex asked, studying the screen. “There has to be some indication on where they took her.”

“Lena has a record on here of all of Luthor Corp’s old holdings, including ones that Lex acquired or places that she thought he might have something to do with,” Winn hummed, clicking through the list. “If I filter out everything not near or around National City… Well that shortened the list, but not enough, there’s still over 50 properties.”

“What about the kryptonite in that glowy guy?” Kara questioned, “There’s something weird about it, not like normal kryptonite, seemed more radioactive, almost unstable.”

“Like it was artificially made?” M’gann asked. At the answering nod from the blonde, the martian hummed, “Well that makes sense, despite what the DEO and Superman believe, there is not a lot of kryptonite on Earth, most of the larger chunks that came with Superman’s pod and later broke up in the atmosphere and partially dissolved while the small pieces dissolved completely. There’s enough to make weapons yes, small weapons, but not enough to turn someone into a walking kryptonite weapon.”

“So definitely artificial,” Winn mumbled to himself as he looked through the computer files. “She even has something that scans chemical signatures and air particles in case there are any radioactive compounds, and kryptonite is definitely a radioactive compound.” He pressed a few more buttons before stepping away from the computer, “Alright, the super secret satellite that Lena apparently has is scanning the city for traces of that compound.” The computer dinged and Winn glanced at the screen, “And looks like it’s found something, traces all over the city but the highest concentration is in a mountain just outside of the city.”

“That must be one of Lex’s secret bases,” Sara mentioned, “Lena told me about them, he had stashes of stuff all over the country, money, weapons, materials. She’s been trying to track them all down and clean them out but she knew she was missing a few.”

“You guys,” Winn said, interrupting the conversation. “That kryptonite that zombie guy is made of is growing even more unstable, it reading like it’s going to blow any time now, so if you’re going to do something, you better do it now.”

“Alright, M’gann you’re coming with me, Sara I know you want to come…”

“There better not be a but coming out of your mouth right now, I’m coming,” Sara retorted. Kara pinched her brow in frustration, “You can’t fly, if Metallo blows, how are you going to get off the mountain quick enough to escape the blast? I can’t carry you and get Lena out safely if she’s been hurt.”

“M’gann can carry me,” she replied, barely shooting a look at the other woman.

The Martian rolled her eyes but nodded with Sara’s statement. “It would be good for her to come along, we might need the backup with that kryptonite around.”

“Alright, fine, like talking you out of going was going to work,” Kara grumbled before looking at the other two in the room. “Alex, Winn, you two can go home if you want.”

“I’m staying,” Alex stated firmly, her eyes not leaving Kara’s. “I want to make sure that you get out of this safely so we can go on our second date.”

“Second date? We’ve barely ended our first.”
“Let’s just say that I think the odds are in my favor,” the agent replied before pressing a quick kiss to Kara’s lips. “Go be a hero Supergirl and you can take me out for breakfast later.”

“Deal,” Kara smiled before taking off of Lena’s balcony, M’gann and Sara following after her. She heard Winn through the comm in her ear, directing her towards the mountain and relaying cautions about how much time they had before Zombie Metallo went nuclear. “We have less than half an hour before Metallo blows,” the blonde called over to her friends. “Less if he gets mad, so get in, save Lena, kick ass, get out.”

“You’re not going to try to save Lillian and her goons from the impending eruption?” M’gann asked. Kara snorted and shook her head, “No, that’s something my cousin would do, I say they brought it on themselves really.”

“The difference between an idealist and a realist, that’s why I prefer you to your cousin,” Sara said. “Also the fact that I’m much prettier in tights.”

Sara nodded sagely, “That too, I’m not much for the underwear on the outside look.”

The hidden mountain lair was easily located once the three knew what they were looking for, and it helped that the large bay doors in the front were left cracked open to allow light to filter out into the darkness. “I’ll give Lex Luthor an 8 for creepy lair construction, though not a perfect score because I think Lena could have done better,” Sara hummed as she peered around the opening and looked inside.

“Lena already has a creepy lair, have you been in the secret lab she keeps in her office? She has another one in her penthouse,” Kara corrected, also looking through the opening. Lillian was standing in front of Lena, on one of her usual, villainous rants about the evils of aliens polluting the world while the younger brunette was propped up between Metal Zombie 1 and Metal Zombie 2. Judging by the expression on Lena’s face, Kara knew that her best friend was not present for the conversation. “She’s totally zoned out, anybody have any plans?”

“You serve as the distraction,” M’gann said, “Sara and I will get in and get Lena away while you’re dealing with whatever Lady Macbeth wanted in this delightful facility.”

“Why do I get-” Kara started, turning to look at her friends only to find that they’ve both disappeared. “... The short end of the stick, why do they always do that?” She took another glance through the opening before launching into the air and flying through the doorway, landing only a few feet behind Lillian. “Let her go Lillian,” she said, her voice strong and firm as she stared down the woman. “I won’t let you hurt her.”

“Me?” Lillian smirked, turning to face the heroine. “Why on Earth would I want to hurt my own daughter? Is that something your alien species did regularly, hurt their own children?”

“You drug her, kidnap her, hold her here against her will, what part of that doesn’t sound like you’re hurting her?”

“She just needs guidance, the likes of you and your ‘friends’ have confused her, made her lose sight of what’s truly important, humans first and humans only.”

“What about dogs?” Lena interjected, snapping into the conversation. “My best friend has a dog, Supergirl has a dog, should we care about them? Sometimes dogs are better than people.”

“Or cats,” Supergirl continued, noticing M’gann and Sara creeping around behind the group while
the three stooges had their attention on her. “We can’t forget cats, they’re so cute, and one day they will be our overlords when they become fully sentient.”

“That’s true, so obviously we should care about them, or at the very least observe them suspiciously,” Lena agreed. “If they’re eventually going to take over us, then shouldn’t we keep as close observation on them as we are aliens?”

“Or monkeys, you’ve seen Planet of the Apes right? They-”

“Enough!” Lillian cried, irritation present in her voice and on her face. “I’ve been wanting to test and see if these things work,” she said, throwing a small device at the alien. Kara reached out and grabbed the device, and immediately launched it at Metallo, wincing a little as it started to emit a loud frequency sound as it collided with his head.

“You’ve obviously never had to deal with a dog whining at you in the middle of the night begging for food,” Kara bit out. She brought her fingers to her lips and let out a piercing whistle, a blur of white and red racing into the room a few seconds later and landing in front of the group. Superdog growled and let out a sonic bark, knocking the three psychos off their feet.

Metallo hissed and his shirt started to burn off his body, exposing the glowing green kryptonite embedded in his chest. “Kara!” Winn’s voice crackled through the earpiece. “Glowing zombie guy is about to reach critical mass! You guys need to get out of there!”

Kara looked over at the man and saw that Sara was knocking him around with her staff while M’gann and Cyborg Superman went head to head. “Krypto,” Kara whispered, drawing the dog’s attention from where he was curling away from the kryptonite. “Get Lena.” She motioned to where her friend was lying on the ground groaning from hitting her head after Cyborg Superman tossed her down.

Krypto nodded and crawled over to the brunette woman and carefully latched onto Lena’s collar, urging her up and over towards Kara. “I need to kick that guy in the face,” Lena muttered, her voice slurred like she had taken far too many hits to the head. “Or you can kick him for me, and punch that bitch in the face.”

“We’ll talk about this later,” Kara said, scooping her friend up. “White Canary, Miss Martian, we have to go, come Superdog.” She could see Metallo’s veins glowing green and throbbing underneath his skin and knew it was only a matter of time. She bolted out of the lair with Lena in her arms and Krypto, M’gann and Sara not too far behind her just as an explosion with a green cloud billowing out of the mountain.

“Shit,” Sara breathed out as they stopped just far enough way to look back at the explosion. “I wonder if Lillian made it out?”

“What did she want you for?” Kara asked, looking down at her friend.

Lena groaned and shook her head, “Not here, I want to go home, shower, get some painkillers, comfy clothes and then we can talk.”

Kara sighed her acquiescence and clicked on her ear piece. “Winn, we’ve got Lena and got out before the explosion. Lena wants to go home, so I’m going to take her there and make sure she’s okay, she hit her head pretty hard on the ground and it looks like her hand is cut.”
She heard some rustling on the other side of the comm followed by a series of thumps before Alex’s voice came across the line. “Kara, take Lena home, I’ll be over to check out her injuries.”

“I forgot you went to medical school, did you ever finish?” Kara teased, redirecting towards Lena’s apartment.

“Went more for research, but I do finally finish with help from a clandestine government agency,” Alex continued. “I may have specialized in alien biology, but I do know how to treat humans, and I imagine that Luthor doesn’t want this all over the press.”

“The wifey is correct,” Lena muttered. She had lifted up slightly in Kara’s arms to press her head against a firm shoulder, close enough to overhear her and Alex’s conversation. “I’ll let her look me over, but she better buy me dinner.”

“You’ve got a slight concussion, nothing major, just you’re not sleeping tonight,” Alex said, shining a light in Lena’s eyes. “And the cut on your hand isn’t bad enough for stitches, but I’m going to clean it and put a bandage over it.”

“Your best friend owes me breakfast Luthor, take it up with her.”

“You owe me dinner and Alex breakfast,” Lena decided, pressing her head into Kara’s shoulder. “And I still reserve the right to dislike the wife,” she said to Kara. “It’s my right as your best friend.”

“I can still hear you Luthor.”

“Shit.”

“You’ve got a slight concussion, nothing major, just you’re not sleeping tonight,” Alex said, shining a light in Lena’s eyes. “And the cut on your hand isn’t bad enough for stitches, but I’m going to clean it and put a bandage over it.”

“Thank you Dr. Danvers,” Lena sighed as she watched the redhead clean up her hand. “Your bedside manner leaves much to be desired though.” Alex scowled and gave the brunette a hard pinch to her side, causing Lena to jump and yelp. “I definitely don’t like you,” she bit out, rubbing her side. The agent rolled her eyes and was about to reply when a small commotion drew her attention to the balcony where she saw Cat Grant strutting through the open doorway. “Lena, you’re not being a very good patient,” the blonde woman said as she approached the two, Astra and Kara following her into the room.

“Ms. Grant,” Lena groaned out, “What are you doing here?”

“Don’t start Lita, I basically raised you since you were a teenager and you and my daughter became friends, of course I would come to make sure you were alright when Kara called me and told me what happened.” She turned her attention to the redhead that was trying to shrink away. “And you must be Alexandra,” Cat drawled out, her eyes critical as she assessed her daughter’s wife.

“Er, ah yes Ca- Ms. Grant,” Alex corrected when she saw the slashing motioning Lena was sending her. “It’s a pleasure to meet you.”

“I’m sure,” Cat hummed before turning her attention to the other occupants of the room. “Ah, Sara, good, two bourbons, neat please.”

“Mom,” Kara groaned, peeling off her mask. “Really?”
“Sara is one of my favorite bartenders, though M’gann is a close second, I just don’t do dive bars much anymore, too much French Resistance for me,” Cat waved her hand, waiting for her drink. “And if I need a drink to deal with this, then Lena needs a drink as well.”

“I’ll just make some for all of us, we’ll all probably need it.” Sara tossed back a shot before pouring seven glasses of bourbon, and passed them out to the everyone in the room.

“Lena really shouldn’t drink on pain meds…” Alex said but her voice trailed off as Lena downed the aged bourbon.

“Do hush Alexandra, we’re professionals,” Cat pointed out, sitting down on the couch between Astra and Kara.

“Be nice,” Kara hissed at her mother before turning to her best friend. “Why did Lillian take you? Did she ever say?”

Lena gestured for Sara to refill her glass and leaned back in her chair. “Turns out I’m actually a Luthor,” she spat out. “Lionel was my biological father, he had an affair with my birth mother and when she died, he took me in, brought me ‘home’ to the Luthor mansion.” The brunette rolled her eyes as she spoke and leaned against Sara’s shoulder when she sat down on the arm of her recliner. “Lillian needed my blood to access something that Lex had hidden behind a biometric lock, it would only unlock for someone with Luthor blood.”

“So that’s what happened with your hand,” Kara commented. It wasn’t really a question but Lena nodded anyway before sitting upright and continuing.

“I’m not totally sure what she’s doing, but she commented that Lex got something from Superman when they were friends, stole something really and she needed me to get to it. And she also needed the isotope to help facilitate it, though I didn’t tell her that it was basically a dud, she should really learn to read lab notes.”

“Superman and Lex Luthor were friends.” “What was she looking for?” Alex and Kara blurted out at the same time, and looked at each other momentarily in surprise before glancing away.

Kara cleared her throat and looked pointedly at Lena, “What was she looking for?”

“I don’t know what it was, she got excited about a few things, but I heard Lillian and Cyborg whatshisface say something about Medusa,” Lena replied.

Astra let out a gasp as she recognized that name and the group turned to look at her. “You know that name,” M’gann stated. “You are familiar with it, something from Krypton.”

“Y-yes,” Astra hesitated momentarily, looking over at Kara. “It’s something Zor-El and Jor-El were working on as a favor for the military guild and high council, a weapon to protect Krypton.”

“A weapon…” Kara murmured, “What is it?”

“It’s… it’s a virus,” the older woman finally answered. “A virus designed to kill any non-Kryptonians in case Krypton was ever invaded. I imagine that Jor-El included it with that stupid fortress he built for his son, for what reason I don’t know.”

Kara blinked before her brow furrowed, “Wait, my father and my uncle designed a weapon, a virus to commit mass genocide, and a psycho terrorist now has it?”

“And wait, you said it would kill any non-kryptonians, does that include humans as well?”
“In theory yes, but I don’t imagine this woman would think of that, only see it as a means to rid herself of the “alien” menace,” Astra continued while Kara was lost in thought.

“My mother probably wouldn’t even think of that,” Lena groaned before another thought entered her mind. “Wait, that’s what she needs the isotope for, to turn the virus into a gas, as soon as she attempts that, she’ll neutralize the virus and it won’t hurt anyone.”

“Guess we can thank your mother this time for being an inefficient terrorist,” Sara commented.

The group was relieved that Lena was back, mostly safe from harm, and Lillian’s devious plot was already thwarted by her own efforts. Alex glanced over at Kara though and took in the distressed look on her face, her mind far away from the conversation at hand.

Chapter End Notes

You guys know that I wouldn't be leaving Lena in trouble like that without including a bit of the sass master at work.

As for what's going on in the show, I'm going to watch the rest of the season on Netflix, and probably not watch season 4, it's just gone downhill. I blame the writers, Idk if they have new ones, but it doesn't seem like they can be consistent. But good news! Batwoman and gotham is coming to the Arrowverse which means that if we all push, Batwoman can get her own show! It's a chance they could ruin another female lead show, which I feel like they're doing on purpose, or it could become something great! I don't watch Arrow much, but I'll tune in for her story arc to see what's what.

Remember drop a comment in the box about how you liked the chapter, and how you felt about the show thus far?
Chapter 50

Chapter Notes

Really close to the end of the story everyone! Like crazy close, keep your fingers crossed that my inspiration keeps going to get me to the end! I'm sad to see the story end when Kara and Alex just started working on sorting out their mess, but I figured, if I decide to go ahead with the sequel, well, we'll have plenty of time to deal with them in that one.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Hey,” Alex said hours later when the two of them finally got away. Neither of them had slept but Cat had given Kara the day off so they decided to grab an early breakfast before going home and grabbing a few hours of shut-eye. “What’s wrong? You’ve been out of sorts ever since Lena’s penthouse, what’s going on?”

“It’s nothing,” Kara shook her head, focused on the large stack of pancakes on her plate. She could feel Alex’s eyes boring into her forehead and she glanced up to see the older woman giving her a disbelieving look and sighed. “I just, I can’t believe that my father and uncle were responsible for creating something so vile, something that was designed to wipe out other races, species, just because they were different.”

“It’s terrible what they did,” Alex agreed, “But is it any different than developing nuclear weapons to take out enemies? Each culture does terrible things out of fear and a desire for safety, doesn’t make it right but it also doesn’t mean that your people were alone in terrible deeds.”

“I know my people have done terrible things, I memorized the history of our world before I was eight years old, the real history, not that crap Jor-El stuck in the Fortress of Solitude for my cousin,” Kara rolled her eyes. “I’m not surprised Uncle Jor-El was involved in something so heinous, he always had a skewed worldview, but my father… he always taught me that life was precious, he wanted to study life, the world, the universe, not take away from it… Though I also never thought that my mother could lock up her own sister and use me as bait to do so…” She shrugged as her voice trailed off again, “I guess I didn’t really know either of my parents. I’m sorry for ruining our breakfast date with this problem.”

Alex just shrugged, “You’re not the only one with parent problems. My father was actually brainwashed by a terrorist organization and made multiple attempts to rid the world of alien life. And my mother, well, she’s just placed a lot of pressure on me through my life, and kind of shut down after it was reported that my dad died years ago. I love her and I know she loves me, but sometimes it’s just too much for us to be in the same place for too long.”

“Looks like we both have excellent parents,” Kara replied. “Hopefully this doesn’t indicate the type of parents that we’ll be.”

“Already thinking of having kids with me Kara?” Alex asked, an amused smile on her face and a warmth blossoming in her heart. She hadn’t ever gotten far enough in a relationship to really discuss
children with her significant others, but she knew that she wanted to have kids someday. Alex knew that Maggie was reluctant to have kids of her own, but at the same time she knew that the detective would take in kids that were in similar situations to her when she was a teenager. She would only do so with the right person though, and while the two were good friends, Alex was well aware that the two were unsuited for each other, even when they were dating she knew they were better off friends.

“Eh, what, um, n-no, of course not, pst.” Kara finished shoveling her food in her mouth. “Are those sirens? I hear sirens, I need to go.” The blonde left some money on the table but before she could leave, Alex reached out and grabbed her wrist. “I think, whatever it is, you can leave it to the first responders,” the redhead said. “I didn’t mean to tease you, I just felt like we’ve had enough of serious conversations for a while.”

Kara stared at the older woman for a moment before slowly sinking back down in her seat. “It’s fine,” the blonde replied. When it looked like Alex was going to say something else, Kara shook her head. “No, really, it’s fine, I just, I just didn’t want to scare you with how much I’ve thought about things.”

“What kind of things?”

The blonde shrugged as a reply, “All kinds of things, different things, I’ve never really put that much thought into it, or said them outloud.”

“So why don’t you tell me a bit of what you’re thinking?”

“Won’t that be a little awkward, since you’re… you know, and we’re-”

“Let’s pretend,” Alex interrupted, shifting her hand to hold Kara’s, massaging her fingers lightly. “Let’s pretend that we’re not marri- in a relatio- something, for a moment. Let’s just pretend that we’re just two friends having a conversation about the future, nothing more than that. No secret agent or superheroes or anything like that, just two people.”

“Okay…” Kara stated, unsure of where to start but Alex was looking at her with encouraging eyes that she knew that she had to try. “I wanted to be an artist, I went to school for art with a minor in journalism, that was more for my mom than what I was really interested in though. Plus my cousin is a journalist and I already get enough comparisons to him to last me a lifetime.”

“I can understand that, same with me and my parents, everyone always comments on how much I’m like my dad or my mom, it’s ridiculous.” Alex rolled her eyes. “So how did you start working at CatCo as Cat Grant’s assistant? Not to be… you know, but isn’t that a nepotism thing?”

“Only if I want to be promoted through the ranks I think.” Kara tilted her head and shrugged ruefully. “I want to be an artist, like I said, but it’s always hard when you’re starting out. I have a trust-fund and my mother bought me my apartment, but I didn’t want to not do anything productive. I was working at Noonan’s, which was my job all through college, when I found out that mom had gone through like six assistants in a two week period, or something close to that. I decided to apply for the job because I can put up with her moods and she’d be able to focus on other things than firing assistants.” A wry smile crossed her face as she remembered her 10:15 interview. “She wasn’t convinced, but I eventually talked her into it and we set a few ground rules. All of those rules have been broken by this point, but we tried.” She took a long drink from her water still sitting on the table before looking at the older woman again. “So what about you? You wanted to be a doctor?”

It was Alex’s turn to shrug as she thought about her answer. “I don’t know really,” she replied honestly. “Both of my parents were scientists, doctors, and I guess I grew up knowing I was meant to be a doctor too. I settled on medical doctor in hopes to do research, I had dreams of curing cancer,
or finding effective treatment for genetic disorders but well that didn’t work out as well as I had planned.”

“That doesn’t mean that you still can’t be a research doctor in the future,” Kara pointed out. “What about personal life plans?”

“Traditional nuclear family, partner, 2.5 kids, dog, white picket fence, just, you know, a wife instead of a husband.”

Kara’s nose crinkled slightly at Alex’s statement. “I’ve never understood that about humans, what does 2.5 children mean, what is a half child?”

“I don’t know,” Alex laughed, “That’s just what I’ve always heard, so Miss Non-Human, what about you?”

“I’ve always wanted the fairytale,” Kara sighed. “Or a version of it, Mom bought me all kinds of books when I got here, and I loved fairytales, fantasy novels, they were so different from what I had growing up, magical, mystical with virtuous knights and heroes, sorcerers and witches, portals leading to other worlds. I will admit that I was a bit enthralled with the idea of a knight in shining armor, but I never bought into the ‘heteronormative storyline’ as my mother calls it. I grew up in a culture where women and men were both warriors, my Aunt was the head general of the kryptonian army, so I never believed that my knight had to be a man. Just knew that they had to be kind, brave, strong, and be willing to have a lot of kids and dogs and be fine with me being an alien.”

“So a fairytale, a knight in shining armor, how has that been working out for you?”

The blonde hummed and squeezed Alex’s hand. “I think I’ve found a pretty good one so far.”

Alex’s face pinkened, but she cleared her throat as a way to cover it. “Ri-right, that was um, that was a good exercise, that was good, for us, yes, good, we should, um, we should go, lots of sleeping to do and um…”

Kara couldn’t help but giggle at the flustered state of the older woman. “Did I break the big bad secret agent?” She teased, her eyes alight with laughter and mischief as Alex glared at her.

“No, I just, um, we should go sleep,” Alex started before she realized what she said. “No! I mean, well, we should go sleep, separately, we should go sleep separately because we’ve been up all night and I don’t know about you, but us humans need sleep.”

Doing her best to stifle her laughter, Kara nodded and the two left after paying the bill. Alex took her back to her apartment and lingered for a few minutes outside of her door. “Despite the interlude in the middle with Cadmus goons, I had a really good time,” the redhead said, her hands stuffed into her pockets. “We should do this again, without the goons and drama.” Kara cut her off from her rambling by pulling the older woman in for a soft kiss, her tongue briefly teasing at Alex’s lips before pulling away. “Though considering everything, I think it’s a bit too late for that.”

“Well, lucky for you, on my count that’s our third date. The first one when we got married, second one was last night, and third one was breakfast. If you don’t like counting the first one, then it is still after our second date.”

Alex hummed and leaned her forehead against Kara’s and ran her nose along the other woman’s. “I like your math,” she whispered, their lips connecting once more. This was hotter, messier, full of passion as hands clutched at hips and fingers fisted in hair. Tongues dueled, breath mingled, and a
loud thunk came from Kara’s body being pressed against the door.

“Oh Rao,” Kara gasped out as their lips disconnected and Alex’s lips traveled down her neck.

“We, we should probably slow down,” Alex murmured, her lips brushing the skin she had just been biting.

“Do we have to though?” Kara countered, blinking away the lust-filled haze that covered her mind. “We’re married, technically, already been on three dates…”

“Four if you count beating up bag guys,” Alex added. “Which I do.”

“Right, four dates, that’s not so bad, and we don’t have to go anywhere today, so…” The blonde turned around and unlocked her door before stepping into her apartment. “Are you coming?” She asked over her shoulder, giving the redhead a wink before she disappeared from view.

“No but I will be,” Alex whimpered as she followed the other woman into the apartment, the door closing with a resounding click.

“She’s starting to drive me crazy,” Lena announced as she barged into Kara’s apartment, making a beeline straight for her fridge. She opened the freezer and pulled out the bottle of tequila she had stashed in the back, and fished around for the blonde’s collection of souvenir shot glasses in her cabinet.

“Lena?” Kara grumbled, sticking her head out of the pile of blankets on her bed. “What are you doing here?” Her hair was wild around her head, and she ran her fingers through long strands in an attempt to calm it down.

“Hiding from Sara,” Lena replied, knocking back a shot. “She’s getting on my nerves, hanging all over me, crowding me, she was never this clingy before.”

Kara sat up in bed, holding the duvet to her chest with one hand as she rubbed at her forehead with the other. “You’re here because Sara is getting on your nerves? What time is it?”

“It’s a little after seven at night, you’ve clearly had a rough day.” Lena hummed, knocking back another shot. “You can tell Alex to come out now, I know that she’s here.”

“Shit,” Alex grumbled from the lump on the bed next to Kara. “How did she know I was here?”

“Your clothes are tossed all over the apartment and Krypto is currently camped out at my place when he isn’t out patrolling the city,” Lena answered. “And Sara gave him a piece of pizza, and that just wasn’t pleasant. She went to work, and I came here to escape Sir Gassy, and to get some breathing room, literally and figuratively.”

Alex poked her head out from underneath the covers and looked at the brunette. “You’re just full of sunshine and daisies aren’t you?”

“And you looked like you’ve been thoroughly fucked,” Lena countered. “Of course, judging by the state of Kara’s hair, you gave as good as you got.”

“Lena,” Kara groaned, her head in her hand. “Can you give us a minute? At least to get dressed.”
“I’ve seen you naked before Kara.”

“What?!” Alex sat upright, a furious expression on her face as she glared at the smirking woman in the kitchen.

“Al- Lena,” Kara said, giving her friend an unimpressed look.

Lena just shrugged, “Fine fine, I’ll be on the balcony, but I’m taking this with me.” She picked up the bottle of tequila and took her glass with her on the way out the door.

Kara got up and pulled the sliding doors to close her bedroom off from the rest of the apartment. She turned around and found that Alex’s eyes were glued on her backside, brown eyes dark and dilated as they traced up her figure. “None of that,” Kara chided, pulling her robe on. “That’s how we ended up going on round three.”

“Certainly was a fun day,” Alex purred out, releasing the duvet as she stretched. “Now can you explain why Lena claimed she’s seen you naked?”

“Nothing as sordid as what you’re thinking, we’ve been friends for years, there were times she just barged in on me while I was changing or in the bathroom, boundaries have been blurred over the years. Same with Sara, though completely different reasons, Sara’s just… well Sara, she has no boundaries.” A thought crossed her mind and she looked at Alex curiously. “I think you have some explaining to do as well, such as how you were able to keep up through all of that strenuous activity.”

Alex hummed, “You can thank the DEO labs for that. I was attempting to create something that functioned like a vitamin shot, vaccine, and adrenaline boost, and I tested it on myself first, dumb I know.” She held up her hand to prevent Kara from speaking when it looked like she was going to interrupt. “I know, it was dumb, but anyway, I had a reaction to it and it basically made me more than what I was if that makes sense? Stronger, slightly better senses, but not like you, basically a version of a super human, a more enhanced version. I wasn’t able to replicate the effects, and Hank, J’onn, he destroyed all of my notes on the subject and basically any evidence in case anyone got wind of it.” She shrugged, “Apparently it was one of those freak occurrences, a one in a million chance those serums combined would behave that way.”

“Beautiful, and brilliant, how is it possible that you just got even more attractive?” Kara murmured to herself as she slid back in the bed, her figure molding against the redhead. Wrapping her hands around Kara’s neck, Alex tugged her down for another kiss, one that was quickly becoming heated as naked bodies pressed against each other.

A banging noise sounded on the door and Lena’s voice came through from the living room. “Hey!” She called. “I’m hearing sounds I shouldn’t be hearing if you two are supposed to be getting dressed!”

“Lena!” Kara groaned out, pulling the bedspread over her head. “I’m sorry about my insane best friend,” she muttered out, her fingers brushing against Alex’s. “She’s… well she is who she is.”

“It’s fine, I have to go home soon anyway. I’ve got work tomorrow, and I need to get back to my apartment.” Alex slipped out of the bed and started picking up her clothes while Kara pulled on a pair of shorts and a large t-shirt.

The blonde slid the doors open after Alex was dressed and gave her best friend an unimpressed look. “We’re dressed, happy?”
“Hate to ruin your fun, but since you’ve probably been doing that all day, I don’t feel too bad,” Lena replied. She noticed Alex making for the door and turned towards the agent. “You don’t have to leave, just need to put clothes on.”

“No, I have to get going, I have work tomorrow and I need to get cleaned up, some food, and rest.” Turning towards Kara, Alex stuffed her hands in her pockets and fidgeted slightly on her feet. “So I’ll see you later?”

Kara smiled and tugged Alex in by her belt loops, placing a soft kiss on her lips. “I’ll text you later,” she whispered when they broke away from each other. Alex smirked and nodded before walking out the front door, shutting it with a soft click behind her. Kara turned around and found Lena staring at her with a sappy expression on her face. “What?” The blonde asked.

“You guys are so cute,” Lena slurred out. “But I can’t believe you slept with her already… again… Though I do understand it, she’s hot in a badass kind of way, probably all of that tactical gear and the look in her eyes when she gets a gun in her hands.”

“You and Alex have more in common than you think,” Kara countered, prying the bottle of tequila out of Lena’s hands. “You’re both huge nerds, really into science, if you actually spent time with her, you might find out you like her.”

“Well I kind of have to spend time with her since she’s married to my best friend, but I still reserve the right not to like her.”

“I know, I know, I know,” Kara sighed, handing her friend a glass of water. “Now why don’t you tell me what’s going on with you and Sara.”

“Nothing really,” Lena sighed, slumping down on the couch. “I had some time to think while you were getting frisky with the Missus, and I think the whole ordeal with everything that happened, the break-in at L-Corp, the kidnapping… I’m not a child, the abduction, I think she was just worried.”

“And you reacted poorly?”

Lena nodded, “You know I don’t like being fussed over like that, being crowded…”

Kara looked at her friend critically for a moment. “You’re starting to get serious about Sara aren’t you?”

“I’ve always been serious about her,” Lena refuted.

“Yeah, you’ve always been serious about having sex with her,” Kara retorted. “And you’ve been dating, but have you guys been seriously dating or casually dating interspersed with some really intense sex, and don’t deny it, super hearing remember?”

“The fact that you can hear us having sex disturbs me,” the brunette muttered before propping her feet up in the blonde’s lap.

“Lee, I can literally hear everyone in this city whenever they’re having sex, and let me tell you, there are some nymphos in this city, so I don’t single you and Sara out, in fact I do my best to block you out along with my mother, and Lucy and M’gann.”

“I’m going to need you to tell me about M’gann and Lucy a bit later, but first, your aunt and your mom? I need more details on that arrangement.”

Kara groaned, “I’m trying to forget about that, I have no idea why I told you.”
“Trust me, if I hadn’t been working, and then that whole abduction thing, I would’ve interrogated you before this, I must know more details, you actually caught them in bed together?”

“Yes,” the blonde groaned again. “And I really need you to invent brain bleach.”

“Suck it up Kara, you caught your mother in bed, it happens.”

“Did you ever catch Lillian and Lionel in bed?”

“I’m still convinced that Lex is the product of artificial insemination, I can’t really picture them doing anything, let alone sleeping together.” Lena shuddered at the thought before continuing with the conversation. “But your mom though, she’s always seemed a little healthier with relationships, if a bit of a mess at picking partners, didn’t she date a bit our last few years in high school and in college?”

“A few men and women, nothing serious, but this is different, this is my aunt.”

“And you disprove?”

“No! No, I want my mom and my aunt to be happy and if they like each other, love each other, then that just means that my family is coming back together.”

“Then what’s the problem?”

Kara sighed and glanced away from her friend. “What if they don’t stay together?” She murmured, her voice low. “What if they realize that all of this is just mutual affection for me or appreciation for being there, what if it’s not real? What if they both get hurt from this?”

“And what if they become one of the greatest love stories ever?” Lena countered. “Or what if they do crash and burn, they’re both adults Kara, they know what they’re getting into with this relationship.”

“I know, it’s just...” Kara sighed again, “It’s just hard, I love them both. I always treated Astra as a mother on Krypton, and Cat is my mother here, them being together is just amazing, but I don’t want either of them to get hurt.”

“Getting hurt is part of the relationship process Kar’,” Lena replied softly. “Ms. Grant couldn’t keep you from getting hurt during your romantic entanglements, and you can’t keep her from getting hurt. All you can do is support your mom and your aunt’s relationship, and be there for both of them.”

“I probably should talk to Mom about it.” The blonde hummed, and leaned her head back against the couch. “Carter and I are going to the science museum tomorrow, so I’ll talk to her after.”

“I did not just hear that you’re going to the science museum without me,” Lena gasped, placing her hand on her chest. “I thought we were friends?”

Kara rolled her eyes. “Do you want to go to the science museum with Carter and I?”

“Yes, thank you, how kind of you to consider me.”

“Don’t you have a business to run?”

“The weekend is mainly the skeleton crew and people who like to work on projects,” Lena waved dismissively. “If I don’t have to go in, then I don’t.”

“Fine, you can come with us, but don’t think this gets you out of talking about your and Sara’s relationship.”
“Shit.”

“So where to first?” Kara asked, looking down at the museum’s map. It had been a few years since she had been there with Carter, and the place had gone through some massive renovations and new exhibitions. “Space, weather, physics, or outside for the botanical gardens?”

“I want to go to the new rope course,” Carter proclaimed. “Please Kara, it looks really fun and all of my friends have gone on it.”

“All of them?”

“Well,” Carter shuffled. “Okay, not all of them, just Stacie, and she told me it was really fun and I want to try it, please?!”

“And Stacie is your… friend?” Kara continued, not looking away from the map.

“Stacie’s cool, she’s on the girl’s soccer team and she’s in the environment club and she loves penguins and the National City Renegades too, and she’s really, really, really cool,” Carter said in one breath and Kara had to bit her lip to hold in her smile. “So please can we go on the rope course?”

“I never said we couldn’t though we do have to get tickets for it I guess.” Kara turned around to look for her absentee best friend and found her not too far away with her sunglasses on and a baseball hat pulled down firmly over her loose hanging hair. “Lena, what are you wearing?”

“Shh,” the brunette hissed. “Lena is at work, I’m Lee today, just out for the day to have a good time. This is my disguise.”

“You look ridiculous.” Kara rolled her eyes, “But fine, Lee, do you want to go on the rope course?”

“I have my fill of being up in the air with planes, helicopters, and my best friend who is a flying menace. There’s a coffee kiosk near the rope course though and that is where you will find me.” The woman pulled her oversized hoodie tighter around her body as she wandered off towards the outdoor section of the science museum.

“You best friend is weird,” Carter pointed out.

Kara sighed and slung her arm around his shoulders as she guided him back towards the botanical garden. “I know, but who else is going to put up with an alien?”

The rope course, aptly named Sky Walk, was situated above a section of the botanical gardens, suspended high in the air with poles and the larger trees, providing a bird’s eye view of the greenery. It was a recent addition to the museum, only a few months old, mainly due to a survey taken two years ago asking for ways to improve the attractions and exhibits. So far it was one of their more popular attractions, but thankfully since it was still early in the morning, Kara and Carter were able to purchase tickets and suit up without any difficulty.

“If you don’t follow the rules and fall, I’m going to let you dangle there while the rescue team comes to get you,” Kara hissed to her little brother. He had been goofing off a bit while the guide was explaining the rules, and if he fell from his own stupidity, she wasn’t going to help him. If he was in
danger of actually falling, she would catch him in a heartbeat, but a quick check on the ropes and rigging told her that everything with the equipment was solid.

Lena sat down on a bench in the garden near the coffee bar, ruminating over the flowers as Kara and Carter climbed on the ropes above her. While it wasn’t difficult for a gravity bending Kryptonian, Carter struggled a bit the longer the course went, and his arms were burning by the time they finished. Once they were done and Carter had recovered a bit with the help of a smoothie, the three decided to tour around the exhibits. Kara had brought her camera to take photo references of flowers and plants for her paintings while Carter and Lena discussed potential uses of artificial photosynthesis technology in producing energy.

They moved through the weather and geology exhibits, stopped for lunch briefly in the cafeteria with food named after scientists and equations, before moving to the physics exhibit and ending in space. “What was it like?” Carter asked, looking up at the star projection as the planetarium show played. “Being out there among the stars?”

Kara hummed, and tilted her head back, her eyes distant, looking beyond the ceiling to the actual stars above. “Cold,” she murmured. “Lonely. There are countless inhabited worlds out there, but I was removed from all of them. It was a… it was not a good feeling.”

“It’s funny, I always imagine the stars to be warm, with how hot they are, burning balls of gas, but it does make sense. They’re so far away, even from each other. Light years away really, I mean when will we ever know when a star has died?”

“You guys are depressing as shit,” Lena muttered, her hat drawn down over her face as she leant against Kara’s shoulder. “Wake me up when it’s time to go home or they start doing something cool.”

The blonde rolled her eyes and shrugged Lena off of her. “Come on sleepy head, it’s time I get Carter home anyway, and you have to actually talk to your girlfriend rather than just running away from her.”

“I didn’t run away from her,” Lena muttered indignantly. “I’ll have you know I saw her last night after I left your place.”

“You had sex with her didn’t you.”

“… Yes, really good sex though.”

“You’re impossible,” Kara sighed before nudging her brother. “Come on Carter, I promised Mom that we would be home for dinner. Lee, you’re not invited, and if Mom saw you dressed like that in public, you would be disinvited from everything forever.”

Lena turned her nose up slightly and sniffed. “I can tell when I’m not wanted, I’ll see you later Kara, Carter.”

Kara bustled the teenager out of the museum and back to home, ignoring his cajoling for a small ice cream cone from one of their favorite ice cream shops. “Buddy, you and I both know that Mom would find out, she would just know.”

They arrived home a few minutes later, and Carter gave his mother a hug before vanishing into his room to call his friends and tell them about his time on the rope course. “Where’s Astra?” Kara asked when she walked back into the kitchen where her mother was holding court over a couple of steaks.

“Your friend M’gann managed to get her a legal resident card while she’s waiting on citizenship
papers, and gave her a job at that delightful bar she runs.” Cat gave Kara a quizzical look. “How does your aunt have such a wide knowledge of alien alcohol?”

“Obviously my aunt was an alcoholic on Krypton.” Kara snorted. “No, she traveled a lot with the diplomacy team as the head General of the military guild, so she was probably exposed to a lot of different drinks on the different worlds.” She paused for a moment. “At least, I hope that’s the answer and not that my aunt was a drunkard.”

“I guess there are somethings that are universally difficult to talk about with your children,” Cat mused. The steaks sizzled in the cast iron pan and she carefully flipped them to allow an even crust on both sides. “I know we haven’t really talked about it much,” the older woman started. “But are you really alright with your aunt and I…”

“Yes Mom, yes of course,” Kara replied. “I guess I just... I guess I’m just afraid, what if you get hurt, what if you don’t make it?” She looked away from her mother. “I would love for my family to come together as a whole, but I wouldn’t know what to do if you guys got together just for me, or stayed together…”

“Kara,” Cat cut the younger woman off before she could work herself up even further. “When have I ever done anything I didn’t want to do? Your aunt and I care for each other, and it might grow into love or it might not. Either way, we both love you and no matter how our relationship turns out, we won’t let it affect you.”

“I just want you to be happy Mom,” Kara replied. “I want both you and Astra to be happy.”

“I’m happy already Darling,” Cat replied. “I’ve got amazing children, an impressive empire, a world that bows to everything I say-”

“Mom...”

“I am happy,” the older blonde continued. “Anything else is just a bonus.”

Chapter End Notes

Basically I decided to give Alex a low-key form of the serum that turned Steve Rodgers into Captain America. I made it in this story that kryptonians wouldn't live forever, just longer than average, like 150 years or more, so I wanted Alex to be able to be with Kara the whole time. Lena probably will too, just because she's resourceful, and Sara, well, Sara is Sara.

The serum doesn't really play a part in the story other than helps Alex kick some serious ass in the final battle.
Chapter Notes

I'm so close to the end y'all, I'm just not sure what chapter is going to be the last one. I generally know how it ends though, so we're almost at the end of this crazy ride. And as I stated in previous chapters, a sequel has been toyed around with, nothing concrete yet, and nothing any time soon, I have other stories that desperately need my attention.

The finale of season 3 Supergirl is coming out soon, which is great because then I can catch up on Netflix and just fast forward through... Everything. I read yet another article about how the season has went on the rails, nothing to do with the characters, just the story line. They've packed way too much into the last few episodes and I'm like what? Argo City could have totally been a season arc.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Lena growled as the scrolled through the messages on her phone she had ignored all day while hanging out with Kara and Carter. One of the underlings in the business and finance section of L-Corp had bungled the merger paperwork for a small tech firm she had been dealing with for the past few months. She had purchased the business, allowing them to remain mostly independent under that L-Corp holdings, but some of the paperwork was missing signatures needed to finalize the deal.

“How do they always have to fuck up on my night off?” She groaned out. Grabbing her purse again, Lena left her apartment without changing her clothes and made her way back to the office. “Every time, it never fails, these fuckers fuck up on a colossal fuck-up and I have to fucking fix their fucking work.” Lena grumbled the entire way to the office, her large shirt pulled tightly around her and her baseball hat shoved firmly down on her head. If the fashion magazines saw her now, her new ‘fashion forward’ trend would be splashed all over the pages before she could change her shirt.

She arrived at L-Corp a few minutes later, and left her car in the underground garage before heading up to her office. “File, file, where would Jess keep the file,” Lena mumbled to herself as she rifled through the hard-copy files her secretary kept on hand in her office. The myth that she, Lena Luthor, was organized was one that was perpetuated by the organized people in her life who instilled enough sense in her to keep her files in a semblance of order. “Aha! Found them!” Lena scanned over the sheet, signed the paper, and faxed the document over to Lightstream Agriculture for the final signatures.

“How did I know that you'd be here- what are you wearing?” Lillian's voice echoed around Lena’s office, causing the younger woman to whirl around.

“How did I know that you’d be here- what are you wearing?” Lillian’s voice echoed around Lena’s office, causing the younger woman to whirl around.

“Hello Mother,” Lena said, pushing some hair back off her shoulder. “Should I call you mother though? Maybe just Lillian, though you’ve always been annoyed at having to be a mother to her husband’s bastard child, so maybe I should call you mother. So, Mother, how can I help you, did you misplace your coffin, should I alert the police?”

“I see your wit has decreased in quality along with the company you keep and your wardrobe
choices.” Lillian sniffed as she looked down at Lena’s clothes. “You actually went out in public like that?”

“All day, and it was amazing,” Lena replied. “I was comfortable, didn’t have people following me around, I was able to relax, spend time with my friends. It was a nice day, I had a lot of fun.”

“Yes, your ‘friends,’” Lillian sneered. “That assistant that you befriended in school and a teenage boy, yes great friends you have there dear.”

“I’m surprised you know who I befriended in school, it didn’t have anything to do with Lex, so why would you even bother paying attention to me. I mean, you did ship me across the country to boarding school as soon as you could.”

“That was to increase your potential, make new contacts.” A sneer crossed the older woman’s face. “Of course if I knew the kind of people you would come into contact with at that school then I would’ve sent you abroad.”

“Good thing for me you’re oblivious to everything other than the sun shining out of Lex’s ass.”

“Do you even know the kind of people you’re associating with?” Lillian returned, a sneer on her face. “The status of the people you’re interacting with.”

“Alive hopefully, I don’t do zombies or vampires.”

Lillian looked at the younger woman critically. “Perhaps you are as oblivious as you usually present yourself. It doesn’t matter, soon those people will be out of your life and you’ll be free from their influence, the whole world will be free.”

“That’s starting to sound like some serious Jim Jones shit coming out of your mouth, do I have to worry about the kool-aid?”

“Did I raise you to spew such vulgarities out of your mouth?”

“You would have had to raise me to instill such virtues mother.”

The older woman frowned at Lena’s words. “But dear, I did raise you, it might not seem like it, but everything that I did, or will do, it’s all to keep you safe, to provide everything for you to succeed.” She gave the younger woman an assessing look, “Perhaps this is something you should witness first hand though, so you can see people for as they actually are.”

“What do you mfpfh-” Lean jumped as she felt a hand clamping around her mouth and another around her waist. Out of the corner of her eye, she could make out the lurking form of Cyborg Superman looming behind her. She ignored the urge to roll her eyes and just huffed as she was pulled from her office. Lena didn’t bother screaming, it wouldn’t have served any real purpose, now she just wishes that she hadn’t been feuding with her girlfriend about being too clingy. Her secret ex-assassin, ninja girlfriend was at work and wouldn’t be hanging around to see her get kidnapped, and her best friend was at home having dinner with her mother and brother. Kara would come get her eventually, but really, the whole deal with getting kidnapped was getting old. She was completely over being the damsel in distress, she has never considered herself a damsel and the only distress she felt at present was the fact that the brute jerking her around was messing up her hair.

Her superhero best friend would come get her eventually, Lena just didn’t know if she could listen to the shit coming out of her mother’s mouth that long without wanting to jab a pencil in her ear. Whether it would be her ear or Lillian’s, she was unsure at present. When she was finally pushed into the back of the waiting car, the hand clamped around her mouth let go, just as she was about to
give into the temptation to bite the offending appendages. “Where exactly are we going?” Lena asked when she was shoved down in the seat across from her mother.

“I told you, we’re going to free the world from the infestation that has been plaguing Earth for years. You, my daughter, are going to have a front row seat and see what kind of ‘people’ you’ve been surrounding yourself with.”

“Delightful, wake me up when we get there, I’ve had a long day and you grabbed me before I could get dinner.” Lena leaned her head back against the car seat and closed her eyes, completely done with her mother’s bullshit. She wasn’t too concerned with what Lillian had planned, it sounded like she was still referring to the Medus virus and operating under the assumption that the technology she hijacked with L-Corp could help her with her goals. The brunette was a bit concerned what would happen to her when Lillian found her plans wouldn’t succeed but Lena knew that Kara would show up to find her eventually. If not Kara, then her girlfriend who she really has to apologize too for her recent behavior, it would seem that Sara had a reason to be concerned.

The car jerked to a stop and Lena was hauled out of the backseat like a sack of potatoes and pushed in the direction of the docks by the creepy cyborg while her mother walked ahead of them. “Hands off the merchandise,” Lena groused, glaring at the cyborg. “This is one of my favorite shirts.” It was a faded National City Renegades jersey that she had purchased the first time she and Kara had attended a game. Threadbare and worn it was, but it was broken in and comfortable, and Lena didn’t want to have to break in a new shirt just yet. She’d probably have to sit through another soccer game.

“You really need to learn to watch your mouth,” Henshaw growled as he continued to push her forward.

“Never really was something I was good at,” she grumbled out. Her nose scrunched as she caught whiff of the smell around her. “Rotten fish and wet wood, how nice, I should’ve guessed that your evil headquarters was at the docks, all evil headquarters are either in mountains or at docks. Lex had the mountain thing covered so might as well use docks.”

“Do try to limit on the snarky comments right now dear, they’re very unbecoming,” Lillian called back. “Especially since you’re meant to be observing this moment of triumph.”

“What moment exactly?”

Lillian hummed and gestured for Henshaw to let go of the younger woman, waving him towards the large crate waiting on the docks. The overgrown tin man hobbled over to the crate and immediately started prying it open, revealing a large missile inside the box. “You’re going to shoot a missile at the city,” Lena deadpanned, looking at her mother unimpressed. “Yes, this is a great mission to save all of Earth, blowing up one of the top metropolis districts in the world, yes great improvement. Less people, save the world, very environmentally friendly of you mother.”

“Do cut the dramatics Lena,” Lillian rolled her eyes. “This isn’t a missile, this is a Cadmus operation that is only possible due to innovations made my Luthor Corp in the last few years.”

“L-Corp,” Lena correctly automatically. “And I wasn’t aware of such a partnership, it would have been nice to have been informed.”

“It’s good to be supportive of family endeavors Lena.”

The brunette hummed, “I feel like there are also rules, both written and unwritten, about not kidnapping your family members, trying to blow them up, kill them repeatedly, things like that.”
“I’ve been trying to protect you dear,” Lillian replied. “You’ve got yourself caught up with the wrong sort of people and as your mother, I’ve taken it on myself to show you the truth about who you surround yourself with and free you from your ignorance.” She walked over to the missile and removed a canister from the center of the device. “This is the Medusa virus, a biological weapon designed to kill all alien life forms. Lex managed to retrieve a sample when he foolishly thought that humans could be friends with those creatures, when Superman claimed to be his friend before betraying him by sending him to jail.”

“I feel like the hundreds of people Lex killed has more to do with him being sent jail mother.” Lena hummed as she looked at the canister. “And if Lex got this from Superman, who is an alien, wouldn’t it also kill humans because we would be considered aliens to them?”

“All of these things have been accounted for Lena, not to worry.” A tight smile crossed Lillian’s face as she placed it back on the device. “With the isotope liberated from L-Corp research and development, it will cause the virus to spread across the whole city.”

“How do you even know that the virus works?”

“Some alien lifeforms that were guests of Cadmus volunteered their services to test the virus, worked like a charm.” Lena’s blood ran cold and a sinister smile crossed Lillian’s face. “Unfortunately I don’t have enough to gas the world, but National City will have to do, 60% of the alien population that live in the country resides in this city afterall.”

“So, just to clarify, you’re going to kill all of the aliens that live in National City, and you’re totally fine with that?”

“They’re not humans Lena dear, they’re monsters, creatures that don’t belong here as they lord over us with their powers, abilities, and freakishness.”

A thumping sound came from behind the two women and look over to see Supergirl walking up to them, a curious look on her face. “‘Freakishness?’ Is that even a real word? Can it be used in scrabble?”

“The poster child for the alien menace,” Lillian sneered. “You think that you can stop me from exterminating all of your kind?”

“Most of my species is already gone Lillian, we did it to ourselves,” Kara replied. “I’m just trying to do what I can to help others so that the same thing doesn’t happen here.”

“How noble, just tell me this, how long until you make us bow before you, turn us all into your slaves as you, your cousin and your kind rule over her.” A hard look crossed her face and she brandished the remote control device in her hand. “I’m not going to let you corrupt the world, my daughter, any more.”

Kara moved to prevent Lillian from launching the missile but Cyborg Superman appeared in front of her and knocked her back with a sharp punch to her chest. The blonde heroine righted herself and charged at the cyborg, attempting to subdue him but he matched her for every punch. She could feel the presence of kryptonite in his metal limbs and it was slowly leaching away her powers but she pressed forward. The loud boom caused by the missile launching halted their movements and the two stopped to watch the missile ascend into the sky.

Supergirl flew up away from the ground towards the missile but was unable to reach it before it exploded, sending fragments and gas through the air. She quickly scanned the air with her x-ray vision, checking for traces of the virus that might have escaped the unstable isotope stolen by the
Luthor matriarch. “She’s still alive,” Lillian murmured. “They’re all still alive, how?”

Lena snorted. “That isotope you stole from me was unstable, that’s why it was in the rejected project section.”

“And you didn’t think to mention this before now?”

“You know I don’t really agree with your beliefs on aliens, they’re too close minded, too judgemental. Plus I don’t like you.”

“You really disappoint me Lena, of course what can I expect from inferior genetics from your mother. I really should’ve just raised you myself in hopes that nurture would outweigh nature.”

“I am extremely grateful you didn’t bother raising me yourself and sent me away for school, I made some lifelong friendships because of that.”

Lillian’s eyes narrowed and her gaze flashed up to the blonde heroine floating above them. “Ah yes, your ‘friends,’ a one Kara Grant correct? You went to school with her, even stayed at her house. I can’t help but wonder if she’s told you the truth.”

“What truth exactly?” Lena asked. She didn’t think that her mother knew who Kara was, who Supergirl was, but even though a xenophobic, racist terrorist she may be, Lillian Luthor was not an idiot.

Supergirl landed on the ground near the arguing women and Lillian’s hate filled eyes fell on the hero. “That she and National City’s resident superhero are one and the same, that your best friend, Kara Grant, is nothing more than a lying, deceitful alien.”

Lena gasped and looked over at the blonde. “You’re an alien and you didn’t tell me, how dare you sir! All of the sleepovers and shared food, you could have infected me with your extraterrestrial cooties!”

“That was clearly my evil plan, infect you with my cooties and then take over the world!” Kara countered, belting out an evil laugh.

“No no, you’re doing it wrong, you have to project the laugh more, pull it from somewhere deep in your diaphragm,” Lena instructed. “Laugh with your gut, right now you sound like some sort of demented girl scout.”

“Girl scouts are not demented, they bring happiness and joy with boxes and boxes of girl scout cookies.”

“Says the one with the alien metabolism that allows her to eat as many boxes of cookies as she wants.”

“Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them,” Kara quoted, winking at her friend.

“So your alien metabolism is what you consider makes you great? I should’ve known.” Lena shook her head. “Why have I put up with you over all of these years?”

“No one else will put up with your crap?”

Lena nodded, “That’s fair.”
“You knew?” Lillian accused, drawing their attention. “This whole time, you’ve known this whole
time that she was an alien, a kryptonian?”

“Floating over the bed during sleepovers was kind of a major giveaway,” Lena answered, shrugging.

“So you really have turned against the family, against what we stand for, what we fight for. How
dare you betray your brother in such a way, to befriend the cousin of the one who put him in jail!”
Lillian’s words were biting as she threw them at the younger woman.

“Lex sent himself to jail by killing hundreds of people, that has nothing to do with Superman or
Supergirl. He did that to himself by being completely psycho, which you didn’t help by coddling him
all of his life and convincing him that he was a god!”

Lillian growled and before Lena could blink, the older woman had pulled out a gun and fired. She
screwed her eyes shut and braced for the pain of the bullet ripping through her, but all she felt was a
gust of air moving around her. Lena cracked open her eyes and saw her best friend standing in front
of her, but something was wrong, the blonde was hunched over slightly, her hands clutching at her
abdomen. Kara crumpled to the ground and Lena followed her, sucking in a sharp breath at the sight
of the bullet hole tinged with green.

“The fabric was supposed to be bulletproof,” Lena stated unthinkingly as she pressed her hand
against the darkening wound.

Kara let out a strangled laugh. “Obviously you need to-” she winced a little as her words pulled at
the wound “- need to speak with your R&D head about defective material.”

“Obviously I didn’t take into account bullets made of kryptonite,” Lena retorted, pulling out her
phone with the hand she didn’t have pressed to the wound.

“Obviously.”

“Don’t sass me while I’m trying to save your life, and no dying on me either.” She dialed Sara’s
number first but cursed when it went straight to voicemail, remembering that her girlfriend was at
work that night. “Where is a vigilante or superhero when you need one,” Lena mumbled as she
scrolled through her contact list. “Surely someone noticed that explosion.” She hit another name on
the phone and waited for the woman to answer.

“Sawyer,” Maggie’s voice came through the speaker.

“Detective, it’s Lena Luthor.”

“Luthor? Look, can’t talk, there was an explosion and-”

“Yes I know, I’m kind of in middle of it with a certain blonde bleeding out on a dock. I need a little
assistance getting her back to my lab to take care of it.”

“Shit,” Maggie replied after a few moments. Lena could hear her typing at something before the
woman came back on the phone. “Kane is on her way, and I’ll get my team to get down there to
check things out. You might want to consider calling Danvers as well, at the very least to let her
know what’s going on with blondie there.”

“I’m a little more concerned with getting blondie here off the ground and back to my lab where she
can be patched up.”

“I’m right here you know,” Kara interrupted but winced when Lena poked her around the wound
“Hush, the adults are talking.”

“Danvers also has access to those nice big, black government issue vehicles, perfect for transporting a downed superhero. She might be able to get there before Kane, I don’t know, but you have to do something.”

“Fine fine,” Lena huffed before hanging up. She flipped through her contact list again and found Alex’s name and number, information that she lifted from Kara’s phone. “Well, Kara, I guess it’s time to call the wifey.”

“So it looks like those two are getting along,” Kate commented to Kara as she glanced over to where Lena and Alex were discussing something pictured on one of the screens in the former’s lab.

“They argued for like fifteen minutes about who was going to go in to retrieve the bullet while I was just lying here on the table bleeding.” She rolled her eyes and dug into the gallon ice cream container that Kate had brought her. “It was ridiculous, they really need to sort themselves out. I can’t have my girlfriend and best friend hating each other.”

“Girlfriend?”

Kara blushed and shrugged, “It’s what we decided on that we could work with. Neither of us are really ready for the ‘wife’ title even though we both know it’s there. We’re dating, getting to know each other.”

“And sleeping together,” Lena interjected, looking back at her friend. “Don’t forget to tell her how I found you both tangled up in another ‘sleeping together after only one date’ incident.”

“It was not one date, technically it was like two or three dates if you count kicking bad guy ass and going out for breakfast,” Kara retorted while Alex attempted to melt into the wall to escape the situation.

“Damn Danvers,” Maggie said strutting into the lab. “I knew you had it in you.” She walked over to Kate and pressed a kiss to her lips before dropping a soft kiss on Kara’s head. “How are you doing blondie?”

“Fine, despite the best efforts of those two,” she said, jerking her thumb towards the arguing brunette and redhead. “I swear they’re trying to kill me.”

“I doubt it, they’re both scientists, they would find a more interesting way to kill you,” the detective replied. She turned away from the prone blonde and her lover hovering over Kara’s shoulder to the two bickering women. “Hey, Luthor,” she called, drawing their attention. “What was your mother trying to do down at the docks?”

“Lex lifted a super virus from Superman’s fortress, something that would kill all aliens, and Lillian got a hold of it. She attempted to use stolen L-Corp technology to launch it from a missile to spread across the city, her arrogance caused her to fail in this endeavor,” Lena answered, crossing her eyes. “She then proceeded to try to destroy Kara and mine’s relationship by revealing who she actually is, but when she found out that I already knew, she tried to kill me but Kara got in the way. Honestly
though, I think she would’ve found it a success if either one of us had died, preferably both.”

“Do you know where she went? Everyone had cleared out by the time we got there, and I need to know if you saw anything before she fled?”

“I was too busy trying to keep Kara from bleeding out, I wasn’t really paying attention to anything else.”

Maggie nodded, “That’s understandable, I just wish we knew where she was and what she was planning next. So far all of her plans have been thwarted with the deportation and then this mass genocide, those kinds of failures usually lead to someone making rash decisions.”

“What could be worse than trying to kill all alien life in National City?” Kara asked, causing the women to look back at her.

“Let’s hope we don’t find out,” Kate answered for her girlfriend.

The blonde hummed and pushed herself into a seated position. “Can I go home now? I need to check on Krypto and has anyone called my mother?”

“I called Cat and told her that we were going to take good care of you, and not to worry,” Kate told her. “Though you might want to stop in and see her before you head home. Your aunt was distracting her, but you know how well that works.”

“Depends on what exactly she was doing to distract her,” Kara sighed. “And I don’t really want to know.”

“How do you feel about your mother and aunt dating?” Kate asked, looking at the younger woman.

“It’s fine, I’ve talked about it with my mom, they’re both adults, and it just means that my family is coming together.” She shuddered, “I just never want to walk in on them again, I might be thoroughly traumatized from that.” Kara hopped off the table and stretched, “I’m going to go talk to my mother, anyone willing to give me a ride? I don’t feel like flying right now.”

“I will,” Alex demanded, stepping away from the other women. “I wanted to talk to you anyway.”

Kara looked at the woman curiously and was about to start walking out of the office when Lena stopped her. “Wait, wait, you can’t go out looking like that you idiot.” She waved at Kara’s uniform. “You have to change!” Rifling through her drawers, Lena pulled out a change of clothes for the blonde.

“Why do you have clothes for me in your office?” Kara asked after using her super speed to spin into the new clothes.

“I have a lot of your stuff just lying around from when you take off in your super suit, figured they come in handy at some point.” Lena shrugged, “Now go away, I want to go home, fuck my girlfriend and then go to sleep.”

“Fine fine, I’m leaving.” Kara rolled her eyes and hugged Kate and Maggie before walking out of the door. When they reached the parking garage, Alex pushed Kara into a dark corner and tugged her head down, fusing their lips together in a near bruising kiss. The blonde let out a squeak of surprise but melted into the kiss, opening her mouth to the agent’s insistent tongue.

Alex slowed down the kiss from one of desperation to slow and languid, tasting every inch of Kara’s mouth, before backing away with soft slow pecks to her lips. “Don’t you ever do that to me again,”
the redhead whispered, her eyes closed as her lips brushed against Kara’s again. “I was so, so scared.”

“It’s okay Lexie,” Kara murmured, brushing her thumbs against Alex’s face to wipe away the tears that the agent just realized were streaming down her face. “I’m okay, I didn’t mean to scare you.”

The other woman let out a barking laugh, setting her head down on Kara’s shoulder. “I shouldn’t be this upset, I’m a trained special agent, I’m used to things like this, stuff happening out in the field, but this… I just, we just…”

“I know, this happened just after we started to be something,” the blonde replied. “And I’m sorry, I should’ve done something more to prevent this.”

Alex shook her head. “The only one to blame for this is Lillian, not you, never you. I just, we really have to get these bastards, I don’t like that they think they can shoot you and get away with it.”

“Are you going to protect me?” Kara teased but Alex just nodded.

“You’re my girlfriend, it’s part of the job description.”

Kara smiled and pressed her forehead to Alex’s. “My hero.”

“Lena has disappointed me,” Lillian sighed, her arms folded across her chest. “I didn’t think she knew the truth about the alien that she let into her life, but she’s known all along. She knew who she was even before her cousin dared to do what he did to Lex, my darling boy.” Her right hand reached out for the glass of whiskey on the table next to her and hurled it at the wall, enjoying the sound of glass shattering on impact.

“So what are we going to do now?” Henshaw growled out. “It’s proven that she won’t be any help.”

Lillian just hummed and moved over to a small briefcase placed on the desk, pulling out a small vial. “Luckily, I always have a backup plan, one that Lex kept in storage for just the right moment.” She held the vial up to the light in the room and watched as it glowed a sickly yellow-green.

Henshaw’s eyes widened as he caught sight of the vial. “Won’t that level the entire city?”

“National City has become a breeding ground for aliens, a safe haven for that demon to lord her powers over the rest of the world. It has become a stain on this earth. Originally I thought that Lex was overreacting with his desire to level Metropolis but I see now the wisdom in his plan. When a tree is infected, do you not cut off a limb to save the tree, even if parts of the limb are healthy?” Lillian hummed again and looked down at the vial. “National City will be cleansed from the face of the earth in order to save the rest of the world, starting with the city’s precious protector.”
Um, I usually say something else down here... Happy pride month to all of the LGBTQIA+ people out there, all of my social media is covered in rainbows and it's super colorful, I love it. Keep spreading those colors.

Hmm, what else... Oh, recently I've gotten onto Worst Witch fandom. I say recently, for a couple of months. Super cute TV show, both old and new on, which is on Netflix. If you like Harry Potter, you'd like it, the Worst Witch books are older, and it wouldn't surprise me is JK took a lot of her ideas or character types from some of them. So I do suggest checking it out, small fandom if you want small, but growing. I personally ship Hicsqueak with some Mildred tossed in there to make an adorable family. Those of you already fans will understand, those of you who aren't, well, if you like kid's shows and magic and witches, might like the show.
At this point in the story, I have no idea what the characters have or haven't talked about, so if stuff gets repeated, just ignore it, I'm trying my best.

On a separate note, does anyone else get the feeling that some people in this fandom have multiple accounts they're writing under. I mean the content and writing style is just so similar. At first I brushed it off, and was like nah, but kept happening and I was like huh, weird. I mean, it's not a big deal, just kinda wonder why you know? Like I get it if you're keeping ships separate or fandoms, or working on a new writing style but... Idk, does anyone else notice this occurrence?

“Are you okay?” Cat demanded when Kara strolled out of the elevator with her redhead shadow not far behind her. “Kate called and told me that you were shot, where were you shot, how were you shot, should you be up and moving?”

“Mom, it’s not like this is the first time this has happened,” Kara replied but let her mother continue her poking and prodding.

“Yes, but the fact that it happened at all is what has me concerned,” Cat retorted. Her gaze slid from her daughter to the woman standing behind her, narrowing as she took in the younger woman’s defensive stance.

“No, Mom, Alex didn’t do anything, she actually is the one that came and got me when Lena called her,” Kara said, moving to block her mother’s line of sight to her girlfriend. “Lillian did this, she kidnapped Lena again and was going to use the Medusa virus to kill all of the aliens in National City, not knowing it wouldn’t work with the isotope she stole from L-Corp. When the virus failed, she got mad and revealed that she knew who I really was, and then she was even more furious when Lena revealed that she knew it too. I think she was trying to shoot Lena, but I pushed her out of the way.”

“She was using a kryptonite bullet though,” the older blonde retorted.

“It could be that she didn’t care which one she hit,” Alex jumped in, moving to stand beside Kara. “Or she could’ve originally planned to shoot Supergirl, but with Lena making her so angry, she aimed at her.”

“Lillian has always struck me as someone impulsive when pushed too far,” Cat sighed, stepping away from the younger women. “I wrote a few articles in my day on Lionel Luthor, his business, and his brief political career before his heart attack, even met the two senior Luthors a time or two at a function. Lillian would smile and smooze as was expected of her, intelligent conversation flowing from her mouth, but you could always tell that there was something extra there. Whenever someone disagreed with her or spoke poorly about her son, her hand would clench at whatever glass she was holding and something would cross her eyes…” The older blonde’s voice trailed off and she shook her head. “Anyway, I wouldn’t underestimate her now. You’ve foiled her plans numerous times, she
might resort to drastic measures, toss all her chips in because what does she have left to lose?"

“Her life?” Kara suggested, sinking down into the couch with a sigh.

“Lillian and my mother were cut from the same cloth,” Cat replied. “They’re the type of people that would set themselves on fire if it meant getting one over someone else. My mother is more prone to words and petty actions, Lillian though, definitely not someone to underestimate or take lightly.” Her gaze shifted from her daughter to the woman standing behind her still lingering in her foyer.

Kara noticed her gaze and gave her mother an annoyed look. “Mom…” she started, a low warning to her voice.

Cat just waved her hand and ignored the silent plea. “Agent Danvers,” she greeted the woman. “How about we have a drink, I have some fifteen year old bourbon that is just delightful. Kara darling why don’t you go see what Astra is up to, last I checked she was plotting some devious scheme to remove Lillian Luthor’s toenails in the most painful way possible.”

“Mom…” Kara hissed out again but she stopped as Alex placed a hand on her arm.

“It’s fine Kara, I imagine your mom wants to talk to me that’s all,” the redhead commented, rubbing the blonde’s arm gently. “I have to head out soon anyway.”

Kara nibbled on her lower lip. “If you’re sure,” she said after a moment. “It’s just, Mom’s a journalist you know, and they’re incredibly nosy.”

“I’ll be sure to keep my guard up,” Alex smiled and pushed a strand of blonde hair behind Kara’s ear. “I’ll talk to you tomorrow?”

“We can meet for breakfast before going to work,” the blonde replied with a smile before her brow furrowed. “Actually, could you do me a favor before you go home?”

“What?”

“I might end up staying here tonight and heading back to my apartment early in the morning. Mom doesn’t ever say it but she likes for me to be where she can keep an eye on me after I’ve gotten hurt,” Kara whispered, mindful of the hawk-like ears just half a room away pouring two glasses of bourbon from her decanter. “Anyway, would you go check on Krypto for me? He probably needs to be fed before he demolishes my apartment looking for food.”

“You want me to go check up on Superdog?”

Kara stifled down a smile at the flabbergasted look on Alex’s face. “He may be Superdog, but he’s still a dog and needs attention. There’s a spare key on the door jam, just let yourself in and dish out his food. He gets about 10 scoops, there’s a scoop in the bag of dog food.”

“Alright, I’ll go check on the fluffy monster for you,” Alex sighed.

The blonde grinned a pressed a quick kiss to Alex’s lips, lingering long enough to have them both be breathless when she pulled away. She narrowed her eyes at her mother who was looking away from the two younger woman, behaving too suspiciously for it to be a coincidence. “Be nice,” Kara muttered as she stepped away from the living room in search of her aunt, leaving her mother and her girlfriend alone for probably the first time. Kara hoped she would still have a girlfriend after her mother was done with her.

“Aunt Astra,” Kara greeted when she found the woman in her mother’s study scribbling away at
something in a large notebook.

“Little One!” Astra popped up out of the chair and moved around the desk to embrace her niece. “Are you alright, Cat informed me what that evil woman did to you and the Fierce One, what she tried to use Medusa for.”

“I’m fine, Lena is fine, the virus didn’t work, everyone is fine,” Kara assured her. “What are you doing? Mom said you were plotting how to remove Lillian’s toenails…”

“Yes, an ancient Kryptonian method for dealing with terrorists and traitors,” the older woman replied, picking her notebook off the desk. “It hasn’t been used for over 300 years but I feel that it is time to resurrect the practice. I am having trouble finding the exact tool that was developed to heighten pain, but with some research, I have found that these… needle nose pliers will work best for the extraction, now to find something that will string her up…”

“Aunt Astra, Aunt Astra!” Kara called, trying to break the woman out of her muttering. “Aunt Astra, you can’t pull Lillian’s toenails out.”

“No right now, I need to get these plier things.” Astra frowned, “Maybe the Sexy One has some.”

Kara nearly choked on her tongue at her aunt’s words. “The Se- who? What? No, just no, never say that to me again, I need to bleach my brain, no no no.”

“Do calm yourself Little One, you were not raised to be a prude.”

“Excuse me, that’s my mother you’re talking about, I don’t really want to think about anything relating to se- bedroom activities!” The blonde blushed, fidgeting a little. “Now back to the matter at hand, you don’t have to pull Lillian’s toenails off, she’ll be dealt with one way or another. She’ll make a mistake, and she’ll get caught, no one to help her run away this time.”

“She’s a woman with a mission that has been thwarted twice, she might not take such slights easily,” Astra warned. “I have known people like her, I was like her once, just more methodical in my plan but still ruthless in methods, nothing would deter me from my path, not even failure. Only my love for you ended up breaking me from my path, but I don’t think this Lillian loves anyone in the same way, it doesn’t seem like she is capable of such emotion.”

“The only one I would say she does love other than herself would be Lex, and he’s also crazy so I don’t imagine there will be anything to deter her from whatever she’s planning.”

Astra nodded, “Exactly, this is why we must be prepared for any measures, hence why I am planning to remove her toenails, it is quite effective and painful.”

“How about we just sit and talk?” Kara countered. “We haven’t really spent a lot of time together since you… since everything happened, and I feel like we should talk, catch up, something.”

“What would you like to talk about then?” Astra asked after a few moments. “If not the trials you face as this world’s protector, how about the woman currently being interrogated by Cat in the living room.”

Kara winced, regretting turning the conversation to a more personal subject before squaring her shoulders. “What would you like to know?”

Astra stared at her for a minute before looking away to look out at the city through the window. “When your parents put in to receive a child from the birthing matrix, I was ecstatic. Having a child of my own was never in Rao’s plan for me, neither Non nor I felt inclined and as the High General
of Krypton, it was my place to defend the planet, a child would've taken away from that.” A wistful
smile crossed her face as she spoke, “But a child for my sister, my twin sister… I was there the day
Zor and Alura received you from the matrix, I was the third person to hold you, and I was named
your guardian… godmother at your naming ceremony. As soon as you were placed in my arms and
you wrapped your hand around my finger, I felt you wrap yourself around my heart and I knew I
would never love another the way I loved you.”

The older woman stopped for a moment and stretched out her hand, wiping away the tears that
started to fall down Kara's cheeks. “By the time you were learning to walk, your father and I had
already plotted out what we would do to anyone who approached the family to propose a bonding
with the shining star of the house of El. I know that we drove Alura to distraction with our antics and
schemes, but she left us in peace for the most part.” She stopped for another minute before speaking
again, “When I found out the truth about Krypton, how dire the situation was, I panicked. I knew
that if Krypton died that you would die, and I couldn’t let that happen, you had to be given a chance,
everyone did.” She sighed again, “But it would seem that your mother and father had a different idea
as to what that meant.”

“Do you think you really could've stopped the core from fracturing?” Kara asked quietly. “From
what I understand, if it gets to that point then it's already too late.”

Astra thought for a moment before nodding her agreement. “Yes, you are right, the planet couldn't be
saved, but our people could have. And when I meet your mother again in Rao's light, I'm going to
give her a thorough tongue thrashing for agreeing with the council to hide things from the people.”

“That's why I respect what Cat does so much,” Kara said, smiling at the thought of her adoptive
mother. “She believes people need to be told the truth. She understands and respects information that
would be dangerous to release, but she always seeks out the truth, not just idle rumors and gossip.”

The older woman hummed, “That's why your mother is interrogating your intended right now, she is
seeking the truth about her intentions.”

“Ugh.” Kara crossed her eyes. “Don’t remind me, I’m trying not to listen in, but thinking about it
makes it hard.”

“Tell me more about her, your Alexandra, she is your bonded yes?”

“No in the Kryptonian way,” Kara said slowly. “But in the human way yes, though accidentally, the
legality of Vegas weddings is questionable at best, but yes technically.”

“Usually the families would have time to get to know each other before jumping straight to the
bonding ceremony. Obviously your mother was denied the chance, so she is trying to make up for it
now.”

Kara reached out and squeezed Astra’s hand. “You missed out too,” she whispered, a small smile on
her face. “Just because you haven’t been in my life until recently, doesn’t mean you’re any less my
family.”

“So tell me about your bonded then, what is she like?”

“She’s…” The blonde started, her voice trailing off as she tried to think of how to describe her girlfri-
her Alex. “She’s complicated,” she started. “Honestly, I think Alex is probably the most complicated
person I’ve ever met, but not complicated in a bad way, more… just complex, she’s complex. She
has different levels of feelings and personas and masks that she wears to keep people guessing,
researcher, agent, badass, but underneath all of that, behind everything she puts up she’s… she’s
beautiful, and not just in a physical way.”

“Her soul you mean,” Astra clarified, “her very being.”

“Yes exactly, she’s just… beautiful, everything about her. She intelligent, funny, compassionate, strong, brave, she’s everything mother and father would have wanted for me. She’s a scientist like father always wanted, but has a strong sense of justice and fairness, something that mother would appreciate.” A worried look crossed her face as she glanced back to the living room. “I just don’t know how Mom’s going to take her. It’s been a long road for us to get to where we are…”

“Cat isn’t going to endanger your relationship with your intended bonded, I imagine she just wants to measure her worth.”

“Alex is worth it Aunt Astra,” Kara answered, her eyes glistening and wet. “She is worth it, all of the pain and heartache that we’ve been through, being with her, even though it’s only been a short time, I can already tell that she’s worth it.”

“Then I can’t wait to meet her, see what kind of woman has stolen your heart,” the older woman continued, squeezing her niece’s hand. “I know you said you were technically married via Earth standards, but are you going to see about a Kryptonian bonding as well? We may be apart from Rao, but you can still seek his blessing on your union.”

“Truthfully I’ve been thinking about it,” Kara admitted. “Dreaming about it really, but it’s a big step and I want to make sure…”

“Make sure that Alexandra is the one?”

“Make sure that I’m the one for her,” she continued. “I’m not… I’m not human, I’m an alien, a superhero, an artist, I’m scared that if I push for her to go through the bond with me that she’ll think it’s all too much and too weird.”

“Perhaps you should put more faith in your Alexandra,” Astra suggested. “She may surprise you.” Kara cracked a smile. “She just might, now enough about me, let’s talk about you, how are you enjoying your new job?”

“I am enjoying the bar that your friend M’gann owns, it is good to be able to talk to many beings from other planets, places that I remember from my travels as military ambassador, and from my youth as a junior scout.” A faraway look crossed her face. “It’s… it’s nice, to talk to others who have seen the things that I have, and who understand that it’s not possible to return to our homes.”

“There are many people in this world who understand how we feel.” Kara squeezed her aunt’s hand again before giving her a serious look. “Now, onto the more serious talk, what are your intentions for my mother?”

“I do believe that is between your mother and I.”

“It’s not just you two in this relationship, I don’t want to see either of you being hurt.”

“I don’t think we will Kara, your mother and I are far too old to get involved without thinking of the consequences. And I do like her, a lot, and I love you, I wouldn’t do anything to disrupt the family dynamic we have.”

“You aren’t just getting involved with Mom because you feel indebted to her?”
Astra snorted and shook her head. “Little One, you have seen your mother haven’t you?”

Kara’s face turned completely red at Astra’s words. “Aunt Astra!”

After Kara stepped out of the room, Cat turned her gaze back to the redhead standing in her living room and shot her an assessing look. “Would you like something to drink?” She offered, waving to the small mini-bar sitting on the balcony. “We can sit on the balcony and with our drinks.”

“So you can push me off?”

Cat smirked, “There’s always that, but more to keep a certain someone from thinking about eavesdropping. The noise outside distracts her a bit, so she’s not tempted to listen to something that she shouldn’t unless she focuses, which she knows she’s not supposed to.”

“She does have a bad habit of listening in doesn’t she,” Alex mused as she followed Cat to the balcony. “And I’ll take a scotch, on the rocks please.”

“You know your liquor,” Cat mused as she took out one of her favorite bottles of scotch. “I will take that as a good sign, though with your track record, maybe I shouldn’t.”

“I will admit that I’ve had problems with alcohol in the past,” Alex admitted, swirling the drink in the glass before taking a sip. “And I can’t truthfully say I will never have that problem again, but I try not to let it control me.”

Cat hummed as she looked at the younger woman, really looked at her for the first time. “It would seem that we have more in common that I thought,” she replied, taking a long sip of her drink. “Appearance wise, I’m obviously superior, but personality… we’re both snarky, bitter, realists who find comfort in alcohol to hide from the flaws in our personality, though I also take far more lexapro than I need to, less now with Kara in my life and my mother not visiting as much.”

“Lexapro,” Alex murmured. “Anti-depressant? I have a prescription for Xanax that I take when I need a little help, though I don’t like to mix drugs and alcohol, and I prefer my alcohol in the evening after a hard day.”

“Touché,” Cat nodded. “And it seems we both have the same, bubbly optimist in our lives demanding for us to be better people.”

Alex cracked a smile at that. “It’s a little infuriating really,” she admitted. “But you can’t really hate her for it though, those big eyes, that smile, she makes you…”

“She makes you want to be better,” Cat finished, downing the rest of her drink. “I know, believe me I know, I’ve raised that girl since she was thirteen years old when I found her in a field alone and afraid. I know that everything about her from her wants and dreams, to her eating habits. The question is though, do I have to worry about you?”

“You’ll have to be more specific with that question,” Alex returned. “I mean, I am licensed to carry a gun.”

“And I’m licensed to carry a pen, which is far more deadly than any weapon, so your gun doesn’t scare me.” The blonde woman waved her hand dismissively. “No, what I’m worried about is
emotions, primarily Kara’s emotional well-being. Do I have to worry about you hurting her or will you treat her heart like the precious thing that it is?”

“I’m not going to hurt her Ms. Grant.”

“Not intentionally no, I don’t think so, not after how you’ve already hurt her,” Cat continued. “But then she hurt you as well, so I might overlook that, might, if she wasn’t my daughter, and I didn’t have biased feelings about her.”

“You still view her as that scared thirteen year old,” Alex reasoned out. “Someone that needs your protection and love. You want to wrap her up and hide her away from all of the aches, pains and terrors of the world.”

“Wouldn’t you? That girl has been through enough in her life, she doesn’t need anymore pain. If I could hide her away for the rest of her life, I would, but I can’t do that, she deserves better, she deserves everything, some things that I can’t give her.”

“I won’t purposefully hurt Kara, Ms. Grant,” Alex stated firmly, catching the older woman’s gaze with her own. “I can’t promise I won’t inadvertently hurt her, it happens, it’s part of life and being in a relationship, but I can promise that we’ll work through them and that I’ll do everything I can to protect her.”

“Now that, I do believe,” Cat replied. “I’m choosing to trust you with my daughter, with her heart, and I trust that you won’t break it.”

“I’ll do my best Ms. Grant, I do love her, I know it’s a little unbelievable since we’ve only been dating a short time, but I do, it’s hard not to love her.”

“Does she know how you feel?”

“I think she can tell, but I haven’t said it to her yet.”

“Tell her,” the older woman said. “You’ll regret it if you don’t. My previous relationships haven’t been great, but I regret not saying the things I should have said to them when I first started feeling them, whether it was an ‘I love you’ or a ‘fuck you.’ I still wish I told Adam’s father to fuck off before I had the chance to get pregnant. I love Adam, but everything would’ve been much easier if I had.”

“I had one of those,” Alex groaned out. “Obviously not with a pregnancy, but my first serious relationship, or so I thought. Vicky Donahue, that girl messed me up real bad, I should have told her and her little mean girl minions to fuck off sooner than I did, wasted the last two years of high school with that bitch.”

“Seems like there’s an interesting story behind that, one I will be very interested in hearing the next time we have a chance to meet.” Cat hummed again, “Tell me, Alexandra, do you play cards, poker precisely?”

“Black Jack is my preferred punishment in the casino, but I do enjoy a good game of poker when up against the right people.”

“I’ve recently started hosting a poker night when some old acquaintances, usually when all of us are in town and Carter is at his father’s. It has ‘what happens at the poker table’ rules that you’ll have to abide by.”

Alex grinned, “Thanks for the offer Ms. Grant, but I don’t have near enough wallet to sit at a table
with your lot.”

“Lucky for you, we don’t deal in money, too messy, we deal in favors and embarrassing stories,” Cat replied. “I’ll send you an invite the next time one is arranged.”

“I guess this would qualify as a good way to get to know the in-laws hmm, ply me for embarrassing stories of my childhood and wayward years in college.”

“Oh no, you’ve figured out my fiendish plan, whatever will I do now,” Cat stated dryly. She stood up and refreshed her drink from the mini bar, offering her scotch to the younger woman who shook her head.

“No, I need to get over to Kara’s apartment to feed that monster she calls a dog, I don’t want to drive intoxicated.”

“Mhm, yes, Krypto is a little grumpy when he doesn’t get fed. Just as a piece of advice, other than me, there are three people that you need to make nice with in order to have a happy relationship with Kara, Krypto is one, Lena is another, and Carter is the last. He might be your hardest sell truthfully.”

“How so?”

Cat smirked, “Carter’s never been good at sharing his sister with others, especially suitors. He kicked many ankles and shins in his younger years, who knows what he’ll do now with how serious it’s getting between you two, perhaps he’ll upgrade to kneecaps.”

Alex blanched. “Good to know,” she muttered. She had been most concerned about her girlfriend’s best friend, but it’s obvious she should have been paying attention to the little brother. “I’ll uh, I’ll think of something.”

“We’ll have to talk more at a later date, when you don’t need to be somewhere.” A sly smirk crossed Cat’s face as she spoke. “Something that I dearly look forward to.”

“Right uh, I’ll see you later Ms. Grant, tell Kara I said bye.” The redhead nearly ran out of the penthouse apartment in an attempt to get away from the journalist, the mother of the woman she loves. She’s not sure which aspect of the woman was more frightening.

The drive to Kara’s apartment passed in a blur and before Alex could mentally prepare herself, she was opening Kara’s door and coming face to face with a large, black dog. “Um,” Alex’s mind blanked. “Krypto? You remember me right?” The dog continued to stare at her for a minute before moving away from the door to let her inside. “I’ll take that as a good sign,” the woman breathed out, following the dog into the apartment. “You do know that you’re way less intimidating as a giant, fluffy white marshmallow right? This black, shepherd look you’re going with is kind of scary.”

Krypto just woofed quietly at her and stood by his gigantic food dish and continued to stare at her with large eyes.

“Those eyes must be a Kryptonian trait, it’s unfair,” Alex grumbled to herself. She found the giant bag of dog food labeled for Krypto and scooped out the appropriate amount of food into the dish. The alien dog descended on the pile like a ravenous beast and Alex only just managed to move out of the way for fear of being trampled by the hungry dog. “So we should be good now,” she said, crouching down on her haunches. “I’m going to be sticking around a lot, dating your mom and all that, so we’ll have to get used to each other, which I think we can manage right?”

Krypto finished his food and licked his chops as he stared at the woman. He delicately sniffed at the redhead before nodding and licking lightly at her face. “Alright then, I guess we’ve come to an
arrangement,” Alex breathed out, relief evident in her tone. She pushed herself off the floor and started towards the door, but Krypto beat her to it and sat in front of it. “What?” She asked, staring down at the creature who was just staring at her, his tail wagging lightly behind him. “Krypto move, I have to go home.” The dog just woofed and pressed his nose into Alex’s hand. When she tried to move around him, the large dog just stood up, blocking more of the door. “Okay, okay, I guess I’m staying here,” she sighed, moving to the bedroom. “I can stay in Kara’s bed can’t I?” The dog woofed again and Alex shucked her jacket and pants before crawling into bed. Krypto wandered up next to the bed and placed his head on Alex’s back, knowing that he wasn’t allowed to get on the bed.

Alex grumbled a bit at the weight but just let the dog be, settling down into the mattress with the alien dog lightly snoozing behind her. “You so owe me for this Grant…”

Chapter End Notes

We're getting closer y'all, I can feel it in my achy fingers.
“He was trying to rip my arm off on purpose, I swear,” Alex defended, rubbing her arm as she opened the door for her girlfriend before following her into Noonan’s. “Your dog is trying to kill me.”

“Krypto is not trying to kill you Alex,” Kara retorted, a smile on her face. “You say that and how was it that I found you two that first night I asked you to look after him while I was at my mom’s place?”

“The dog is manipulative and stubborn, he did that all on his own.”

“He disobeyed one of the main rules I had for him and crawled on the bed with you to snuggle,” Kara giggled, a gleam in her eyes. The two found a small table close to the back away from the lunch crowd, one that was usually reserved for them by several of the staff that knew their routine. “And how many times since then, when you’ve stayed the night have we woken up to find him staring at your face with his leash in his mouth?”

Alex just hummed and Kara giggled as the waitress came around to take their order, disappearing just as quickly as she appeared. “I’m just glad that we managed to get away from work for a little while to meet up for lunch,” the redhead commented. She reached across the table and took one of Kara’s hands in her, bringing it to her lips to press a kiss to the blonde’s knuckles. “It’s been too long since we’ve had any time by ourselves.”

“You mean time spent out of the bedroom,” Kara retorted, a bright grin on her face.

Her words were suggestive enough to bring a blush to Alex’s cheeks and the woman cleared her throat. “While that is nice,” Alex replied. “Sleeping with you, loving you, sleeping next to you, intimacy, it’s not the same as going out on a real date and being close to each other.”

Kara smiled at that and squeezed Alex’s fingers. “I know,” she murmured. “I’ve missed this too.” It took her a couple weeks of dating the other woman to realize that while Alex was very much a realist, someone that always assumes the worst first, underneath the tough exterior and protective shell, she was a romantic at heart. The flowers, chocolates, and boxes of potstickers delivered to her at work all pointed to someone with a romantic heart, especially since they were her favorites. When Alex first discovered the tattoo on her back, she traced it softly with her fingertips and asked about
the significance of the quote and flowers. Since then, Kara has always received bouquets of lilies, with a single tiger lily always present in the batch.

The two fell into easy conversation after that, discussing what was happening at work or Alex's upcoming outing with Carter to the aquarium up in Coast City. She had been working diligently for the past few months to try to get the boy on her side, but nothing had swayed him. Finally she contacted an old colleague and managed to get tickets to the opening of the new aquarium and research center further up the California coast line. It was another couple weeks before it opened, but Carter was already jabbering Kara's ear off about it. He warmed up to her girlfriend immensely after she told him about the tickets, and Kara could only hope that he came to see Alex as another big sister rather than someone trying to take his sister from him.

“Kara, Kara…” Alex’s voice pulled her from her thoughts and the blonde focused back on the woman sitting across from her.

“Sorry, I was lost in my mind for a minute.” She smiled apologetically. “I was thinking about how you and Carter are doing.”

“I wondered what had you distracted from your food,” the redhead smirked, gesturing at the food laid out on the table.

Kara squealed, “Food!” She devoured the rack of ribs on the platter and the numerous side dishes that she ordered with her main course. Alex bit down a grin as she started in on her burger, a blush crossing her face as she listening to her girlfriend’s moans of pleasure.

“I thought I was the only thing that could pull those sounds from you,” she said, eliciting a blush from the blonde. “It feels silly to be jealous of a rack of ribs and side of green beans.”

“I don’t know, these ribs do delightful things to my tongue, I might just leave you for them.”

“They might do delightful things to your tongue, but can they do the same things I do with my tongue?”

A smirk crossed Kara’s face as she took in the lecherous grin on Alex’s face. “No,” she purred out. “No one quite does what you do, so I might keep you around.”

“Your appreciation means a lot.” Alex rolled her eyes and finished her food while Kara finished her own giant meal.

“I know we don’t usually talk a lot about work and…” Kara made a flying motion with her hands. “Things when we’re on a date, but I have to ask, have you heard anything from Cadmus recently?”

Alex’s face scrunched for a moment before shaking her head, “No, our sources have indicated that the group has gone underground for the moment. J’onn and the rest of the DEO are content to let them stay underground, but I’m concerned. Lillian doesn’t seem the type to let this go lying down, and thwarting her numerous times like this just means that she’s going to come back harder than ever. I don’t like the idea of waiting for her to strike, that leaves it on her terms and in her territory.”

“I don’t like it Alex, but what can we do? We don’t have any idea on where to look for her.”

“You think you could get your little hacker friend and Lena to poke around, look for anything connected to Lex or his businesses, maybe even old Luthor Corp holdings, or unknown acquired companies?”

“I can ask,” Kara said, pulling out her phone to send a text. “I’m not supposed to know that while
Winn called in sick today, he and Lena are having a gaming session in the other secret section of her office. I can’t remember if today was Overwatch day or Fortnite though…” The response to her text was immediate and Kara glanced down at her phone. “Overwatch day then, they must be pissed at their team members and taking a break to bitch about them. Lena said she and Winn would get right on to digging through anything else they can find. Winn dug through a lot to find Lena months ago but they’re both still rooting out old bolt holes that Lex had all over the country.”

“The guy was paranoid, I would be surprised if he didn’t have more secretly stashed away, or Lillian for that matter. She’s far too crafty to not have backup plans for backup plans.”

“I will let you know what they find when they get back to me,” Kara replied, standing up from the table. “I would stay longer, but I’ve got to get back to work, you know what my boss is like.”

“Terrifying,” Alex chuckled, standing as well. “I’ll cover the bill, and I’ll talk to you later. Dinner?”

“Come over and I’ll cook for you again.” Kara grinned, fixing the collar of the redhead’s leather jacket. “We can watch some more Star Trek, try to complete your education, or catch up on Survivor and try to figure out what’s real and what’s not?”

“I still think it’s hilarious that you’re the one educating me about science-fiction space related TV shows.” Alex shook her head as she paid the bill and walked out of the restaurant with Kara. “How’d you get into watching Star Trek anyway?”

“My mother,” Kara replied. “She’s not a big fan of Star Wars, I don’t think she’s seen a movie all the way through, though I love them as well. She’s a big Trekkie though, which is probably why she was so good a picking up Kryptonian when she was learning.”

“Maybe I should learn Klingon, might help with figuring out Kryptonian, since I’m having no luck with the language.”

“The languages sound nothing alike so probably wouldn’t help you as much as you want.” Kara bit her lip before continuing, “But thank you, it’s, I appreciate that you’re trying to learn my native language.”

“I love you Kara, I’d do anything for you.” Alex smiled and pressed her forehead against Kara’s and they stood there for a moment, just being near each other.

“I love you too Lexie,” Kara murmured, pressing a kiss to Alex’s lips. “I’ve got to go, I’ll see you later?”

Alex tugged her in for another quick kiss before releasing the blonde. “Definitely, I’ll be there.”

Kara giggled and nearly skipped her way back to CatCo, her mind still focused on her beautiful girlfriend rather than on what her mother’s schedule would be for the day. She finally managed to school her face as she walked into Cat’s office, but she could tell from the amusement in her mother’s eyes that she didn’t fully succeed. “Did you have a good time at lunch?” Cat asked, her right eyebrow quirked as she looked at her daughter.

“Ah, um, yes Ms. Grant,” Kara stuttered out. She fiddled a moment with the tablet in her hands before pulling up Cat’s schedule. “Um, right, you have a meeting later with marketing, and then Oprah called you this morning and she wants you to call her when you’re available.”

Cat let out a sigh and twirled around in her chair. “She’s doing a special on women in high positions of leadership and influence, and of course, who’s more influential than the most powerful person in National City?”
Before Kara could reply, a loud explosion echoed across the city, causing the building to quake and several of the windows to shatter. Kara was at her mother’s side in less than half a second, blocking the older woman from the shower of glass from her shattered windows. “What in the Lois Lane was that?” Cat growled out as she glanced out her shattered balcony window.

“Lois Lane?”

“Good equivalent for hell darling, now I think it would be a good idea if you went to investigate that explosion. Be careful.”

“I will, you be careful too Mom, don’t mess with the glass,” Kara told her before disappearing back through the office and towards the stairwell. One quick change into her suit and Kara was rocketing off the roof of CatCo, her eyes narrowed behind her mask as she focused on the site of the explosion. It was in one of the deserted parts of town, just old warehouses and factories, but there were still enough people around for Kara to hear the sounds of screams and feet moving rapidly away from scene.

She heard it before she saw it, the loud ragged breaths quickly followed by a vicious roar and a low hiss as a twisted, humanoid form burst out of the wreckage. It looked like a monster straight out of a sci-fi film, a reptilian head and scales covering its entire body, claw-like hands scratching at the ground and a spiked tail set like a scorpion’s, ready to sting at any moment. The creature wasn’t any alien species she was familiar with, and she didn’t know where it came from but knew that it had to be contained before it got to the rest of the city. “Stop!” Kara ordered as she landed in front of the monster, attempting to see if it understood basic forms of communication.

The monster continued forward, either ignoring or not understanding the words spoken by the heroine. “Time to hit things I guess,” Kara muttered, bracing herself for collision as she sprang towards the monster. As soon as she grew close to the creature, Kara knew that something was wrong as she felt the tell-tale signs of kryptonite poisoning. Her movements became sluggish and pain wracked through her body as she hit the creature. A scream left her throat as her hand instantly broke on contact, green pulsing through her veins, and the monster easily swat her away, knocking her through several building walls. Kara grunted as she pushed herself up and held her hand to her chest as she activated the com in her ear.

“Lena,” she hissed out, the pain in her hand slightly distracting her. “Lena Luthor, get off Overwatch and pick up your coms.”

“Bitch, calm down, what?” Lena’s voice sounded in her ear and Kara rolled her eyes.

“Look, I’m dealing with some kind of creature down in the old warehouse district. Somehow it has kryptonite in it, or it’s made of kryptonite, either way, I’m injured and a sitting duck. I’m going to try to distract it, but I could really use some back up, can you contact Alex or… well anyone at this point?”

“Shit,” Lena mumbled. “I’ll put a call into the wifey, and I’ll see if I can get Sara, Kate or M’gann down there.”

“Much appreciated.” Kara ended the conversation and grit her teeth before springing back into action. She knew that since the creature had kryptonite in it that fighting it would cause her serious damage, or worse, but she couldn’t let the monster escape and reach the more heavily populated parts of the city. Grabbing a piece of rebar that had come loose from her collision with the wall, Kara charged at the beast again, wielding the piece of metal like a weapon.

The creature let out a roar as the pipe collided with its side, Kara’s strength still powered enough to
send it reeling back a few paces. It lashed out again with its claws and Kara dodged enough so it only clipped her arm, but it left long gashes as the claws tore through her suit. “I could use some backup any day now,” Kara grumbled, shifting to a defensive stance as the monster started to advance.

“It’s coming, just hang on for a little bit longer.”

Before Kara could fully listen to Lena’s words, the monster collided with her again, the Kryptonite sapping all of her strength and abilities, rendering her sick and weak as it knocked her back into another building. She struggled to get up, her chest heaving and her heart slowing from the effects of kryptonite. Before the monster could draw any closer to her, Miss Martian landed between them and engaged the creature in a battle of strength. The martian wasn’t affected by the presence of kryptonite, but the monster wasn’t deterred and continued to try going around or through the martian to get at the fallen kryptonian.

“Supergirl!” Kara heard Alex’s voice and she struggled to push herself off the ground as her girlfriend came running up to her decked out in tactical gear. “Are you alright?” She whispered as she crouched down next to the fallen hero, her eyes filled with worry.

“My hand is broken and I’m pretty banged up, but nothing some time in the sun won’t fix.” The blonde’s attention strayed to where Miss Martian and several DEO agents were battling the creature. “What is that thing, how is it made of kryptonite?”

“Whatever it is, it keeps trying to get to you,” Alex muttered. M’gann landed a good hit and the monster roared out in rage before disappearing back into the charred wreckage of the building it came from.

“It’s gone,” M’gann called back, her breaths fast and labored. “I can go after it, but it’s tough, kept trying to get back to Supergirl, almost like it was gunning for you.”

“That might explain why it was made of kryptonite, someone made it to take out Kryptonians,” Alex stated. “But who, and where did it go?”

“Agent Danvers!” One of the other field agents called. “You need to come take a look at this.”

“Will you be okay?” Alex asked, looking down at her girlfriend again.

Kara nodded, “I’ll be okay, M’gann can help me get to Lena’s, I can patch myself up there.”

“Or I can patch you up bitch, tell M’gann to take you to my apartment.”

The blonde rolled her eyes at Lena’s voice in her ear. “Fine, Lena can patch me up. M’gann can you get me to her apartment?”

“Yes, do you need us here?” M’gann asked Alex and the agent shook her head.

“No, you two get out of here, get her in some sunlight and recharging, I’ll stop by Lena’s later if I find anything important.” Alex waved the two away and followed the other agent into the wrecked building. Outwardly it looked like the average abandoned warehouse, dark, dirty, filled with old equipment, but Agent Davies was waving her towards a wall where there was another gaping hole.

“It’s a false wall,” Davies explained, his voice rushed. “Never would have found it if that… well thing hadn’t broken out of here.”

Alex nearly gasped when she gingerly stepped through the broken wall and into the hidden room.
Everything looked like it was straight out of a mad scientist’s lair, fresh from a Hollywood set. There were computers all around the dark room, many of them smashed, and a large glass chamber that had been filled with liquid was in the center of the room, also shattered. The liquid around the chamber was yellow tinged with flecks of a familiar green, the same color that glowed in Kara’s veins whenever the blonde was exposed to kryptonite.

“The creature must’ve been in here,” Alex said as she examined the glass chamber. “But, what was it and how did it get out?”

“I think somebody made it.” The red-haired agent turned when she heard Vasquez speak. She found the other agent in front of one of the only computers that hadn’t been destroyed in the chaos. “These records on here are sparse and with the system destroyed, there’s not a lot that I can gather, but it looks like someone grew the creature, or made it I guess, turning a normal human into a vicious monster.”

“Do we really have to guess who’s behind this?” Alex growled out. “This has Lillian written all over it, she’s the only one who would twist a human in such a way with kryptonite, most likely designed to take out a Kryptonian. The only other one who would dare is Maxwell Lord and he’s still wrapped up with those smuggling and terrorist charges since his girlfriend was a psycho.”

“Oh it’s definitely Cadmus Ma’am,” Vasquez replied. “I’ve run into this coding before when we cleared that mass exodus event. What I don’t understand though is that it looks like from these notes that the creature that broke out of here and attacked Supergirl was a failed project, or imperfect, maybe just practice?”

“If that creature was just practice,” Aled murmured, her face pale. “What will the final show be like?”

Lena paced around her apartment like a caged tiger, her hands flying as she ranted furiously in a mixture of Irish and English. Kara watched from her position under the high powered solar lamp as her best friend basically planned the demise for her own mother, and ran through colorful choice words in a mixture of languages. “Do I want to know what she’s saying?” M’gann asked, watching Lena in amusement and slight fear.

“You don’t,” Winn replied from his seat on the couch, his laptop propped up on his lap. “I’ve picked up a few things from game days, and let me tell you, her mouth is pretty filthy, she swears like a sailor.”

“Which is amazing since the Irish aren’t much for swearing,” Kara rolled her eyes. “Not that I’ve noticed anyway, but I’ve only popped over a few times when Lena wanted something authentic.”

M’gann continued to observe Lena’s pacing, which didn’t let up until her old roommate waltzed through the door and tugged the brunette in for a searing kiss. “You need to let up on the plans of torture and mayhem babe, we already have one Luthor causing trouble in the city,” Sara said when they parted. She left Lena to her stewing and sat down next to M’gann, swinging her legs over her lap. “You doing okay SugarBabe?” She directed her attention to the blonde sitting under the sunlamps, and Kara answered with a shrug.

“Broke my hand, but it’s better now, and waiting for Alex on word about that weird kryptonite
creature,” Kara replied. She shut the lamp off and pushed it away, stretching the muscles in her hand to work out the kinks. Once all of the stiffness had worked its way out, she pulled out her phone and dialed her mother who answered after only half a ring.

“Kara? Are you alright? There were reports about a monster and Miss Martian sightings, but nothing about you.”

“I got hurt, but I’m fine now. M’gann took me to Lena’s apartment,” Kara replied. “Mom, this has to be off the record, but that creature, it was made of kryptonite.”

Kara heard the sharp exhale through the speaker and the soft muttering of curses before her mother spoke again. “Kryptonite, who… is that how you got hurt?”

“Yeah, I broke my hand and got banged up a bit, but some time with the sunlamps Lena made for me and I’m good to go.”

“But you can’t go up against that creature again, what if whoever made it created more?”

“I have to try Mom, I can’t just sit on the sidelines while everyone else fights if that monster comes back. It could really hurt a lot of people.”

She heard the older woman sigh. “I know, I know that you won’t be satisfied staying on the sidelines, but please be careful. Maybe see if that best friend of yours has any way to keep you safe from the effects of kryptonite for a while.”

“I’ll ask her, I’ll see you later Mo-”

Before she could finish, the television clicked on and a loud buzzing sound blasted from the device. Her heightened hearing detected the same sound coming from her mother’s TVs in her office and around the city. Just as it flickered to life and an image appeared on the screen, Alex raced into the room, her eyes wide. A dark figure showed on the screen, the face covered with a mask and their voice garbled. “Citizens of National City,” it growled out. Despite being altered, Kara could hear the tones beneath the alterations and immediately recognized the figure, Lillian Luthor. “It has been nearly a year since you started harboring a monster, a creature descended from the sky that you all worship as a savior, a god. It is disgraceful to debase yourself for this creature, to seek her aid and supposed benevolence when she has the power and ability to enslave us all. These aliens that you have invited into this city have already attempted once before and continue to systematically undermine our way of life, the human way of life. We have tried to help you before, to save you from your own ignorance but you continue to harbor these things, branding us as evil.” Static crackled across the screen again and the figure flickered for a moment before the screen cleared again.

“You will face judgment National City, for harboring and embracing this creature, the one known as Supergirl,” the figure continued. “And she will face destruction. Did you like the monster this morning, Supergirl? One of our projects that didn’t work out the way we wanted, but it’s only just the beginning. We have perfected our formula and now while National City faces its destruction, you will face your Doomsday.”

As her words finished, the screen faded to black and another, larger explosion sounded, this time it was from downtown. It was followed by several smaller explosions around the city, and terrified screams of people. “Mom…” Kara breathed out, her eyes wide. “Mom, you need to get to Astra and Carter and-”

“Kara!” Cat interrupted. “One of the monsters is just around from CatCo.”
“Mom, I’m comi-”

“No! It’s glowing green with kryptonite, I can see it from my office. You need to stay safe.”

“But Mom, I can’t just leave the city to fend for itself!”

“And I can’t lose my daughter!”

There was a crash on the other end of the conversation and the call was cut off, leaving Kara to stare at the wall blankly. “Mom, mom!” She quickly hit redial button but was met with a busy signal. “Shit!” She pushed herself out of the chair and started towards the balcony. “I have to go, Mom’s in trouble.”

“Kara, you can’t,” Alex said, grabbing her arm. “We found some files at the site, whatever Cadmus created, it’s even worse than the monster this morning.”

“The person on the screen,” Sara started. “They referred to it as Doomsday.”

“And they released it on the city, a creature made of kryptonite with its sole purpose to wreak havoc and destroy kryptonians,” Alex continued. “You can’t go out there.”

“I have to, you just can’t expect me to do nothing when people need my help, when my mother is in danger!”

“Which is why I made preparations,” Lena interrupted before the two women could start arguing again. When they turned to look at her, she gestured outside. “I’ll called in some help as soon as I heard kryptonite was involved.”

As she spoke, Green Lantern landed on the balcony and Batwoman strolled in through the front door. “So the SuperFriends are back together,” Kyle announced, placing his hands on his hips.

“Stop being a dork Kyle,” Kate said, rolling her eyes. She walked over to where Kara was standing with her fists clenched and pulled her honorary little sister into a hug. “Lena gave us a heads up, thankfully I was already pulling into the dock in the harbor when I heard. I called Maggie and she alerted the police as to what was going on, they’re already evacuating the more populated parts of the city. I know it’s not in your nature to stand down, let Green Lantern, Miss Martian, White Canary and I deal with this for now.”

“Will you… will you get to my mom?” Kara asked, her throat dry and her voice thick. “Please?”

“I’ll find the Kitty Cat, not to worry.” The older woman squeezed her arm before looking at the others in the room. “Let’s go, the city is not going to save itself.” The four quickly took off out the window, leaving Lena, Winn, Kara and Alex behind.

Lena glanced between the other two women in the room before grabbing Winn by his arm and hauling him off the couch. “Come on Winn, let’s go check on the status of that thing.”

“What thing?” He grumbled out, but flinched back when Lena glared at him and motioned back to the women standing in the living room. “Oh right the thing, let’s go check on that thing.” The two disappeared into Lena’s private lab, leaving Kara and Alex alone in the room.

“I can’t do nothing Alex,” Kara said, trying to get her girlfriend to understand. “Cadmus, Lillian, they created these monsters and set them on National City, trying to get to me. I can’t leave the city to defenseless, I can’t hide away while those creatures wreck the city trying to find me.”
“Kara, Vasquez found more information on those computers, this, whatever it is, project Doomsday, it was originally started by Lex Luthor. He invented a serum to merge kryptonite and kryptonian technology with a human form as a way to kill Superman. This was literally designed to kill the strongest superhero Lex Luthor knew. Lillian Luthor is resourceful, she would have made it even more potent, they called it Doomsday for a reason!"

“I still have to try Alex, I can’t let anything happen to the city, to all of you.”

“And I don’t want anything to happen to my wife,” Alex finished, causing the blonde to stare at her in shock. “Kara I can’t…” Tears started to slip down her cheeks, but Alex just left them in favor of grabbing Kara’s hands. “These past few months, they’ve been, I’ve never been this happy, and I can’t imagine the rest of my life without you.” Both of them were crying at this point. “I keep picturing our life together, dating, getting married again, raising another dog together, raising a few children. National City and the world might be able to go on without Supergirl, but I can’t live without Kara Danvers.”

“I love you Alexandra Danvers, I can’t live without you either,” Kara murmured, leaning her forehead against her girlfriend’s. “I can’t let anything happen to you. You, my mom, my aunt, my brother, my friends, all of you, you’re my family, I already had to say goodbye to one family and I couldn’t do anything to help them. Please Lexie, you have to understand, I have to do something. You don’t think you can live without me, well I definitely know that I can’t live without you.”

“While all of this is very touching,” Lena interrupted, causing the two women to turn and look at her. “Winn and I might have a solution.” She held up a small device and handed it to Kara. “It’s made to go in your boot, it’s a kryptonite blocker. We’ve been working on it for a while now as kind of our secret project. Unfortunately we haven’t been able to get it to the point where it’s permanent, has a limited shelf life once you activate it.”

“Lena… you made this for me?” Kara moved to embrace her friend and Lena tugged on a few strands of blonde hair as she did.

“Well, you know how I feel about having to break in a new best friend.” The brunette pulled back and wiped a few tears away from Kara’s eyes. “Now go out there and save the day.” Kara pressed a quick kiss to her cheek and one to Alex’s lips before activating the device and rocketing out of the penthouse.

“I should probably get out there too, they’ll need some extra backup.” Alex turned to leave but Lena held up her hand.

“What a minute Danvers, I think Winn has something for you… Winn, get out here, they’re done being sappy!”

The man nervously stuck his head out from around the door and sighed. He walked fully into the room and set a small briefcase in front of the agent. “I’ve been able to… study some of the alien tech that Supergirl has dealt with and I was curious, so this is the prototype.” Alex opened the briefcase and pulled out a gun about the same size as her current piece. “It’s basically a blaster,” Winn explained. “I could get technical, but that’s what it is and it’s already been tested, just not field tested.”

“You guys made me a gun? You might be alright Luthor,” Alex replied, nodding at the both of them.

“Yes, well, you’re growing on me Danvers, though just do me a favor,” Lena requested. “Make sure you catch my mother and either blast her into space or drop her down a deep, dark hole.”
Chapter End Notes

SO! That season finale, Winn is gone and Mon-el is gone, and evil Kara is here, well that is an interesting spin. I'm not sure how this is going to work out, because they're using a storyline of Superman's comics. Why not something from Supergirl? Batwoman is going to Arrow, why not bring in Batgirl on Supergirl? Her movie has been suspended for a while since the DCEU can't figure themselves out. Like, why keep using Superman's stories? Ever Lar Gand, Mon-el, is part of Superman's history.

And another thing, spoilers have indicated that Lena is going to go evil, can we not have a repeat of Clark and Lex, can they please think of something more interesting than that? I mean, come on, how hard is it? Shows with characters that already exist in another media are just basically like legit fan fiction, and we've all proven how easy it is to come up with some fun story lines.
Before anyone says anything, fight scenes are not my strongest point. I'm working on it, it's just... they're so boring. Visually, watching them is fun, but writing about them? Not as fun. I try though, so I'm working on it.

And someone mentioned Alex not being utilized fully through this story, and they were right, this story wasn't really about Alex, the Grant family was the main focus and then how Alex kind of became part of that family. The sequel notes I have so far indicate more Kara and Alex focus, but I'm not sure where I want to take them yet. I really like the direction of the show in giving Alex more responsibility at the DEO, but I feel that might take her out of the field so idk if I want to follow that route. I'm not sure yet, I'll see how the notes go.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Kara took a deep breath as she approached one of the smaller creatures located only a few blocks from Lena’s apartment building. She knew that Green Lantern and Batwoman were going towards the larger one in the center of the city and while her heart screamed at her to go and help them, to protect her mother, her brother, her family, her mind told her to be logical. Lena told her that the kryptonite blocker only lasted for a limited time, it would be wiser to eliminate the smaller monsters before going after Doomsday.

A loud roar rattled the buildings around her and Kara glanced through them to get her first glanced at the monster, the so-called Doomsday. Her eyes widened as she took in the monster, more humanoid than the reptilian creature she fought this morning, but also more vicious and savage as its large fists slammed into the ground. Jagged rocks cut into his form, adding to his strength and beastly image, along with his glowing red eyes. **Red eyes,** Kara thought and she quickly scanned the beast again.

“No… but definitely coming from the other three… that might be what psycho-Lillian meant when she said they were failed experiments. She tried to combine whatever serum Lex invented with kryptonite and it didn’t work, so she went to plan B and just boosted its power. But Kara, I wouldn’t take it lightly, it seems to have the strength of a kryptonian without the moral filter…”

“So very strong,” Kara finished.

“Yes, Green Lantern is keeping him occupied while Batwoman gets the rest of the civilians out of the way, but that’s only going to work for so long. We’re a scrappy bunch Kara, but it’s not like we have the heavy hitters on our team like Wonder Woman or Aquaman.”

“Speak for yourself Overwatch,” M’gann’s voice came through. “I’m holding my own just fine over here, and technically I’ve been doing this for a long time, so I have experience.”

“And I’m a trained assassin, what does that other group do? Not kill their villains that’s what,” Sara chimed in. “Broody Batman is all ‘if you kill a killer, the number of killers remains the same.’ I beg
to differ, I’ve reduced the amount quite nicely in my assassin days.”

“Ha! She sounds just like Bats! Wait until I tell him,” Kate crowed and Kara rolled her eyes.

“Is Kyle going to interject himself in the conversation too since we’re all here anyway?”

“Can’t.” He stuttered out. “Busy, though I could use help ASAP.”

“I’m on it,” Kate replied. “And Kara, about your mom, she’s wacko.”

“Did you get her to safety?”

“Sort of? I’ll explain later, we need to focus, there’s also Cadmus goons around.”

Kate’s reply made Kara nervous, but she couldn’t do anything about it at present, not with monsters and terrorists running loose around the city. She hovered over the first creature she came to and found Sara whacking away at it with her bo-staff. It was different from the one earlier, still reptilian looking but had two sets of arms and glowing bits of green rock all over its body.

“You sure you’re up for this Supergirl?” Sara asked when she spotted the hero hovering nearby.

“I need a rematch since his friend nearly wiped me out this morning,” Kara growled out before charging at the monster. Her fist connected with its head, causing it to whip backwards due to the force with which she attacked. Her hand twinged a bit due to the kryptonite exposure, but the blocker in her boot was holding steady and preventing her from any serious damage. The monster roared out in pain and rage, and charged back, swiping all four arms at the two blondes.

“This guy does not want to go down,” Sara groaned, wiping sweat from her face. “It looks like he’s going to have to be taken down hard if we want to get rid of them.”

Before either of them registered what was happening, a small missile shot between them and collided with the creature detonating on impact. They whirled around and saw Alex standing behind them dropping a small rocket launcher to the ground. “Damn,” Sara muttered. “I have to say Supes, if you hadn’t already called dibs, I would be on that like white on rice.”

“Nice to know that I’m appreciated White Canary, but we do need to focus.” The redhead pulled out a gun and took out one of the Cadmus agents that was approaching the group. “And that creature isn’t down yet, just stunned a bit.”

“Shit,” Sara growled out and ran at the mangled creature, slamming into it full force, proving again that size doesn’t matter when taking down villains.

“New gun?” Kara questioned when she glanced at the weapon in Alex’s hand.

“Ah, yeah, a new tech genius friend of mine made it for me.”

“It looks like you handle it rather well, and if we weren’t in the middle of something right now, I would probably do what Sara described.”

Alex smirked, “Maybe later Supergirl, it’s a date, so don’t go dying on me.”

“You either Agent.” The two engaged with the wounded monster, though Alex was busy dealing with the rogue Cadmus insurgents while Sara and Kara attempted to contain the beast.

“Look, can’t you just toss it into space or something,” Sara groaned out. “Or get your girlfriend to shoot another missile at it.”
Kara grabbed a large, broken piece of wall and flew high above the monster before dropping down. She hurled the chunk of building at the creature, who didn’t have enough time to move to dodge the concrete slab. It landed on top of the monster with several tons of force behind it, pressing into the road beneath it just slightly. The monster rumbled for a moment before stilling, its entire body sinking into the depression beneath it.

“That works as well,” Sara hummed. “I’ll give you a 10 for the dive, but a 9 on execution, you wavered a bit on take off.”

“Next time, you pick up the building and drop it on the monster,” Kara grumbled out. The two heard a grunt behind them and they turned to see Alex jumping on another Cadmus goon; her legs wrapped around his neck and she flipped, slamming into the ground hard enough that Kara heard a light crunch.

“Damn,” Sara muttered before looking at her blonde friend. “You are one lucky bitch, though I imagine she’d do that to you too, though less with the strangling and more with the suffocating you because you’re mouth is on her—”

Kara slapped her hand over Sara’s mouth. “You really need to shut up,” she hissed.

“I’m not leaving,” Cat growled out, her eyes fixed firmly on the bat fiend in front of her.

Kate sighed and wished she could rub at her forehead to relieve the growing headache but the cowl essentially covered most of her face. Maybe next time I’ll follow Supergirl’s lead and just wear a mask. “Look, Cat, I promised Ka-Supergirl that I’d get you to safety, the rest of your building has already evacuated.”

“Is Supergirl retreating to safety?” Cat countered, righting herself to stand in front of the other woman. She had been pulling a pair of leggings out of her drawer to put on to run outside, but when the caped crusader showed up urging her to abandon CatCo and her daughter to Doomsday, all thoughts of changing fled her mind.

“Still vulnerable to those things that wacko Lillian Luthor created, and yes I saw through that ridiculous getup she was wearing, only sociopaths like her would choose such an utterly hideous combination to wear when attempting to create mass panic.” Cat slipped her heels back on and gained a few inches to be able to stand closer to eye level with the superhero in front of her. “That… thing out there was created to kill my child, I will be damned if I’m going to run away and hide. A parent is supposed to protect their child and that is what I’m going to do.”
“How exactly are you going to do that? It’s a humongous monster designed specifically to kill a kryptonian, you’re-” Kate’s voice was muffled but Cat’s hand slapping over it.

“If another word comes out of your mouth about me being powerless, or not able to do anything, do remember who you’re speaking too, I am Cat-freaking-Grant, I am the most powerful person in this city.”

“If you thought that Cat would abandon Kara to face something that was designed to kill her alone, you’re sorely mistaken,” Lucy said as she walked into the office. “At the very least, you should know that Cat wouldn’t leave CatCo while there was news to be reporting and the building needed defending.”

Kate whirled around to look at the lawyer, her mouth twisted down in a frown. “You- I thought you had evacuated! I escorted you out of the building!”

“And I came back in.” Lucy shrugged. “I had to get these.” She set the two large duffle bags she was carrying, and started opening the one on her left. “I had stashed these in my office a few weeks after I started, so I think they’ll come in handy right now.”

“Tell me, Superior Lane, why did you think you needed… weapons in my building?” Cat asked as she looked through the bag. Her eyebrow nearly rose into her hairline as the younger woman pulled guns, knives, grenades, and a small grenade launcher out of the two bags.

“You never know when you might need some of these things around here, so I thought it was best to be prepared,” Lucy countered. “And look, I was right, now, which one do you want?”

“You’re both nuts,” Kate grumbled. She set her hand against her ear and walked away for a few moments while Cat and Lucy divided the weapons between them.

“I’m assuming this stuff isn’t something that you can get at the standard office supply store,” the blonde observed, looking at the grenade launcher curiously.

Lucy shifted on her feet before waving her hand. “Best not to ask questions on where this stuff came from, just to suit up and arm yourself. We can’t let those superheroes have all the fun, have to show them where the power really lies.”

“I knew there was a reason I liked you, despite the fact you dated my daughter and broke up with her.”

“Mutual break up and you need to let that shit go.” Lucy grabbed a couple of the guns, and Cat took the grenade launcher and grenades and made a break for the elevator. She saw Batwoman rolling her eyes at the two of them before the doors closed and the private elevator started the long trudge down to the ground floor.

Cat sighed as she watched the numbers tick lower and lower, her body shifting impatiently as she waited. “I now know why you’re supposed to take the stairs in an emergency, this waiting is irritating.”

“I don’t think that’s what that warning is for, but maybe in the future, you can put in an express function to get you to the lobby faster.”

“I thought about having this be a direct elevator to the top, but Kara reminded me that I would occasionally have to visit the other floors, and I am not taking the regular elevator. Do you know the amount of germs in that box? Or the smells that just linger, mostly someone from the internet services division wearing far too much axe body spray.” Cat paused for a moment. “Now that I think about it,
I should fire him, whoever it is, I should get Kara to find out so I can fire them.”

“You can’t fire someone for wearing axe body spray.”

“I’ll find a way,” Cat countered.

Before Lucy could reply, the door dinged open and the two saw the chaos of the lobby as people fled the building, Batwoman helping to usher them out of the doors. “How did you get down here before us?” Cat demanded, a scowl on her face.

“Always take the stairs in case of emergency,” Kate smirked. “Now I really can’t let you two go out there…”

“You’re concern and warnings are noted, and also ignored,” Cat replied. “Shouldn’t you stop being so worried about us and be more concerned with that monster outside wrecking havoc all over the city?”

Kate glanced between them and the street outside before letting out a frustrated scream and waving her hands. “Fine, do whatever you want, if Kara asks, I didn’t see you.” She disappeared out the door, leaving the two women looking after her.

“Don’t die,” Lucy said, shouldering her guns. “I don’t want to have to break in a new boss, plus Kara would be inconsolable, it would be like a crying puppy, I don’t want to have to put up with that.” The lawyer disappeared out the front door, the tactical clothes she changed into earlier aiding in her swift departure.

“Should’ve brought a pair of leggings, though I wouldn’t be caught dead in them outside of the penthouse.” Cat grumbled a bit as she hefted her own chosen weapons behind her and out into the street. When she caught her first glimpse of the monster Doomsday in person, coming up the street towards CatCo, Cat’s heart nearly stopped in her chest. Describing the beast as a monster was an understatement, the creature was a demon, a behemoth towering over the road, his long arms clawing at the ground and the buildings next to him. The Frankenstein creation looked like a mixture of human, rock and malice rolled together, its sole intention to destroy, to kill Kryptonians if what that psycho Lillian Luthor said was true. “Not my daughter you psycho bitch.” Cat loaded a small explosive into the weapon, and lifted it to her shoulder. She aimed as best as she could and fired, a smirk crossing her face when it made a direct hit. The smile turned to a frown when it didn’t appear to do any damage, only irritated the beast.

The monster turned its large head in Cat’s direction, and the blonde woman continuously loaded the launcher with explosives and fired them at the lumbering giant. The Green Lantern flew close to the monster, but out of the way of Cat’s explosives, and started battering Doomsday with large, glowing green fists. She spotted Lucy firing her own weapons at its feet, and before long, Miss Martian also showed up and rammed into the creature from behind.

“Mom!” Kara said, landing next to her mother. “What are you doing?”

“Fighting, what does it look like?”

“Mom, it’s too dangerous for you to be here, everyone else has been evacuated.”

“No, it’s too dangerous for you to be here, that monster was designed to kill you,” Cat stressed, her eyes narrowed as she pointed at the younger blonde. “Do you not understand that? It’s different from a normal enemy trying to kill you, this one, its sole purpose is to kill you, nothing else. Did you really think I wouldn’t get involved in this?”
“What about Carter, Mom? Who’s watching him?”

“Astra’s with him,” Cat countered. “She was closer and I called her when the witch showed up on the TV and she got him out of school and away from the drama. They’re concerned about you though, all of us are.”

“I’m going to be fine, all of my friends are here with me, we’re going to do this together.” Just as Kara finished speaking, Cat saw White Canary race past them, snatching the grenade launcher out of Cat’s hands as she went and the rest of the explosives. “I’ll be okay Mom, we all will.” She glanced over to where Alex was standing not too far away from them. “Will you stay with her, please, for me?”

Alex looked displeased but reluctantly nodded. Kara squeezed her arm in thanks before flying towards the monster to help her friends, immediately engaging with Doomsday. When Supergirl charged at the monster, it turned away from the other heroes and swatted at her, knocking her into the ground. She let out a breath as she hit the ground, her bones groaning on impact. “Well that hurt more than I thought it would,” Kara spat out, pushing herself off the ground. “Be careful guys,” she said, activating her com. “He hits hard.”

“I think he’s more interested in you Supergirl,” Batwoman said. Kara glanced up at the buildings around her and spotted her black-clad friend hanging off the side of one of the skyscrapers. “Maybe we can use that to our advantage?”

“What were you thinking Batwoman?” Miss Martian questioned.

“Well if our resident Super could keep from getting herself killed or beaten to a pulp, we can use her as bait while our eyes in the sky continues to scan Mr. Tall, Dark and Ugly,” Kate replied.

Kara groaned and pushed herself off the ground, dodging another swing from Doomsday as he charged her again. “How long do you guys need?”

“As long as you can give me,” Lena answered. “And try to get me a better view of the rest of him, he’s large, lumbering, annoying.”

“How exactly am I supposed to do that?” She grumbled. Doomsday punched at her again and she grabbed hold of his fist. Bracing herself against the ground, Kara grunted out as she flipped him over her shoulder, sending him flying further down the street.

“Well that was creative,” Lena commented.

“Kyle you might want to give Kara some backup just in case, to keep Doomsday from killing her and all that.” Kara rolled her eyes at Sara’s words, her friends were super helpful.

“That’s what I’ve been trying to do, but who’s going to be making sure that that thing doesn’t kill me?” When no one answered him, Kyle yelled out, “Guys, hello, anyone?”

Cat and Alex braced themselves against the building when they felt the ground tremble from the force of Doomsday impacting with the road. “I hope you don’t think that I’m going to sit idly by while that creature is attempting to kill my daughter and wreck the city,” Cat said, giving the agent an unimpressed look. While her relationship with her would-be daughter-in-law has grown in the last
few months, Cat can’t appear to show weakness in public, even in the middle of a crisis.

“I know better than to think such craziness Ms. Grant,” Alex replied. “But you and I both know that there is really nothing we can do to help them.”

“My lawyer is out there fighting.”

“Your lawyer… Oh,” Alex started, realization dawning on her. “Well, Lucy is nuts.”

“All of those Lanes are.” Cat rolled her eyes. “We have to do something though.”

Alex hummed and stared out into the street for a moment before looking at the older woman again. “How do you feel about tracking down the woman responsible for this nonsense?”

“Lillian? Let me at that bitch, she’s been a thorn in my side since we were both younger attending those high society functions and debutante balls. I always knew she would grow up to be a viper.”

“I don’t think I can imagine either of you as a debutante,” Alex muttered to herself before activating her com. “Winn, you around?”

“Alex? Yeah, I’m here, I’m with Lena, she’s been scanning the monster for any weaknesses. I need to get one of these drones, they’re awesome!”

“Nerd! Focus! I need you to track down Lillian Luthor, can you trace the signal from that television broadcast she sent out earlier?”

“Eh, I can try?”

“You find that woman you sweater hobbit or you’re fired,” Cat muttered into Alex’s ear and the agent could hear the man gulp through the coms.

“Yo-you’re with- ah, yes M-Ms. Grant.”

“Oh and Winslow, don’t think I don’t know about this habit of yours of calling out sick to play video games. We will be having a serious discussion when this is over.”

“Ah, um, yes Ms. Grant. Um, I’ve traced the source of the broadcast to a section of National City and I’ve cross-referenced it with any Luthor or Luthor Corp holdings, and I haven’t found anything.”

“Check under Chesington,” Cat told him. “That’s her maiden name, she was from old money, like very old, though I think her father gambled away most of it while her mother drank the rest of it down. Sinking her claws into Lionel was what saved her from ruin, though I’m not sure how well that has worked out.”

“Is there anything you don’t know Ms. Grant?” Alex questioned.

“Yes, where Winslow gets those ridiculous sweaters, I would’ve burned the place down years ago if only to save my eyesight.”

“You’re six blocks away!” Winn yelled out. “Six blocks, to the north, there’s an old abandoned building that still belongs to a holding company of the Chesington Foundation, or it did, I’m not sure, the paperwork is messy. Blueprints say that it’s five stories, though also possibly a basement, built in the late 1960s.”

“That’s got to be the place, thanks Winn.” The agent deactivated her coms before turning to the older
woman. “Do you want to go get the bitch?”

“Is my daughter still in danger from a psychopath?” Cat retorted. “Now, Agent, how are we going to get there, the city is no doubt gridlocked from people fleeing.”

“Lucky for us, I have my bike with me today.” The redhead gestured around the building where Cat could make out a black motorcycle parked on the sidewalk.

She gave the younger woman a disbelieving look. “You’ve got to be kidding me.”

“Your daughter loves my bike.”

“My daughter has always had questionable taste in vehicles.” She eyed the machine for a moment before rolling her eyes. “Oh fine, the things I do to save the world.” Cat straddled the bike, adjusting herself on the back of it, before turning her attention to her daughter-in-law standing next to her. “Well, I didn’t climb on the back of this death trap just because I look amazing, let’s get going.”

“Huh, right.” Alex unlocked the helmet and handed it to the older woman before climbing on and starting the engine. “You better hang on Ms. Grant,” she called back to her.

Cat wrapped her arms around Alex’s waist and squeezed tighter when she revved the engine. “We are never speaking of this again.”

Chapter End Notes

So I’ve also started my next story, I’ve had it around for a while, but getting back into it. It’s not as fun as this one to write, I mean, it’s fun to explore the plot, but it’s a bit more on the serious and angsty side for a while, unlike this one, which was mainly sass, everywhere, provided by everyone’s favorite Luthor of course. This Lena and Kara would make a perfect villain tag team if they felt like it.

Anyway, my next story is most likely going to be a Kara/Diana story, more serious and less smutty than Risk. If you like Superwonder (I’m toying with Kiana, sounds better), then you can look forward to that, and if you like smut with limited plot, you can pop over to Risk, which will be getting another chapter when I feel like posting it.
Kara moaned in pain as she extracted herself from the building she was just sent through and brushed the concrete and debris off of her face and out of her hair. “Guys, Kyle and I are seriously getting our asses kicked. We’re giving as good as we’re getting, but there’s nothing stopping this thing.”

“We are doing damage though, but it’s like it doesn’t care,” M’gann said, her breaths coming fast and heavy.

“It’s only mission is to kill kryptonians, doesn’t matter how much damage it takes,” Kate replied. “Speaking of kryptonians, where is that doofus cousin of yours?”

“Off world doing something with the Justice League I think.”

“Ugh, the Justice League, those guys are so lame,” Lucy finally got ahold of a com and had been part of the running banter the group had during the hole battle.

“Yeah, the other green lanterns in that group are so boring, so glad I passed on that, you guys are way more fun,” Kyle commented. He created a giant tennis racket and swung, hitting Doomsday back into one of the nearby buildings. “I mean, where else can I work on my impeccable form? The JL is so boring.”

“Except for Wonder Woman,” Sara added. “Because I would tap that so hard, like I kinda just want her to tie me up with her lasso and do whatever to me, or make me do whatever, I’m flexible.”

“You do know that I’m still on the coms babe,” Lena said, her voice sounding distracted as she continued to look for a weak point on the monster.

“Like you wouldn’t do Wonder Woman if given the chance,” White Canary retorted.

“God yes, yes I would, though just reminding you to include me in your fantasies babe.”

“Hmm, just made them better, might be just as exciting as my fantasies about Wonder Woman fucking Supergirl while I watched.”

“Hey!” Kara protested. “How did I get in your fantasies?”

“Um, no comment, the wife is scary.”

Kara rolled her eyes and pushed off from the ground again, wobbling a bit in the air as she flew. “Um guys, I hate to tell you this, but my powers are about to give out. If this monster is designed to kill kryptonians, then it’s going to work if we don’t figure something out.”
“Just need you to hold on for just a bit longer Kara,” Lena said.

“Easy for you to say,” Kara grumbled.

“Excuse me, I am trying my best, but this guy is built like a tank, covered in all of this stone armor… That’s it! His outside is hard, but maybe you can get to the inside, that might not be as hardened as the exterior.”

“So you want us to what, blow him up from the inside?” Kate asked. “No actually, that’s not a bad idea. Sara do you still have some of those explosives Cat was using?”

“I’ve got a few.”

“I still have a few as well,” Kate replied. “So what we’re going to do, Green Lantern, Miss Martian, and Crazy Lady will keep Doomsday distracted while White Canary, Supergirl and I will work on delivering a package straight to its stomach.”

“I hope you’re not talking about me when you’re referring to Crazy Lady,” Lucy grumbled.

“We don’t have time to mince words on semantics Lucy, we need a good distraction, and you guy can be distracting.”

Before any of them knew what was happening, a blur of white and red raced past all of them and knocked into Doomsday, sending him reeling backwards again. “Superdog!” Kara yelled out, watching as Krypto landed on the broken asphalt. The dog wagged his tail at the sight of his mistress before letting out a growl when the monster started to get up again. He let out a sonic bark, sending pressurized air towards the beast, knocking him off his feet again.

“Where did he come from?” Sara questioned.

“He was probably helping people evacuate, and came when he knew everyone was safe. He’s a good boy like that.”

“Superdog is the goodest boy and we can lavish praise on him later, now though, now we need to get that monster blown up before Supergirl runs out of sun juice,” Kate ordered.

Supergirl rolled her eyes and flew up to where Kate was perched on the ledge of a building and Sara appeared not too long after, neither of the other heroes asking how she managed to scale the building in such a short time. Kate began taking apart the offered explosives and piecing them together to make a larger explosive, one with enough C4 and other unstable elements to take down an ocean liner. “It’s not an iceberg, but I think it will do,” Kate said when she finished strapping the device together. She looked up at Kara and gave the blonde a sad look. “I know you’re tired sweetie, fighting this thing has taken a lot out of all of us, but do you think you can get close enough to ensure that this gets down his throat and set it off with your heat vision?”

“You’ve got to be kidding,” Kara muttered as she looked down to where Miss Martian, Lucy, Green Lantern, and Superdog with running around the creature. Lucy was providing more distance support since she couldn’t move as fast as the other three to dodge the arms striking out at them, but she was annoying it with the armor piercing rounds she was nailing it with.

“You’re sure that this is the only way to get rid of it?” She said, turning her question to the redhead.

“It’s the only thing that we can come up with right now, the best way to stop it without just wearing him down. This part of the city is already wrecked, how much more of the city will he take out before finally wearing down?”
Kara sighed, “And that will just put more people in danger.” Her eyes narrowed as she observed the flailing limbs for a few moments. “Can you manage to get him to stand still and for his arms to stop moving?”

Kate glanced over at Sara who just shrugged and nodded. “We can probably give you a few moments, how much time do you need?” Sara asked.

“As much time as you can give me.”

“Alright, let’s do this Batty.” White Canary ran to the edge of the building and backflipped off of it, arriving safely on the ground a few moments later.

“I hate it when she does that,” Kate grumbled, activating her com. “New plan, we’re going to attempt to tie him up and hold him until Supergirl can directly deliver a stomach full of explosives. Sara, I’ve got some extra titanium cables on my bike, you can grab those.”

“How the fuck do you expect us to be able to hold this thing?” Lucy asked, exasperation obvious in her voice.

“We just have to try, Green Lantern… you just do whatever it is that you do.”

“I will be support, I love how much female empowerment is going on with this group, you all are so inspiring, I think I’m getting in touch with my feminine side.”

“Kyle,” M’gann said. “Shut up.”

Kara flew up with the bomb in her hand and watched as her friends attempted to grab hold of the monster. Sara and Kate lassoed the left arm with the help of the Green Lantern and secured the tether using the surrounding building. Lucy and M’gann handled the other one with superdog, using pure brute force to attempt to stop the monster’s flailing. The blonde waited until Doomsday was nearly still as he struggled against their hold before flying quickly towards his head and shoving the bomb down his throat. Before she could get a safe distance away to use her heat vision on the device, he managed to pull his right arm free and grabbed her.

“Shit,” Kara muttered as he pulled her close and started squeezing. Wincing at the pain of her ribs compressing, Kara focused on the creature’s face and fired her heat vision, using as much strength as she could muster. She screamed out as she melted through rock and flesh, the hand around her squeezing tighter in protest, before the beams finally connected with the bomb lodged deep in his throat. The device detonated, and she went flying back away from the monster in a fiery explosion, her body skidding on the asphalt before slamming into one of the wrecked buildings.

Her vision was fading in and out, and Kara could feel that several of her bones were broken. She couldn’t stop though, she couldn’t stop fighting until she knew that the monster was defeated. She struggled to push herself up on her hands, to look through the blood coursing down her face over towards the source of the explosion. Her arms gave out and her vision faded to black before she could make much out of the wreckage.

“Cat… Cat,” Alex called, trying to get the woman’s attention. “You can let go now, we’re here.”

The older woman peeled her arms away from the redhead’s waist and slowly scrambled off of the
death trap. “We are never speaking of this again,” she said, straightening her clothes. “I’m also not getting on that thing again, I will walk home or maybe call my driver.”

“Your driver would come get you in the middle of a city wide crisis like this?”

“My driver is paid rather well to respond to my beck and call at all hours of the day no matter the situation.” Cat hummed a bit, “Though I do see your point. I am not getting on that death trap again.”

“Well, if we do find Lillian here, I will have to call a team in to come get her, so maybe you’ll be able to get a ride back with one of them.”

“Maybe I’ll get dear Katharine’s girlfriend to take me back to the city, so I can have a discussion with her about how to properly occupy her lover’s big mouth.” Alex felt heat flood her face and she looked at the older woman incredulously. “What?” Cat said when she noticed the look on the agent’s face. “Look, if you’re going to be a part of this family, you have to realize that I don’t tiptoe around anything, period. I didn’t get this far in journalism by asking simple questions and making pacifying statements.”

“I think I’ve figured that out these last few months that Kara and I have been dating,” Alex replied distractedly. “You have criticized everything from my clothes to my haircut, so yes I am very much aware that you jump right to the point.”

Cat stared at her daughter-in-law for a few minutes, contemplating her own behavior and the woman that her daughter loves. The woman was quickly loading a few guns and had pulled a spare tactical vest out of the compartment on her bike for Cat to wear, completely focused on her task. “Your mother, Danvers, do you talk to her much?” Cat asked, startling the other woman.

“Uh, I don’t think this is the appropriate time for questions-”

“The city is being destroyed by genetically mutated monsters, when is a better time to talk?”

Alex sighed, knowing it was useless to argue with Cat Grant. “We talk some,” Alex replied slowly. “But we aren’t super close.”

“And have you told her about Kara?”

“I’ve told her that we’re dating, nothing else, and she hasn’t been to National City to meet her yet, she’s still busy doing guest lectures all over the world.” She shrugged a bit, “She was pretty hard on me growing up, so we don’t really talk much.”

“Then you might not be aware, but to a mother, her children, her children’s happiness is extremely important. Often times that is wrapped up in career choices or choices in partners. But, more than seeing her child happy, a mother wants to see her child safe, wants to know that they’re being taking care of, looked after, because whoever that person is, they’re going to take the mother’s place as the most important person in her child’s life. If or when you have your own children, you might understand.” Cat stopped speaking for a minute to think on what she was trying to say. “Kara was… unexpected, I had grown used to the idea of only having sons, sons are different from daughters you see, but she tumbled into my life and… and I guess I’m afraid of losing her, of being replaced. Because of that, I let my… lesser instincts dictate how I have treated you these past few months and I apologize. I couldn’t imagine Kara with anyone else, no one has treated her like you do, and no one has fought for her like you have. You’re everything that I could have ever imagined or wanted for Kara, and Astra agrees with me, even though you do have a terrible taste in shoes.”

“You’ve never seen Kara and I on a date though, like a real date, so how do you know I have a
terrible taste in shoes?”

“Alright, fine, once we get done here and get everything sorted out with the city, I will see about CatCo sponsoring a gala in honor of our heroes who helped save the city, both super and ordinary, you can be Kara’s date of course.” Alex stared after Cat flabbergasted as the woman just walked away, snatching one of the guns from the agent’s stash. Cat turned around when the woman wasn’t following her and her brow rose, “Are you coming Agent Danvers, or should I be doing this myself?”

“What kind of crazy family did I get myself involved with,” Alex grumbled as she moved swiftly to get ahead of Cat. “Monster-in-law should’ve been mother-in-lunacy.” She pulled out her gun and motioned for Cat to stay quiet and to stay behind her while they approached the abandoned building. “We’ll have to clear the whole building.”

“Oh no dear, Lillian is a rat, she’ll be in the basement,” the older woman told her.

“We can’t be sure of that Ms. Grant.”

Cat just set her hand on her hips, “We’ll find out when we get down there now won’t we?”

Alex resisted the urge to slap her hand over her face, this woman was impossible. “Just stay behind me Ms. Grant,” she growled out. The door to the basement wasn’t difficult to locate, despite the fact that the building was supposedly built without one. The staircase was dark and rickety, made of wood while the floor and walls around them were pure concrete.

“Over there,” Cat hissed, tugging on Alex’s arm. The redhead followed Cat’s gaze and noticed a bluish glow from a television screen coming from the far room.

“I see it, just stay back.”

The agent rolled her eyes and pressed forward, her gun clutched tightly in her hands. She slowly peaked around the corner and spotted Lillian leaning against a table, her eyes fixated on the TV screens in front of her. “Give it up Luthor,” Alex ordered when she made sure that the woman was alone in the room. “You won’t be getting away with this.”

“Ah, I wondered who would be coming for me, Agent Danvers was it?” Lillian questioned, not looking behind her.

“You know who I am.”

Lillian chuckled and slowly turned around to look at the woman. “Of course, I like to be informed as to who my daughter was spending time with, you were the one that married that creature and continue to be with her despite knowing what she is.”

“Kara is more human than you are, and a better person.”

“Don’t you dare compare me to that creature,” Lillian snarled. “There is nothing human about her, they are all a plague on this world, corrupting it, lording their abilities over us and expecting us to treat them like gods.”

“That argument is getting really old,” Alex replied. “Supergirl has never behaved in such a way, Superman maybe without realizing it, but Supergirl understands the limitations of people, even her own, something you don’t understand.”

“It doesn’t matter anyway, Doomsday will take care of her, even if he has to destroy the entire city.”
Alex gritted her teeth but a chance glance at the screens behind Lillian caused a smirk to spread across her face. “Looks like you overestimated the ability of those creatures you sent after Supergirl.”

“What?!” She whirled around and stared at the screens. Supergirl was in Doomsday’s grasp, but she was firing her heat vision at its head. “No, he has this, he can crush that-” Before Lillian could finish her statement, a large explosion came from inside Doomsday, rattling the buildings and the camera feed. It took a minute for the smoke to clear, but where Doomsday was standing, there was only a smoking crater with a few remnants of flesh and stone. “I can at least take comfort in the fact that that alien took herself out in the process,” Lillian mused, leaning back a displeased but satisfied look on her face.

Alex’s heart was in her throat as her eyes searched the feed, looking for any signs of her superhero girlfriend. She could hear the blood rushing through her ears and her heart pounding an erratic rhythm. Everything froze though when she caught sight of movement several blocks away from the explosion, a slight rustling in the concrete and asphalt. Alex had never wanted to kiss Sara Lance more than she had at that moment when she saw the shorter woman carrying a hurt, but very much alive Supergirl out of the wreckage. “Looks like you were wrong on two counts,” Alex smirked again, training her eyes on the woman again. “Your organization has been brought down, your monsters destroyed, and Supergirl is still alive.”

Lillian’s jaw clenched as she watched before spinning around to face the agent, a gun in her hand. “No matter, I will just leave and start over, I can always replicate the formula my dear Lex was working on, make it better, stronger.”

“You aren’t going to get away Lillian, you’re going to get locked in a dark hole and no one is going to think of you again.”

The woman chuckled, “What, are you going to stop me? What are you going to do? Shoot me? You wouldn’t dare.” Lillian slowly shifted around, trying for the door, her eyes never leaving the younger woman. “If you don’t want to end up with a bullet buried in your head, you’ll let me go, and perhaps we’ll meet again a different day.”

“How do you know I won’t shoot you before you shoot me, save us the trouble of having to deal with you?”

“You’re one of those hero types, you would never shoot to kill, it’s how they’re always so predictable and will eventually lead to their own downfall. It’s been a pleasure Agent Danvers.” Before Alex could make the decision to shoot the older woman, Lillian had turned to run out the door, only to be met by a wooden plank straight to the face.

The woman drops to the ground like a stone and Alex stares at the plank wielding Cat Grant in disbelief. “Oh don’t look at me like that Alexandra,” Cat drawled out. “I’ve been wanting to slam her face in a door for a while now, and this was the best alternative.”

Alex shook her head in disbelief, never underestimate the Grant women.

Alex opened Kara’s apartment door with the spare key on her keyring and softly entered the apartment. “Hey Krypto,” Alex cooed as the large, black dog shuffled over to her and snuffled at her stomach for a moment. “Where’s Kara?”
“She’s out on the balcony sunning herself,” Lena answered. She was sitting on one of the stools that had been pulled up to the kitchen counter and had looked over at Alex when the woman entered. “She’s powerless at the moment, though her healing is up to snuff due to the sun-lamps at my office. She was sick of being there and wanted to come home. I promised Cat there would be someone here with her since she’s like this.”

“I can go if you want to be here instead,” Alex said, gesturing towards the door but Lena shook her head.

“No, no, I’ll go, you should be here, she’s your… whatever, just still not used to sharing my best friend is all.” Lena gathered up her things and started towards the door, but stopped and turned back around to face Alex. “Did you really threaten to shoot my mother?”

“Um, yes? But honestly she had a gun on m-” The redhead was started when Lena threw her arms around her and started sobbing.

“That’s one of the nicest things anyone has ever done for me,” she cried and Alex knew that her face was stuck somewhere between confusion and alarm. “The only thing that could top this would be if you had actually shot her.”

“Oh, maybe next time?”

Lena released Alex and wiped at her face before straightening her clothes. “I’m okay, I’m good, I’ll see you later Alex, take care of my best friend.” She scratched Krypto’s head before she disappeared out of the door, closing it with a thud.

Alex stared at the door blankly for a moment before looking at the dog. “Your mom’s friends are nuts.” Krypto just gently woofed and Alex walked over to the balcony and slid the door open. She was greeted by a vision, a goddess glowing golden from the sun’s rays sleeping soundly on a lounge chair in nothing but a white bikini. Sometimes Alex wonders how this can be her life, a world of aliens, superheroes and flying dogs. How a woman that could touch the stars would want nothing more than to spend an evening in with her, eating potstickers, watching movies, and then making love until both of them were spent and breathless.

When she was spiraling out of control in grad school, she never dreamed that her life would get to this point. Inadvertently though, it’s because she was so out of control that she managed to get where she was. Part of her wonders if she and Kara would’ve found each other anyway, without the past hanging over them, if destiny and fate had a plan for them. She couldn’t imagine a universe where she and Kara wouldn’t be in each other’s lives in some way, the bond was too strong, too great to be denied.

She watched Kara sleeping for another few moments before she leaned over and brushed a stray strand of hair out of her face. “Kara,” Alex whispered, her hand lingering on her cheek. “Kara.” The blonde starts to stir with a grumble and a slight crinkle forms in between her eyebrows. Alex smiled at the sight and leaned down to press a soft kiss to Kara’s lips, smoothing out the crinkle with her left hand.

“Does this make you a prince coming to rescue me?” Kara murmured when she opened her eyes.

“Rescue you from what exactly?”

Kara grimaced as she sat up. “From the evils of this chair apparently, this thing is super uncomfortable when I don’t have my powers, I’m definitely going to have to get a new one.”
“Who would’ve thought, Supergirl, Savior of National City would’ve been brought down by a simple lounge chair,” Alex teased, sitting down on the chair next to Kara.

“You tell anyone and I’ll have to throw you into space.” Kara adopted a serious expression but cracked a grin when Alex nudged her lightly in the ribs. “Did my mother really hit Lillian Luthor in the face with a plank of wood?”

“Yes, and let me tell you that it was hilarious to watch, Lillian’s face was priceless.” The smirk dropped off her face and she ran her hands down Kara’s arms. “How about you? I saw that fight, the explosion, are you okay?”

“Healed, but powerless, so I’m just in danger of normal, everyday things right now,” Kara replied. “I’m fine Alex, rest and some sunshine and I’ll be good to go. No one was seriously hurt, other than Cadmus agents, so for a massive attack, it wasn’t that bad.”

“That bad?” Alex repeated. “I had to watch you being tossed around like a ragdoll before you blew yourself up, I’ve never been so scared in all my life.”

“Alex.” Kara sat up and swung her legs around so that they were facing each other, the blonde’s knees on either side of Alex’s. She cupped the older woman’s cheeks and used her thumbs to wipe away the tears that were falling silently out of her eyes. “I’m okay Alex, I promise. I know I scared you, but I couldn’t let that monster continue to tear apart the city trying to get to me. What if you had gotten hurt? I couldn’t bear it if something happened to you. You might not be able to live without me, but I definitely can’t live without you.”

The redhead placed her hands over Kara’s and pulled them down away from her face, softly kissing the palms as she held onto them. “Let’s just agree that we can’t live without each other, and to be careful in the future.”

“To fight together,” Kara corrected, squeezing Alex’s hands.

“Yes, to fight together.”

Kara scooted over on the lounge as far as she could and Alex wordlessly crawled on the chair with her. Her left arm situated itself behind Kara’s head to allow easier access for her hand to play with Kara’s hair, while the blonde woman held her other hand. “It was an… interesting day,” Kara murmured. “Long day.” The last of the afternoon sun had started sinking below the horizon, bathing the city in a reddish-gold light. “Was it just this morning we were having breakfast together and you were complaining about Krypto?”

“I guess so,” Alex replied, pressing a kiss to Kara’s temple. “Seems like a soap opera day, longer and more dramatic than necessary.”

“Cadmus has been defeated for the most part, and tomorrow the city can start to heal, to rebuild, this is something they have a chance for now, to be better.”

Alex hummed and set her cheek against soft blonde hair, her whirling mind calming with every breath she took. “You know what was going through my mind, during the fight, when everything seemed to be falling apart? I kept thinking that this would be the last of us, that this would be all that we’ve had, and I couldn’t help but feel… dissatisfied.”

Kara pushed off of Alex to sit upright and looked down at the woman. “What do you mean, dissatisfied with us?”

“Yes, I would have been dissatisfied that this is as far as we’ve gotten, that this was the end for us
when we could’ve had more, when we could’ve had a love story that legends were based on, that constellations were named after.”

“We already do Alex. It may not mean much to anyone else, but it means everything to me.”

“It means everything to me too,” Alex replied, capturing one of Kara’s hands. “That’s why I want more, we need more.”

“What are you saying?”

“We should get married.” At Kara’s incredulous look, Alex shook her head. “Like a real wedding, engaged, parties, dress shopping, the ceremony, the whole thing, with all of our friends and family.” She reached up and wiped at Kara’s cheeks and the blonde woman realized that she was crying. “I want to have a family with you Kara,” Alex whispered. “I want to be a family with you, and that means being there for everything, good and bad, sickness and health, til death do us part.”

“I want that too,” Kara cried, blinking back the tears. “Both the human wedding and… and a Kryptonian bonding.”

“It’s important to you?”

Kara nodded, “The wedding, that’s for everyone, family, friends, but a bonding ceremony, that’s private, that’s just between the two, and their chosen witnesses. I want that for us, all of it.”

“Then let’s get married, next week, next month, whenever we want, just, something that we do together, a step we take together, with clear heads this time,” Alex answered. She leaned forward to press her forehead against Kara’s.

“If we time it right, we can get married on the same day we did the first time.”

“So is that a yes?”

The blonde barked out a laugh. “Yes, that’s a yes, though on one condition first.”

“Name it.”

“You have to move in with me,” she said. “Tomorrow, the next day, as soon as possible. I don’t want to be parted from you for longer than necessary.”

Alex laced their fingers together and pressed a kiss at where they joined. “Never again, we’re going to be together for the rest of our lives.”

“And we’re going to be happy,” Kara added, placing a kiss on Alex’s shoulder her heart. “We’re going to be complete and happy because we’ll be together, come what may.”

They leaned back against the lounge chair, wrapped up in each others arms, staring out over the city, completely content to just be with each other. Alex chanced a glance up into the sky and in just a second, she saw a shooting star race across the sky, disappearing as quickly as it came. A giggle built up in her throat before escaping, disrupting the quiet of the night.

“What’s so funny?” Kara asked when Alex finally got control of herself.

“I just remembered something that my grandfather always told me about falling stars and I always thought he was pulling my leg, but now I realized that he was telling the truth.”

“About what?”
Alex smiled and placed another kiss on the crown of her head. “That when stars fall, wishes come true.”

Chapter End Notes

I know the conversation with Kara and Alex towards the end was familiar, but I figured they should have it again when emotions weren't running high, when everything had calmed down a bit.
Alex sucked in a deep breath as the elevator rose towards the penthouse apartment, releasing it with a loud whoosh as the numbers continued to climb. It was her first attending one of Cat Grant’s poker games, and she was wishing she were anywhere else. Cat had made it clear that poker nights were strictly for the people invited, no children or spouses present, and Alex had a sinking feeling that the woman was going to use this opportunity to milk her for information.

The doors slid open and Alex stepped out into a dark apartment only illuminated by a single light hanging over a small poker table. Four women already sat around the table and Alex was quick to occupy the remaining seat. “What the hell are you wearing?” She asked when she caught sight of Lena sitting across from her. The younger woman was wearing a crisp, white dress shirt, her sleeves unbuttoned around her wrists, and a black vest with red-pinstripes. A red bow tie was nestled in the collar of her shirt, and a green visor was pulled down over her forehead.

“This is my poker outfit Danvers,” Lena replied, leaning back in her seat. “You won’t be laughing when I wipe the floor with you.”

“I’m sure,” Alex replied, rolling her eyes before turning to the host of the game. “Thank you for inviting me Ms. Grant.”

“It’s no problem dear but hold back the thanks until the evening is over,” Cat replied, sipping at her drink. “You might regret that statement later.” She waved her hand and gestured at the other women sitting at the table. “I’m sure you know everyone seated here.”

Alex nodded as her eyes wandered around the table. Lena was sitting directly across from her, Kate Kane was to her left and Cat Grant was to her right at the head of the table. It was the woman on the opposite end of the table that gave Alex pause. She had never met the woman in person before, but she would be a fool if she didn’t recognize Lois Lane sipping at a glass of brandy like she wasn’t sitting at a table across from her mortal enemy.

“All right ladies,” Cat started before Alex could truly think about the implications. “The name of the game is Texas Holdem, jokers wild, we don’t play for money, just information. When you run out of chips, you’re done.” She shot a glance at Alex. “And don’t worry, everyone here is obviously in the know about secret superhero activities, this was of course done on purpose to allow for us to be able to speak freely.”

“I’m going to regret this aren’t I?” Alex sighed as Cat divided up the chips and started handing out the cards.

“I always do,” Kate replied. She tossed in her first bets and the game began. “So Lois,” she continued. “What are you doing in National City?”
“Perry sent me out here to report on the fight with Doomsday and the dissolving of the terrorist group Cadmus, and I figured that it was a good time to see my favorite Kryptonian and catch up with dear Kitty-Cat.”

“I thought you were fond of bulgy muscles and far-to-charming smiles?” Cat snarked but Lois simply smirked at her.

“Oh Clark is great, but Kara’s hugs are much better, all warm and soft, makes you feel like you’re hugging a ball of sunshine.” She glanced at her cards and the ones on the table, “I’ll think I’ll take it easy on you for now and I’ll call.”

“Too rich for me,” Alex replied, folding her hand. Kate followed and it was only Lois, Cat and Lena left in the hand.

“Two pair Kitty-Cat,” Lois said, dropping a pair of sevens on the table to go with the two tens.

“Nice try lesser lane,” Cat smirked. “Three tens.” She reached out to take the pile of chips but Lena stopped her.

“Not so fast Cat,” she told her. “Full house, jacks over nines.”

“Well played Luthor.” Cat sat back down and Lena gleefully swept the chips into her pile.

“Who normally comes to these games?” Alex asked while the cards were shuffled and dealt out again.

“Depends on the month,” Cat waved her hand. “Oprah stopped in once, and I managed to wrangle out the truth about her Weight Watchers experience. And the Duchess of Cambridge after the wedding.”

“The Duchess of- seriously?”

“Cat knows everyone, literally,” Kate sniggered.

“So Alex,” Lena started when she finished stacking up her chips. “What are your intentions with my best friend?”

“So the inquisition starts,” Alex sighed. “What exactly do you want to know?”

“Well, are you going to have a wedding this time that all of us can attend, because Sara has been planning a crazy bachelorette party since forever and it sounds like fun.”

“Technically-”

“Stop right there Danvers, we do not deal with technicalities here,” Lena ordered, shushing the woman.

“Yes Danvers, do tell us what you have planned,” Lois purred out. “Since, I hear, you proposed again without a ring or really any plan.”

“Kryptonians don’t use rings, and I’m working on it.”

“She is working on it Lesser Lane,” Cat said, coming to the defense of her daughter-in-law. “Or she better be working on it.”

Bets were placed and another round was played, this time Cat bluffing her way to winning the hand
with two-pair, infuriating the woman across from her. “So what is the prospect of giving me grandchildren?” Cat asked when Alex was in the middle of taking a sip of her drink.

The question brought the desired results as Alex sprayed her drink across the table. “What?” She coughed out, staring at the woman.

“You heard me, I’m not getting any younger Alexandra, and I want to be able to spend time with my grandchildren.”

“You do have two other children,” Alex replied, glaring at the older woman.

Cat waved her hand dismissively. “Adam doesn’t count, we both know this, and Carter is too young. No, this falls on the responsibility of my darling daughter to provide me with grand children.”

“... You do know that I’m a woman right, that we’re both women…”

“That just means double the chance for a grandchild Danvers,” Kate told her, glancing at her new hand. “Besides, you are involved with an alien, anything could happen.”

“You mean-”

“We’re not saying it’s possible Alex, relax,” Lena said. “Just telling you to brace yourself for the unexpected, that’s all.”

Alex gaped at the other women at the table and gulped down the rest of her drink. “Holy shit.”

Chapter End Notes

Well, now you know what direction the sequel is supposed to take if and when I get around to it. Will there be action? Yes, but while this one was focused more on Grant family dynamics, that one will focus on the Danvers family dynamics and such, plus everyone else.

Thanks for coming on the ride with me, and I hope you look for some of my new stories!

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