# Mercy

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## Summary

She was The Girl of Steel. Kara Zor-El of Krypton, the last true Kryptonian. She was bulletproof, capable of defying gravity, and stronger than any human had the right to be. She was an Alien. Heralded by some as a hero, a beacon for hope, and feared by others as the harbinger of extinction for humanity's freedom. Capable of carrying a plane, of seeing through walls she was as unyielding as time, as unmoving as mountains. But even the mighty Titan's knelt to the God's and all it took was a human to bring Supergirl to her knees. A human by the name of Lena Luthor. And five little words, "Lena. Will you marry me?"

## Notes

So... I am trash for this ship. I didn't intend to board the boat but hey, five episodes in and hello! Supercorp is my new OTP. My familiarity with the DC universe starts and ends with the show, so anything else is guess work. All mistakes are mine. Thank you in advance for the reads, reviews and kudos. I already have the plot set out, so let's get started! Come say hi on Tumblr, Rykerajera :D

Title is Mercy: Shawn Mendes
National City was showing her finer colours as the afternoon spun into dusk with a symphony of colour. The oranges, purples, reds, and yellows cast ribbons of colour along the modern and sleek white colour-scheme in the CEO’s office of L-Corp, formerly Luthor Corp. Turning from her great (bulletproof) windows Lena Luthor tossed back her hair and leant forward over her desk, pulling her laptop closer and entering her password and offering her thumbprint and retinal scan to allow her access to the device.

While she had many computers this one was connected to both her work files and her personal files, the main difference between the two was that as well as being connected to the work servers and showing her research into certain projects to staff with the right clearance levels, the personal server also contained much of her brothers research and notes, as well as information he didn’t want known. It was a risk, to have such information online, but L-Corp firewalls were designed by the finest IT employees money could buy, and her personal firewalls were reinforced by her own computer skills. Lex had also kept paper-files, notes, and research regarding things he hadn’t wanted anyone to see, those she’d had moved from his head-office, head research lab, and his home before the authorities could get their hands on them. She’d had them stored in a warehouse in Metropolis under a shell corporation and a dozen other precautionary measures to ensure Lex’s research never saw the light of day, there was no telling what that information could do if it were let loose on the world. Paranoid Lex may have been, but that doesn’t mean they weren’t out to get you.

Hesitating over her private files she instead reached for the remote on her desk and clicked a button. The glass on her windows shimmered slightly and she clicked back into her private files, confident that if anyone had been spying on her through her window, it was now reflecting back at them as two-way glass, hiding her from view. She’d encrypted her files and had hidden pieces of data behind various government agencies’ own firewalls in order to cover her tracks and would reassemble her information and then disassemble it when she was finished. One of the folders in her private server was labelled ‘The Ark Argon’ (and ignored her internal giggle) and she aimed her mouse towards it, ignoring other files such as Lex, Lillian, Lionel, Super’s, Research and Development, and such things.

The moment she clicked it an algorithm was sent out to the internet, using multiple IP addresses and various commands in order to call the information back to her. It took a few moments, some of the information was in very, very ‘secure’ places, but soon the entirety of the folder was before her, with police and government agencies reports, folders on personnel, video footage, even notes on weapons and movements. She felt her lip curl at the name John Corbin (Metallo) but shook the thought off and continued.

She had sworn to turn L-Corp into a force for good and she would stand by her word, and Project Cadmus was how she was going to do it. She had been unable to breach their firewalls, even locating pieces of the organisation on the internet was difficult and she was very cautious in her investigating, concealing her identity and search patterns behind other devices and IP addresses all over the globe. She was about to click into one of the folders about their weapons- after having destroyed the ones at her Gala she had added the information she had gotten from police reports to the file-when there was a boom outside her door and then terrified shouts.

Clicking out of the folder she quickly opened another as she reached under her desk and activated the thumbprint scan that held her secret compartment of weapons. It slid out of the desk, about the
size of an A3 piece of paper with several guns and mags of ammo. There was a large gun which fit the entire depth, two small hand guns, and then a larger hand-gun with only one mag of ammo, which had a faint purple glow to it. She had a safe room connected to her office, but the entrance was over by the wall and she would not leave her employees to their fate and cower in fear. Besides, she didn’t know if this creature, whatever it was, could find her in her safe room, even as it was surrounded by steal and concealed with lead.

There was shouting and screaming and she could hear the fire-alarm start, ordering the evacuation, and an inhuman roar as the sounds of gunfire rang out. Decision made she took the large hand-gun and the magazine and clicked the compartment back into place. It slid back into the white desk without any grooves indicating it existed. Lined with lead and hidden as part of her desk they were one of her last lines of defence and no-body knew she had them there.

The phone on her desk rang, no doubt one of her staff-members to alert her of an alien attack, probably, but she ignored it and settled on her chair, knuckles turning white over the grip as she flicked the safety off. The gun was matched to her prints and she alone would be able to fire it, the thought made her stiffen and she consciously shifted her finger off the trigger even as she picked up a pen with her left hand. She was right-handed but whoever was coming into her office wouldn’t know that, and they wouldn’t see the gun in her hand before it was too late, she hoped.

There was a growling rumble and her double door’s were blasted across the room, one ended up leaning on her couch like some drunk, and the other slammed into the opposite wall.

Her heart was hammering in her chest and she tightened her grip on the gun even as she clenched her jaw and lifted her chin to face the intruder. She was Lena Luthor. She would not show fear, especially to an in-human who dared attack her company, staff and person.

It was well over seven feet, and had to duck to fit inside her door frame, but took out a lot of it as it forced its way inside. It was scaled like a heavily built crocodile, with a thick neck and shoulders and lethal looking spikes sticking from its head, shoulders and down its back. It’s arms were humanoid enough to call arms, even though they were clawed and looked to bend in a different way than humans did. Its four legs with clawed feet made clicking noises on her wooden floor and she spared a thought to the maintenance team who would have to replace the floor boards, if she got out of this. Fiery red eyes watched her through reptilian slits and blinked vertical pupils.

“Leeeeea Liithiirrrr,” it rumbled, clearly unfamiliar with the human tongue and its voice reminded her of a rockslide. Fear ran its traitorous fingers down her spine, delighting in the awareness of the fine hairs at the back of her neck as she hid her shiver, barely. She had a feeling the creature knew though, as it lifted its head and showered her its teeth, great big fangs the size of a chef’s knife. Her heart was hammering and she lifted her chin imperiously and leaned back slowly in her chair, gripping the gun so tightly she could feel it trying to merge into her skin. Not yet. She would see what it wanted first. She was not her brother to wish genocide on the first aliens she came across.

The alien made a funny growling, coughing sound and before she could react it launched itself at her. There was a shattering of glass and a blur of red and blue burst past her, colliding in mid-air with the alien and then the rest of the fight was a mixture of inhuman roars, shouting, the sound of helicopters, and the late appearance of agents in black with guns. Her office was torn to shreds and beaten into pieces as the two aliens fought each other and she hurried to the corner, minding the gap in her window where Supergirl had flown through. She kept the gun loosely in her hand, secure enough to use it but certain in her training as it took over her fear. She could be afraid when she was dead, or when the creature was.

Supergirl growled something through gritted teeth, something Lena was unable to hear over the fire-
alarm, the shouting and the approaching sirens, but the alien clearly did, for it picked up her ten thousand dollar couch and threw it across the room at the caped superhero. Supergirl caught it like it were a box of tissues or something, a confident smirk on her face and then she hurled it back at the alien.

There was a strange purple fire running beneath the scales of the alien, Lena was able to see it from where she was hiding behind her desk chair in the corner, pressed against her drawers with the chair like some sort of leather shield. Helpful, she knew, but she was only human. The purple was in between the scales, almost like it was keeping them together, and she didn’t have the voice to warn Supergirl as the fire suddenly flared and then vanished, before building at a greater pace than before, almost burring under the scaled hide.

The alien turned around with and gave the equivalent of a backhand to Supergirl. The blonde went flying, the purple fire falling from the scaled aliens claws and sending her flying into the opposite wall where she slumped. The television fell on her with a section of the wall and she didn’t respond. Lena felt a sliver of unease and shifted slightly from behind her chair. She hadn’t had the chance to escape yet, the two battling aliens tearing apart her office had cut her escape route off on multiple occasions, so she had remained out of the fight in the corner. There was a helicopter hovering outside her window, it was a black one with guns on the front and one on the side where a figure in black stood ready to fire. Military use. This must be the government agency that worked with Supergirl.

Limping slightly, because of the fight with the humanoid protector, the alien shoved through the debris and over to National City’s Guardian Angel. It gave a grunt as it lifted the wall from her and let it fall to the side with a thud which sent dust and smaller bits of debris across the barely recognisable wooden floor like a small wave. Seeing her moment Lena rose and began to inch her way across the floor, scrambling over parts of her ceiling, one of her chairs, her safe, some books, and trying to avoid the shattered pieces of her window, and vases from the shelf.

Supergirl was limp, unresponsive as the alien hovered over her, the purple fire was lingering under her own skin, running the length of her veins. Though they were different species, the Girl of Steel was similar enough in body structure for Lena to be able to see her veins, identical to those of a human, as the fire ran through it, highlighting them as it passed before going on to the next. The alien lifted a massive hand and its claws formed into a long triangular spear above the fallen superhero and Lena could see the blood oozing from the long gashes down her front that the claws had made. She took a few more steps to the door, it was a less than three meters away now, broken and bowed, but she’d be able to get through. Lena felt the gun knock against the upturned leg of one of her guest chairs and lifted it as she moved over the last obstacle, a fallen beam from the ceiling and cast a glance back at the two aliens. Supergirl would move at any moment. Right…..now!

The only movement from the hero was the rise and fall of her chest and the lifting of the great clawed spear and Lena sighed, resigned.

‘I hope we can work together more in the future.’ And, ‘me too,’ rose to her memory and she steeled herself, lifting the gun and bracing it with her other hand.

“Hey, you!” She snarled as she walked closer, to what could be her death, voice lowering dangerously. Humans she could handle, humans with alien weaponry she could handle, massive alien looking aliens on the other-hand…. But, she was a Luthor. She would not cower before an alien. Not now, not ever.

The creature paused over Supergirl and turned its snake-like eyes on her and she allowed a curl to cross her lips. “Didn’t you hear?” She enquired mockingly. “Luthor’s hate aliens. You picked the wrong office to crash.” And then she opened fire.
Alex sighed in relief as she turned away from the Doctor and looked through the glass at her sister. Kara was still in her super-suit, its fabric torn and cut from the alien’s claws and her wounds lay open and weeping to the artificial light in the DEO Restoration Chamber. There were two beds, Alex had insisted, one was your typical hospital bed, with a few extra perks, and the other was a lot more comfortable. It was for when Kara was wounded or exhausted enough to require the medical bay, but not enough that she required kryptonite needles and drugs to aid her healing, that was what the medical bed was for. There were two tables, one for each bed, and a large shelving system for sheets, blankets, and other medical gear that didn’t require special storage. That storage was against the wall.

She opened the door and walked inside, instantly feeling her uniform grown heavy and hot against her skin with the heat from the lamps. Though she was wounded Kara’s face was tilted towards the light, a small smile to her lips and she looked to be at peace.

As Alex approached she peered through an eye at her in greeting before closing it. “Hey,” she rasped, throat obviously dry and Alex walked over to one of the tables and poured her a glass of water, valiantly stopping her hand from shaking. Her other held her department IPad.

“Hey. Here,” she said as she handed the water over to her baby sister and Kara’s eye blinked open, before she forced the other open and she half rose to take a sip. She winced a little as she did and glanced down before frowning.

“My suit,” she said mournfully and then took the water that Alex offered. There were several large tears in the front of the suit, right across the ‘S’ crest and then smaller one’s on either side where the edges of the alien’s claws had struck her. The Agent winced as she saw the damage to the suit and then looked Kara in the eyes again.

“What happened? All I remember is him hitting me.” Abruptly she sat up, facing paling, maybe in pain. “Is Lena okay? Is she safe? Why was he targeting her? Do we have-”

Alex chuckled and held up her hand, amused despite the situation at her sister’s energetic personality showing itself.

“Miss Luthor’s fine,” she said calmly and sat on the bed Kara shuffled over a bit for her and then relaxed against the pillows. Her wounds slowly healing, even Alex with her human eyes could see the difference. She settled her IPad over her knees.

“It is 02:27:52,” Alex reported after glancing to her watch. “The alien is in DEO custody but was badly wounded and may not see the sunrise. Miss Luthor walked away without a scratch, though I can’t say the same for her office…. At least now she can get a little bit of colour in there,” she added to see Kara smile. Kara smiled, she had complained about how boring and white Lena’s office was.

“Three of her security guards were killed and fourteen staff are receiving medical treatment in National City Hospital,” her brow tightened and Kara’s smile fell from her face.

“We don’t know why he attacked her, we can’t understand him, and if Lena Luthor knows, she hasn’t told us…but we think it has something to do with her brother.”
Kara’s head snapped up, blue eyes widening.

“Not like that,” Alex said hurriedly to reassure the blonde and Kara slowly rested back on the pillow. “Because of her bother’s anti-alien sentiments, some fractions think she is the same and are looking to-

“To take her out before she takes them out?” Kara offered with a sigh.

Alex nodded and worried her lips before adding, “She had a gun, one that wounded her attacker a lot. She wouldn’t let us take it, but it is concerning. The lab is looking into the bullets right now.”

Kara sighed and relaxed further against the pillows, resigned. “When can I leave?”

“When Hank says you can,” Alex said shifting on the bed and moving her side-arm a little to fit more comfortably against Kara. “But,” she said as Kara huffed. “Winn has a new suit for you, he’s very excited.” She nudged Kara gently and the alien gave a begrudging smile.

“So…how was I knocked out?”

Alex took a deep breath. “Miss Luthor was kind enough to send us the footage of the attack, and we have our own cam’s.” She flicked open her IPad cover and entered her password and then opened up the footage of the attack.

“Miss Luthor obviously edited the footage as all we were able to get from her was the moment of the attack, and after, nothing before then. Winn couldn’t even hack into her system to retrieve it, though IT’s working on it.” She pressed play and angled the device so that they both could see the screen. It reminded her of when either of them were down and they would watch their favourite episodes of Friends with ice-cream and a laptop between them.

Kara watched silently as the alien launched himself across the room at Lena, saw herself fly in through the window and tackle him to the ground in mid-air. She saw the fight and watched Lena take cover in the corner, dragging her chair with her, and then looking down at it in annoyance but still hiding behind it. Alex winced as she re-watched the footage, feeling her heart clench with every blow her sister took, and watched Lena make her way gracefully, for one in heels that high, through the wreckage to the door.

Kara recoiled slightly when she saw herself get thrown to the wall and watched it collapse on her, but she leant forward as Alex rewound the footage to show her how the alien charged his attack. Energy was behind his scales and it seemed as though he got stronger the longer it went, and then it vanished, only to roar up his arm and into his claw. That was what had wounded Kara, the energy had sent her flying, powering his attack and tearing her suit. He stood over her, claws somehow morphing into one large claw-like spear, which glowed with purple fire. Lena was beneath the camera now, they could just see her hesitating in the doorway, beneath a broken doorframe.

Alex had been making her way up the stairwell (the elevator system had been shut down when the fire-alarm went off) at the head of a group of Agent’s while her sister was being beaten and hadn’t arrived in time to save Kara, but Lena Luthor had.

“Hey, you!” She growled and stalked forward, regal and graceful like some sort of predator of the night as she brought her gun up. “Didn’t you know? Luthor’s hate aliens. You picked the wrong office to crash,” she sounded defiant, fearless in the face of death, but there was a bitterness to her words, an underlying self-loathing as she spoke her last name. She moved fluidly over the debris as the alien turned to face her fully as the purple bullets penetrated his scales and he stumbled towards her, claws piercing foot-long holes in the fallen parts of the roof as he got closer. Purple fluid, almost
black, dripped from his wounds and left sizzling drops on the ground as he got closer.

She was steady-fast, with the eye of a winning marksman and emptied her magazine into his upper body and head until he stumbled to fall at her feet. She kept her gun trained on him for a moment before she slowly lowered it. She was edging forward when Alex burst into the room behind her, gun drawn and eyes sharp.

The remainder of the video passed with Lena being escorted from the room and the Agent’s seeing to Kara and the alien. The other videos showed the same scene, only the angles were different. The helicopter cam was able to show Lena as she strode forward towards the two aliens, gun recoiling in her hands, muscles tensing with the strain, brows tight with concentration and eyes gleaming with defiance. It also showed, much to Alex’s fury and Kara’s disappointment how after the alien had fallen, she had lifted the gun on the unmoving superhero. Then her features had smoothed and she had lowered it, taking a step forward and moving the gun to her side as Alex roared into the room.

Alex didn’t tell Kara that James and Winn were screaming for her to be brought in and punished for even considering turning her weapon on Kara, and that Alex herself was considering leading the party, but that Hank had talked them out of it. Lena had willingly protected Kara he had argued, and had decided not to shoot her, though when confronted by Alex—who had seen a Luthor standing over Superman’s cousin with an alien wounding gun in her hand, and may have gotten aggressive defensive—she had fired her final shot into the wall next to Kara, a strange fire burning in her eyes.

She had been co-operative, easily following the directions of the DEO agents and had joined her staff on the ground where the medic’s were seeing to them. Firefighters, police officers, and ambulance officers were milling around the corner of the L-Corp building taking directions from the ‘FBI’ agents on the scene. The DEO helicopters had taken Kara and the unconscious alien straight back to headquarters and Alex had remained on scene to clear things up. She had also escorted Lena to her penthouse, urging the woman to increase her security and to be careful, and not take unnecessary risks. She didn’t think the headstrong Luthor would listen to her, but she did thank her for her assistance, enquired about Supergirl’s health—which made Alex bristle at the perceived threat—and then dismissed the agents and walked with back rigid and proud into her apartment.

Kara sighed and looked away from the footage and there was a knock at the door. Winn poked his head around the corner, and seeing Kara awake and sitting up with Alex he beamed and pushed the door open with his back. He was carrying a large box in his hands and was grinning like a child in a candy or toy store.

“Hey Kara! I’ve got presents!” He almost squealed with joy as he got closer and the two Danvers sisters shared a look before Alex slid off the bed to make room for Winn and his present.

“Ouch, those look bad,” the tech expert said as he set the box down and his brow was tight as he looked over the wounds. They were much better than when Alex had first seen them, they looked like they had been healed over several weeks rather than a few hours, and by the time dawn came around would look almost as good as new.

“My suit,” Winn said sorrowfully and reached out as though to touch it and then he jerked back to himself. “Never mind! I made you a better one! Here!” He almost threw the box at Kara and was fortunate her reflexes were on point, even as it strained her torso in grabbing it.

Winn winced and Alex rolled her eyes. “Sorry,” he lifted his shoulders apologetically. “I got, ah, excited.”

Kara was like a kid on Christmas as she opened the box to reveal her new suit as Winn started to explain all the upgrades he had done to it, easy release catches on the cape so no one could drag her
around with it, stronger fabric to reduce wear and tear, it was mostly water and fireproof now and he
had fit in an anti-Kryptonite plate in beneath the ‘S’ of her crest, as long as any kryptonite hit her suit
it would be drawn to and contained in under her crest. Kara didn’t appear to be paying too much
attention to Winn as she was beaming at her new suit like a child and Alex shook her head as her
pager clicked.

Both Winn and Kara looked at her as she turned away from the summons and smiled at them. “I’ll be
in next to take you home. Do you want me to call in sick for you tomorrow-er, today?”

Kara’s eyes went wide and she shuffled on the sunbed, moving her legs to the side as she made to
get up. “Work! Oh my gosh, my job! Snapper will kill me! I am so fired,” she murmured almost to
herself as she sat up and edged forward on the bed. The movement had made her wounds start to
weep, and blood was snaking its way down her body.

“No!” Alex said firmly in her no-nonsense Eliza patented (sister) voice. Kara stilled and Winn
gulped and looked awkwardly around the room, trying not to make eye contact. “You will stay here
until Hank, and the Doctor’s, say you can leave.”

“But…my job,” Kara’s blue eyes were wide and innocent, a pout creeping onto her lips and Alex
stilled herself. Her sister was not begging for another cookie, she was wanting to go out into the
dangerous city wounded and those eyes would not work on her damn it.

“Your job will be waiting,” Alex replied confidently as Kara’s lower lip began to tremble and she
felt her resolve weaken. “I text Snapper and told him you were on the ground after the attack at L-
Corp, he expects you in person with the base of the story at ten. You are not leaving this facility until
you are cleared, Kara. It’s not safe.” Her tone changed slightly, lowering and softening as she tried to
reason with her sister. Kara huffed and shifted back on the bed, hiding her wince.

Her pager beeped again and she smiled ruefully at both puppies as they gushed over the new suit and
turned and left. Casting a farewell over her shoulder. Her boots thumped powerfully as she made her
way from the med-bay, past the barracks, food hall, and some storage rooms and into the heart of
operations. Agents were moving around or tapping away at computers and Hank stood next to
Vasquez who was bringing up footage onto one of the larger screens.

“What is it?” She enquired as she climbed the few steps up to the main control area.

“Have a look,” Vasquez said wryly as she clicked a few buttons. Hank was looking stern like
always, but there was a flicker of something in his gaze as he stared past the footage and to the
opposite wall. “Or rather, a listen. I hacked into L-Corp’s security and used that server to gain access
to Miss Luthor’s private security feed-it was hard but I did manage to get in. The camera’s outside
her office are streamed 24/7 to the L-Corp servers, but the camera inside her office is on her own
network. And it’s only because she gave us some of her footage that I was able to hack into it.
Now,” Vasquez clicked a few more times and the image of Lena Luthor’s office came up on the
large monitor, with yesterday’s date and several minutes before the attack on the timer along the
bottom of the screen. “This is what she didn’t give us.”

The Agent pressed play and they watched as Lena turned from her view and pressed several buttons,
turning her windows to glass and opening a file on her computer. They were able to see and hear the
attack from below and could see her studying something in her lap before pulling out a gun and
clicking a magazine into place before putting it on her lap.

“She’s right handed,” Alex murmured as she stared at the screen and watched the CEO pick up a
pen in her left and hover it over some documents.
“She has the gun in her right,” J’onn offered, brows tight and eyes watchful as the alien entered the room.

It hissed out its best impression of the CEO’s name and then launched itself at her. The microphone picked up other sound though, just before the attack if the way the noise monitor jumped on the side, like a musician’s auto-tuner.

“What was here?” Alex asked, leaning forward and resting her body on Vasquez’s chair. The agent nodded and clicked a few times. With the noise enhanced they were able to hear it hiss out in what must have been its own tongue. Hank’s jaw was moving silently and he sighed, which was what caught Alex’s attention immediately.

“What? What did he say?”

“We ran the words past Aura,” he said in his slow, confident, and calm way. “The database was able to translate for us,” he handed over a sheet of paper, part of the DEO official report and she looked down at the transcript and felt her blood run cold and then hot. Alura’s translation was in normal font, and the DEO’s interpretation was in brackets and italics.

Alien: Leeeea Liiithiirrrr,” (Lena Luthor)

Alien: Isark eivene greshna Kaadmass. (You pay for Cadmus)

“Let me go and talk to her,” she demanded, turning on Hank and feeling the paper crumple in her hands.

Hank shook his head and his eyes were dark and cold. “No. We don’t even know what Miss Luthor had to do with the alien attack.”

Alex opened her mouth to protest, feeling a pang of betrayal, this woman was part of Cadmus, she was part of the organisation trying to hurt Kara and countless others.

“We don’t know for sure,” Hank corrected and his voice changed to command. “You are not to take this further. We need to talk to the alien first, if it wakes up, and find out how it knew about Lena, and why it attacked her.”

Vasquez was frowning at the monitor. “What the fuck?” She whispered and then she was launching forward as an alarm began to sound, beeping frantically from the systems computers. “Fuck! We’re being hacked!” She and a half dozen other agents moved frantic fingers over keyboards and all of the monitors in the headquarters changed to show the files they had on Cadmus. Footage, reports, suspected personnel, and more importantly the latest report on the attack at L-Corp all flashed and showed up on the screen.

“They’re stealing out files!” Shouted another agent from another computer, where their screen was flaring ‘Access Denied’ in bold red. A bar appeared across the screens, the tell-tail sign of a download. ‘Project Cadmus,’ was one of the written commands that appeared in a box to the left and the download bar began to solidify as the files were stolen.

“Fuck!” Shouted another agent, as ‘Alien Weapon’ became the next search in the bar and those files began to number above the download box.

“Get them out of there!” Hank bellowed, and when he raised his voice it was with command and the agents listening flinched, even as they were trying their hardest to halt the hack.

Vasquez’s fingers were moving at a speed to make even Supergirl jealous and the screen in front of
her was roaring with various code and commands and then it flashed green. ‘Access Granted: Emergency Override Commencing.’ The Agent took a deep, relaxing breath and began to type again and up on the large monitor the folder on the Luthor’s shifted to the one on Alura and of the House of El. The download bar across the screen’s inched to a halt, right before the folder on Alura’s Matrix, the folder that contained what she was, and more importantly, who’s mother she was. Alex breathed a sigh of relief, the following folders were Kara Zor-El, Kal El, Alura Zor-El, Astra In-Ze, and it didn’t look like the hacker got those.

There was a sudden sound and then the lights went out, emergency power sources flicking on and then the black screen changed to show the re-booting of the system, a countdown that would take less than three minutes.

“What happened?” Kara gasped as she appeared in the middle of the room, clutching her side and staring around her at the gobsmacked agents.

“We were hacked, Supergirl,” Vasquez said and leant back in her chair in shock. The agent’s around her were expressing their own disbelief.

“I want to know who and I want to know how,” Hank’s commanding voice echoed in the startled silence. “I want to know what they got, and what they plan on doing with it. Increase security. Now!” Agents jumped to attention and obedience and Winn skidded to a halt in the headquarters as there was a flurry of movement.

“The DEO was hacked,” Winn asked in disbelief as he made his way up to his own chair and desk.

“What do you want me to do?” Kara asked, straightening even as her fierce look turned twisted to hide her pain.

“My orders for you, Supergirl, still stand,” Hank said commandingly. “You are to remain in the med-bay until you are cleared. Please,” he added seeing Kara bristle at the instruction.

“But-“

“Super-Kara,” Alex interrupted, seeing her baby sister about to protest. “Let us do our jobs, so you can go back to yours.”

Kara’s blue yes turned to steel. “Fine, but I’m leaving at dawn.”

“Agreed,” Hank nodded, perhaps seeing this was his best outcome with the stubborn girl. “Thank you,” he turned back to Vasquez as the re-boot began and she started to attempt a trace of the hack.

“I wonder who has the brain and computer power to hack into the DEO,” Kara wondered as Alex escorted her back to the med-bay. IT expert she was not, she belonged on the ground gathering samples of in the field with her sister. She’d leave the tech experts to their jobs. She didn’t have the words to tell Kara that one of the notes in Lex Luthor’s files was his exemplary computer skills. It seemed like a Luthor was behind this strike as well, perhaps in revenge for the attack on his sister.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you all for the reads, reviews and kudos, they make by day :D As always, any mistakes are mine. Oh, I probably should mention I am a procrastinator, and chapter
lengths will differ in length, a lot. Probably. Um, and my skill set with a computer is limited to Microsoft Word, so any inaccuracies with the lingo or possibilities regarding hacking, etc, is all on me. We'll just assume its all possible :D
“You want me to what?” Kara’s voice lifted in shock at the end of her question and then she swallowed quickly at the look Snapper shot her. She had been on the receiving end of that particular look far too much in such a short time for her to want to have it any longer so she worried her lip and added false cheer to her voice. “Yup, no problem,” she even did an awkward fist pump and smiled at him, though she might have fallen short of the happy in the smile, it was more pained, when she caught her reflection on the computer monitor as she backed out.

Eye glaring beneath furrowed brows followed her awkward exit and she could feel his stare of disdain pushing her out the door.

“Argh!” She huffed when she was certain she was out of ear shot and stomped, lightly, to her little box of an office and collected her things. She was still tired after her fight and healing last night and her body was a little sore, something she wasn’t entirely used too, and having Snapper tell her that her article on the attack at L-Corp needed more substance was the icing on the cake, or maybe the pie, which would probably end up in her face before the day was out. It was one of those days. She’d left the DEO at dawn, agreeing to let Alex drive her back into town as her powers were still low and the sun wasn’t yet up, and had immediately started to investigate the attack on Lena Luthor, as plain old boring Kara Danvers.

Many other reporters had gotten there earlier and already had the statements of the officials involved and had a lot of their articles written before she showed up. Snapper wasn’t pleased but she had given him a few leads she was going to chase down, he had thrown them back in her face, requesting an interview with Lena Luthor, seeing as they were ‘such good friends’, on how she now felt about aliens, considering one attacked her and killed some of her employees. Snapper was obviously aiming for the anti-alien sentiment that ran rampant in the Luthor family.

Lena was working from home today, her assistant told Kara when she had rung L-Corp and enquired after the CEO and it was only her name, Kara Danvers, which made Jess give her Lena’s private residence number. She had flicked Lena a message once the sun was up, hoping she was okay after the attack and had left it at that, only when she had received no reply and had rung and found the number was unreachable she had started to worry. She had nervously rung the CEO to see if she could come and see her, and to make sure she was okay and Lena had explained that her phone had been destroyed in the attack, but would love to see her.

Less than half an hour later she was striding into a fancy apartment block building with a greasy take-out bag in one hand, her purse slung over her shoulder, and with a carton of drinks in the other. She pressed the button to let her speak to security and told them who she was and who she was here to see as she balanced the food. The door clicked open and she was let into a modern foyer with a desk and a security guard watching a series of monitors. He had her sign in, checking her name, ID, and taking a copy of her drivers licence before letting her enter the elevator. She’d even had to go through a metal detector and her purse and food had gone through an x-ray machine.

Lena’s penthouse was on the top floor and the elevator played a modern hit on the way up. The door opened to a small foyer with a larger mirror and some pot plants. There were two doors in front of her and a hallway leading off around the corner and she followed that, lowering her eyes and peering through her lashes to see what was around her, just in case. The two apartments at the elevator were sleek and modern and empty and she turned her gaze on the apartment she was about to enter. It was
twice the size of the other two, obviously the apartment had been merged into one, and there was a woman tapping away at a laptop on a couch in what appeared to be the living room.

Lifting her head she shuffled her things around and knocked on the door. A few moments later she heard footsteps approaching and shifted nervously on her feet.

“Kara,” Lena Luthor smiled at her after opening the door and Kara shuffled nervously and lifted one of her shoulders.

Shadows framed Lena’s bright green eyes and her skin was paler than normal but she still looked gorgeous, even in black sweat pants and a grey plaid long-sleeve shirt. Her smile widened and Kara felt something in her chest perk up.

“Please, come in,” she stepped aside and Kara walked past her and into the luxury apartment. She caught a whiff of her perfume as she passed her and sighed happily at the sweet and subtle scent.

“I’m glad you’re okay,” Kara said as she hesitated in the hall and then edged further into the apartment.

Once she was away from the door the apartment spread out. It was sleek and full of lavish and modern looking furniture and decor. The kitchen had a nice marble table top and shiny handles and black accents to the equipment. A large two-door refrigerator was next to a cupboard and a stove and beyond the bar stools was a large living room. There were lush looking carpets and expensive looking couches and a small coffee table which had papers spread out on it. An open laptop was sitting on the papers facing the couch and a half empty glass of water was next to it.

There was a big television playing some music channel on low volume and Kara was envious for the nights she and Alex would watch movies on her own small television, this one looked like it belonged in a theatre. Over by the window there was two chairs and a coffee table. Door’s led to other areas of the penthouse.

“Well,” Lena said as she came up behind her and made her jump, she was closer than she thought. “I’m glad Supergirl saved the day.”

Clearing her throat nervously Kara placed the takeout and drinks on the table at Lena’s direction. “Yea, I guess she did.” She fiddled nervously with her glasses as Lena looked at her and raised a brow.

“Do you know how she is?” Lena enquired as she peered into the takeout bag and brought out a few burgers and fries and her brow rose further. “Are we going to be able to eat all of this?”

“I’m hungry,” Kara smiled and then blinked and picked at a loose thread on her messenger bag strap. “Um, I’m sure Supergirl is okay. The DE- the Government agency she works with will keep her safe.”

Lena made a non-committal noise but delicately pulled a burger across the bench top over to her as she sat gracefully on a stool.

“Have a seat,” she inclined her head and Kara quickly took a stool, stumbling over the carpet edge in her haste.

Lena hid her smile around a delicate bite of burger but Kara could see the corners of her lips twitching and felt herself flush.

“Have you been working on an article from last night?” Lena enquired after a few chews and Kara
paused from halfway through her burger, looking up at Lena through her lashes and Lena bit her lip in a smile.

“You’ve ah, got a little something,” she gently tapped the side of her own face with a dark green nailed index finger.

Kara gulped, licked her lips, and dove for a napkin. Lena’s laugh was gentle, tinkering when it escaped from her lips, but it wasn’t done in malice, not like many of the girls in school had done when she had first come to earth. Their laughs had been mocking, hateful, hurtful.

“Thanks,” Kara muttered looking down at the table but finding herself drawn back to Lena’s laugh, caught in her orbit. Her eyes were shining and there was a half smile gracing her face as she took a sip from her cup and Kara focused a lot of her attention on her lips before shaking herself from the weird trance she had fallen into.

“Yeah,” she finally answered Lena’s question. “I’ve got some firefighter and police reports and eyewitness accounts…” she trailed off awkwardly and shifted her glasses on her nose. “My boss wants an interview,” she said quickly, apologetically.

“Well,” Lena said picking a fry. “There’s no one else in National City I trust with my words.” She lifted the fry in toast. “Ask away.” There was something odd to her tone, a slight vulnerability and a flash of sadness moved across her features faster than the normal eye could detect, but Kara saw it and felt an insistent need to make her smile again.

Kara had felt her face heat at the praise and turned her attention back to her second burger. “After lunch, if that’s okay?” She ducked her head awkwardly. “I’m here as a friend.” Lena’s responding smile could have birthed a thousand stars and something in her chest expanded at the sight, and for being the cause.

They finished lunch, with Kara eating far more than Lena, and with her having already downed three combo’s on the way over, and then walked over to the couches. Lena tapped her keyboard when she sat and the device’s screen lit up for a moment before she clicked another button and it went into ‘locked mode’.

“Ask away, Kara,” she leant back on the couch and curled her feet underneath her, resting her arm along the back of the couch.

Kara felt slightly awkward but obeyed and sat at the other end of the couch, pulling her note-pad and recorder from her messenger bag. “Is it okay if I record this?” She asked and Lena inclined her head in agreement, shifting further into the cushions.

“Okay, so… um, L-Corp, er you were attacked yesterday by an unknown alien,” Kara began awkwardly and rolled her pen between her fingers.

Lena appeared to be waiting and there was an awkward silence for a moment and Kara rushed on. She asked Lena about the attack, the rebuild, L-Corp, the wounded employees, the dead, and then she made the atmosphere slightly tense by adding, “And what of your rumoured anti-alien weaponry?” She had seen the footage from the DEO and knew that Lena had bullets capable of hurting aliens, maybe even of hurting her, the Lab was still working on that, and knew she had to ask Lena what her intentions were for the technology.

She swallowed after asking it, feeling the room grow colder even as she knew it were impossible. Lena stilled and her green eyes hardened beneath furrowed brows. “My brother is the most notorious Alien hater on the planet,” she said eventually, voice like steel. “While I do not share his views many
people, many species, may believe I do. It is practical to be able to defend myself and my company.” She hesitated before adding, slightly hurt if Kara were to be the judge, “Even your bleeding heart must know that some aliens are dangerous and wish nothing but ill will on human kind. If I and my company are to be targeted, then we are within our Amendment rights to defend ourselves. I certainly did not seek this alien out.”

“Wha-what about Supergirl?” Kara moistened her lips and asked nervously looking quickly around them room.

Lena’s eyes narrowed but she nodded. “I cannot trust that the Girl of Steel will always be there to protect me, and I would not have her doing so when she could be saving and protecting the city.”

“Do, ah, does L-Corp have plans to sell these rumoured weapons?”

The interview had certainly taken a less than friendly turn and Lena shifted on the couch to sit upright on it, her feet on the floor. “If that were the case the manufacture and distribution of such weapons would need to be heavily monitored. Allowing just anyone to have access to weapons capable of harming alien’s would be dangerous. What if they turned them on the Man and Girl of Steel?” she said stiffly, accent slipping through. There was a beeping somewhere from inside the house and she rose fluidly. “Excuse me, I have to check this.”

Lena strode off into the rest of the house, Kara fighting a war within herself to not use her supervision to watch her, but eventually she gave in, lowering her glasses slightly. She paused seeing that Lena had vanished and shot to her feet, scanning the rooms to try and find her.

She quickly moved through the house, tracking her, weirdly, by smell, and when she later told Alex how she would have to explain how she was not a Bloodhound! And people left traces of themselves in the air, and the freshest scent was the path that had been taken most recently.

She came across an open doorway at the end of a dead-end hall and froze. It was like the wall had moved to create the room, and she could see a computer and filing cabinets and a couch and a lot of screens. Inside the room Lena was leaning over the computer with the televisions on the wall showing the footage of many alien attacks on loop, and Supergirl saving the day, and she was typing away, eyes narrowed in concentration. The room was lined with lead, which was why Kara hadn’t been able to see it earlier, and she was typing away, eyes narrowed in concentration. The room was lined with lead, which was why Kara hadn’t been able to see it earlier, and she swallowed when Lena glanced up to see her standing awkwardly in the door way. Lena’s heart jumped and she quickly picked up a remote and turned the screens off, going deadly still.

Kara felt her unease flare into life and stuttered, playing with her hands.

“Um, s-sorry, but I was looking for the ba-bathroom?” Play it cool, she was telling herself. Having a secret lair in your house didn’t mean anything. Having footage of aliens and Supergirl didn’t mean anything. She felt her palms begin to sweat.

Green eyes caught and held her gaze like kryptonite and only when Lena blinked was Kara freed.

“Of course,” Lena said smoothly, tapping a key and then gliding across the floor over to her, guiding her around and locking the door behind her with a touch of a button on her way out.

“It’s down here to the left and the first door on the right,” her hand was firm on Kara’s back, heart jumping, and were she human the force would be extreme. She could feel Lena’s hand tremble as she directed her away from the secret room.

The bathroom and toilet and shower was sleek and modern, silver fittings and marble and only when
she heard Lena’s steps walk away and the music channel increase in volume, did she tap her coms.

“Alex,” she hissed quietly, after checking to see if there were any cameras or microphones in the room.

“Supergirl,” her sister responded quickly and she could hear the creak of a chair and the tapping of a pen, “what is it?”

“I’m in Lena Luthor’s apartment and she has a secret room lined with lead.”

The pen tapping stopped abruptly and she heard the chair squeak as Alex no doubt straightened. “Are you okay? Does she know? What happened? Do you need back up?”

“No! I uh, I don’t think so…I don’t think she intended for me to see it.” Kara walked over to the toilet and flushed it, just in case Lena could hear her from the living room.

“Do you think you are in danger?” J’onn’s voice came over the com and she had a feeling Alex had informed him of where she was and what was happening.

Kara thought for a moment. “No, at least I don’t think so.”

She moved over to the sink and turned the tap on, even running her hands under the water as J’onn and Alex agreed that she would just continue on as normal and they would discuss what she saw when she came to the DEO later.

She smoothed down her skirt as she exited the bathroom and walked back into the living room. Lena had tidied up their lunch rubbish and was talking into her cell-phone as she stood watching the city out the window. She ran her fingers through her hair in frustration and nodded, turning away from the window to see Kara standing awkwardly in the middle of the lounge, fiddling with her thumbs.

She placed her phone on her chest as she spoke to Kara. “I’m afraid something’s come up,” she said smoothly, base accent slipping through. “If you have any further questions you can contact my PR team,” she said turning back to her window and conversation, effectively dismissing Kara.

The alien felt small, worthless like she had felt when she had first come to earth and the people in school had called her names for not understanding, for screwing up socially, for her weird accent and mannerisms.

“Ah, o-okay,” she said and quickly gathered her belongings. “Thank you for your time.”

Lena waved a hand in farewell or dismissal and kept her attention on her conversation as with shoulders slumped Kara headed for the door, feeling like the burgeoning friendship she had with the brunette crumble with just a few words.

“I am glad you’re okay,” she said quietly, loud enough for Lena to hear, but the woman gave no indication of it. “If you need a friend to talk to, I am here for you.” And then she left.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you all for the Kudos and reviews, keep 'em coming ;) All mistakes are mine.
Enjoy.
.....and on the rumours of L-Corp possessing alien killing weaponry, or indeed, even alien technology, Miss Luthor was clear. “…I do not share [Lex’s] views…the manufacture and distribution of [Alien killing] weapons would need to be heavily monitored.” She expressed concern for such weapons having the potential to be used against the Man and Girl of Steel, as other alien technology has found its way into human hands and was used to harm many people. See Catco article ‘L-Corp CEO helps to capture…

Lena turned from the article with a sigh and rubbed her eyes. Though she had been rather short with her, Kara had remained true and written a fair article on her and the attack on L-Corp and she felt a sliver of guilt. Years of yes-men and back-stabbing and hatred turned on her for her last name had made her wary of reporters, and indeed, people in general, and when Kara had started to ask her about the anti-alien guns she had instantly thought of the times she’d had her words twisted into some cruel story and had gotten defensive. It was not Kara’s fault she, Lena, was damaged and broken by years of cutting words and cruel glances. Lena Luthor, CEO of L-Corp, was untouchable, with walls as high as the sky and as impenetrable as the skin of the Girl of Steel, only it wasn’t Lena Luthor Kara was interviewing, it was just Lena, and that was where the issue had come from.

On reflection she knew that Kara would be required to ask hard questions of her, she was a reporter and no doubt her boss wanted some scathing comment, but feeling those blue eyes on her asking her, or accusing her, of having anti-alien guns (which she did) hurt her more than she thought it would. Surely Kara had seen her, Lena, and knew that she was different to her brother, to the rest of her family, and didn’t harbour any ill will to the aliens. Though they did disagree on how to handle her own Alien-detection device, she had hoped with the last article Kara had written, she had started to see other points of view and understood Lena’s actions were a pre-meditated defensive strike. After all, she didn’t go after the alien, she’d been attacked in her office. And she had saved Supergirl, though the government, news, and the alien herself had been silent on that front, not that she expected any better. A Luthor saving a Super? The public would have aneurisms, and it certainly didn’t hold to the picture the media had constructed for her family.

Decision made she opened her web browser and went searching for a flower boutique that sold plumeria’s, the last ones she had to have flown in so she wasn’t confident any National City store would have any in. She was right and placed an order with a company that specialised in delivering flowers from around the globe and made sure her message was ‘I’m sorry-L’. She had also requested that they be delivered to the Catco building the moment they arrived and had asked for the deliverer to stop by the shop Kara loved for their potstickers and buy as many as she could get for fifty bucks. She remembered how the dark blonde had mentioned the flowers reminded her of her mother-she remembered everything Kara said, not that she would be thinking on the reason for that-and resolved to send them to her, along with her favourite food, as an apology. She owed her that much.

Two days later, and three after the attack, she was striding the stands to a podium to give another speech. There were a larger group of reporters here than there were to the renaming of L-Corp and she felt an internal sneer rise at the thought of them, vultures that they were and then scanned the crowd, looking for one in particular.

She saw her near the back, glasses firmly in place and a shy smile on her lips. She offered a slight
wave and Lena took a deep breath as she began her speech, feeling warmer now that Kara was here. She must have gotten her flowers, note, and most importantly, food.

Lena let a natural smile cross her face and then tilted her chin and worked her way through her speech. She was discussing the medical bills for her employees and covering the funeral costs when there was a figure in blue and red standing right in front of her, with hand holding a perfect bullet. A few moments later the crack of a gunshot rang out and the reporters and gathered people began to scream and shout and there was a flurry of camera shots as Supergirl crushed the bullet in her fist, rage flaring in her eyes and a sneer curling her lips.

Lena had ducked and shied away from the hero the moment she heard the shot before forcing her composure on and straightening. The Super would protect her, at least while the cameras were watching, she had proven that much.

“Supergirl,” she breathed, certain she could feel her heart trying to tear its way from the bone confines of its chest prison and launch itself up her throat. She could hear it thudding in her ears, a stampeding sound and she was pretty sure the gathered reporters could hear it, not to mention the alien in front of her.

Supergirl spun to face her, blue eyes grave and searching. “Miss Luthor, are you alright? I need to get you to safety.” She took a step forward and Lena took a step back instinctively. The Girl of Steel halted immediately and lifted her hands up peacefully, never mind that she had just caught a bullet and crushed it to dust in her hand. “I’m not gonna hurt you,” she said softly, reassuringly.

Lena rolled her eyes and brushed past the hero and down the pedestal to the reporters, who were shoving cameras in her face and bellowing questions at her. Obviously the arrival of the Super meant that they no longer felt the need to voice their fear and could linger like sheep in the far corner of a coral as they tried to “scoop” each other. Reporters tended to have less self-preservation tendencies than other people, it must be a defining character trait of them. Thoughts on reporters she suddenly realised that Kara was out there and she could be in danger as well and she lifted her head and looked around her frantically.

“Miss Luthor!” Supergirl was bouncing after her like a lost puppy, ignoring the cameras and how the people fell away before her.

“Supergirl,” Lena spun quickly, mindful of the cameras as always. “Don’t you have a would-be assassin to catch?” She enquired, brow arched and the hero winced slightly, arm still reaching for her.

“Right, um, just, ahm, stay safe,” she gave a sharp nod and then launched herself into the sky and across the horizon towards a tall building.

Brow furrowing, the hero seemed smaller somehow in that moment, Lena turned away and started scanning the crowds for her friend, or maybe former friend. But hopefully friend. Kara had smiled at her after all.

She was unable to find Kara, and seven minutes after her departure, Supergirl landed next to her. The public gushed and cooed, awed by her still, and Lena barely hid her eye roll.

“Supergirl, did you find-“

“The assailant has been taken into custody,” Supergirl said strongly, camera’s flashing and lenses pointed in her direction. She turned to look at Lena and offered a wry smile. “Are you able to accompany me for a debriefing?”
“You saved my life,” Lena replied and shifted her handbag on her shoulder. She couldn’t really say no to the Super, not with so many camera’s on her, and she did just save her life. “Of course.”

Supergirl’s smile turned almost shy, and she lowered her eyes a little. “Welllll, you did save mine earlier in the week.” At this the crowd’s sound rose like a wave and they pressed closer against the few police officers that were already on scene, trying to get a good view or vantage point to hear and see.

Questions were shouted at her as Supergirl walked with her across the grass towards three large black SUV’s that pulled up, and Agent’s in black scrambled out, taking up positions near the doors with their hands on weapons. Lena hesitated and felt warmth on her arm where Supergirl held her below her elbow. “It’s fine,” she said and smiled reassuringly, maybe subconsciously flashing her family crest. Lena glanced down at it and then back to the Super’s eyes and nodded.

“I trust you,” she said to Supergirl’s beaming smile and within twenty-four hours every news agency in the world was running the line, with her face and Supergirl’s side by side and the headline: I trust you. Luthor and Supergirl to end feud?

They drove around the city, several blocks, until they drove into an underground garage and Lena and Supergirl got out of the car. She had been apprehensive about the entire thing, wondering if this weren’t the moment she was arrested and prosecuted for her last name, but Supergirl started to blabber on about things she had found fascinating when she first came to earth and the movies she had loved, Disney featured frequently. As time went on Lena relaxed a little, enough that she didn’t tense at every intersection or movement of the alert agents around her.

A sleek black car was waiting underground and a familiar face was peering out of the driver’s seat. Supergirl greeted Alex Danvers with a smile that seemed far too friendly for co-workers and Lena felt her eyes narrow in suspicion. Maybe Kara’s sister had a thing for the superhero? Supergirl opened the door for her before zooming around to the other side and appearing in the other seat even before she managed to get one leg into the car. It was disconcerting. Yes she knew of the Super’s abilities, had entire files dedicated to her and her cousin, but seeing it in action was always startling.

“Miss Luthor,” Alex said with a smile in her rear-view mirror. “Glad to see you’re alright, though the circumstances leave much to be desired.” Lena lifted her brows and nodded, glancing to the superhero to her right who had already done her belt up and had a container of—was that deep-fried chicken?—on her lap. It certainly smelt like it.

Blinking Lena watched as the hero devoured the entire box and sat back with a content sigh, the chicken legs picked clean and a pile of wings left behind.

“We managed to arrest the assailant,” Alex said as she put the car into gear and drove out of the garage. She halted at the exit and shifted her head slightly and Supergirl leant forward. “We’re alright, no one followed us.”

Approval given the Agent pulled out into the street and wound her way into the afternoon traffic. “He’s been taken to a secure location but what he did tell us is concerning.” Lena felt her ire rise, first she was shot at and now she may or may not be taken hostage by a government agency and their pet hero, and now one of their Agent’s was being cagey. She was a Luthor, damn it, she could stomach more than most and would appreciate someone being upfront with her.

“If it concerns me, Agent Danvers, then I need to know. Don’t beat around the bush, just tell me.” Lena sighed and tried to glance out the darkened windows at the streets to see where she was.

Supergirl and Alex shared a look in the mirror and she felt for certain there was smoothing more than
friendship between them.

“Okay,” Alex nodded and cast her a glance in the mirror before turning her attention on the road.

“The alien is of a non-violent species but was somehow convinced to take up arms against you, on account of your surname.”

Lena’s eyes fluttered closed and she felt her heart sink as she leant back in the leather seat. “Lex.”

“Yes,” Agent Danvers agreed as she halted at a traffic light. “He informed us that some of the alien community would see you dead for the sins of your House and are willing to see it done.”

“Where he is from the House is responsible for it’s members actions and-“

“And an attack on a member results in an attack on the House and will be responded to in kind,” Lena interrupted Supergirl tiredly, eyes closed and head tilted back. “Only when an agreement between the two Houses where the wronged House agrees to the payment the wrongdoer provides can the feud be ended without bloodshed, without a war until the death.” There was startled silence for a moment and she forced her eyes open, days of little sleep and lots of work were starting to get to her, for she would never have been so candid and with her guard down without it. “I... I am a Luthor,” she said quietly. “I can’t imagine I would have to remind you, of all people, of that.”

Supergirl was a little tense at the mention of the past they were linked by but nodded, understanding. Alex shifted in the front seat and it was then that Lena noted the machine gun on the front seat. Wonderful.

“How do I clean-up this mess?” She enquired, brain tiredly firing into awareness as she considered the magnitude of the situation Lex and her last name had landed her in. If she was being target she needed to protect her interests; her company, share-holders, and employees, as well as see the attacks on her ended, even if she had to take the fight to the aliens.

“You don’t.” Supergirl said strongly, voice commanding in the small area of the vehicle. “We do. Your job is to stay safe.” She gave a little nod and shifted in her seat as though to place her hands on her hips in Superhero Pose, but settled for crossing her arms.

Lena didn’t hide her eye-roll. “You’ll protect me?” She asked sceptically and the hero’s brow furrowed and she looked at her startled.

“Yeah… of course? Why wouldn’t I?”

Lena arched a brow, a move she had learnt from her mother and was capable of making the privileged white men on various boards fall to their knees. “You have a job, Supergirl….. and I assume you have a day job.” The hero wouldn’t meet her eyes and she nodded. “You need to protect the people of this city more than you do me.”

“You are a member of this city,” Supergirl said, voice tipped with her namesake, steel.

Lena inclined her head as Alex pulled them up in front of what she recognised as her apartment, but the locks clicked, locking the door and keeping her inside. She shot the elder Danvers an exasperated look and she lifted her shoulders in apology.

“I have faith in my security,” Lena said sharply.

“Your human security,” Supergirl emphasised and Lena tilted her head.
“And it was I who saved you, Supergirl.”

The dark blonde’s jaw moved but she nodded, “Okay, but they can’t protect you against alien assassins.”

“Then I suggest, Supergirl, you capture them before they try to kill me again.” Her green eyes were cold as they lifted to the mirror. “I’d like to get out now, Agent Danvers.”

The brunette met her eyes in the mirror, glanced at the pouting Superhero, and nodded, flicking the lock open.

Lena immediately opened the door, once it was open she couldn’t be locked in again, she ignored the abilities of her companions for the moment.

“Miss Luth-Lena!”

Her name from the hero’s lips made her hesitate and she turned from where she had one leg out of the door to look at the hero.

“I can’t be everywhere at once and you are being targeted. Please,” the hero’s blue eyes were magnificent, even as they were soft and pleading, “let us give you a detail.”

Lena thought for a moment. “No,” and slid gracefully from the car. In the front seat Alex wound down her window, a business card appearing between her fingers.

“Hey, wait!” Supergirl was clearly used to getting her way when she used those eyes and pout, but Lena was made of sterner stuff. She shut the door behind her, hiding the hero from view. She didn’t think she would just get out of the car, she was trying not to draw attention to Lena, obviously, hence the passable car and darkened windows.

“If you change your mind, give me a call.”

Begrudgingly she took the card, she wasn’t a fool, having the number of an ‘FBI’ agent would only be beneficial to her.

She strode away from the car as it pulled from the curb and entered her building, smiling a greeting to the security guards in the foyer. A stream of the attack was being shown on the television and many eyes were on her and she pulled her experience and composure around her, cloaking her in a way not dissimilar to the Kryptonian’s. She was waved on, not needing to offer her ID, and it was only when she entered the elevator and when it closed did she allow herself to lean against the wall in exhaustion. Being a Luthor in the public was exhausting.

Her phone chimed and she straightened and dug around for it. Pulling it out she saw she had a text from Kara and quickly opened the message. She had rung and text the dark blonde multiple times after the attack trying to make sure she was okay, but hadn’t had a reply until now.

Kara: Lena! I’m okay, are you? Call me when you can, please. I need to make sure you’re okay.

Her day had been exhausting but as the elevator door clicked open Lena Luthor left the elevator with a smile on her face and a weightlessness to her step.

~*~

“Oi, Luthor,” called a large man as he tossed the prison meal through the bars to one of their high-profile prisoners. “See your sister saved Supergirl? Looks like they’re becoming friends,” he
chuckled as he walked away and the bars clicked open to let him in through, the other guard falling in behind him, great gun in his hands. “Some legacy you left behind.”

The other gates clicked shut and the echoes in of their steps faded and in his cell in maximum security Lex Luthor’s knuckles turn white and a silent growl split his lips.

Chapter End Notes

Annnd another chapter. As always, mistakes are mine. As I am new to the fandom, and this ship (which OMG Lena my child! what did you all think of 2x08?) I am struggling to find their voices. Let me know how I go. Enjoy
“Hey, Kara,” one of the security guards emerged from the elevator with a large bouquet of flowers in one hand and a bag in the other. Already smelling what was in the bag her stomach choose that moment to roar its approval and she flushed slightly as Snapper looked at her and then at the flowers with disdain and rolled his eyes.

“I want you on the Luthor conference,” he growled as she slunk away, pulling his sleeves to his elbows. And Kara scrunched her face at his departing back and turned back to the security guard.

“Hi, Rob,” she beamed at him and heard his heart tick and he smiled back at her.

“These are for you,” he handed the flowers over and then passed the bag over before offering her a half-wave and awkwardly backing away back to the elevator.

“Thanks!” She grinned and quickly put the flowers on a nearby desk so she could open her potstickers and was halfway through the first container when she finally thought to look, really look at the flowers. She recognised them immediately and ran her tongue along her teeth and looked for a note. She knew instantly who the flowers were from, and when she found the note it was confirmed. *I’m sorry—L*. It was impersonal lettering and card but the message and gift meant more to her than Lena could possibly know and she smiled gently at the card before looking at the flower.

“Oooh, Danvers’ got a boyfriend,” cooed one of the other assistants as she clicked past and made to snatch the card from Kara’s fingers. Some of the other interns looked over curiously as Kara’s aversion to dating was well-known—James aside—and no one had ever sent her flowers before. Kara may have used Super reflexes to pull the message away and glared at the girl, watching the smile fall from her face. Kara Danvers didn’t glare. It was not a look that suited her, but by-god was she good at it. Her eyes turned artic and her face smoothened to marble, like one of those statues in museums.

Swallowing nervously the girl walked away quickly, and Kara’s eyes followed her to ensure she got the message. The flowers were hers. She could feel her ire fading as she looked back at the flowers and a smile rose unbidden to her lips and she ran her fingertips over the petals. They were soft, not as soft as roses petals, but still, and they smelt very good. She checked her watch and her eyes widened. She had less than half an hour to get across town if she wanted to be there in time for Lena’s speech.

Minutes later she was on the streets, making her way to the bus and listening to her music as the bus wound its way through town.

She was very nearly late to the speech, and knew Snapper would certainly have her job if she had missed it, even though she was the only reporter to get anything out of Lena (she had refused to give interviews, directing reporters to her PR team). Lena was already on the podium with the L-Corp building standing guard over her and a group of photographers, journalists, and media teams in front of her, hanging on her every word.

She was wearing a tight mid-thigh length black skirt and had a tailor white suit jacket over a white blouse. It was similar to what she wore last time she spoke here, minus the green blouse and large
white jacket. Her hair was falling back across her shoulders, making her face seem softer, even as her lipstick was a dark, promising red.

Kara caught her gaze as she scanned the crowd and felt something in her chest flutter when Lena’s lips parted in a smile and she offered a little, nervous wave. Lena’s smile warmed and Kara hurriedly jotted down notes of her speech, admiring the way the young CEO held the attention of the media and almost effortlessly moved through her speech. She made sure to emphasise that this incident in no way made her bare no ill will to the alien community, accepting that as the family of such a high-profile alien hater she would doubtless be target by those who feared she would turn out the same. She made sure to address the rumours of L-Corp developing anti-alien weapons, (though reporters, including Kara, would later note that she didn’t confirm the company had such weapons). It was as she was discussing her loss of her employees and L-Corp’s coverage of their funeral costs and the medical bills for those injured in the attack that Kara heard a familiar click.

Since she had landed on earth and developed her powers due to earth’s sun she had to learn to tune out much of the noise of everyday life. It had been very difficult for her when she first heard people crying for help and Alex would have to hold her as she cried about them needing help and her being unable to help them and how it was ‘so loud.’ Over the years she had gotten better at tuning it all out, solid in her role as Kara Danvers, nothing special about her, until, of course, she had outed herself as she saved her sister. Now she was more open to the city, blocking a lot of the noise with selective hearing, letting it filter through her mind unchecked and only pulling threads of sound when it caught her attention. The cocking of a gun certainly caught her attention.

Her head snapped up and she glanced around her, straining with her senses to catch the sound and heard the soft click of a trigger being pulled and all of her being was focused on the spinning bullet as it ripped through the air and towards the podium. Lena!

She was before the brunette as Supergirl in the span of a heartbeat, catching the bullet between her fingers and glaring down its path at the being that dared take a shot at the young CEO. The humanoid creature flinched away once the shot had been made and around her chaos erupted as the humans caught on to what had happened. She felt their heart rates leap and pound in their panic, but her main concern was on the heartbeat behind her. She could taste their fear in the air and felt her fury rise and crushed the bullet in her fist, feeling it crack and splinter and turn into dust as she closed her fist.

“Supergirl,” she heard breathed behind her and she spun around to make sure Lena was okay.

Lena’s fair skin was as pale as death and the only colour in her face was her lips, brows, and bright green eyes. Her breath was coming in short, sharp bursts, the rapid fire of an automatic gun, and her heart was trying to beat its way free from her chest.

“Miss Luthor, are you alright? I need to get you to safety,” she said quickly and the woman looked at her in disbelief, the typical underlying arrogance the rich and powerful had, and she almost felt small. The look was similar to the ones the girls in school had shown her, but only more powerful. She moved forward to pick Lena up and carry her to safety and the brunette’s head snapped up, heart thudding and she ground to a halt at the flash of fear she saw in her eyes. She felt like her feet were lined with lead, keeping her earthbound and was quick to assure the young CEO that she wasn’t going to hurt her. “I’m not gonna hurt you.”

The Luthor rolled her eyes and side-stepped the hero. Lena’s heels clicked as she strode off the podium, hair flaring behind her majestically and Kara hastened after her.

“Miss Luthor!” The shooter, or someone else, could hurt Lena while she was out in the open, and the brunettes heart rate abruptly increased and her eyes were frantic over the media, who were coming to
their senses and had their cameras pointed on the two.

“Supergirl,” Lena spun and Kara nearly walked into her and had to quickly step back to avoid a collision. “Don’t you have a would-be assassin to catch?” And what was it with powerful women who managed to make you feel moronic with an eyebrow arch and the right intonation.

Hearing the murmurs of the media she glanced around to see them nodding in agreement. “Right, um, just, ahm, stay safe,” she said, not sounding as confident as she would like. Lena was like Cat, capable of commanding a room with her mere presence alone, and demanding your obedience in the same thread. It was very challenging.

She launched herself into the sky and flew towards the building where she’d seen the shooter, hearing the DEO channel crack into life.

“Supergirl,” Hank’s commanding voice echoed in her ear. “What’s the situation?” She quickly relayed what had happened and told them where she was heading. Alex came online and told her she and a few agents were on their way as well, the thud of a chopper in the background.

She was able to quickly catch the suspect, tracking him through the city via her x-ray vision. He hadn’t got far and surrendered the moment she roared to the ground in front of him, cracking the pavement with her landing. She dragged him to the DEO and then raced back to Lena, letting Alex and the DEO agents deal with the alien. Alex promised to keep her updated and inform her on anything they learnt the moment they did. Luna was alone surrounded by a sea of people as she searched over heads for something, or someone. A flare of warmth rose at the thought that maybe Lena could be looking for her? Not Supergirl, but Kara.

She landed quickly next to the CEO and ignored the cameras that swiftly turned on them both. “Supergirl, did you find-“

“The assailant has been taken into custody,” she said strongly, reassuring her friend that she was now safe. Her Super abilities allowed her to see Lena deflate slightly in relief but the press were pressing closer, eager for a word, for a picture. But she only talked to Catco reporters and they wouldn’t get a sound bite from her. She wanted to get Lena out of here. “Are you able to accompany me for a debriefing?”

The woman turned to her with brow furrowed and then was looking back at the crowds.

“You saved my life,” she said quietly as she shifted her handbag on her shoulder, eyes still scanning the faces. “Of course.”

Kara was reminded of footage of the youngest Luthor stalking forward with the grace and presence of a predator with a gun in her hand. “Wellll, you did save mine earlier in the week,” and then she was looking at her boots nervously, then glancing at the brunette through her lashes. She said it quietly enough so that it could come across as say it was for Lena’s ears alone, but loud enough that she knew some of the microphones would pick it up. As it was the crowd pressed closer at the words.

“ETA thirty seconds, Supergirl,” Vasquez relayed in her ear and Kara let her arm rise, ready to guide Lena through the crowds towards the vehicles. Alex and Hank and discussed the wisdom of debriefing a Luthor, but the alien had been more than willing to confess why he had tried to kill her, admitting there were others who felt the same and that they would continue to try to kill her, so the Head of the DEO decided that she needed to know she was in danger.

Lena was warm, almost burning as Kara rested a gentle hand at her back and walked at her side
through the crowds, letting them part around the two like water did to a rock in a river.

Three black military vehicles screeched to a halt on the road and Agent’s with handheld guns scrambled from the doors to take up defensive positions. It was all very impressive and she could feel Lena tense and felt the trip in her heartbeat. She could understand why a Luthor of all people would be wary of a government agency that worked with aliens.

“It’s fine,” she said quietly and wished she could squeeze the brunettes arm in reassurance or something, but they weren’t that close, at least Supergirl and Lena weren’t, Kara could. Probably. The camera’s were still following them and half the city was no doubt watching with wide eyes. Kara placed her hands on her hips, at loss for what to do with them, as usual when she was around Lena. She could hardly play with her fingers, what kind of hero did that?

“I trust you,” Lena said after glancing at the crest and then looking into her eyes and Kara felt a smile tug at her lips and was helpless to it. She grinned back at the CEO as camera flashes went off around them. Lena was followed into the SUV by an Agent and then Kara hopped in. The brunette was squeezed between two of them and facing forward and Kara took the opposite seat (it was facing backward) and she folded her cape across her legs.

Her heart was doing a strange flipping thing in her chest and was warm and she didn’t stop smiling even as they screeched away from the scene in a wave of black, sirens flashing atop the roof. Lena was tense as they drove, smaller in between the two black-clad agents and she kept glancing nervously at their firearms. She also had her cell in her hands and was gazing at it as though it were a life-line.

“I love the Lion King,” Kara said suddenly and Lena glanced up from her phone with a tight brow. “We didn’t have movies on Krypton,” she shifted awkwardly on the seat, playing with her cape as bright green eyes focused on her curiously. “I dunno, I guess Simba having to leave his home and find a new one and a new family was something I could relate to.” The agents either side of Lena were facing forward, the picture of professionalism but she was certain they were paying attention.

“Kara,” she could hear Alex warn in her ear but she ignored her. Lena’s heart rate was steadying as she talked.

“Not Aladdin?” Lena asked, lifting a brow, and it was only because she knew Lena, that she was able to see just how shaken she was beneath her Luthor walls.

“No, that just made me sad…orphan and all…”

Lena leant back and nodded slowly, and she had a feeling the young CEO understood, she was adopted after all, maybe her parents had died as well. “I loved Be Our Guest, and Poor Unfortunate Souls from Beauty and the Beast and-“

“And the Little Mermaid,’ Kara finished for her, smiling over at her. “I love that movie!”

She leant forward in her seat. “Grass and birds were one of the things that fascinated me,” she said eyes wide with childlike innocence. “The animals here are incredible! Jer-er, my father… would play documentaries for me all the time, and I read everything I could get my hands on.”

Alex sighed over her coms but relayed what the alien was telling them, and it made Kara nervous, but not for herself, for the woman opposite her.

Lena was listening intently, green eyes curious and her heartbeat was steadying so Kara continued on. It was kind of nice to share this with someone who didn’t really know her, who couldn’t really
judge her. And Lena was a good listener, just keeping her head slightly tilted and keeping her eyes on her. The time passed quickly then, and before she knew it they were pulling into an underground garage.

Using her senses she could hear Alex in nearby and she could smell the bowl of fried chicken she had brought and nearly ripped the door off in her haste to get out of the car. Lena followed at a more dignified pace.

“Hey Alex!” She sort-of shouted and opened the passenger door and happily took the chicken. She opened the door behind Alex for Lena and was around the other side and in the backseat before the Luthor had a leg in the door.

Their drive back to Lena’s apartment was a little tense, the Luthor’s semi-relaxation in the back of the SUV fading as the conversation went on. She was adamant that she would not be receiving help from the DEO, and Kara couldn’t understand why Lena didn’t want their protection. Aliens were trying to kill her, not that her family didn’t have a history of that, but still!

But Lena was not to be persuaded otherwise and their conversation ended when she (gracefully) stormed from the car and into her apartment. Kara scanned the building to make sure it was safe before flopping back in the seat with a groan.

“Go talk to her,” Alex suggested as she pulled into the traffic and started to drive them towards the city’s DEO department.

“She’s not listening.”

“As Kara,” Alex cut in as she wound her way through the traffic. “But you might want to check in with Biter.”

Kara’s brow furrowed and she turned away from the window. “Biter?”

“Your Boss?” Alex asked, voice rising in question and Kara smiled at her sister, knowing she knew her bosses name but was trying to cheer her up.

“Snapper. It’s Snapper, Alex.” she corrected and scrambled forward in the car to sit in the front seat, Alex shifting her firearm so she could sit there.

“Mh, Snapper. He’ll want your article on the attack, especially after Supergirl saved the day,” Alex emphasised and guided the car to a halt at the garage beneath the building, showing her ID, though the guard was more interested in her caped companion.

“Argh, right. Okay, I’ll talk to you later?” She asked and when Alex nodded she was gone before Alex had parked the car.

“I hate it when you do that,” she heard her sister mutter as she flew away and laughed.

Not really interested in going into Catco and facing the cheerful personality of her boss, and of the questions regarding her delivery of flowers just yet, she decided to pop by the hospital and see some of Lena’s employees. They might talk to her more than they would the press or authorities.

She landed easily outside the hospital and strode into the building, making sure her cape was flaring out behind her as she did so. The visitors to the hospital stopped what they were doing and were looking at her in awe.

“Supergirl!”
“Hello,” she waved and walked over to the reception desk. “I’d like to see the injured employees from L-Corp.”

It was probably against protocol but the nurse glanced at her family crest and nodded. “O-okay, follow me!” Her voice was raised, maybe in nerves or excitement and Kara could hear the jump in her heart.

Some of the injured employees were asleep or unable to talk with her, but those she did talk with spoke of how pleased they were to see Lena taking L-Corp in a new direction and how proud they were to work for her. They didn’t blame the brunette CEO for what had happened to them, and were eager to get back to work. They also asked Supergirl to give her a chance, she was nothing like her brother, they told her, she would see.

She thanked them and took a few pictures with the patients and staff and signed a few autographs before heading back. She flicked off a text to Lena as she was entering Catco, just letting her know that she was safe, and wanted to talk with her as soon as she could. The footage of the speech and then foiled assassination attempt and then Supergirl leading Lena into a black SUV was on loop on all of the screens inside Cat’s-James’ office, and he called her in as soon as he saw her.

“Kara!” He rose from his desk and came around to see her. “Are you okay? I know you were at the Luthor interview.”

She smiled at him and then looked past his relieved face to the screens behind the desk. “Luckily Supergirl was there.”

*Luthor saved Supergirl?* Was one of the headlines that Catco was running for and after making sure she was okay James turned to the news.

“Supergirl let slip today that Miss Luthor had saved her earlier in the week,” James lifted and eyebrow and folded his arms as he leant against one of the couches. Kara fiddled with her glasses and lifted a shoulder nervously.

“The government agency Supergirl works with retracted a lot of the report from the authorities,” she said watching her alter ego appear before the Luthor and catch the bullet. “I couldn’t source it so I didn’t write it.”

“Well she’s outed herself now,” Snapper growled from the door. “I want you to get an interview with Lena Luthor,” he ordered and then he was gone, back to work.

Kara huffed but her and James shared a smile.

“I’m glad you’re alright,” he said and pushed off the couch towards Cat’s-his-desk. “Now go do your job,” he instructed with a smile and she beamed back at him and bounced out of the familiar office.

“By the way,” he called. “Who’s your secret admirer?”

She turned to face him as she walked backwards towards the elevator. “No one,” she said waringly and he ducked his head but she could feel his eyes on her as she entered the elevator.

She would get to see Lena soon, she ignored the warmth stirring in her chest at the thought. She was just happy to have a friend that got her, that was it.
I'm still not over 2x08, and have been binging all the fanfiction I can find on how KARA SHOULD HAVE THANKED LENA AND GIVEN MY BABY A DOZEN HUGS AND NEVER LET HER GO! Also, not sure how I feel about 'Guardian', seemed to come out of nowhere... give me Danvers sisters bonding any day :D Or, you know, Supercorp :D

Right, so thank you all for the reviews and Kudos, I may not always reply but I do see them and they do make me very happy. At the moment we are building the story, laying the different plot lines, and meeting the players, so stick around, things will get interesting soon. And don't worry, Kara/Supergirl and Lena will soon be forced to spend a lot of time together :D

As always, please let me know how I am doing, and enjoy.
“Kara!”

Kara rocked back on her heels as Lena Luthor threw herself at her and brought her arms around her in a hug. Startled for a moment she hesitated and then brought her arms around the CEO, completing the hug.

“I’m so glad you’re okay,” Lena said, flushing slightly as she pulled back and she looked lovely like this; hair down, red lips, skinny jeans, plaid shirt, and blushing.

“Me to,” Kara replied and moistened her lips, then she realised what she had said. “Not that I’m okay, well, I- not that I’m not happy that I’m okay, but that you…are…” she trailed off and felt her heart flip at the way Lena was biting her lips trying not to smile.

“Yeah… glad we’re both okay,” she nodded and adjusted her glasses, smiling sheepishly in response.

Lena’s green eyes were alight and she quickly pulled Kara into the apartment and shut the door.

“Are you sure you’re okay?” She asked gently, eyes scanning Kara’s body for injury as she kept her hands on her shoulders. She could feel the warmth through her cardigan and tried not to flush.

“Yeah, I got pulled behind a bench and then got dragged behind a car when Supergirl appeared,” Kara replied and nervously rolled her fingers together. “But enough about me! Are you okay? I know Supergirl saved you, it was all over the news, but are you sure...what?”

Lena was looking at her warmly, slight smile to her lips and her heart did a flip and she fought the urge to look away from Lena’s eyes. They were so pretty.

“Nothing,” she worried her lip and then lifted her arm, gesturing for Kara to come into the apartment. “I-I was worried,” she confessed quietly and Kara felt her face warm at the concern her friend was showing her.

“I’m fine,” she lifted her arms. “As good as new,” she smiled over at Lena and saw the other woman take a deep breath and release it slowly, tension falling from her body.

“I- ordered pizza, I hope you don’t mind,” she said as she led the way into the kitchen and Kara’s stomach growled, even though she had eaten on the way to the apartment.

Lena giggled. “I’ll take that as a no,” she said and walked over to her fridge and rattled off a selection of waters, fizzy, and wines.

Kara went with a coke and Lena pulled two cans from the fridge. There were four pizzas on the marble top with a garlic bread and Kara was almost drooling at the smell.

Lena offered her a coke and hesitated, suddenly shy. “I wanted to apologise for last time… I was-“

“Lena, it’s okay,” Kara said quickly, giving the brunette her full attention and smiling softly at her.
“Really, there is nothing to forgive you for. The flowers were lovely, thank you.”

Lena’s smile rivalled earth’s sun and Kara felt the warmth of her smile sink into all parts of her, making her warm and fuzzy all over. Lena ducked her head and then slid the coke across the bench to her.

“I’ve something to show you, when we are done,” she said and lifted a pizza box lid.

Kara’s stomach growled its approval of the smell and she fought a blush, smiling nervously but Lena just laughed and told her to help herself.

“Where do you put it?” She enquired as she sank her teeth into the point of a Hawaiian slice.

“Eh, I have a really fast metabolism,” Kara said through a mouthful and Lena bit her lip in amusement and the pizza got stuck.

She coughed awkwardly for a moment, hacking loudly until her throat was clear and Lena was at her side, hand on her back and the coke in her hand offering it to her.

“Thanks,” she coughed a little, took a sip of coke, and let it ease its way down her throat.

“I have to eat every few hours, otherwise my weight gets dangerously low,” she said, repeating the lie that the Danvers’ had crafted for her to allow for her excessive calorie intake. Of course, once she started to use her powers she had to increase the amount, eating more than a grown man would need over several days in one. But she couldn’t help it. She got hungry very quickly. She worried the edge of a napkin. “Is that okay?” She asked hesitantly.

Lena dapped at her lips with a serviette, brows narrowed on her and leant forward. “Okay? Okay that you have to eat to survive? Of course that’s okay?” She seemed confused. “Why wouldn’t that be okay? I’m your friend, I want you to be healthy.”

“O-kay,” Kara stuttered out a breath and then hesitated before explaining that it sometimes bothered her friends how much she needed to eat and how often she had to. They didn’t understand.

“I knew a girl in boarding school- skinny as a twig,” she sounded almost bitter about the fact. “Who needed to eat an entire block of chocolate every few hours. Her doctors told her to never quit drinking or smoking because they would have to hospitalise her before her body ate her alive.” Lena was looking at another pizza, deciding if she wanted bacon or chicken. “You do what’s best for you, Kara,” she said as she settled on a slice dripping with cheese. “If your friends mind, then maybe you need to ask yourself if they are truly your friends.”

“Thank you,” Kara said quietly, looking at the pizza’s and glancing to see Lena tilting her head back to get the strings of cheese into her mouth. Some was stuck to her lip and she watched her push it into her mouth with a red nailed finger.

Lena gave her the thumbs up, more concerned with her pizza than acknowledging Kara’s thanks for something that didn’t require it. Reassured Kara didn’t hold back and easily ate two of the pizza’s before she started to feel full and then started to pick at the slices, deciding which one she wanted more, in case she couldn’t fit any more.

It took her a few more minutes to slow down and Lena had given up after her fourth slice with a sigh and was watching Kara devour the pizza, a small fond smile on her lips.

“You done?” She asked teasingly and Kara blushed and nodded, quickly forcing the rest of her pizza down as Lena began to clean up their mess.
“Come on,” she jerked her head to the side and began to walk through the apartment, Kara hurrying after her like a puppy after wiping her mouth on a napkin.

She followed Lena to the guest room bathroom and washed her hands and then the brunette lead her down the hall to the dead-end Kara had seen last time she was here.

“I was stressed last time and didn’t give you the full tour, I apologise,” she said and pressed against the wall. A section of it slid open to reveal a keypad and she tapped a few keys and then pressed her palm to the palm reader above the keypad. A few moments later and the wall slid into itself to reveal the entry to the secret lair.

The television screens were black, silent, and the computer was the same.

“This is my private study,” Lena said as she flicked the lights on and walked into the room. “I do a lot of my theoretical design and research here.”

Kara followed her, hiding her apprehension, into the room, she didn’t sense anything dangerous, but Lena was a Luthor, even if she didn’t know who and what Kara was.

“Impressive,” she said truthfully and was rewarded with a smirk from the brunette as she sat in her chair and clicked her computer into life. There was another door in the wall, it must reach out to cover the rest of the floor, making sense as there seemed to be space for four luxury apartments on this floor, but there was only the doors for three.

“This is what I’ve been working on,” she said gesturing for Kara to come closer and the dark blonde walked around the desk to stand behind the Luthor. The background to the desktop made her wince slightly and she hoped the expression wasn’t caught in the reflection- it was of Lena and of Lex, smiling at the camera in snow gear with their arms around each other. There were various folders and programs on the screen, design ones, and building ones, no doubt for her to send to another computer where the prototypes could be made.

“Christmas two years ago,” Lena said in explanation as she clicked into another file and passed the encryption. “A brief pause in his crusade against Superman.”

She clicked a few more times, typed something and then her latest project was up on the screen. Kara tensed behind her at the names of a file in a folder, but not the one that was opened.

“I’ve been working on this for a while,” she moved the mouse around and the small device on the screen spun 360 degrees. “It’s an anti-alien alarm,” she explained and went on to show Kara the features that would allow the user to press a button and bring any alien within one hundred feet to their knees.

“So that will kill aliens?” Kara asked nervously, gripping the back of Lena’s chair and feeling it creak under the pressure.

“No,” Lena said quickly and shook her head, pieces of her hair falling across Kara’s hand. “This is defensive only. Human brains operate at a different frequency…. That mess with Myriad proved that,” she voiced to herself, softer than Kara should have been able to hear. “This is designed to emit a screaming sound at just the right frequency that will knock them out, not kill them. There are weapons for that,” she added almost as an afterthought.

“You did save Supergirl,” Kara said quickly, trying to relax her hold on Lena’s expensive chair. She felt nervous and wondered if she should have told Alex she was coming here.

“Yes, but she is a good alien,” Lena clicked from the file and then exited the folder and spun to face
Kara, who’s eyes were on the screen and the folder that had said ‘Kryptonite gun’.

“You yourself said there were bad ones,” Lena pointed out and rose to her feet, making Kara step back so they wouldn’t collide. “That is what I am interested in defending against,” she said and tilted her head. “Can’t you understand that?”

Kara hesitated but nodded slowly, rubbing her fingers together. “I-I guess… but-but what if these devices can get to a high enough frequency to- I don’t know, explode a brain? Or be turned on humans?”

Lena was nodding in agreement as she turned the screen off. “I thought of that,” she said and gestured towards the door. “I designed the software myself. I will be very impressed if someone manages to hack into it, and then alter the software. Very impressed,” she emphasised and followed Kara out of the room, touching the touchpad and letting the door close behind them.

“I’m very good with computers,” Lena explained as she proceeded to show Kara the rest of the penthouse. There was a small library/study/home entertainment room, a small private gym. Two double guest rooms, the guest bathroom that Kara had already seen, and Lena’s personal rooms. Her bed room was designed to catch the most sunlight possible and from the brief glance Kara had seen made her itch to see just how comfortable her big bed was. The laundry was off next to gym.

After the tour Lena lead them back to the lounge and curled up on one end of the couch. The sunset was fading but still magnificent and Kara enjoyed the sight for as long as she could, taking a seat on one of the two arm chairs facing the window. After a moment Lena joined her and the two watched day turn into night and the horizon merging into one, even as the artificial skyline awoke.

“I, ah, hate to ask but um-“

“Your boss wants an exclusive interview?” Lena asked with a raised brow.

“That’s not why I’m here!” Kara was quick to point out and was relieved when Lena lifted a hand and placed it in her forearm. She could feel the heat if her touch burning through her shirt.

“Relax, Kara,” Lena said and her voice was soft and gentle, the hint of an accent coming through. “I know you’re not here for that. You’re here for me.” She sounded disbelieving of her own words but then came back to herself and let Kara go with a smile. The dark blonde could have sworn she’d left an imprint of it on her flesh.

“Okay, let me just get my notepad,” she said and rose quickly to fetch it. On her return she paused to admire, and maybe imprint in her memory, the silhouette of the brunette against the sky.

She ran through her questions and Lena was calm and relaxed as she admitted that for the second time in a week an alien had tried to kill her. She was cautious, she told Kara-the-reporter, of the alien refugees and wanted humans to have a defence against those that wished them harm, but didn't know how to get both humans and aliens to get along. Kara got some good quotes, and when she’d decided she had enough she put her notepad away, signalling the return of Kara-the-friend.

She was a little pre-occupied with the supposed super-computer Lena hinted at and also at the fact she had admitted she was good with computers, but Winn was good with computers, so what did that mean. She was ignoring the fact that the DEO had been hacked by a computer genius and she may be speaking with one. But the rest of the night was comfortable, they sipped an expensive red wine while they watched the night of National City awaken and go about its business. Her phone was silent, a part from a text from Alex asking to see her when she was free, and as the minutes slipped away Kara and Lena discussed everything, childhoods, schooling, television, and college.
Lena was very disappointed to learn that Kara didn’t have any wild, drunken, stories.

Kara had also asked Lena how she was feeling about her safety which had started an argument, but Lena was more…gentle with Kara than she was with Supergirl and Agent Danvers. She argued that Supergirl and her team had an entire city to save, and shouldn’t be concentrating only on her-she wasn’t worth it, was what Kara had gotten out of the discussion. Her own arguments had fallen flat, but she had conveyed her concern that Lena was in danger and her human security might not be a match for aliens, wouldn’t the help of the government agency be better? Lena had arched a brow then, asking her that weren’t those agents human? Flushing, like she seemed to do around Lena, Kara had responded that they were used to aliens, and would be more prepared to fight off an alien attack. She just wanted her to stay safe, she admitted quietly and Lena had gone silent, contemplative before changing the subject.

It was approaching the middle of the night when Kara reluctantly rose to leave and Lena guided her to the door, eyes and voice soft and Kara felt her eyes on her as she left.

She dug out her cell to call Alex, and minutes later she was landing in the National City DEO HQ, her sister coming to great her.

Alex had a tense furrow to her brows as she walked towards her, combat boots thudding on the linoleum surface.

“Supergirl.”

“Agent Danvers,” Kara smiled and wrapped and arm around her sister.

“Winn’s been tracking the hacker and found something,” Alex said, wrapping her arm back around Kara and the two walked towards the podium where Winn was at his desk.

“Winn,” Kara beamed a greeting, “what have you got for me?”

“Well….” the agent drawled and spun in his chair to face her, grinning in response. “I managed to locate the source of the hack, it came from Lena Luthor’s flash-drive, the one she gave us of her footage.”

Kara felt her blood turn to ice and winced. Winn didn’t notice but Alex did and crossed her arms, eyes narrowing as Winn continued.

“It looks like the instruction was hidden in the footage, behind the bit that Lena obviously didn’t want us to share, the bit where the alien spoke to her.” He was shaking his head but in the reflection of his screen Kara could see the admiration of the work.

“I managed to trace it from an outside source, attached to the footage, probably before she gave it to us. The algorithm was designed to search for certain things, using the flash-drive to gain access to our systems….even though it was scanned…” His brow furrowed and he turned back to his computer, bringing up a section of computer code that Kara didn’t understand.

“It looks like the instruction was hidden in the footage, behind the bit that Lena obviously didn’t want us to share, the bit where the alien spoke to her.” He was shaking his head but in the reflection of his screen Kara could see the admiration of the work.

“Whoever it was knew we would make sure the footage was clear before uploading it to our system, they waited for us to open the door to let them in, and we did when Vasquez found the start of the video. She basically let the hacker in-not that she could have known,” Winn added hurriedly, seeing the Agent in question turn and give him a dirty look. “The tech behind this…. It’s something we don’t even have.”

“So what did they find? What were they looking for?”
“Anything on Cadmus,” Winn answered quickly and brought up another section of code. “Anything on alien weaponry, and….” he ducked his head awkwardly and his expression turned pained, “anything on Kryptonian’s….”

Kara stiffened and Alex unfolded her arms, leaning forward intense.

“It was an algorithm hidden beneath the other orders…it was the first one executed…. They got everything we had…. But I don’t think they got your and Superman’s civilian identities…."

“You don’t think?” Alex’s voice rose to a high pitch, almost vibrating in her anger.

Winn shrugged helplessly. “We let them in to the system, whoever they are they are a computer genius, and I’m a computer genius!”

“Um,” Kara shifted nervously on her feet and tugged at the cord holding her sleeve to her palms, the heavy feeling from earlier returning tenfold.

“Kara?” Alex’s voice rose in warning and was an excellent imitation of Eliza’s.

“Well…. You know how I said Lena had a secret lair in her apartment?” Alex and Winn were nodding though Alex had folded her arms and was lifting a brow to get her to continue. “She took me inside it tonight, and, ah, she showed me one of the latest tech’s she’s working on.” She went on to explain what Lena had shown her, waiting for Hank to arrive before repeating it to him, then she added, “I saw a few other folders, one was um, Kryptonite Gun- but that isn’t everything I learnt!” She said quickly in the face of three disapproving masks and J’onn and Alex exchanging a look.

“When I asked if the alarm could be used to kill aliens she said she’d be very impressed if someone managed to hack into it, and change the frequency…. She’s kinda a computer genius?” Her voice rose to a question at the end and Winn sat back in his chair blinking.

“So she gives us the edited footage, knowing we would look further, and sends in a Trojan to open our files and gets the information she needs,” Alex said, voice tense and features hard. “Let me go and get her,” she requested of Hank and the Head of the DEO shook his head again.

“We have no proof,” he began.

“Oh! Come on!” Alex shot back and proceeded to list the points against Lena’s favour. “She was attacked by an alien, twice, claiming revenge for Cadmus. She managed to severely wound one of them, who later died of the injuries, the tech she used is something we don’t even have, and we are the DEO! She lifted her gun on Kara, she has a program on her computer called Kryptonite Gun, and….” Alex’s voice was increasing in volume. “She admitted to Kara she was a computer genius! Her last name is Luthor! What more proof do you need!!?”

“Evidence, Agent Danvers, evidence,” Hank said, iron entering his tone and Alex’s head shot back and she lifted her arms and shoulders to express her disbelief.

“Miss Luthor could have been targeted because of her last name, both times, it is not much of a stretch to assume she could be involved with Cadums. She is well within her rights to design anti-alien weaponry, we have anti-alien weaponry.” He lifted his hand to halt Alex’s protests as Winn and Kara watched with wide eyes. “She never took a shot at Supergirl,” he said warningly. “Being intelligent alone is not grounds for suspicion, and I am certain L-Corp is not the only company designing anti-alien weapons, not every Kryptonian is like Superman and Supergirl. You know that.”

Alex was huffing, crossing her arms, jaw rigid.

“She doesn’t seem so bad,” Kara offered quietly, in defence of her friend. “She hasn’t made an
aggressive move.” The yet was unspoken but sat heavy on the air as though it had been shouted.

Alex’s phone made a chiming noise and her brow tightened as she dug it from her pocket, though her eyes widened at seeing the message.

“Speak of the devil,” she muttered and read the message out-loud.

“Agent Danvers. I have rethought your proposal. Please come see me tomorrow, when convenient, to discuss it further, Lena Luthor.” It was said with Alex’s voice but the cadence and tone of it was undeniably the CEO’s.

“Huh, wonder what changed her mind,” Winn pondered aloud and Alex stared down at the phone, pensive.

“What should I say?”

“Yes, of course!”

“It’s not that simple, Kara. She was a gun that could kill you,” Alex looked up from her phone to stare concernedly at her sister. “I know you want to trust her because she’s your friend, but she’s a Luthor.”

“And she needs our help,” Kara countered, straightening and folding her arms over her crest. “We can’t just ignore that.”

“What if it’s a trap?” Winn asked, and then shrunk a little in his seat at the withering glare Kara shot him.

“Innocent or not, Miss Luthor is being targeted by aliens and her human security cannot hope to protect her against them, even if she does outfit them with anti-alien guns.” Hank said finally, voice firm. “Agent Danvers,” Alex straightened slightly at the command. “I want you to arrange protection from our agents for Miss Luthor, at least until we have caught the aliens who want to hurt her.”

Alex sighed heavily but gave a grudging nod and tapped away at her cell. “I hope you’re right about her, Kara,” she said as she put her cell back in her pocket. “I don’t want her to hurt you.”

“She won’t, Alex,” Kara smiled winningly at her sister. “She won’t.”

Chapter End Notes

As always, any mistakes are my own. I love hearing your feedback so if you have anything to share please do. I may not always reply, but I do see them and I do love them. Thank you all for the Kudos, and comments. Enjoy.
Part Seven

Chapter Notes
See the end of the chapter for notes

The rebuilding of L-Corp had been swift, four days after the attack and Lena was back in her office, though with increased security. Alex walked confidently into the ground level of the building with two Agent’s behind her and flashed her FBI badge to security. She had to wait a moment until they verified her identity, and those of her companions, and was thankful for the DEO tech that allowed their ID’s to change with the click of a button.

The trio were directed to the elevators and joined a few L-Corp employees on the way up and Alex kept her features blank as they got higher and higher. By the time they got to the CEO floor they were alone, and when the door opened they were greeted with two security guards standing alertly by Lena’s assistant’s desk. They were alert and watched intently as Alex and her agents approached and she could tell by the way they held themselves and looked over her that they were combat trained, and not the regular mall-cop security that was downstairs.

The PA was typing away and glanced up when she saw them and they flashed their badges reassuringly. “I’m Agent Danvers of the FBI, and this is Agent Cole and Agent Bronze. Miss Luthor requested to see us immediately.”

Perhaps overwhelmed by their badges or the guns they had at their sides, the PA waved them in.

The security guards watched them go but made no move to stop them and soon they were in Lena’s office.

The CEO was speaking with a tall African-American woman in a lab coat, who’s clothes underneath rivalled the CEO’s. Lena was leaning over a tablet and the other scientist was nodding slowly, as she followed what Lena was saying. “That would work.”

“I know you wanted to change it so we could mass produce it, but I don’t want this getting out, understand?” Lena stilled as she saw the three DEO agents and straightened quickly, flipping the cover on the tablet shut.

“Agent Danvers, thank you for coming,” Lena turned to her companion and nodded. “Thank you.”

Alex watched the woman until her lab coat vanished out the door before looking back at the Luthor, who’s surprise had faded beneath a calm CEO mask.

“I’m glad you agreed to our protection,” Alex said as she strode forward and stood in front of the CEO’s desk. “This is Agent Cole and Agent Bronze, they have been assigned your protection.” The two Agent’s nodded a greeting.

“Lena Luthor,” Lena said as she took a seat. “How will we do this, Agent Danvers? I don’t want my work compromised.”

“Your safety is important,” Alex interrupted.

“Yes…you can tell your sister I accepted D-“ she cut herself off abruptly and Alex felt the hair on the back of her neck rise, it sounded like she was going to say DEO. “I accepted additional
protection, so she can stop looking at me with those eyes.” Lena flicked through a large folder, pen poised. And Alex felt a moment of kinship to the Luthor, Kara’s puppy eyes were lethal, she was surprised Lena had lasted as long as she had.

“Agent’s Cole and Bronze will shadow you 24/7 until the threat is neutralised,” Alex began and Lena’s head rose.

“There are some places where I don’t want company.”

Alex nodded understanding, but also slightly suspicious. “Of course. They are to leave you when you request it but when you go out in public they need to be with you.” She didn’t add that she would ask the Agent’s to follow Lena, just in case she was in danger, and not because she was interested in anything she could be doing that might prove her suspicions right.

Lena leant forward and pressed a button on her desk and moments later her secretary was opening the doors. “Miss Luthor?”

“Jess, these Agents are going to be accompanying me for the foreseeable further. Please show them around and give them a room down the hall to set up in.”

Her secretary showed the two agents out, and they could hear her introducing them to the two security guards.

“I don’t want it obvious I have government protection,” Lena clasped her hands together on top of her desk, casting a glance to her computer before looking back at Alex. “The Media are already all over me because of who I am,” she lifted a hand to wave it around her, “and because of the would-be-assassin last week.”

Alex shook her head. “While I appreciate that they-we-are professionals, our uniform is-“

“Agent Danvers,” Lena interrupted green eyes intense. “You couldn’t look less of a highly trained secret agent than you already do,” she said and ran her eyes over Alex. The Agent shifted slightly uncomfortable at the appraisal but stood straight when she reminded herself she was a covert-agent.

“You’re wearing black, have a side arm strapped to your leg, a utility belt, a hands free coms device, another gun off your belt, two boot knives, one on the back of your belt,” she looked back at the computer. “Several in under your shirt, what’s that, throwing knives?” She lifted her brow and then shook her head while Alex blinked at her. “Your companions are carrying machine guns,” she emphasised. “Their armour is to high tech for FBI, your guns aren’t standard issue, and no human agents have enough experience with aliens to be willing to protect me from them. Ergo, Agent Danvers, you don’t work for the FBI and considering you work with Supergirl… I’m willing to bet you work for another government agency, one that works with and deals to aliens.”

Alex’s fingers twitched with the urge to hold her gun, just to keep her grounded, not to wipe the smug look of the youngest Luthor’s face.

Lena turned her computer screen to face her, showing a live time view of the office as well as a second one that highlighted Alex’s weaponry and had its make and model details next to it. It was like some sort of video game, where the stats of each weapon was shown and it had the height and weight of the agent. There was also a live feed of Alex’s own camera, a small one hidden at her neck as an anti-strangling collar, and Alex felt her jaw unhinge slightly.

“I know,” Lena said and let a smirk curl her lips and lifted her shoulder in a faux impression of modesty.
“Now,” the Luthor was all business, fixing Alex with piercing green eyes. “If your agents are going to be protecting me, which you have insisted on, then I would like them to at least try to be less conspicuous.” Alex’s jaw worked and Lena’s gaze turned sly. “I have a feeling you don’t want the Media digging in to why I have ‘FBI’ Agents guarding me…”

Alex took a deep, calming breath, and let it out slowly. Lena had a point. She tapped her comms.
“Did you get all of that?”

Winn was gushing in her ear. “Oh my god, that tech is amazing! Can you ask her about the-“

“Agent Schott,” Hank could be heard interrupting and the tech wiz quietened instantly. “We heard and saw everything,” he said and then sighed. “She has a point. Have Agent’s Bronze and Cole try for civilian clothing the best they can…and inform Miss Luthor that if I catch her hacking our feeds again I’ll be very, very unhappy.”

“Can you ask her to come in and work on our tec-“

“Agent Schott!”

“Yup, okay. Going back to work now,” Winn said and she could hear the faint sound of his keyboard tapping.

Lena was smiling at her desk but looked back at Alex and nodded. “Of course, Agent. I do apologise for the intrusion, but one can never be too certain of who they are speaking to. I’ll terminate the connection immediately… though I do suggest you alter your software. Your communicative software is allowing a constant signal which is open to hacking.” She hesitated and then proceeded to offer how the change could be made while Winn whooped in Alex’s ear, wondering how he hadn’t thought of that.

Lena clicked a few buttons with a small smile on her face and then turned the screen to show Alex. All that remained on the screen was the live camera feed from a camera above the door, and the x-ray of her weapons. “I removed myself from the network, but do look into my suggestions. I’d hate to see an anti-alien government agency hacked.” She said it with cool green eyes, but with a slight curl to her lips and Alex felt her own lips start to curl into a sneer but forced it down, she was a professional, even if Lena did basically just admit to hacking the DEO.

Alex could hear Hank and Winn discussing the suggestions and tapped her comms again, temporarily shutting the channel but still letting them see and hear all that she did.

There was a knock on the door and her agent’s came back inside and stood to attention behind her, and she felt powerful and confident with them at her back.

“Will that be all, Agent Danvers?” Lena asked as she flicked open another folder. Alex nodded, giving Lena then run down on what she was expected to do, and what her Agents would be doing, before nodding and leaving. Cole and Bronze followed her out and as the door clicked shut and she let out a sigh. She made sure the room that L-Corp had given her agents was satisfactory, and seeing that they didn’t need anything she bad them farewell and made her way to the elevator. She was in need of a coffee, and maybe something sweet. Maybe she’d go and see her sister, and see her new office.

~*~

Kara’s article on the attack on Lena Luthor had gone over well with Snapper, especially as she had gotten an exclusive interview with the CEO and had a few words from Supergirl, caught in passing.
It was just luck. Really. She was starting to become known as Supergirl’s go-to, the voice when she wanted to speak to the public, and some of her co-workers had teasingly called the new Lois Lane—she’d heard James’ laugh from her little box when he’d heard it.

Over the past two weeks she had been out and about in the city getting interviews, talking to witnesses, and getting reports. She’d featured in Catco magazine multiple times, writing about a new park, additional officers to the NCPD, an upgrade to the mall—which was rumoured to feature alien friendly technology and games—and had been investigating the robbery-murder of a local Doctor, one that had moved here from Metropolis. She’d talked to Clark about it, and he had done some digging for her, and it was really good to talk to him, they didn’t really get the chance very often, so she had relished the time they had spent.

Kal had learnt that the Dr had had a modest practice which had very few clients, but those that he did have were of the social elite in Metropolis, the rich, influential, and famous. Many celebrities, politicians, and influential people had come forward to say how sorry they were to hear of the robbery gone wrong and that the Dr would be missed.

Something about the information she had dug up on the Doctor had seemed off, and the authorities were very quick in telling the public it had been a robbery that had gone wrong, but Kara’s investigations had told her there was nothing actually stolen. Of course when she had queried this, the law enforcement had laughed and said that that was because the good doctor interrupted the thieves in the middle of their job, and paid his life with it. Then they got spooked, they said in an official statement, and fled before they could steal anything. It seemed odd, as the forensic reports indicated a silencer had been used, and the Doctor had been shot in his study, in the head. Something in her felt uncomfortable with the police’s conclusions and she had asked Alex and Winn to look into the doctor, even as she wrote a fluffy article for the Magazine. The funeral was this afternoon, and it was a good day to have it on, for all that it would be a sombre affair.

Now she was in Snapper’s work-room, surrounded by all these impressive reporters, as he informed her he wanted her to investigate the rumour of a killer for hire entering the city and telling her to take Mitchel Mathes with her, a seasoned reporter who would show her the ropes. Snapper was impressed with her solo articles (for the most part), but they must have lacked something, or were very easy, so he was giving her a partner to shadow and learn from. It was real journalism, and she was very excited.

They would meet up later, after the funeral, which Kara was attending out of respect, and because she had gotten close to the family in the following days as they had tried to find the killer, and the police had eventually tracked him to a small hole in the less pleasant side of National City. He’d been in danger of dying of an overdose, and had been subdued easily. The gun he used was hidden under the bed and the clothes he used were in the washing hamper. The petty thief had denied it vehemently, saying he didn’t do it, but the evidence was right there, and he was arrested and charged with murder. His trial would be in a couple of days, but he was released on bail, a fee that a petty criminal charged with murder should not have been able to afford, which just made Kara even more uneasy.

Snapper went over the rest of the news for the morning and then sent the reporters off to do their jobs. At mid-day Kara made sure she was presentable, and grabbing her messenger bag, made her way across town to the cemetery.

There were already folks dressed in black gathering and walking in twos, threes and by themselves to the plot of earth. A few cars pulled up and the family got out, wearing black and with red-rimmed eyes and pale faces as they walked reluctantly to the coffin.
Kara waited at the back, behind the rows of people, relying on her super-hearing to hear the lovely ceremony and she was admiring the cadence and charisma of the celebrant when she smelt it; familiar perfume.

Turning her attention from the sweet words she scanned the crowds for Lena Luthor. The CEO was standing a bit to the back, with two men in suits who she recognised as the DEO agents Alex had assigned her. She looked delightfully sombre in black, regal and untouchable, and Kara wondered exactly what she was doing here. It couldn’t be a coincidence, could it? The young CEO was from Metropolis, so was the doctor, who catered to the elite, and now he was dead…. Surely the young Luthor didn’t have anything to do with his death.

Supergirl-mode activated she turned from the funeral and tried to sense anything out of place, all she saw apart from the black suits and clothing was a man in motorcycle clothing laying a rose over a gravestone a little bit back from the funeral.

She narrowed her eyes at him and used her supervision but couldn’t see anything out of the ordinary. There was a figure approaching from the south but he was only carrying flowers so she ignored him and turned back to the funeral, her eyes drawn every so often back to Lena.

Her instincts told her to be alert, so she was a little tense and jumped a bit when the funeral ended, and they started to play some song as the coffin was lowered into the ground. She hated funerals, hated the people the dead left behind, hated their tears, their cries, the stuttering of their hearts. She hated death for what it took from the living.

The family were the first to leave the funeral, and clung to each other as they stumbled back to their vehicles. She could feel their sorrow, taste their tears, hear their loss and it took a little out of her. The figure with the flowers was closer now, and he had his hoodie up, and as suspicious as it was, she didn’t think he meant any harm, he didn’t have a gun or any weapon on him.

He was talking to the family and she didn’t deny her curiosity to listen.

“I didn’t do it, I swear!” He was saying and it was the young thief, Jake, who had been accused of shooting the doctor. His only weapon to the angry family was his flowers and he was offering them even as he vehemently denied his involvement in the murder of their father, son, brother, husband, and friend.

The family were angry in their grief and were demanding the man leave, but he was insistent, saying he hadn’t done it, saying he didn’t know how his gun had been the one to shoot the doctor, how he didn’t use anymore and how he was trying to turn over a new leaf.

They wouldn’t listen to him, and one of the men, maybe a brother, gave him a good, hard shove away from the family and the thief stumbled back, flowers falling from his hand as a shot rang out and blood blossomed across his chest.

Kara jerked and scanned frantically for the shooter, and the people began to scramble. She could hear the DEO agents grabbing Lena and dragging her across the grass and pushing the man in the motorcycle jacket away. He too was running, looking fearful for his life, even as it seemed false. He was tall, slender and well-built and his steel eyes were sharp beneath dark brows and he had a slight scar on his right cheek, likely from a fist fight. His nose looked like it had been broken a few too many times and his dark hair was pepper with silver, but it was a good look on him. He bolted past the screaming guests and jumped on a motorbike and roared away as Kara looked for the shooter. She saw them on the top of a parking garage over across from the cemetery, and after making sure no one was looking at her, Kara Danvers vanished and Supergirl was seen speeding across the sky in
a streak of blue and red.

The human shooter didn’t even protest when she took his gun and picked him up after dismantling it and putting it into the case he carried it in. She flew him to the nearest precinct and left him there, telling the officers that he was the one who had shot the man who had killed the doctor. They had expected her, apparently someone was currently calling them to say that someone had shot the young man that killed the doctor.

She returned to the cemetery as Kara Danvers, reporter, and was quick to see where she would be most useful as she heard her sisters voice come through her coms device.

“Supergirl, what’s happening? Agent Bronze said there was a sniper at the funeral. Are you alright?”

Kara quickly explained the situation and let Alex go when the arriving police officers wanted to get her statement. It didn’t take very long, and soon she was on her way back to Catco. Mitchel had text her while she was waiting to give her statement that the gun-for-hire they were going to investigate had been arrested for shooting the man who killed the doctor and as she flew over the skies she asked Alex to have her detective friend look into it, or look into it herself. On Krypton they didn’t believe in coincidences, and she was starting to think that that mindset was something she should look into more here on earth, especially with these two shootings.

Snapper was as good as his name when she returned to Catco, the office he ruled over was a mess, with him tearing other reporters to shreds and laying into Mitchel.

The slender black man towered over Snapper but seemed diminished in the presence of his shorter, irate companion as the more seasoned reporter demanded he write everything he had on the shooter, and do so right now. Already news outlets were reporting that the shooter was Jamie McCartney, an infamous hitman, who had been hired by the family to take out the shooter, Jake. Already rumours were flying about who had ordered the hit and how much it had cost them, and what the police were going to do about it. Snapper paid them no mind, he wanted the unbiased truth, not that mindless dribble that outlets like Fox liked to spew.

“I don’t have anything,” Mitchel was defending, lifting large hands the size of a dinner plate. “Kara and I were gonna look into it after the funeral, like you asked.”

Snapper didn’t appreciate the feedback. “Go out and get me that story, before the evening news,” his ‘or else’ was silent, but it didn’t need to be voiced and Mitchel threw his hands in the air in resignation.

“Kara,” his head turned around and he brightened. “There you are. Get your reporter kit and let’s go,” he paused to grab a leather jacket and a messenger bag and led Kara back out of the office.

“Er, okay,” she quickly fell into step behind him.

Mitchel used to be the War-correspondent but had retired from that after the birth of his daughter, a cute, brown-eyed cherub of a girl whose picture he liked to show to everyone. Kara fawned over each new photo appropriately, the kid was cute.

Mitchel had a knack for being in the right place at the right time, a trait he called instinct and curiosity and he was nicknamed the “(Black) Panther.” He found the nickname amusing, something his colleges had started to call him years back, for his grace, and cat-like curiosity, but he never said how the name had come about, remaining coy on the subject whenever he was asked and he changed the answer depending on his mood. Regardless of how he was called such, he was one of the best reporters in the business and was very charismatic and seemed to find leads where there were none.
The reason he had known about Jamie being in town was because one of his drinking buddies wasn’t exactly on the right side of the law, as Kara came to realize when they made their way across town to a dive-bar, and he’d told Mitchel about it.

The bar was on a corner, with a small convenience store on one side and a mechanic shop on the other and Kara felt eyes on her as soon as she entered. The atmosphere was dark, with dull lighting trying to get through the layer of smoke and with tables and chairs were mismatched and broken and the clientele was a mixed bunch, but all looked dangerous and completely at home. Some were in booths drinking, others were playing pool, and one guy was throwing knives at a dart-board with chilling accuracy.

“Mitch.” A small girl at the bar looked ethereally pale in the light and Mitchel immediately made his way towards her, Kara-the-reporter, following on his heels. Up close the girl looked mid-late twenties, maybe, and had piercing in her ears, one on her nose, and a lip ring, but she was smiling as Mitchel leant across the bar to grip her hand. Her biceps strained under her shirt and her steel blue eyes were sharp as she took Kara in. She felt like she were being x-ray and fiddled with her sleeves.

“Who’s your friend,” she asked and cocked a hip against the bar, running a wiping clothing along the edge of a glass.

“Kara, she’s learning the ropes. Kara, this is Rachel, who prefers to be called Raven,” Mitch introduced, changing the name at the frosty glare Raven shot him.

‘Raven, Kara,” Mitch leant against the bar and tilted his head. “My usual, and…” he turned curiously to Kara. She fiddled with her glasses and shook her head. “I don’t drink.”

The waitress snorted but slapped a glass on the bench and sorted Mitch’s drink, rolling her sleeves to her elbows as she did and Kara could see the tattoos on them.

“There’s water in the tap if you want it, or we’ve got your normal mixers,” she said and slid the glass over to Mitch, who downed it, and replaced the bottle back behind the counter. Kara shook her head and the server lifted her shoulder in a shrug.

“Jamie McCartney,” Mitch said as he pulled out his wallet and Raven huffed.

“Yeah,” she had a nice voice, smoky-like, “figured you’d be here about that. Heard he was arrested.”

“Yeah, Supergirl caught him,” Kara piped up and fought the urge to look away when steel blue eyes focused on her. Those eyes had seen a lot, there was a shadow in them.

“Hm,” Raven turned away and leant over the bar. “You got what I want?”

Mitch smiled, dimples flaring. “Aw, Raven. You know I always come through for you,” he reached into his messenger bag and pulled out a small box and passed it across the bar. Raven grinned, looking like a devious teenager about to get into trouble and Kara wondered what was in the box. Expensive cigars, Kara soon found out when Raven eagerly lit one and brought it to her mouth with a sigh.

“Came here, like they always do. Didn’t say much,” she nodded her head as she worked at a spot on the bar with her cloth. She brought the cigar away from her mouth to ask, “Who’d he kill?”

“Jake Cole, the kid that killed that Doctor,” Mitch said and turned from the server to lean his back against the bar and look at the customers.

“That the one that they found trying to OD in his shithole of an apartment?”
“That’s the one.”

Raven snorted. “Yeah, heard about that.” A broad-shouldered man approached the bar with a singlet and an empty glass and his muscles bulged beneath his military insignia.

Raven eye’s fluttered as she inhaled sharply before pulling the cigar away and letting the smoke curl from her partially open mouth. “Were I you, I’d take a look at the kid again, especially the apartment.”

She inclined her head and moved over to take the empty glass and refilled it silently.

“I’ll catch ya, later.”

Dismissed but with new information Mitch rapped his knuckles on the bar and gave her a smile as he turned and gestured for Kara to leave the bar.

The city air was fresh and cool after being inside, and she saw Mitch squint in the light as he came out behind her.

“Raven’s former military,” Mitch said as they started to walk down the pavement. “She retired two years back after her old man died of cancer. We met in Iraq.” He waited until a car passed before crossing the street. “So, tell me what your journalist senses are telling you about the case.”

“Well… I don’t think Jake did it,” Kara hedged and Mitch nodded slowly.

“Alright, convince me.”

“Okay, so Doctor Alan was killed in his study in a robbery gone wrong, only nothing was taken and the security alarm was disabled by someone familiar with high-tech alarms, which Jake Cole isn’t, he’s a petty criminal, he doesn’t do big jobs. The killer used a silencer and left, only fingerprints on the doorhandle, and on the study door say Jake was there. He is then found with a needle in his arm in his apartment.” Kara turned to look up at Mitch who was following along easily, a slight smile to his face and he ducked his head to get her to continue.

“Right, so the police find the gun and silencer. And his shoes have dirt from the property, his clothes have gun-shot residue and his cell has a text message sent to his mum saying he didn’t mean to and he’s sorry and he is found trying to OD after trying to get clean,” Kara hesitated for a moment and then continued with the information she had found out, through Alex and maybe Winn doing some snooping into the NCPD servers.

“When he recovers he immediately denies the shooting, and then gets out on bail upwards of $5 million, when the evidence says it was him and there is no way he or his family could afford that, and then goes to the funeral of the man he supposedly killed, with flowers.” It was sounding worse and worse as she spoke and she cast Mitch a glance from the corner of her eye. “He is then killed by a hitman who’s been in the city for at least a week?” She raised her voice in question and Mitch nodded.

“It seems….fishy…” Kara finished, brow furrowed even as Mitch flagged down a taxi.

He was smiling at her. “We’ll make a reporter of you yet,” he said as he opened the door and she beamed at him. “But we have to be careful,” he added as she got into the car and he gave the directions to one of the NCPD precincts. “Whoever organised this has very deep pockets and is very good at covering their tracks. Think, Kara,” he said and turned to face her fully. “What is the outcome here? Who is at the epicentre?”
“The Doctor,” she said after a few moments of thought. Jake Cole was a recovering heroin addict and petty thief, he was a nobody on the scale of things. That left the good doctor. But why would someone want him dead?

Mitch tapped away on his cell phone before lowering it and looking at her. “So what is our next move?” He asked, clearly willing to let her take charge as he was just here to provide guidance.

The answer presented itself to her quickly. “We look into his clients.”

“We look into his clients,” he agreed as they made their way across town. “Did you find out anything when you were writing on the shooting?” He paused for a moment and looked over at her. “Was there anywhere you wanted to be dropped off?”

“No.” She shook her head, she could walk from wherever they ended up at. “My friend Clark, Clark Kent from the Daily Planet,” she said as she dug in her messenger bag for her folder. “He sent me some things but I couldn’t get the client list. Confidentiality….but we could talk to the clients who issued statements? We could go from there?”

“Work on the client angle,” Mitch said as the car rolled to a halt and the cabbie flicked the meter over. Mitch handed him a few notes and opened the door, waiting for Kara to slide out after him. “I’ll follow another lead. We can discuss what we find tomorrow, okay?”

He gave her a small salute and jogged the stairs and into the police precinct and Kara moved her messenger bag on her shoulder and started to walk down the street. A bakery caught her attention and she was quick to buy a half dozen hand-crafted donuts and sweet buns before ducking into an alley and quickly flying away.

She settled on her couch for the afternoon, a bottle of water nearby as well as her sugary afternoon snack and some paper-towels. Her computer was on her knees and she had a notepad and pen ready to take notes. She google searched Dr Mark Alan, first, and all sorts of varieties of the doctor. She hunted his practice page, his social media accounts, where she saw many of his clients tweeting or tagging him to offer their condolences for his death (@DrMarkAlan). Then she looked over the articles other people had written, seeing if they had any sources and it was then that she felt her blood turn to ice.

@LenaLuthor1 had issued a statement via Twitter. So sad 2 hear of @DrMarkAlan’s death. We will miss such a gr8 man & dr. #RIPDrAlan.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading guys :D Same notes apply; Kudos, reviews, make my day <3 Also, I don't have Twitter so I hope the twitter part made sense? EDIT: 8/12/16 for Twitter typo.
“Lena! Hey!” Kara couldn’t hide her smile as she was shown into Lena’s office, nodding a greeting to the two DEO Agents who pretended they didn’t know who she was. They were dressed like civilians, sort of, evidently Lena had gotten what she wanted and the two were trying to blend in like regular hired-muscle, but Kara could see the outline of their guns in their suits.

The CEO was standing by her window, phone in hand and whoever she was speaking to was obviously not doing what she wanted. Lena spun and held her hand up in warning as she finished her phone call and Kara took a moment to look the CEO over.

She was wearing black skinny jeans and four-inch pumps and a lovely green silky shirt beneath a black jacket. Her lipstick was a dark red, and her eyes were framed prettily, and she looked better than she had the last time Kara had seen her, directly after the attack on her life. Since the DEO started to guard here there had only been one more attack, a bomb which had been found in one of her town cars. Thankfully no-one had been injured, but the attempts by both police and DEO to discover the culprit had fallen short.

“I don’t care for your excuses. I am aware of his rights and of mine. You don’t want me to get my lawyers involved.” She paused to hear what the caller had to say and shook her head, some strands falling from her messy bun. “No,” she said sharply, voice lowering an octave in warning. “I will be there on Sunday. You know what I want, now arrange it!” She sighed loudly as she hung up and shook her head slightly before the furrow to her brow was replaced with a smile as she looked at Kara.

“Kara, hi.”

“Work?” She asked curiously and nodded to the cell in Lena’s hand.

“Oh,” she shook her head and placed it on her desk. “No. Just,” she waved her hand. “Other stuff. What can I do for you?”

“Well,” she said and sat on the chairs in front of Lena’s desk, feeling oddly like a school girl before the principal, not that she’d ever been sent to the principal, but she’d seen the movies. “I’m doing an article on Dr Alan’s death.”

A cloud fell over Lena’s features and she sighed. “A tragic death. It’s a shame the boy didn’t live long enough to tell the family why.”

“Right,” Kara swallowed nervously and played with her glasses.

“Oh, god, I didn’t mean it like that,” the CEO partially rose from her chair, features slightly stricken and she held out a hand in apology. She shook her head. “I only meant that.”

“It’s okay, Lena,” Kara smiled gently and ignored the way her heart tripped when Lena smiled cautiously back. “I know what you meant. Did you, ah, did you know Dr Alan?”

A fond smile crossed Lena’s features and she nodded. “He’s my doctor,” she tilted her head to the side in thought. “I only saw him last week. I remember,” she was looking past Kara now and didn’t notice the way the blonde had tensed and the reinforced pen Jo’nn had had made for her cracked
dangerously between her fingers. “When I was young I hated needles, I kicked him in the chest when he tried to inject me. I’d gotten a splinter in my leg you see,” she offered and then her eyes darkened slightly. “It was while Lex and I were playing, and when we pulled the splinter out it looked like more had remained inside, broken off. So the doctor had to open my leg to see… with a scalpel.”

She sighed. “He still calls me, or did call me, Little Bunny…” She turned from her memories and looked over at Kara. “What would you like to ask me?”

Kara quickly loosened her grip and asked Lena all the questions she had, and by the time lunch-time rolled around she was done with her interview.

Lena asked her to join her for lunch and she agreed, forcing her traitorously excited heart down.

“I have to wonder though,” Lena asked as she pressed the button to the elevator. “Why come and ask me now?”

Kara swallowed and nervously stuttered out an answer. “My boss thinks it’s a good fluff piece, but I don’t know if it will go to print.”

“Oh,” Lena shrugged and entered the elevator, her two Agents following her and Kara. “Well, he was a good man. The medical community will be sad to see him go.”

“Lena,” Kara asked cautiously as they began their decent to the cafeteria. “Where did you see him?”

“Hm? Oh, It was my flu shot,” Lena said and her brow tightened. “Though I don’t know how successful it was.” At Kara’s questioning look she elaborated. “The last few have made me feel off for a few days, maybe my immune system isn’t as strong as I’d hoped.”

The elevator dinged to the cafeteria level and Kara followed Lena out to lunch, feeling her stomach growl happily at the smells and Lena laughed and Kara forgot all about Lena’s weak immune system as she enjoyed lunch with her friend.

~*~

A knock on his glass door brought James’ attention and with it his gaze and he nodded in greeting to the intern who held out a letter for him. The intern quickly made his way across the office at James’ greeting and muttered a quick hello, falling into place as the communication desired it. He was awkward and gangly, clearly not grown into a man yet, for all that he wore a tie, sweater, and smart black jeans.

James watched him leave as he almost stumbled over his own feet in a hurry to leave Cats-his-office before turning to the letter. It was odd, most letters came at two times during the day, morning and night, and to get one in the middle of the day was curious. Assured that whatever it was it was safe—it wouldn’t have gotten through security otherwise- he looked over it.

James Olsen was written in neat and dare he say-it-feminine-writing and he glanced at his own notes on a pad, sloppy and slanted and childish. The paper was standard office stock, he’d had his own desk stocked with similar stationary, but Cat had special stationary he was borrowing, and its price didn’t outweigh its use, but it was a nice touch.

Satisfied he gained all that he could from the outside of the letter he used a pen’s tip to open it, noting that it had a sticker seal, and not one that would seal by saliva.

A small note fell out and he froze as he saw the insignia on it. It was of a notepad, with the symbol of
the House of El on it- Capitalism had soon seen the advantage and profit around the Man (and later the Girl) of Steel and soon had entire lines dedicated to the heroes. For his birthday James had given Clark an entire stationary set of superman themed items, and he’d even gotten him a set of pyjamas for a laugh. It was common enough, but the reason he tensed was the words on the stationary.

*Mr Olsen. Superman may find this interesting.*

It was followed by numbers, which he suspected were co-ordinates, and he leant back in his chair slowly, feeling his heart pound and his mouth run dry.

It wasn’t common knowledge that he was friends with Superman, sure the hero let him photograph him frequently, but that didn’t mean anything to most of the world. The fact that whoever had sent this knew he knew Superman personally, and could get a message to him, made his belly tighten with nerves.

His first thought was that it was a trap, and his second was that maybe he was in danger, but his third thought was that he had to tell Clark. His fourth thought was that maybe he could get a story out of it, and he was soon Googling the location. Google Maps told him it was an unassuming section of trees in the middle of a forest in British Colombia, Canada. There was nothing special about it, but he would bet his next Photography Award that there was some reason he had been sent these co-ordinates with the request for Superman to check it out.

He flicked Clark a message. *Hey. Might have a story for Metropolis’ biggest hero. Give me a call when you’re free.*

It was a phrase they had devised for when he needed to talk to Clark but it wasn’t urgent enough to summon Superman, and if anyone were to discover the texts, there was nothing incriminating about it. He and Clark could have a joke about the reporter being a hero for telling the truth no matter what, or something along those lines.

“I need a chopper in Cranbrook pronto,” said Snapper as he stormed into Cat’s-James’ office (he really needed to start calling it his) and James quickly slid the note under his notepad.

“Why?” James asked curiously, feeling something thick and heavy settling in his belly. The city was a few miles from the mystery co-ordinates. It couldn’t be a coincidence.

“Anonymous tip,” Snapper said, chewing his words. He hated having to get clearance from James, Cat had just let him be, trusting him to do his job, but James wanted to prove himself as big boss so any big deviation from regular reporter needs had to go through him.

“About?”

Snapper shook his head. “Are you gonna clear it or not? I haven’t got all day.”

There was no professional reason James could deny the request (even not knowing what it was reporters were a cagey bunch at times), and it wasn’t as though this was out of the ordinary. Their reporters in various cities requested additional clearance for their stories all the time. Reluctantly he nodded and before he could make additional requests of the approval Snapper was out the door and barking orders to his assistant. The man could move when he wanted to.

His phone went off and he checked it to see a message from Clark.

*Hey. Sure, where?*

He gave the co-ordinates and added, *Catco has a chopper headed out there now. An anonymous tip*
sent us the co-ordinates and apparently Superman is gonna be there.

It was a few moments until his phone chimed again and he glanced from his computer at it.

*Okay, I’ll get someone onto it. Thanks*

He sent back a picture of a thumbs up and left it at that. Superman would take a look, and hopefully the two media outlets would get a good story. He wondered if he should tell Kara, but decided she was busy enough, and the request was for Superman. Besides, if it were a trap, and Superman would be able to figure that out, then Supergirl would have to rescue him. But there weren’t many people who could trap Superman, and the only known one was behind bars in maximum security, and he wasn’t getting out any time soon. So James made the decision not to tell Kara and went back to work, ignoring the way his stomach clenched in warning. Clark would be fine, right?

The wind whistled in his ears as he soared over tree tops on his approach to the city and he dived up into the clouds to conceal his approach, straining his senses to the area before him, trying to find something out of the ordinary. There was the sound of a chopper ahead of him somewhere and he slowed down, scanning it for any threats. It was only a media chopper and he ignored it as he looked down at the earth below as he came upon the co-ordinates James had sent him. He could hear the humans inside the chopper speaking of his presence and heard their heartbeats increase at fear or maybe excitement for what he would bring and for what he could do.

Beneath him was still forest but there was a well-worn track and a few cars parked at the end of it and he scanned those to make sure there was nothing of interest in them. He picked up a few guns easily and then searched the area around them. There was a small building, like an old shipping container, and a large shed, something more the size of an aircraft-hanger than a barn. A quick scan of them both revealed he was right, there was an office, and in the shed there were a lot of motorbikes, buggies, and what looked like two teams worth of paintball gear. Which made sense, considering he did just fly over a giant dirt track with jumps and hills and turns, and there looked like car tires and little bunkers and old cars beyond that, clearly forming the boundary for paintball territory.

Humming to himself he spiralled down and landed in the middle of the gravelled turn and took a closer look at the office, deciding to look with his eyes rather than his laser vision. There was no sign, or healthy and safety warning as there should be for a paintball and motocross/buggy arcade, though it could be private. But still.

He could feel his cape fluttering majestically out behind him as he walked the few steps to the office and crushed the handle in his hand before forcing the door open. Once inside his eyes narrowed. It was startlingly bare of any personal effects and what had been placed there wouldn’t have looked out of place in a commercial for a small office unit in a shipping container, and he wondered briefly if that was what this office was.

Something was niggling in the back of his mind and he turned from the bare office and walked over to the shed, using his Super-speed of course. One of the members of the helicopter voiced his awe at the speed but he ignored it as he ripped the door to the shed open. There was the crunching sound of a vehicle coming towards him and he glanced down the drive to see a media van and he sighed as he looked back inside the barn.
Inside there were motorbikes of various sizes and shapes, along with buggies and mechanic’s equipment but the unease from earlier grew. The dirt that caked the vehicles was old, dry, and the floor was clean, very, very clean for a storage and repair shed for the vehicles. It was laid out oddly, something he had never seen before and he took a moment to examine it once, with his own eyes, and then again with his x-ray vision. Something wasn’t right, he grew up on a farm and knew that with this many vehicles there should be more dirt, more signs of life, instead it looked like they had never been used, almost like they had been placed there. And where were the owners of the two vehicles out front? He couldn’t hear them either.

There were little catches in the floor next to each vehicle and they were arranged on the outskirts of the shed, leaving a large empty space in the middle. He couldn’t see through the floor, as far as he could tell there was only earth below the building and maybe it housed the gear for a large family who came here during the summer or something.

A disturbance at the door drew his attention behind him and he saw the camera crews entering the building, the reporters looking at him eagerly.

“Superman!” Called one, and Clark sighed and looked around him again. “What are you doing out here? Can you give us a quick word?”

“Investigating,” he offered shortly, eyes drawn to a large panel against the wall. He was next to it in the span of a heart-beat and looked over it carefully. It looked all the world like a box for an old door lift, one for up and one for down, but there was a box by the door for that sliding door, and why would there be the need for another one.

Eyes narrowing he reached forward and pressed the green button and felt his entire being tense when a section of the wall slid open to show a keypad and a palm-print scanner.

He jerked back and cast a quick glance at the reporters. “Be ready to move when I tell you,” he warned and then fired his full laser vision into the box. The box sparked and then blew and the light turned from clear to red. Immediately an alarm began to sound, the kind you expected from a military building or some sort of facility, and the ground began to shake.

The humans were murmuring to each other, camera pointed on him and then on the shed floor as it began to open like something out of a movie. Maybe the Headquarters of some secret organisation and he felt the unease grow.

“Call the police!” He barked and was striding imperiously towards the hole as it opened, another alarm began to sound, an alert and he could hear people now, and with his x-ray vision he was able to see that through the thick steel there was lead, and beneath that what looked like a laboratory.

The thumping of boots met his ears and he glanced down to see a half-dozen men with ‘Security’ written across their chests running at him. They faltered when they saw him, but rallied and their guns came up.

He was grateful for earth’s sun as the bullets sped towards him and he realised they were made of Kryptonite and he let a silent snarl split his lips and moved through the men, knocking them down and out. He could feel the camera following his descent into the laboratory and halted to warn them off coming inside. He would not be dis-obeyed, not when he suspected who this lab belonged to. He didn’t have the time to guard the humans if they so foolishly risked their lives for a story.

He rushed through the lab, taking note of the technology, mess-hall, barracks, showers and toilets, and the entertainment room as well as the human scientists he dragged upstairs and into a corner. To save him the trouble of catching them if they tried to escape he tore the buggy’s and motorbike apart,
building a cage in the corner out of their parts and dropping each scientist or worker in there when he pulled them from the laboratory.

The LexCorp logo was over everything and the hairs on the back of his neck were at attention as he prowled through the laboratory. The faint sound of sirens could be heard in the distance and he reached into the ceiling to tear the lead from the concrete. He pressed it together to form a box of sorts, and fashioned a lid which he would then melt on top of it. Hopefully it would be enough to contain the Kryptonite radiation.

He was slower than usual as he gathered the weapons and the caches of Kryptonite he identified, and had to launch himself out of the building and into the sun to avoid collapsing. The media were having a field day, the camera’s swinging from him to the approaching police and to the doctors inside. One reporter even edged down into the laboratory and he had to politely guide her from it.

He continued his task and before his strength ran out, melted the lead over the box, sealing the weapons and Kryptonite inside.

He heard the roar of the police and marched out into the sunlight to greet them, cape billowing out behind him, and he made a note to talk to James as soon as possible, he might even fly to National City. He needed to know who had given James the tip about this lab, and how they came by that information because as much as he would like to think it, it hadn’t been a trap. Someone had known about this lab and had directed him straight to it. Lex Luthor had many enemies, it was just a matter of finding out which one directed him here, and would they be willing to do it again.

Chapter End Notes

As always, Enjoy!
Lena Luthor loathed flying, but it was the fastest and supposedly safest way to travel—she ignored thinking of the last time she tried to fly by helicopter and had nearly been blown to pieces. Mostly she hated the landing and taking-off, especially when it was windy and her pilots’ gaze was tense as he worked the control and guided them onto the helipad. The landed jolted them and she tightened her jaw, wondering if she could split her muscles from her skin with the strain of how tightly it was clenched, and closed her eyes. Her heart was thudding in her chest, she could feel it trying to break free and sighed in relief as they settled onto the ground and the pilot shut the machine down.

She was more than eager to get out of it, and her legs were a little unsteady as she clambered down from the seat, but she could just as easy blame that on the size of her heels. A hotel employee was waiting outside the yellow circle and darted inside as she got closer, offering her a customary welcome. She waved him off, telling him to fetch her bags and bring them to her hotel room. He stammered for a moment as she brushed past him and jumped after her to hand her her key card and then bolted for the helicopter and for her luggage.

She shifted her handbag over her shoulder and dug out her cell-phone, checking to see if she was still on schedule as another employee directed her towards her suite, though the doors on the roof and into an exclusive elevator. She was less in awe of her than the other young man, but was still highly professional as she directed Lena to her suite and she made a mental note to tip the young girl well on her departure the next day.

The elevator journey was swift and soon she was in her room and disappearing in the direction of the bathroom, leaving her bag on the large bed as she passed by. She’d stayed in this particular hotel before, back when reporters had been camping outside her house during Lex’s trial and she had been impressed with the security and general manner the hotel staff had treated her with, it seemed that her wealth did compensate for her last name, at least a little. Either way, the hotel and suite had become a place for her to relax after a long day with judgemental eyes on her and she was very familiar with it.

It was a Sunday, very early in the morning but that was the best she had been able to manage to get away from L-Corp for, she’d be back in National City by noon the next day, if everything went to plan. She also felt relieved to get away from the eyes on her and of course, her wonderful DEO Agent bodyguards. Alex Danvers was a fool if she thought Lena Luthor was unaware of who she worked for and what she did, and she knew that the Agents were to guard her as well as keep an eye on her, so she had been very careful about arranging this little trip.

A sudden trip to L-Corp in the middle of the night, a helicopter on the roof, and a signal jammer, a switch at a local air field where another two helicopters joined the third and flew off in different directions. She knew if they really wanted to find her they could, but hopefully by the time they caught up with her she’d have done what she wanted. A car would be picking her up outside the hotel, code-word ‘Pandora’s Box’ and the responding phrase ‘A crocodile sheds no tears over its meal.’ Whoever had come up with the code exchange was an idiot, but, she had to admit as she stepped into the shower, no one would ever guess it.

The rest of her morning passed with her exiting the shower and making sure the outfit she’d ordered and had tailored and delivered was perfect. Where she was going required armour, she wished for a
moment she were bulletproof, and fireproof, and unbreakable, but settled on her pantsuit. It consisted
of black slacks, a black buttoned vest over a white blouse, and a black jacket. It was something that
belonged on a run-way or a red carpet, but she needed to look the part. She’d paired it with one of
her favourite pairs of heeled boots, she could use the height.

She spent over an hour and a half on her hair and make-up alone, and when it was time for her to
leave she slipped on an elegant watch and checked her phone one last time. Though it was only mid-
morning there was a text from Kara asking her to lunch, and she quickly flicked off a reply declining,
before leaving it on the bed-side table to charge. Where she was going she wouldn’t be allowed to
take it.

At ten fifty seven she rode the elevator down to ground level, putting on a pair of designer shades
and made her way across the marble floor and through the guests to the front doors, putting her
keycard in her pocket.

The doors opened for her and at ten fifty nine a black limo pulled up to the curb and a handsome
black man got out of the passenger seat. He was tall, heads above her, even in her heels, and his suit
couldn’t conceal the muscles underneath it and the calluses on his hands gave him away
immediately. He was elite military and he tapped his ear comm as she hesitated at the archway of the
hotel and straightened. He held the door open for her as she approached and she paused at the door.

“Pandora’s box,” she offered coolly and he gave a slight nod.

“A crocodile sheds no tear over its meal.”

She slid gracefully into the cab and sat in the middle, facing the two men in front of her. They were
outfitted like the military, full combat gear-minus headsets-boots, knives, handguns, body armour,
and machine guns.

“Miss Luthor,” said the man who greeted her. “For the purpose of this mission you may call me Ace.
I am in charge here and if I think for a moment anything could go wrong I am pulling it, are we
clear?”

Feeling it would not help her cause to tell the man what she truly thought of him, she bit her tongue
and nodded regally, channelling every molecule of her being into being cold and as unmoveable as a
glacier. They were beneath her, all she had to do was go along with it. Her pride could take it. It
must.

“I understand, but as I told your companion, Mika, was it?” She enquired as the limo pulled from the
curb and into the traffic. “I have no interest in anything you think I might be about to do. I am co-
operating fully.”

He grunted and one of the other men passed over a black cloth and she sighed and rolled her eyes at
Ace.

“Really?”

“Really,” he nodded and offered it to her. “Will you put it on-“

She snatched it from his hands and ducked her head into it, tying it down over her chin, but not
before making a snarky comment. “You don’t share these around, do you? I don’t want to catch
anything.”

One of the men snorted, maybe to hide a laugh, but she couldn’t tell who as the black fabric was
already obscuring her vision.
“The last person to wear this smoked, didn’t he,” she commented, all alone in the dark but for the movement of the car. It scared her, not being able to see anything and she decided to fill the silence with sassy comments. It was expected of her, and she certainly wasn’t about to show her weakness to these men.

“About thirty a day,” commented one of the soldiers.

“Wonderful,” she replied dryly, injecting the word with as much disdain as she possibly could. “Do let me out of here before I get cancer from second-hand smoke inhalation, wont you?”

The same soldier who had answered her chuckled slightly and then they were silent for the rest of the journey. They stopped once, and she was guided from the car and through what must have been an x-ray machine and metal detectors. One of the soldiers stood next to her the entire time with a hand on her arm, and explained everything they did to make her feel more at ease. It helped, a little.

She was a nervous wreck on the inside when she was finally told she could remove the blindfold and she felt like she'd been walking blindly for ages. She tore it off gratefully, face feeling hot and instantly felt relief as the cool air hit her and she took a deep breath before reaching up to pat her hair.

There were four large and heavily armed men that had joined her three and she tensed inwardly, feeling vulnerable with the seven large men all around her. Logic often fell flat when faced with fear, but she shoved that down, they had given no indication of hurting her, and she wouldn’t suspect them of it until they did.

“This way, Miss Luthor,” Ace said and walked down a corridor with great metal gates rolling open at the key command and identification card of the guard that stood there. They watched her warily as she was escorted into the prison, but otherwise remained at their posts, eyes alert and watching.

She felt somewhat like they were escorting her to her own prison cell but shook off the feeling, just as she ignored the cool air, metal bars, and concrete all around her.

The prison was what she expected of maximum security; lots of guards, steel, concrete, cold, imposing, and with very little colour. The curious eyes of prisoners followed her, some shouting lewd comments or telling her what they’d like to do to her but she ignored them as well, and they quickly fell back away from the bars when Ace borrowed a baton and smashed it against their fingers.

Eventually they made their way to the centre of the prison where the high-profile and most dangerous prisoners were kept and she was let into the cell. The guards checked their weapons and took up post outside, guns trained on the inside of the cell and she finally looked upon her brother.

“Lena,” Lex Luthor’s eyes were cold and harsh but lightened slightly upon seeing her. He was chained against the wall, sitting upright on the bed to allow him some form of comfort but little-or no-movement. Prison clothes didn’t suit him, he was pasty in the false light and looked gaunt and haunted. She swiftly squashed the pang of nostalgia for the brother she had known rather than the monster before her.

“Lex,” she entered the cell and sat gracefully on the edge of the bed, clasping her hands together and feeling her brother’s eyes rove over her, cold, chilling, calculated. This was why she had brought her armour, this was why she’d put so much time and effort into her appearance, but she feared her attempts had been lost underneath the captive hood for god knows how long.

Her brother’s intelligence was clear in his eyes and he lifted his thin lips in a half smile and ducked his head. “It’s good to see you,” he confessed quietly and then cast a glance to the at-attention
guards. “Change of language?” For all that he had tried to have her killed he was her brother and that kind of affection didn’t just fade into nothing.

Her eyes narrowed slightly but she complied. She knew the security was listening to their conversation, would be recording it as well, but they didn’t need to make it easy on them.

“D’accord,” she offered in response and watched her brothers eyes light up, just like it had when they were young and had rattled off their conversations in different languages to annoy their nannies.

“You tried to kill me,” she said calmly in French and tilted her head to the side. “Why?” Control worked wonders with her brother. He was like a shark -though to be fair all Luthor’s were, herself included- when it came to sensing weakness, and would pick and prod at the chink in someone’s armour until it cracked and then they would strike. She wouldn’t show how deeply hurt she had been by the action, by the betrayal, but had guessed that Lex had felt her betrayal first, even if she had wanted to save the world instead of destroy it.

“Yes. You disgraced the family name. How dare you try to re-write all I built, all I worked for,” he replied and tilted his head imperiously. She knew then that she was right, and he had seen her re-naming of Luthor Corp to L-Corp as a betrayal of their family, and had responded in kind.

“The name Luthor is spat now, and that is not on me,” she let a little of her ire leak into her voice. “We are shamed, brother! Outcast! If you hadn’t gone after Superman-“

“Superman calls himself a hero while parading around as a God,” Lex snarled and he strained against his restraints. A warning of ‘Lex’ came from the guards and he settled again.

Growling Lex proceeded to list a dozen instances where Superman could have interfered and saved the day but had not.

“He could have shared his technology and power, given it to humanity so we could save ourselves!” Lex had switched to Russian now, words falling from his lips with a near perfect accent. “He said he wanted to help, that he wanted to lead humanity. To save it!”

Lena was silent as Lex continued his tirade, explaining in detail how Superman had come to him for help, to build a brighter future for the world and how he had taken that away, deciding to keep the power for himself when Lex had wanted to arm the human race against anything that wasn’t human, against any threats, which included the Kryptonian.

“I had no choice,” Lex was speaking in German now, and she had a feeling the security and agents listening to their conversation would be scrambling to keep up, it was amusing, and she had no doubt Lex would be taking great pleasure in this small rebellion.

“They call him a hero, when all he does is keep the power for himself. I wanted to share it with the world, make it better.”

“Superman wants to save the world,” she pointed out, slipping into Italian and Lex shook his head wildly.

“No! Why is it he only goes after criminals then? Why not defend instead of attack? He is a vigilante! He stands by and lets the world destroy itself! Humanity is a disease! You know this! He claims he want’s freedom for all but look at what mankind has done with that freedom! He protects people like him, the ones that have the power but do nothing!” Her brother had always been so passionate about saving the world, of course his version of saving it looked a lot like ruling it, but tomato potato. “Look at Hitler, at the genocide’s in Rwanda. Half the world is dying of starvation while the other
half over-eats! He has the power but does nothing!"

To be fair Lex had a point. She had read his research into humans with extraordinary abilities, had suspected even before Superman showed himself, and had also wondered why these people, these gifted beings, hadn’t chosen to act, to protect the world they lived in.

“And what of you, brother?” She enquired when Lex took a moment to breathe. “What of the deaths in Metropolis by your hand?”

“Superman cannot be trusted if he cannot be controlled,” he said quietly, slipping back into his inner calm and relying on his brain instead of his heart. He had changed language again, Afrikaans now and she faltered slightly before catching on. She was more familiar with European languages, having never spent a lot of time in any African country like Lex had, though she suspected he was there for nefarious purposes.

“What happens if he decides that the world needs to be cleansed?” He offered her softly, and she knew he saw her defences falter. “What of National City’s own hero? Didn’t she go bad? How many people did she injure? We don’t deserve to live in fear, Lena. There is no one that can stop them. Humanity is too weak to save itself.”

“Supergirl was not herself,” Lena defended icily, slipping into Japanese.

“Okay, but how was she stopped? How many lives would it take to put her down if she decided to go rogue again?” Lex shook his head.

“We have to protect ourselves from them. That’s all I wanted,” he said quietly, in English. “We need to be able to save the world, Lena. Can’t you see that? That is what I was trying to achieve. Unite the world, all of the people with one goal, to save it. To save all of it. No more war, no more needless death.”

“These so called Gods, these heroes,” Lex’s lips curled into a snarl. “They want to keep things the way they are, they don’t want it to change. Why do you think Superman tried so hard to stop me? If he wanted the world to be better he would have let me continue with my research, let me give the technology to the world and change it for the better.”

“And make a lot of money in the process, brother?” She arched an eyebrow wryly and Lex shrugged, or tried to in his straight jacket.

“Saving the world is expensive,” he said and tilted his head at her and she was reminded of when he was teaching her something when they were young—both smarter than any tutor and trying to make their own world easier, before turning on the rest of it. Lex would ask her something, have her figure something out, and he would look at her like he was looking at her now, head titled, eyes grave and serious, but with a slight smile as though he knew she would figure it out.

“Who decides who gets the power?” She queried after a few moments of silence.

“True understanding can only come from creation,” Lex offered her.

“So you’d lord the power over humanity. What was that in Metropolis then?”

“Only through pain and suffering can chaos be turned into control,” he replied with the wisdom of a man that should have belonged to an ancient one in a hard-to-get-to place in the mountains of Tibet.

“You’d take away free will and call it freedom?” She couldn’t believe what she was hearing, but part of her, the Luthor part of her, was agreeing with Lex, and she loathed herself for it.
“Look at what people do with their free-will. Look at the rapes, the murders, the abused, the starving, the dying. Look at War! Drugs! Look at capitalism! What about the pharmaceutical companies that are robbing people in exchange for their medicine! What about poaching! I know you adopted a Tiger! Look around you, Lena!” Lex’s heart was in control again and she sighed as he went on. “These things might still happen if we had the power, but certainly not as often and as much.”

“People would stop doing these bad things if they payed for it with their lives,” he sighed, the fight almost gone out of him and leaned back against the wall, his feet dangling awkwardly over the edge of his bed.

“By that your life should be forfeit,” Lena said, almost amused.

“And perhaps it should,” Lex said quietly and that was when she realised he was truly serious about everything he had just said. He’d always valued his life, above the lives of many others, above their reputation and name. “I would be willing to sacrifice my life if it ensured that all lives would be equal. That humanity could be saved, if these heroes were willing to do it. No dealer would sell if he knew that a super powered alien would be coming to shut his operation down, he wouldn’t do it again if he knew he’d pay with his life. People wouldn’t abuse or rape or kill if they knew they’d die for their crimes. Mostly.”

“You want everyone to follow the rules.” Her voice was soft as she finally understood Lex’s vision. Take Superman’s power and technology and use it to ensure humanity followed the rules, share the resources, and guide the entire species, united, towards a brighter future. There would be no pain, in Lex’s vision, nothing like there was now; children dying of starvation, youth tossing themselves from bridges over the pain of being who they are, murders, rapes, thievery, children fearing their parents, their family, their friends. They could share knowledge, education, resources, cultures, there didn’t have to be any more needless violence and death.

“The sheep call them heroes, but I see wolves under the wool,” Lex said bitterly. “If they wanted to share my vision they could, but instead they stop progress.”

Lena was quiet and the minutes stretched on.

“I am sorry for trying to kill you,” he ducked his head a little, sheepish. It reminded her of when she first got a boyfriend and Lex had torn the teenager’s life apart, messages, family, emails, all to make sure he was worthy of her, and when he found he wasn’t, Lex had ensured he never came around again, sending him packing for trying to take his sisters, and their families, money. Of course he had been defiant and then sheepish as he told her what he’d done and what he’d found out, and had hovered awkwardly under her doorframe, socked feet scuffing the carpet, as he explained why he had done it.

“I can’t say I forgive you,” she cautioned him and then tilted her head. “But what is a little disagreement between siblings.”

She had missed him. Missed his smile and she moved closer as his eyes closed and a weight seemed to lift from his shoulders. “I want to help you, Lex. I want what you want, to save the world. But I don’t have the power,” she shook her head slightly.

“You need to neutralise the threats,” he said knowingly. “You need Kryptonite weapons.”

One of the guards cleared his throat pointedly behind her and twin glares moved to him. To his credit he didn’t faltered under the weight of two pairs of Luthor glare, but maybe he was used to it.

“Times up, Luthor. Out you come.”
Lena sighed and turned back to her brother, he looked saddened to see her go, a shadow falling over him and she wondered how he was being treated, but in retrospect he was responsible for the deaths of a lot of people, and did deserve his consecutive life sentences.

She stood and walked a few steps to stand in front of him and he looked up at her. She leant forward and pressed her lips to his forehead and pulled away for a moment. “Narrken joul ver hethal grelfrean falkor der Krypton.” She whispered it quietly, hopefully soft enough the microphone’s wouldn’t hear, but even if they did, it would take them a while to figure out she was speaking Kryptonian, and even longer to get a translation. By then she’d have what she wanted.

Lex smiled, it was feral. “Beintolair.”

The guards came in to escort her from the cell, a strong hand around her arm and dragged her from the cell.

“I’ll see you soon, Lena!” Lex called as the cell door rolled shut with a clang behind her and for some reason she didn’t doubt it.

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*Where can I find this Ore of Krypton: I figured that Lena wouldn’t want to mention Kryptonite out loud, and it is unlikely that Kryptonian has a word for what we call Kryptonite, so hence, ore of Krypton. (And you’ll find out later how Lena can speak it).

** Mercy.

Chapter End Notes

Hey guys, thanks for reading. If you have enjoyed Mercy so far, give it a kudos, or even a review, they really, really make my day, even if you drop in and say you like this, or didn't like that. Honestly, I'm so greedy for feedback and it does mean a lot. How do you like Lena and Lex? Anyway, enjoy :D
Supergirl and her companion set down lightly in the middle of the gravel driveway, weapons following them down and Superman strode over to the two with a smile. The Canadian military were in awe of the two heroes but remained their discipline and went back to their duties, though kept casting the caped aliens glances.

“Kal!” Supergirl said with a grin and embraced her cousin with the force of a train and he rocked back on his heels before returning her embrace, albeit with less enthusiasm. “Hey.”

“Superman,” J’onn said as he landed and morphed back into Hank.

“J’onn,” Kal nodded a greeting and all three aliens looked over at the laboratory.

“The army has taken the scientists into custody, and is negotiating their transportation with the FBI where they will be taken to trial.” They walked towards the laboratory as Clark explained what had happened that afternoon.

“Their forensic team has been in since one but I thought you’d both like to see this.”

He led the way past soldiers who stood straighter in the presence of the two heroes and down into the laboratory and living space.

“There is everything you need to function topside down here,” Kal explained. Pointing out the gym, shower, toilets, laundry, rec-room, barracks, kitchen, storage rooms, and the laboratory—including the holding cells (alien and human), which he had been livid to discover.

“From what I’ve gathered so far they were trying to merge the DNA and abilities of various aliens and give them to humans…but I think the humans volunteered, or at least agreed to the testing.”

Kara had gone pale, and shuddered in disgust. “Did they succeed? Where are the aliens? Or the humans? Do they need help? Are they okay?”

“They were taken to the hospital immediately, and quarantined the best the city could do. I’m sure the DEO would be willing to take them?”

Hank nodded and looked around him. “We’ll arrange it.”

Kal shrugged. “I don’t know if they were successful, but it seems like they were. One of the scientists had somehow managed to bind one of the abilities to a human, but they aren’t here.”

“What human?” Kara asked worriedly, brow furrowed.

“What abilities?” Hank was still stern and watchful as the army moved the equipment around and back up to the trucks above ground.

“I don’t know, and neither did the scientists, apparently they are only lower ones and lack the skill and intelligence to get the DNA match just right, but there are samples here. You should take those and have your lab look at them. I set off an alert when I came down here, and the tech guys say the
scientists tried to wipe everything so I’m not sure what we will get from the computers.” Clark then led them down to the holding cells. There were soldiers here with big guns and they looked at the three but didn’t move from their posts.

“I wasn’t sure what to do with these. I couldn’t just let them out.” Clark explained wincing when Kara shot him a betrayed look and looked back at the cells and the aliens inside them. They wore white cloths for modesty and some were chained to their cells and others had dazed looks in their eyes, evidence of sedation. They were a mixture of humanoid and non-humanoid aliens and she recognised many of them from her fights for the DEO and from her classes on Krypton.

“We have to get them out of here, “Kara said quickly and looked beseechingly at Hank.

“We’ll move them to the DEO,” he said reassuringly. “And then take steps to see what kind of danger they may pose to society.”

“And…there’s one other thing,” Clark said hesitantly. “When I first came down here they shot at me with Kryptonite weapons.”

Kara spun and shared a look with Hank and then back at Kal. “Are you okay?” She asked quickly and he nodded reassuringly, smiling his winning smile that would make lesser women swoon.

“I’m fine, Supergirl. I just thought I would warn you that Luthor-Corp has weapons that can hurt us.”

Kara fidgeted with the fabric that held her sleeves down and Hank folded his arms.

“We don’t know for sure, Supergirl,” Hank said quietly, gently, and Kara’s head rose and a bitter-sweet smile crossed her lips.

“Sure we don’t,” she said reluctantly and turned to look at the aliens in the cells.

Brow furrowed Clark turned to Hank in question and the Martian shook his head. “Actually, Superman, how did you know about this facility?”

“Well,” Clark said as the three began to walk back out of the laboratory. “I didn’t. James Olsen received a note this morning telling him to tell me to look around.”

“Hm, I’d like to have a look at that note when we get back to National City,” Hank commented as the three walked up into the shed. It had been cleared of the motorcycles and buggy’s and was now providing temporary storage as the army dissected the lab.

“Agent Vasquez,” Hank spoke into his comms.

“Director.”

“I want a half dozen mobile containment units here ASAP. Bring the medical unit as well, and Bravo Team for protection. I want this area secure.”

The Agent was quick to reply. “It’s already being prepped sir, and has been since Superman called. I have our agents intercepting the FBI and taking control of the prisoners in… forty-two minutes if it goes according to schedule.”

“Good, and have Agent Schott flown out here. I want him to look at these computers.”

“Yessir.”
Hank turned back to both Super’s. “The DEO will take the technology and alien prisoners. We’ll make sure it stays in our hands.”

Superman was hesitant, visibly, but when Hank reminded him who was an official protector of earth and who had government authority he had to concede. After all, his day job was no-doubt calling him.

“Oh alright. But please let me know what you find,” he turned and looked at Kara and smiled at her. “It’s good to see you, Cousin.”

Kara looked away from the humans loading the equipment onto trucks and beamed at him. “Race you to the border?”

In response Superman launched himself into the sky, leaving a sizable crater behind him.

“Hey!” Kara yelled and leapt into the sky. “That’s cheating Kal!”

Hank just shook his head and rose slowly into the sky, as though to show the watching humans how a professional flew, and sped after the two supers. The DEO had Lex Luthor’s mess to clean up, and there were reports that Lena had had gone to visit him, and he wondered if maybe he oughtn’t pay the CEO a visit, surely he would be justified in using his powers on her if it would save a lot of lives.

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“Lena Luthor.”

Lena lifted her head from her cell-phone and looked at the woman who had drawled her name as she slid into the seat opposite her.

“Mercy,” Lena inclined her head. “You’re looking…well,” she offered and took a pointed sip of her wine. She wasn’t looking well.

The woman sneered in response but ignored the jibe. “What can I do for you?”

Lena cast a glance around the restaurant and then leant forward and spoke lowly. “Lex told me you were the woman to see about a certain rock from Krypton?”

Her voice was barely above a whisper but she knew the other woman had heard her, or maybe read her lips, by the way she leant back in her seat and lifted her brow contemplatively.

“That would be correct,” she folded her arms and glanced at the sever who looked slightly nervous as she approached. The girl was one of the regulars that had served her during Lex’s trial and she knew the girl by sight and name. Melissa.

“Good-evening, what can I get for you…two…tonight?” The question was directed at Lena.

“My friend won’t be dining with me, I’m afraid.” Lena ignored the glare Mercy shot her. “But please cook her meal and bag it, she has somewhere she needs to be.” Terms given Lena turned cool green eyes on her brothers former assistant and lifted a brow. “I’ll have the Caesar Salad, thank you Melissa.”

“A salad?” Mercy sneered in disbelief. “You’re getting a salad?” She shook her head and turned to the waitress. “I’ll have a streak, fries, and two eggs-sunny side up.”
Melissa jotted the information down and then after a glance to Lena walked back to the kitchen and Lena took another sip of wine.

“Interesting that you come asking for that,” Mercy said and took a glass and started to pour her own wine. Lena allowed it, merely gazing over the top of her glass. “I didn’t think you agreed with the family views?”

“Let’s just say a conversation with Lex enlightened me…. and now our goals are aligned,” Lena lowered her wine glass and looked at Mercy squarely. “Are you going to help me or not?”

“Sure…for a price.”

Lena rolled her eyes. “Of course. How much?”

A Luthor like glint entered her eyes and she leant forward, eager to negotiate a deal.

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The black unmarked convoy moved through the mostly silent streets of Metropolis with grim purpose, and in the cold night it was almost sinister. A four-door jeep led the way with four armed guards inside and with a group of them seated on the outside. A large truck followed with a shipping container on its trailer, and that was followed by a large black four-door ute. The rear tray had a cover over it, but it moved with the wind so whatever was hidden had some space beneath it.

It was the roar of motorcycles that first alerted them to the impending attack and they were swift to draw their weapons as orders were called. Down the convoy information was exchanged through earpieces and they determined that there were five motorcycles approaching from the south. The jeep in the front had soldiers in full combat gear, black and unmarked, and they were the first vehicle to be taken out.

There was a thunk and then a softer thump and the jeep swerved off course, the bullet hole in the windscreen evident to what had befallen the driver. The passenger was swift to the driver’s side, pushing the body from the seat and assuming control of the vehicle as a large SUV roared from a side street and slammed into the side with a shatter of glass. The jeep went rolling and the truck behind it drove on, gunfire spitting from the open windows.

The black canvas on the ute fluttered to the ground as a guard stood at a machine gun in the rear tray and he swivelled around and opened fire on the motorbikes, who returned fire with enthusiasm. The shops and windows of the street shattered and there were screams of passer-by’s and other cars swerved to avoid the convoy and its attackers.

A second SUV screeched from a side road and slammed into the cab of the truck, forcing it to the side. The responding bullets dove into the glass of the SUV but it was thick and the bullets only slammed into the glass, cracking the area around it but held and the driver drew away and then slammed back to the truck like something you would see in an action film.

The night was lit with the crack of gunfire and the spit of light from the muzzles of the weapons and three minutes into the attack the truck screeched onto the highway flanked by motorbikes as the ute followed and tried to shoot the attackers down. The bulletproof, and obviously reinforced, SUV had pulled away as soon as it had guided the truck onto the high-way and vanished into the night, leaving only motorbikes as part of the assault. As one of the bikers went flying into the concrete and the motorbike squealed and fell onto the highway the sound of a chopper could be heard.
A second mob of motorcycles emerged from the shadows of an underpass and fell upon the ute at the back of the convey, firing on the machine gun before it could be brought around to fire on them and the guard cried out and fell, the machine gun rearing up with the kickback and slamming into the cab. It swerved and jerked but eventually slammed into the concrete divider with smoke pouring from the hood. A jeep had followed the motorbikes and was following at the back of the attack.

The motorbiker’s that hadn’t been shot turned their attention to the container truck, and they had a passenger which held a handheld grinder and started to cut at the container. It sparked and groaned as the metal was sawn through and the drivers had to maintain a careful distance between themselves and the swerving truck as they tried to cut it in half. The truck was relying on its bulk to try and crush the smaller motor-vehicles and succeeded once, twice, before the drivers grew wise, the vehicle jumping as the bikes were caught under its wheels. One was stuck, pinning the driver between it and a wheel and his screams could be heard before he was pulled under the wheel.

“Police are three minutes out. Extraction in two,” a man commanded down the comms.

The squeal of the grinder’s cutting into the container and spitting sparks punctuated gun-fire as the reinforcements for the convoy arrived and a few motorbikes peeled away to engage the assault. There was a jeep and an SUV and they opened fire on the would-be hijackers and some of the motorbikers fell quickly.

The jeep moved forward and there was a guard leaning over the top and resting a gun against the rollbars, and it was a grenade launcher. There was a trail of smoke left behind it as it tore through the air and the Jeep managed to swerve it, but the SUV was soon lit like a bomb and was launched back through the air like a great ball of fire.

With assistance from the jeep the motorbikers were able to hold the reinforcements off, driving them back as the chopper they heard from earlier dove down from the sky. It had what looked like a great plug dangling from its belly, waving in the air like some sort of pendulum. One motorbikes pulled away and gunned up to the front door of the truck, veering away as the double barrel of a shot-gun emerged out the side window. A small semi-automatic came up and was fired furiously into the cab and the driver slumped forward over the wheel. The motorbiker drew closer and edged their leg over the side of the bike, maintaining their speed to match the truck. It was still maintaining a steady course, the cars on the highway pulling over and letting the convoy barge on through, perhaps the sound of gunfire or maybe the helicopter alerting them to the danger at their rear.

The motorbiker ripped the drivers door open and the dead driver was thrown down to the highway as the biker clambered inside and the truck jerked slightly as the tires rolled over him. Another jeep was pulling onto the highway from an entry ramp and was edging alongside the truck. The motorbikers gunned away, and returned to their wounded or dead companions down the highway as the sound of sirens could be heard faintly in the distance with the first jeep peeling back to provide transport.

“Ninety seconds,” the warning came and the helicopter hovered over the truck and the great plug clanked onto the top of the container and then the chopper started to rise. The cord snapped tight and the helicopter drew up short before straining and rising into the air.

The rear of the truck lifted from the ground, wheels spinning frantically and there was a straining and then an oddly musical tearing sound as the container was torn from the truck, edges jagged and glinting maliciously. The helicopter jerked in the sky and looked out of control for a moment as the swinging container top looked almost comical beneath it. Screeching and bouncing the truck’s rear-wheels returned to the ground and the chopper pulled back, dropping the container and magnet on the highway with a clank. It rolled a little bit, digging into the highway and ended up half on the
divider. The chopper sped forward before catching up to the truck which was slowing down and
crawling to a halt.

“Thirty seconds.”

The sirens were louder now and they could see far behind them where the blue and red lights lit up
the night.

The shipping container’s edges were jagged and burnt and inside it there was a silver box, about a
meter and a half by the same, with wheels on the bottom and it was locked into place by great clasps.

A line snaked down from the chopper and a man was soon to follow, unclicking himself and moving
to the ties and sawing through them with a great big knife the size of his forearm. A second man
landed and did the same with the other side and the driver of the truck got out and ran over to the
second jeep as two men jumped from the back and carried over a rolled up mess of thick straps.

A hook was lowered and the four men on the ground were quick to roll the mat open and underneath
the silver box before clipping it to the chopper and jumping off the truck. The helicopter rose for the
second and final time and lifted the silver box away and flew off into the night as the four men
entered the jeep and were quick to flee the scene. It was a little cramped but they made do.

“Mission successful. Package acquired. Move to your assigned locations and await further
instructions.”

The men in the jeep cheered and clapped each other on the back as they left the highway and
avoided the major roads and intersections until they got to the river. There they left the jeep and one
took a can of fuel from the rear tray of another pickup and scattered it on the inside and along the
hood. The others were peeling off their equipment and tossing it into the storage container on the
pickup. There was another car there, a little red four door and as soon as two of the men were set in
their clothing they entered it and drove away.

A man was left with a lighter and set the jeep on fire before entering the front passenger seat of the
pickup and they left the scene. It was all very professionally done.

The men in the pickup drove around town for a bit, stopping at one fast-food joint and then another
before eating at the port lookout and then heading back across town. News was all over the radio
about the gunfight on the highway, but the more important news was of a fire at a local school where
what sounded like the entire facility caught fire, and the police and fire-crews had been concerned
with fighting the blaze and seeing to the borders instead of the gun-fight which authorities were
already calling gang-related.

It was early morning when the pickup finally pulled into a closed saw mill at the edge of town
towards National City, and there was a U-Haul truck waiting there as well as a sleek black Jaguar
and their own vehicles.

A woman was leaning against the Jaguar and picking at her nails. She was wearing a tight black skirt
and a white blouse and lifted her head as they got out of the vehicle.

They looked around, trying to find their companions and were feeling it was a trap when a shot rang
out. The driver was forced back into his door and slid down the frame, leaving a smear of blood as
the other two men were quick to go to their side arms.

A second shot rang out and the rear passenger fell with a cry, falling face first into the gravel and the
front passenger huddled next to the car, peering through the window trying to find the sniper.
The woman was still examining her nails, seemingly unaffected by the shootings around her. A shot hit the pickup and the passenger flinched, it sounded like it hit far too close to home.

“You traitor,” called the passenger as he panted alone behind the protection of his four-door, his companions dead around him, and he suspected the rest of his team were as well. “We had an agreement!”

“Hardly,” the woman drawled and straightened and he really, really wanted to wipe the smug look off her face but didn’t dare move and give the sniper the shot he wanted. “This was the plan all along.”

She pushed off the jaguar with her hip and opened the passenger door and pulled out a small semi-automatic and brought it around to face him and he swore, cursing her mother, her womb, and calling her all manner of things.

“We were going to give you the money and keep our side of the bargain,” she said as she clicked the magazine into place and flicked the safety off. “But one of your comrades,” she ran her tongue along her teeth. “Looked into the box and our employer was very specific. No one knows what’s in the box, sorry,” she ducked her head sounding anything but, and her finger tightened on the trigger and on reflex he shifted and brought his gun up to fire at her.

A shot from the sniper soon brought him to his knees and the gun fell from his hands.

“What—what’s in the box?” He asked as he slowly toppled backward, blood flowering on his shirt.

She came closer, standing above him looking like the Angel of Death, haloed by the single light on in the mill. “Kryptonite,” she offered and the gun rose from the ground.

“Get that to National City,” she instructed the sniper as he came up behind her, large rifle in his hands, and turned the safety back on.

He grunted in agreement, grey eyes sharp, and strode over to the truck as she got into her jaguar and gunned from the yard, gravel scrunching beneath gleaming tires, her final words as cold as the night air. “And do it how Lena Luthor wanted.”

Chapter End Notes

I had the plot set out mentally before I did some research, Mercy being Lex’s assistant is a coincidence to the title of this fic and has nothing to do with it. Apologys for the confusion. As always, if you're liking it leave a review or Kudos—they make my day and I check my emails way to often for them (and for fic updates but who doesn't). I don't always reply, but I do read them and I do love them. Thanks guys.
“I’ve had a really good night,” Lena said quietly and tucked some stray piece of hair behind her ear and Kara blushed and ducked her head, a smile on her own face. Around them other people, other couples were filing out of the cinema and discussing the movie as they walked through the building and out into the street.

“Me too,” she replied and fiddled with her glasses and then made a mental note to clean them of the popcorn butter she’d just put on them.

“Even with your two boxes of jumbo popcorn?” Lena asked teasingly and Kara flushed a little more. National City was lit as the evening turned into night and Lena’s driver pulled into the loading zone outside the cinema.

“I’m full,” Kara playfully patted her belly and Lena giggled and Kara’s smile widened at the sound. Lena bit her lip and Kara’s eyes were drawn to the ruby red of her lipstick. “Would you like to join me for lunch on Wednesday?” She asked, and seemed almost nervous about it.

“Sure!” Kara may have responded a little too eagerly, and people turned to look at her and she turned as red as her alter-ego’s suit, but ignored that in favour of how Lena’s smile stretched across her face and she didn’t seem like she could keep her lips together.

“Okay, awesome. I’ll text you?”

“Yup! Okay!”

Lena’s smile went still and she leant forward and kissed Kara’s cheek, blushing furiously, the contrast lovely to her pale skin, and ducked into her car. “Bye,” she waved, still red as though unable to believe her nerve and left Kara a stuttering blushing mess on the side-walk.

“B-bye!” She lifted her hand up to wave awkwardly as the car drove away and didn’t see the amused looks she was getting as she lowered her fingers to her cheek where Lena had pressed a quick kiss. It was fine, friends kissed friends like that all the time, it was like a thing in Europe, or at least that’s what modern media told her. There was no need to panic, and her heart could stop that flipping routine it was doing inside her chest now.

Her skin was burning where Lena had kissed her goodbye, the imprint of her lips almost scarred into her skin and her body was humming, fire jolting through her veins. She felt like, almost weightless.

Suddenly needing to speak with Alex she ducked into an alley way and was soaring through the air a few moments later as her alter-ego. The air was cool high above the city but she couldn’t feel its chill, one of the perks of being an Alien was that her body was adverse to extreme temperatures and regulated itself accordingly. Alex loved to be her cuddle buddy in winter, she said she radiated heat like a heater. She dove behind a closed store and after making sure no one had seen her, was soon crossing the road and making her way up to Alex’s apartment.

She smelt pizza and beer as she got closer and her stomach growled, never mind she’d had two
jumbo combos while at the cinema with Lena, and had shared the CEO’s pack of sour worms.

“Alex!” She cried as she bounded into the apartment, catching her sister sitting on the couch while Game of Thrones was on in the background. “You’ll never guess what-” she halted abruptly as she saw a second person curled into the other end of the couch.

“Oh….sorry,” she drew up short and looked at her blushing sister. “I didn’t realise you had company.”

“Kara, this is Detective Sawyer, of the NCPD. Maggie this is my sister Kara,” Alex rattled off after a few seconds of gaining her composure, a warning look in her eye. Kara understood, she’d met Maggie, but not as Kara, she had as Supergirl though.

“What happened?” She asked curiously and paused the tv, shooting an apologetic glance at Maggie. The detective shrugged and smiled over at Kara.

“Yes, do tell. I want to know what’s got you acting like a puppy.”

Kara blushed but quickly took a seat on the other couch as Alex tucked her legs under her and looked at her sister. “She’s always a puppy,” she mock whispered to Maggie.

“Hey! Am not!” Kara pouted and folded her arms but couldn’t hold the expression when Alex giggled.

“Truce?” She said and held out the box of pizza, there were two pieces left and Kara beamed and dove for one.

“Twuce,” she mumbled through a slice.

“So what happened?”

“Okay, Kara said and licked her lips as she finished her mouthful. “So Lena and I went to see the new Marvel movie-“

“Wait, Lena Luthor?”

“Yup, keep up, Alex.”

The agent shot her a dirty look.

“And I had like two combos and she shared her sour worms with me, which they are her favourite so I have to get her some, and then when it was over she did something really weird.” Kara paused and took another mouthful of the pizza, both for her stomach and for the suspense.

Alex had tensed and her voice was sharp. “What’d she do?”

Kara didn’t notice, but Maggie did and shot the agent a curious look.

“Fe kids me,” Kara gargled out around her mouthful and then swallowed.

“I didn’t quite catch that,” Alex said with narrowed eyes, familiar as she was with Karanese she couldn’t understand what her sister had just said through her half chewed pizza.

“I said she kissed me!” Kara said and flopped back on the couch. “Weird right?”

“She whaaAT?!” Alex’s feet were on the floor and her eyes were sparking.
“Only on the cheek,” Kara said quickly with her brow furrowed adorably. “Must be some elite circle thing? Or, maybe like a culture thing?” Kara shrugged and looked over at Alex. “It was as she said goodbye… should I have kissed her back?”

Alex and Maggie shared a look.

“Was it a date?”

“Huh? No!” Kara yelped in response to Maggie’s question. “Lena wouldn’t want to-No, she’s not interested- no,” she shook her head quickly. “It wasn’t a date.” She shook her head again for emphasis.

“You went to the movies?”

Kara fiddled with her fingers and said that they’d kinda gone out for tea first, at a really, really, fancy restaurant.

“Riiight,” Alex drawls, seemingly over her bout of rage at the thought of Lena kissing her sister, and more interested in seeing just how red Kara’s face could get. “So you went out to an exclusive restaurant and then went to a movie and she kissed you goodnight, and it wasn’t a date?”

Kara faltered and lifted her head from where she was admiring Alex’s cushions. “Ah, I, um, at least I don’t think so?” Her voice rose to a question at the end.

“Friends kiss friends, right? Right?” Kara looked between Maggie and Alex frantically, fear settling into her eyes.

“We’re just teasing you, Kara. Right,” Maggie nudged Alex pointedly. “Friends kiss each other on the cheek all the time, it doesn’t mean anything else.”

“Oh,” Kara’s face fell a little and her brow tightened. “Okay. That’s, um, that’s good.”

“Unless you wanted it to be a date?” Alex asked incredulously, voice lifting to a squeak. It was okay for her to tease Kara, she was her sister, that was what she was for but if it actually meant something to her sister then she just may have to speak with Lena Luthor, girl to girl.

Kara hesitated and pulled a cushion closer, wrapping her arms around it, and she seemed small. “What?! Noo…” she sounded lost and Alex rose to her feet and moved over to sit next to Kara, wrapping an arm around her shoulders. “I’m not gay…”

“I didn’t say you were,” Alex said gently, meeting Maggie’s eyes over Kara’s head. “But it’s okay to like Lena,” her jaw moved and she ducked a kiss to Kara’s hair. “Even if she is a Luthor,” Alex whispered, for Kara’s ears only.

“We’re just friends,” Kara confessed quietly and Alex pulled her tighter.

Her phone going off pulled her attention from the hug and she dug around in her pocket for it and smiled when she saw the name in the notifications.

“Lena?” Alex asked curiously, seeing her smile.

“No,” Kara frowned slightly. “Clark. He said he’d get back to me on the Dr Alan case.”

Maggie perked up and lowered her beer. “What about Dr. Alan?”

“Oh, um, my boss has me looking into it,” Kara said as she opened the text.
“Kara’s a reporter,” Alex explained and Maggie nodded slowly.

“Find anything interesting?” She asked curiously, in an all-to-casual voice which fooled no-one.

Kara’s blue eyes narrowed on the detective across the coffee table. “That depends. Do I have an off the record source if I share what I know?”

“Let’s hear what you have to say, first,” Maggie smiled. She had a nice smile. Alex and Kara shared a look and Alex shrugged.

“Okay,” Kara said and proceeded to list all of the facts and theories that she had and was impressed with how Maggie’s face gave none of her thoughts away as she listened.

A few moments after Kara had finished speaking she nodded. “Okay. Yeah—” she hesitated and then added quickly—“off the record?” Kara nodded eagerly.

“Yeah, you’re right. A buddy works homicide and she interviewed Jake’s family and neighbours and friends, they all said he was trying to get clean and his supplier hadn’t seen him in weeks.” She took a sip of her beer and then continued. “The product in his system isn’t from his normal supplier, not from any suppliers in National City, or none that we know of. The bail money was deposited into his mother’s account and we traced that back to an account in the Cayman’s, and couldn’t go further. He was asked to go to the funeral and apologise.”

Kara blinked, she’d thought it was a set-up but didn’t quite realise the depth of it. Jake had been released and then sent to his death, and with flowers, the poor kid.

“The shooter was Jamie McCartney and he just went quietly and hasn’t said a word on it, who paid him or why.” Maggie snorted. “All he did was clam up and ask for a lawyer. Cassie—my friend—thinks his only option is to plead guilty, he spat-literally—on a deal he was offered.” She shrugged. “He’s either afraid of who hired him, or got something worth life imprisonment.”

“He has a daughter,” Kara said and scrolled back into Clark’s text message. “She’s sick and he couldn’t afford the medical treatment, not indefinitely anyway.”

“So that’s why he isn’t talking. Whoever hired him is seeing to his daughter’s medical needs for the rest of her life,” Maggie was quick to connect the dots. “All he had to do was set up the scene, kill the doctor, and then take out the scape-goat. Clever.”

“Someone with deep pockets wanted Dr Alan dead. Why?” Alex asked, having stayed quiet for most of the discussion.

Kara shrugged. “Me n Mitch are looking into that. He wants me to meet him tomorrow for breakfast to talk about it.”

“Right, well,” Alex withdrew her arm and nudged Kara’s shoulder. “Don’t you want to get a good night’s sleep?” She said pointedly, innocently.

“Nah,” Kara said smiling, missing the cue entirely. “I slept-in this morning. I feel wide awake.” Alex’s face fell and Maggie brought her hand to her lips to smother her giggle.

“Don’t you have that… thing that you had to do?” Alex tried again, and rolled her eyes towards the door, trying to speak with her eyebrows.

“Oh!” Kara finally got it, a light went on above her head. “Oh, um, yup, thanks for reminding me.” She was quick to get to her feet and stumbled over the corner of the couch, sending it screeching a
little across the floor.

“Opps. Sorry for interrupting! See you later Alex. Nice to meet you Maggie!” And then she was
gone, out the door and into the hall, the door slamming shut behind her. She heard Maggie break out
into giggles with her super hearing and flushed a little.

“Your sister is cute,” Maggie said, smile in her voice. “Oh don’t pout. I think you’re cuter.”

Face flushing further Kara bolted down the stairwell, she didn’t need to hear that private moment
between friends?

Her comm device beeped in her ear as she was crossing the road and she tapped it on as she waited
for a car to pass. “Supergirl, come in.”

“Hey, Winn,” Kara smiled and ducked around behind a shop before soaring into the sky in costume.
“What’s up? Enjoying your Sunday night?”

“Nooo, not really.” Winn sounded strained and she was instantly alert, straining to hear anything
more down her communication line.

“What’s wrong?”

“Er, it’s best if I show you.”

Feeling uneasy Supergirl promised to be right there and lifted above the buildings before she broke
the sound barrier with a crack, racing towards the DEO.

She landed easily on their little run-way up top of the building and marched through the doors and
into the centre of the DEO.

Winn was looking intensely at his computer while Hank stood by him, gazing up at a map on the
large screens.

“Supergirl!” Hank greeted and gave her a little nod.

“What did ya need me to see?” She asked curiously as she strode down the steps and over to the
mission control station.

Winn and Hank shared a look. “This,” Winn said and brought up the image of a-it looked like a saw
mill. There were stacks of wood and large buildings and uncut trees.

“Our satellites missed it, but,” Winn emphasised. “I may or may not have hacked into NASA and
taken a look at theirs.” The image changed to show a few vehicles at the mill, at night, which was
odd. “So you know how I made that algorithm to track traces of Kryptonite?”

Kara tensed and Winn ducked his head into his shoulder apologetically. “Wellll, a trace came up this
morning around one forty over in Metropolis.”

“Kal?” Kara asked quickly, concerned about her cousin.

“He was fighting a school fire at the time, Supergirl,” Hank reassured her and directed her to look
another screen. “Apparently it was planned to have him out of action while the Kryptonite was
moved.” On one of the screens there was a police crime-scene where a black body-sack was being
loaded into an ambulance and the night was lit with blue and red lights and the headline bannered
along the bottom.
“It showed up in National City again three minutes ago,” Winn said in relation to the Kryptonite. “I hacked all the feeds I could think of, but whoever moved it to National City must have used some sort of signal jammer, the entire picture of the vehicle or whoever wanted it has been pixelated. It’s some impressive tech.”

“Okay,” said Kara nodding, deep in thought. “Do we know who moved it or why?”

“Kal was investigating the crime scene, apparently there was a gun fight and a car chase along the high-way, and they stole a helicopter. Security feeds at the scenic choppers were cut, but apparently they had a van waiting there to take the Kryptonite to the mill.” Hank explained how the kryptonite had been moved to another vehicle, and how there had been bodies left at the scene. Someone met them there and stole the stolen kryptonite and killed the thieves to cover their tracks, it was an impressive set up.

“We think it may have been a Cadmus supply cache,” said Hank reluctantly and Kara turned worried blue eyes on him. “They are the only ones we know to have Kryptonite.”

“Apart from the Luthor’s,” Winn pointed out.

“Maybe,” Hank said slowly. “We should go and visit Lena Luthor.”

~*~

Lena carefully drove the forklift around her warehouse and gently lowered the silver crate of lead encased kryptonite onto the floor before reversing and returning the forklift to its station over in the corner. Her warehouse in industrial National City had been brought cheap, having used to belong to the military for storage and a base of operations. It was like many of the buildings around it on the outside, long and slender for aeroplanes and military vehicles, but on the inside she’d had, or rather her shell company, had had some work done. The entire building was reinforced with steel and lead on the roof and supports, and the few glass windows on the side were mirrored and bullet proof. The civilian contractors thought they were building something for the government, and the NDA’s she’d had them sign ensured their silence for life.

On the outside she had a whole lot of supplies; there were metals of different strengths, consistencies, lengths, and widths, as well as various wires and coils and the like. She had a small forge and various safety equipment for it against the back wall with a chimney going into the roof, and she had a small private area with a bed, table and chair, television and another room for her shower and toilet. In the middle of the old building was her lab, different to her one at L-Corp, but not by much. Here was where she did a lot of her personal experiments and designs, ones where she didn’t trust her own staff and company, or ones where she just wanted peace and quiet.

There was a wall of computers and monitors, and various medical gear that wouldn’t be out of place in a bio-lab. She had solders and grinders, measuring equipment, beakers, and metal benders as well as cutting tools and large bench space, wood cutting benches, and area’s to work. Only a scientist would be able to name most of the items in her lab, and the world’s best engineers would be able to name the rest. The entire space was all lit by large lights.

Feeling a headache coming on, and wondering if she ought to have gone with a water instead of a coke at her movie with Kara, she rubbed her temples and made her way to the small U-Haul truck parked just outside of the entry box. She was very careful with her secret lab, the only way in, apart from through the sides and roof (but they were reinforced with metre thick steel and concrete beams going into the earth) was through the only door around the side opposite the road.
It looked like an ordinary rolling door, just like the outside, only maybe a little bit shinier and of higher quality than one would expect for an abandoned building. The locals had never seen anyone enter or leave after the building team had come and gone, and they had all heard about the rich bachelor from Metropolis who wanted a private get-away pad. They knew he drove a motorcycle though, a sleek and powerful black one.

Of course upon opening the rolling door- the door required a keypad to open, which was a little conspicuous- the driver would then enter a tunnel and the door behind them, two of them (the simple roller door and a large and thick door like you would expect from a bank vault, would roll shut behind them. They would be in a box, reinforced steel and with various safety measures in place ensuring that if someone got in, they couldn’t get any further without having the correct eyes, fingerprints, voice, password, and key. It was even locked in with an air-lock which could be controlled from outside of the rectangle cage- the civilian contractors hadn’t been quite so keen on that part of the job. They didn’t like the idea of someone being able to flood the box with CO2 (or something worse).

There was an x-ray machine and a heat signature detector, a giant scale, and a bio-scanner as well, designed to stop any unwelcome intruders or devices. Signal in and out of the building was impossible, though she did have a spiral tower to connect her to the internet, hidden behind layers and layers and layers of encryptions and software designed to ensure that if anyone were to try and find her location, or hack her computers, they would think she lived in Russia somewhere, or maybe in the middle of the ocean, or maybe at the top of a mountain.

She had told Kara she was good with computers, and she was, she could hack the FBI, CIA, and Interpol with one hand. She’d even hacked the “government” agency that worked with Supergirl, which actually hadn’t been that difficult. In their arrogance, perhaps that their tech or employees were superior, or that no one knew of them, they had left a lot of gaps for any curious hacker to pry into, and once she was in the system she was in the system. A lot of the files had been encrypted, and she had soon seen that any outside probing into what they said would trigger an immediate alert and she realised she had to be let into the system somehow. She could track their agents and piggyback their feeds easily enough, but the data she wanted, needed, was buried very, very deeply, likely with alien tech and she needed a door to get into it.

The alien attack on her had been wonderfully timed and she had quickly put the event to good use. She channelled her IP address through another, then another, and then another, using a tried a true method of hackers to disguise her location, and had then attached a series of commands to the footage she was going to send to the ‘FBI’. Then she had edited the part with the alien speaking to her and had sent it on its merry way, knowing that as soon as the ‘FBI’ opened the file she would be let into their system and a download of the keywords she was after would begin. The information would be uploaded to a section of the Dark Net she had ‘borrowed’ for the occasion and would trigger a notification on her phone when she would immediately call in sick and return to her laboratory to retrieve and then erase the information. After all, information like that could wind up in the wrong hands.

It had gone splendidly, if she didn’t say so herself, and she had spent the weeks before going to visit Lex going over every word of the DEO files. Unfortunately the civilian identity of Supergirl was hidden away, but she didn’t need to know who Superman was, she was a Luthor, of course she knew he was Clark Kent, which made his article about her rather enlightening. It had been amusing to drop hints about Superman just to watch the celebrated reporter fire back at her. Part of her enjoyed the verbal exchange, even if he didn’t know that she knew, but the other part was a little wounded that he treated her like the rest of her family, solely based on her last name. She was very thankful that Supergirl had given her a chance to prove herself, rather than following her cousins bigotry, not that she blamed him, Lex had tried to kill him, and did manage to kill dozens of others.
Once Lena had cleared her intense security in her lab she had full access to the entire hanger and could go wherever she pleased, with the bars lifting at the other end and remaining open until she started the arming process, when they would lower and the other doors would open. She had been very proud of this particular design, and though she could never share it with anyone, had been smug when simulations in the event of a security breach all failed. No one, unless they were more than human, could get into her laboratory without her.

She clambered up into the U-Haul after pulling on her gloves and turned it around, having already unloaded the crate of Kryptonite and locked the rear-doors again. When Mercy had said she’d get her Kryptonite for a price, she hadn’t thought on just how much she would be getting. From what her computer was telling her, the crate weighed in at 187.4kg, which, even with the lead and metal surroundings taken off, was still a lot of Kryptonite.

She wasn’t quite sure of what she was going to do with it, and needed to go over the information she had acquired from the DEO to sort out what they knew and what she could learn, but she would do that during the week. For now she wanted to get home and get to sleep, she had an early morning with an online conference with some investors.

She reversed the truck, almost getting the gear-stick stuck and she spared a thought for her beautiful motorbike in the back, before entering the cage and halting the truck. She flicked a few buttons and keyed in her exit code, setting the countdown for the building to arm itself and returned to the truck. The door leading to the laboratory rolled shut with a clang and there was a whooshing sound as it became air tight. She’d have five minutes to exit the building before she lost consciousness, or unarmed it. She drove forward to the next set of key code and only had to key in her password for the large door to roll up, and it dragged the roller door up with it, only it was faster so that the roller door hid the giant steel door. The windows on both sides were tinted, and mirrored, nothing could see in, so she was reassured as she jerked the truck into gear and drove out into the street.

The drive to the suburban street was quiet bar some enthusiastic news presenter on the radio going on about how some military grade explosives had gone off in a school in Metropolis and how Superman had saved the day.

She guided the truck to a halt and exited it, almost flinching when a man appeared out of the shadows, chewing on a burger. He had steel eyes and short black hair was greying and he looked like he belonged in a business meeting as his white shirt and black jacket made him look professional. He even had a pair of shades exposing the hair on his chest as they were held by his collar. In the faint light she could see a scar on his cheek.

“Word’s gone out,” he said as he stepped into the street light as she moved around to the back and lowered the ramp to the ground. Around them the streets were mostly silent with their residents settling in for the night. He took another large bite of his burger as she strode up the ramp.

“Oh,” she asked, not really caring for the help’s commentary as she moved inside and started to strip the tow ropes from her baby. Her 2015 black Ducati Diavel was one of her guilty pleasures and she did enjoy the rush the power beneath her it gave her when she took it for a spin. Her motorbike jacket was draped over the bike and she walked over to put it on as soon as she’d unstrapped her bike.

“Mh,” said her companion. “One mill to drop you, permanently.” Lena went still and paused in her zipping of her jacket before continuing slowly. She grabbed her helmet from the floor and turned to face her companion.

“Is that so,” she said as she guided the bike down the ramp. If he wanted her dead she’d be dead, she knew that.
“Yup,” he popped the ‘p’ and took another bite of his burger as she flicked the stand on her bike.

“Then why aren’t I dead?” She asked and dug her hands under the ramp, feeling her muscles protest at the weight and she had to force a lot of her body mass into getting it to clang against its braces at the top. She clicked the security locks into place as she waited for her companion to answer.

“Five mill into an offshore account and I never saw you, or your box of Kryptonite,” he offered eventually. Ah, there it was.

She turned to face him and crossed her arms, lifting a brow. So he had taken a look. She had thought he was just hired-help after he had approached her at the funeral and told her Lex wanted to speak with her, but when it was him, and not Mercy, delivering the Kryptonite a week later she realised he was more important than she had originally considered.

“Two,” she challenged and he smirked. He was handsome like this, in a bad-boy kind of way.

“Three and a half,” he countered, voice final and she nodded in agreement.

“Done. What’s the account?” She asked and dug in her jacket for her cell phone. She had turned it off, removed the battery and the SIM card and had to wait a few minutes for it to turn on after she put it back together.

Smiling her companion rattled off an account and she opened her internet banking. Being a Luthor had it’s perks; as well as multiple bloated bank accounts under her name, she also had many, many others under shell corporations, or under different identities. She may have been adopted, but she was Luthor, and money was synonymous with the name. She frowned when she opened her first account and shrugged, choosing another one to transfer the money.

“Three and a half mill done,” she offered and showed him the transfer until it was complete. He dug out his own phone and checked it.

“Pleasure doing business with you, Miss Luthor,” he said with a smile.

“I hope trust you will take care of that,” she said and tilted her head towards the truck.

He lifted his first two fingers as a salute and grinned at her. “Hope to do business with you again sometime.”

“I don’t,” she murmured and pulled her helmet onto her head as he chuckled, able to hear her heartbeat immediately. It was warm and soft inside, high quality, and she smoothly lifted her leg to straddle the bike, taking its weight and straightening it off the stand.

She kicked the stand up and turned the bike on, feeling its rumble turn into a low purr as it started.

Checking for traffic she pulled away from the truck and glided into the night, the engine growling as she kept to the traffic laws until she hit the highway (it wouldn’t do for the residents to make note of the motor-biker roaring down their street, they might be curious about the truck, and about her). Then she may have gone a little faster than law dictated she drive, but she wanted to get home.

She was pulling into the apartment garage when she felt her pocket vibrate with a call, and after clearing security she parked her bike in the private park she had reserved for it. She had three; one for her bike, one for her white Camaro, and one for her blue Audi convertible.

She removed her helmet and wandered into the apartment lobby and dug her phone from her pocket. The notification was from her mother and she sighed and slipped it back into her pocket. Her mother
only rang her when she wanted something, and Lena couldn’t be bothered wanting some to want her who only had eyes for someone else.

Her phone beeped again and as she stepped into the private elevator she dug it out again and smiled at seeing the notification from Snapchat, and with Kara’s name. She gave a little giggle when she saw the filter the blonde was using. It was very fitting; a puppy was imposed over her face and licked the screen.

She hesitated over the reply button but decided not to, wondering if she oughtn’t pull back a little from her actions around the reporter. She hadn’t meant to kiss Kara, but the blonde had looked so beautiful smiling under the light of the cinema and she had to, she didn’t go so far as to kiss her on the mouth, that would be uncalled for and she wouldn’t do so without Kara’s permission, so had instead let her lips linger just a little too long on her cheek to be friendly. The way Kara had blushed and stuttered and nervously grabbed at her glasses warmed her heart, and gave her much to think on. She was falling for Kara Danvers, and it was glorious.

Chapter End Notes

Am I toeing the line between is she and isn't she (bad) for Lena just a little too much? Or is it going okay? Let me know. Also, if you are confused, drop me a line and I'll try to clear things up without spoiling the plot too much, I want this to read easy without you struggling to put the pieces together. And fluff isn't really my think, I'm more of an action kind of girl, so if you have any criticism of how I am approaching Kara and Lena's relationship, please let me know :D Thank you for the reviews and Kudos, keep em coming, they make my day :D (What, another update? And such a long one! Woot woot-I may or may not have sprained my ankle...opps- fanfics for me!) @Littlecupcake: Did you see it? *wink*
Her heart was beating steadily in her chest as she carefully moved the small piece of Kryptonite underneath the microscope. Over the past few days she had been setting up her experiments based largely on the research already done by the DEO, and surprisingly by Maxwell Lord (she may have taken a peek into his servers as well, just to confirm her information). And had started to set up for the basic tests she wanted to run, yes she already had the answers, but she wanted to get them herself, if you want something done right and all.

She had been in her warehouse since dawn, going over her findings and comparing them with what the DEO had, and made a mental note to return home and go over Lex’s own notes on the radioactive rock.

It was nearing twelve o’clock when she finally moved away from her computer and stretched, she was going to be late if she didn’t leave now. She had a notepad to her right and had made a few observations and jotted down a few questions she wanted to answer, and to her left there was a large tray of the radioactive rock. She had taken it out to look at it closer, and may have been enjoying the colour—yes she was aware it was radiation but she knew that she’d be dead long before any of the radiation damaged her cells enough to kill or change her, so she felt safe looking at it from a distance for a few hours.

There was an almost empty bottle of water next to her notepad; she’d been having sharp headaches lately and had taken to drinking more water than normal to try to combat it; it hadn’t worked, neither had the aspirin she’d been taking. She was almost ready to go to the doctor and then remembered that Dr. Alan was dead so she’d have to find another one.

She had planned to meet Kara in half an hour at Noonan’s near Catco, so she’d need to leave soon if she wanted to get there on time.

It was as she was rising that a bout of nausea hit her and her hand turned white on the edge of the table for a moment until it vanished, and she idly considered the thought she could be pregnant, but she hadn’t had sex in at least six months, and the last person she’d been with was a woman, so no baby for her. Breathing heavily she straightened and took a step forward when her headache roared with vengeance and she brought her hands to her head at the pain.

“Argh,” she groaned and stumbled against the table. To its credit it held fast under her weight, barely sliding at all.

Shaking her head she felt her heart rate increase as she realised her vision was slowly turning grey and she jerked her head around for her cell phone, before remembering it was over by her bike because she had purposely had this place built so that there wasn’t any reception unless you connected to the private Wi-fi—which would act as a signal tower.

She fell to the ground with a cry tearing its way from her lips, her chest was aching and contracting as though she had run a great marathon and she swore her ribs were trying to crush her. Tears were streaming down her face and she was thankful for her waterproof mascara, appearances were everything.
Panting she tried to rise to her feet, only to have them collapse underneath her, the chair rolling out of her reach. Her skull was pounding, increasing in tempo with her heart rate until it blurred into a solid sound and she screamed again, forcing herself upright, hands grabbing for something, anything.

One of her arms was half over the table, holding the rest of her weight up as her vision went black and she fumbled around. Her grasping fingers caught the tray of Kryptonite and she fell back with a scream, giving in to the pain as though someone were trying to crush her skull in their hands. The kryptonite tipped on her and it was heavy on her body, weighting her down even though it wasn’t physically heavy, and the small sharp edges were digging into her skin, she wondered if it was drawing blood.

She had never been in so much pain in her entire life, not even when she had fallen from a tree and broken her leg, it was like that pain only in every bone in her body, and all at once, and she couldn’t take it anymore. There was a roaring in her head getting louder of the steady drum of her heartbeat and she reached for it, anything to end the pain. Her vision turned to white, blinding white like the sun and then there was nothing.

~*~

10:43: Hey, Lena! What time are we meeting for lunch? (smiley face)

10:47: Twelve thirty good for you? (thumbs up)

10:47: Yup, sounds good. Noonan’s?

11:02: Sure! I’ll have to see if it’s as good as you say (wink face)

11:03: It is! I promise (devil face, and ‘okay’ sign)

11:03: I’ll see you soon. It’ll be good to see you! (sunglasses face)

11:04: See you soon x

12:17: I’m heading down now. (smiley face) I’ll grab us a table. Want me to order you anything?

12:37: Hey. Are you running late?

12:42: Where are you? (tongue out face)

12:49: If you are we can re-schedule

12:50: running late that is (smiley)

13:05: Missed Call: Kara Danvers

13:06: Lena? Please text me back. I’m getting worried.

13:11: I’m serious Lena, where are you? Ring me as soon as you get this okay. I’m really worried.

13:27: I rang L-Corp, they said you weren’t in today? Please tell me you’re okay.

14:16: Lena, if I did something that’s okay, just let me know you’re okay. Please?

14:10: Missed Call: Kara Danvers
“She’s not answering, Alex,” Kara said worriedly and almost crushed her sister’s phone like she had her own.

“Maybe she just got caught up in her work, you know how the scientist types can get,” Alex offered reassuringly, trying to calm her frantic sister. She hadn’t seen Kara this upset or concerned about anyone in a very long time, and considered that maybe Maggie had been right about Kara, but tossed that thought aside, Kara needed her first.

“Not Lena,” Kara shook her head. “I was texting her this morning, she remembered our lunch date. She was coming! I knew we should have kept the protective detail on her!”

“Okay, okay,” Alex said and looked around the CEO’s empty apartment. At any other stage she would have enjoyed the luxury, and maybe taken a peek at her secret lair— if she could get in—but with the apartment manager watching her, and with her sister almost wearing a hole in the floor, she was more concerned with locating the missing Luthor.

“Look, we’ll go into work,” she said carefully. “And see if we can get Winn, or maybe even Hank to try and find her.”

Kara’s head immediately snapped up and the fear in her blue eyes softened for a moment. “Good idea. Thanks Denis!” She shouted to the manager, grabbing Alex’s arm and dragging her from the room and towards the stairs. Alex was certain she would bruise come morning, if not later on this evening, by the tight grip the Kryptonian had on her, but she grit her teeth through the discomfort and let Kara virtually carry her down the stairs. She definitely went faster than a normal human should have been able to and almost sprinted from the lobby, dragging Alex along behind her. She tugged her sister behind the first dumpster she could see and was soon shooting into the sky in her red and blue uniform, clutching the agent under her arm.

“Kaaaahhhhh,” Alex screamed at the sudden movement and turned green and Kara quickly slowed down.

“Sorry!” She turned her sister in her hold and held her tightly as she soared through the air towards the DEO, ignoring how her sister howled revenge into the wind, words snatched from her lips and thrown away.

“Winn!” Supergirl was a blur of red and blue as she skidded to a halt next to the computer whiz.

“Kara?” He spluttered out in surprise and she gripped his chair and spun it towards his computer.

“Lena’s missing. I need you to track her!”

Alex was still at the entrance and was doubled over, breathing great breathes and clutching the wall for support.

“What?” Winn was confused and rightly so, Kara had come in like a whirlwind and demanded he track Lena Luthor.

“Supergirl,” J’onn’s calm and commanding voice came from one of the corridors. “Slow down and
explain.”

“Lenawas supposed to meet me for lunch but didn’t show. We can’t get a hold of her and her apartment is empty. Her secretary says she wasn’t coming into L-Corp today. Kara’s worried,” Alex finished as she got closer. She still looked a little green, but colour was slowly returning to her face.

Hank folded his arms and looked directly at Kara, brow furrowed and eyes serious.

“Have you tried to call her?”

“No!” Kara threw her hands in the air like an angst ridden teenager, she channelled it quite well. “Of course not!”

J’onn wasn’t impressed and conveyed that through his gaze.

“Of course I did! She didn’t answer!”

She spun back to Winn. “Please see if you can track her.”

Winn shrugged and started to type away, ignoring how Kara was leaving finger dents in his chair as she leant over him awkwardly.

“Are you sure Miss Luthor didn’t just not notice the time?” Hank asked carefully and didn’t recoil under the glare Kara shot him, though lesser beings may have withered under its power.

“She isn’t like that, J’onn.” She said quietly. “Something’s wrong, I know it. Please?”

The director of the DEO took a deep breath and released it slowly, nodding once. “Okay. We need twenty-four hours to file a missing person’s report, but Winn can see if he can track down her cell phone. Maybe you and I can fly over the city, see if we can pick up anythi-omph.” He was cut off as Kara launched herself at him and squeezed him tightly.

“Thank you!” She said and then pulled away just as quickly to look at Winn. “Let us know if you find anything, okay?”

Winn nodded, eyes already narrowed on one of the National City cell phone providers websites, code screaming along the computer as he hacked it, searching for Lena’s name, or that of her companies.

The afternoon was lovely, the sun warm and with a cool breeze and it was a wonderful day to be out flying, if only she could stop worrying about Lena. She and J’onn soared over the city, passing the rivers and lakes and parks and the concrete jungle beneath them when Winn beeped in.

“Okay, Supergirl? I’ve got a ping off her cell-phone.” Winn relayed through the comms and Kara broke the sound barrier as she spun and raced towards the spot. “I’ve also got a motorcycle incident with EMT’s on the way.”

J’onn was left in the dust as she raced towards the co-ordinates and quickly took in the scene as she flew to land. There was a transportation truck parked next to a line of cars with its hazard lights on, and with a blue car buried headfirst in the line of parked vehicles on the other side. Its front was
crushed and the windscreen was buckled and cracked, but on its side there was a fallen motorcycle. A group of people were on the sidewalk surrounding a person in motorcycle leathers and as she landed she heard their gasps of awe and wonder. Some people were directing traffic, blocking one side of the road and allowing some through, and then letting the other side past.

“Is she still here?” Kara asked as she strode towards the group of people, her stomach tying itself in nots. She didn’t like this. J’onn landed next to her and there were murmurs of surprise and unease as he walked after her-they didn’t know of another potential Kyrptonian, but he was with Supergirl, so he was good.

“Yeah,” Winn’s voice came down the line. “She’s right in front of you.”

Kara bounded over the crashed car and let herself float to the ground as people moved out of her way.

Lena Luthor was resting against the corner of a shattered shop window, her legs stretched out before her and with a scattering of glass around her. Her left arm was held at an awkward angle- even the humans could see there was something pressing against the leather where there shouldn’t be- and she was paler than usual, eyes closed as she matched her breathing to the man who was crouched next to her. He looked like he had been visiting the very store it looked like Lena had been thrown into, and had removed his jacket and had covered the young Luthor with it. Her motorcycle helmet was cracked and lying on the ground next to her as her hair fell across her shoulders and there was a dribble of blood following the curve of her jaw down into her collar.

“What happened?” Kara snapped out, fighting the urge to rush to Lena’s side. J’onn was gazing over the humans calmly, and she had a feeling he was listening with his telepathy. Not going into other peoples minds, of course, but just keeping an eye out for any thoughts that were shouted his way.

“Supergirl,” said the man holding Lena’s hand and pale lids flickered before opening and Lena’s bright green eyes were on her.

“Supergirl,” she nodded a greeting and then closed her eyes again. Kara could almost feel her heart beat stampeding in her chest, even as Lena’s chest rose and fell sharply, she could hear the creak of her ribs with each movement.

“The truck pulled out and that car swerved to miss it right in front of Lena here,” the man squeezed her hand and responded, jaw moving in pain.

“She didn’t have time to react and they collided. She ended up here,” he pointed to the shattered shop window, where evidently Lena had hit it, or at least the corner of it, maybe colliding with the frame as well, to keep her from going through the entire thing.

“Emergency services have been called,” J’onn said calmly, in his measured and reassuring way. “We are not-you-are not needed here,” he added in a quiet voice, so quiet that only Kara would have been able to pick up on it.

She cast him a withering glance as she turned her vision on the young Luthor. She was right, there were several fractured ribs and a definite broken arm. She could pick up the closest medical team through their dispatch and glanced at J’onn and back to Lena. She looked small and vulnerable here, bleeding and wounded and her skin was pale. She could be required elsewhere and it didn’t seem like Lena would suffer any more while waiting for the paramedics, but she was her friend, and she did want to help.

“Take her to the hospital, Supergirl,” J’onn sighed, sensing or maybe reading her indecision and
Kara nodded, striding forward to crouch down next to Lena. J’onn was standing next to a woman who must have been the driver of the car. Kara scanned her and saw that she was alright, with no major injuries, apart from some cuts where she hit the windscreen—which the paramedics would sort—and then turned back to Lena.

“Miss Luthor.” Around her there were a few gasps of surprise and companions muttering to their neighbours. “I’m going to pick you up now, and fly you to National City General.”

“No, you’re not,” Lena rasped out, voice strained, accent thick, and Kara blinked in surprise. “You have a city to protect. Don’t waste your time on me.”

“You are a part of this city,” Kara pointed out, and fought the urge to straighten and place her hands on her hips and settled for glaring down at Lena. Lena’s lips were pressed together and her features were tight with pain, eyes held closed. “I will be taking you to hospital. You’re wounded.”

“I’m not going to swoon,” a green eye cracked open and Kara barked a laugh at the young CEO’s audacity.

“I wouldn’t expect anything less,” she told her and slid her arms slowly around Lena. Lena’s breath hitched and caught as she was lifted into Kara’s arms.

“Sorry,” Kara winced. “You have a few fractured ribs as well as the arm.”


“I’ll make sure the doctor’s sign your medical certificate and give you the year off,” Supergirl promised as she straightened, feeling oddly powerful with the woman in her arms. The watching people stepped back, and some had their cameras trained on the two.

“Even if you have to promise to visit their kids schools?”

Kara chuckled. “Even if I have to take them flying.”

A green eye flickered open again. “You are not to toss anyone off their balconies.”

“That was an accident!” Kara defended and J’onn cleared his throat pointedly.

“Wait,” she said suspiciously. “How do you know that?”

“Supergirl!”

“Right, right. Okay.” She cast a glance at J’onn and then looked back down at Lena. “We’re going to take off now.”

“Argh,” Lena grunted. “Wait, my bike!”

“I’ll take care of that, Miss Luthor,” J’onn promised and then he frowned, head tilting to the side.

“Mh’kay,” her eyelids fluttered closed. Personally Kara thought the bike was a wreck, but she wasn’t about to tell the stubborn CEO that.

Kara rose into the air as quickly as she dared, trying to make the trip as easy as possible.

Within minutes she was gently landing in front of the hospital. Winn had already radioed ahead and told them she was coming in and they had a stretcher waiting for Lena. There was a few members of the press already there, already clicking away and Kara tried to turn away from them to protect Lena.
“I’m not getting on that with these vultures outside,” Lena’s voice was sharp and brittle and Kara cast the reporters a glance before nodding and carried the young Luthor into the hospital. The hospital staff followed with the stretcher and the doors closed behind them, the media inching forward and into the lobby after them. No doubt the headlines would be of Kara carrying Lena bridal style, and the image would make her heart warm, though she wasn’t sure why.

“I am perfectly capable of walking,” Lena grumbled and Kara had to smile. She was kind of cute.

Kara lifted her head and looked around. “I want security here,” she said after placing Lena gently on the stretcher. As gentle as she was she was still able to hear Lena’s muffled grunt of pain and winced apologetically as she pulled back. “The media have no business being in a hospital,” she said and placed her hands on her hip in her classic hero stance. Security was summoned very quickly to escort the press from the lobby and from the way they met her eyes as they passed her, she knew they’d stay at their posts.

Nurses were already talking to Lena and Kara was quick to point out her injuries, or at least the ones she could see, and they wheeled her away, dismissing the Super.

Lena’s parting words were sarcastic and Kara couldn’t help but sigh and shake her head. “My hero.” Yeah, because in what world would a Super, would she be Lena Luthor’s hero?

Chapter End Notes

Hehe :D Thank’s for reading guys :D (By the way, the chapter I just finished writing.....wow.....:D, too bad its about 30k later O_- )
Kara nervously knocked on the hospital door and peered around the corner with a small smile. Lena was standing near the bed with her button up shirt wide-open and was fiddling with the bottom buttons and Kara instantly felt her face flush and she lifted her gaze.

“Kara!” The young CEO smiled winningly at her friend as she lifted her head from her belly and Kara smiled in response. “Come in!”

Edging around the door Kara offered her the flowers she had in her other hand, almost like a shield and pointedly didn’t look as Lena struggled with the buttons of her shirt with one hand. A small bouquet of flowers was on the table, a large handbag at its foot, and a pair of glasses were on the bed. There was also an ice pack wrapped in a light towel at the end of the bed, water darkening the fabric.

“Um, here.” There was a cheesy ‘Get Well’ helium balloon Kara had gotten from the store below and had tied to the bouquet of flowers she’d gotten.

“Plumeria’s,” Lena’s smile was sweet and her eyes were warm. “Thank you. You didn’t have-“

“I wanted to,” Kara said, pressing her lips together, but unable to hide her smile as her heart did some fluttery thing in her chest at Lena’s smile.

“Thank you.” Lena’s smile fell. “I’m sorry I missed our lunch,” she said earnestly and went back to doing her shirt up, grimacing as she did so, and moving cautiously onward.

“That’s okay. I’m just glad to know you’re okay. I was really worried,” Kara said sheepishly.

“I know,” Lena’s green eyes were bright as she glanced up from her shirt. “I saw your messages.”

Kara flushed slightly. “Yeah,” she ducked her head and scratched her hair. “Sorry.”

“Don’t be,” Lena said quickly as she smoothened her collar. “It was nice to know someone cares. I’m sorry I worried you.” She rolled her shoulder a little, grimacing in pain and then returned her arm to her sling, moving her hair out of the way.

“What happened,” Kara asked and then winced. “I mean, I saw on the news….but..broken arm,” she awkwardly lifted her hand holding the flowers in Lena’s direction and the CEO smiled and exhaled in huff of amusement at Kara. Kara blushed again, she swore it was all she did around Lena.

“I broke my arm, the bone went right through the skin,” Lena winced as she recalled the injury and snatched her glasses and tucked them over her collar and Kara cringed in sympathy.

“Ouch.”

Lena nodded as she slid her feet into her heels. “I fractured a few ribs as well.”
“Ouch. I’m glad you’re okay.” Lena lifted her gaze to see meet Kara’s and the blonde turned her head into her shoulder. “That you’re not like, dead or something…”

“Kara,” Lena shook her head, but something about the way she said her name made Kara want to look away from her gaze, but at the same time get lost in her eyes.

“Are you able to carry those for me?” She gestured to the flowers on the table-like a twenty dollar set from the downstairs chop- as she rose to her feet, drawing her presence to her. Lena Luthor, CEO of L-Corp, was now in the room. She took her bag from the floor and draped it across her shoulder.

“Mh hm,” Kara moved quickly to the table and gathered the flowers. Hers were nicer, if she didn’t say so herself, they should be-she’d flown to the Caribbean this morning to get them.

“Thank you,” Lena said and took a deep breath and straightened. She strode from the room and down the corridors with her head high and proud, Kara trailing behind her like a lost puppy carrying her flowers-there were not as many as Kara would have expected for her friend, but hers more than made up for it.

By the time she caught up to her Lena was at the desk, taking her forms and reading over them before signing them. The nurse was explaining after-care and procedures for her ribs and arm, and Lena was nodding- the doctors had already told her, but she accepted the brochures anyway. Outside there were a bunch of people with camera’s and Kara noticed Lena casting glances to them even as she read through her forms.

“Is it possible to get security here? Or go around the back?” She enquired gently, smiling at the nurse and her tired lips lifted. She glanced to Lena and back at the door where the press were waiting-they had been told what would happen to them if they dared enter the hospital without having an injury, and so had remained reluctantly outside.

“Of course,” the nurse nodded and picked up a telephone and called for security while Lena continued to sign her forms.

‘Thank you,’ Lena mouthed at her and she smiled across the top of her flowers at her and nodded once. It really wasn’t an issue. Normally it was Supergirl doing the protecting, but she found she really liked the warmth she got from Lena’s smile protecting her as Kara.

A few minutes later a curvy security guard approached in uniform and wearing a smirk, which grew when she ran her eyes over Lena, glancing over Kara, before returning her appraisal to Lena. Kara felt a flush rise. Of course the wallflower Kara-the-reporter-guise was designed not to draw attention. The jeans and knitted sweater she was wearing clearly gave a different message than the heels, skinny jeans-which how Lena got those on with one hand?!- and grey plaid long-sleeve shirt.

Kara didn’t like her immediately-a woman that pretty shouldn’t be a security guard, and she shouldn’t be eyeing the patients appreciatively, if Kara were to be the judge.

“Hi.” She was smiley too, very smiley and Lena paused and ran her eyes over her before smiling in response.

“Hello.”

“Jamie will take you out the back,” the nurse was eyeing the security-guard disapprovingly and she shrugged innocently. “Do you need a taxi?”

“I’ll talk to my driver,” Lena said and dug her cell out of her bag. A few minutes later and they were leaving the hospital, Jamie taking them around the back and away from the press while Lena
followed stiffly and Kara brought up the rear with the flowers.

Jamie ran her ID through the door lock and it clicked open, the guard opening the door for all of them. She let them through and disappeared back into the hospital.

David-Lena’s driver- had the car purring outside and he quickly got out of the driver’s seat and limped to open the door for Lena. He was the driver that had been hurt in the mediocre bomb in Lena’s old car, and she’d given him indefinite paid leave until he was better or decided if he was coming back to work. He looked very smart in a black suit and he smiled at them both, dimples flaring at his cheeks.

“David, you know that isn’t necessary,” Lena rolled her eyes as she got closer and he flashed a boyish smile, all rogue charm.

“Miss Luthor,” he nodded his head in greeting and ignored her soft reprimand. “How are you feeling?”

“Like I hit a car,” she drawled sarcastically and ducked into the passenger door.

“David, this is Kara. Kara, David,” she introduced them and David’s dark eyes turned to Kara and he nodded a greeting as he held the door for her to get in as well.

The door closed behind her and Kara looked over at Lena. The Luthor had her head resting against the head-rest with her eyes closed and her brows and eyes were tight with pain.

“Do you have medication?” Kara asked worried.

“Mh,” Lena grunted as David returned to the drivers seat and started the car. “They gave me some this morning. Jess is picking it up for me and dropping it by later.”

“Okay,” Kara said and sat awkwardly in the car as David drove them back to the apartment.

“Did-um, are you—the police report said you weren’t to blame,” Kara offered as she looked around the sleek leather interior of the car.

Lena cracked an eye open and then closed it again. “My insurance and lawyers are taking care of it.”

“I didn’t know you rode?”

“Mh hm,” Lena replied sleepily. “I’ll take you for a ride when I get better.” She paused and her eyes flew open, just in time to take in Kara’s flushed cheeks. “If you want?”

Kara hesitated but then nodded eagerly. “I’ve never been on a motorcycle.”

Lena sighed and her eyes closed again. “It was my baby,” she murmured about her wrecked bike. “When I was in Europe I’d reach a hundred forty, hundred and fifty on the highways. I stick to a hundred around here… for the most part.”

“Lena!” Kara adjusted her glasses scandalised and Lena chuckled.

“I switch out the plates, they haven’t caught me yet,” she said and rolled her head around to look at Kara, resting it against her shoulder, green eyes blinking. “I love the feeling of the power, the rush of the wind, the thrill of it.”

“You like taking risks,” Kara said and Lena’s brow tightened for a moment before she nodded.
“That’s really dangerous!”

“I know.” Lena was almost smug about it and Kara frowned over at her.

“Miss Luthor, there are press gathered outside. I’ll take you downstairs.”

“Thank you, David,” Lena pressed a button on the door and replied to their driver.

The car tilted as it drove down into the garage and David paused to speak with the security and then they rolled on in.

“Did you want a ride home? David will take you anywhere,” Lena said as she unclicked her seatbelt, moving very slowly.

Kara quickly shook her head. “I’ll get an Uber later, I want to help you settle in.”

“You don’t-“

“I know,” Kara interrupted and smiled. “I want to make sure you’re okay.”

Lena didn’t say anything, but her soft smile was enough and Kara beamed back at her.

“Miss Luthor.” David opened the passenger door and held out a hand and Lena took it as Kara exited, taking her flowers with her. “Do you need anything else?”

“Thank you, David. No. You have a good night.”

David straightened and Kara was reminded of the agents she worked with and made a mental note to ask Lena who her driver was, he screamed military.

“Thank you, Miss Luthor. Call me if you need anything,” David nodded and returned to the drivers seat as Lena carefully walked over to the elevator and Kara followed, juggling the flowers as she tried to press the button before Lena could.

“Are you hungry or anything?” Kara questioned as they rode the elevator to the penthouse and Lena shook her head.

“No, thank you. I think I need to lie down though. Do you have to get back to work?”

Kara shook her head. “Mitch-my partner on the article- is doing his own investigating, I’ve already given him my notes. We’re meeting up again tomorrow.”

“Would-would you like to stay?” Lena asked as the elevator dinged at the top level and the duo walked out and around the corner to Lena’s apartment.

“Sure!” Kara frowned at herself and then smiled over at Lena when the Luthor turned from her door to raise an eyebrow at her.

“Help yourself to anything in the fridge or cupboards,” Lena said as she walked towards the bedrooms, dropping her bag on the counter.

Kara put the flowers on the bench and then went looking for some vases-the nicer one would go with her flowers, naturally-and found some under the sink. She arranged them neatly, extending her senses to hear Lena wincing and gritting her teeth, before turning her attention back to her flowers. The CEO was obviously getting out of her clothes and into more comfortable ones.
She returned a few minutes later and Kara looked up from where she’d found a bag of crisps and was crunching happily at the counter, admiring her flowers. She looked small and pale in her large Ivy League hoodie and baggie grey sweats with her hair piled on top of her head.

“Did you wanna watch Netflix with me?” She had a laptop in her right hand.

“Mh hm,” Kara nodded and chewed before swallowing.

“Popcorn is in the top cupboard, and there’s a popcorn maker at the bottom of the storage there,” Lena directed and Kara almost flew from the seat and around the island into the kitchen. She loved popcorn!

Lena vanished into one of the rooms down the hall and she could hear a television being turned on, the music channel blasting something before there were some clicks and it went quiet. Kara was quick to set up the popcorn and a few minutes later joined Lena in the entertainment room with a large bowl of popcorn, a soda, and a bottle of water for Lena.

Lena was curled up in the corner of an ‘L’ couch and had her laptop balanced on her legs, resting against the couch with her broken arm. The Netflix home-screen was on with Lena’s recently watched and suggestions and her face was lit by the computer screen.

“Hey!” Kara frowned over at Lena. “The doctors said no work!”

Lena lifted her head a little and then went back to her computer as Kara set down the popcorn and drinks. “I know, which is why I’m only seeing what’s urgent and then I’m going to fall asleep binging Orange is the New Black-probably. Unless you want to watch something else?” She yawned to punctuate her statement, and while it made Kara uncomfortable she wasn’t that close to Lena yet and couldn’t force her to rest. She’d take some work over all work.

“Fine, but you are taking your pills when you need to,” she said sternly, trying to channel Eliza. She had a feeling it didn’t work when Lena’s lips curled and she continued working.

Kara flicked on an episode of some new and apparently popular show about shock, a hero with powers, and settled back on the couch, bowl of popcorn between them and split her attention between the television and the working Luthor.

“You’re missing it,” Lena commented without moving her attention from her screen.

“What’cha watching?” Kara asked instead.

“The crash, and I’m catching up on news articles, in case PR wants to discuss anything.”

Kara winced. “How bad is it?” She enquired, having already seen the security footage of the crash and would not be forgetting seeing Lena thrown over the top of the car and into the shopwindow and fall, anytime soon. She’d been ready to toss the offending truck and car into outer space, but Alex had talked her out of it.

Lena ducked her head. “Bad. Here,” she shifted a little bit, wincing as she did and Kara was quick to move off the couch and stand behind it so that she could see the screen, rather than Lena moving.

She pressed play and they both watched though a grainy security video as the truck reversed out and the driver of the car swerved into the oncoming traffic to miss it. They both saw Lena react, dropping her weight to the side and turning the wheel, but not in time and they winced as she slammed into the side and was thrown into the air. A second video from the storefront showed a black mass flying through the air and then slamming into the corner of the window display, there was a thump, heard...
even through the poor quality camera, as Lena hit the wooden beams at speed and then dropped limp to the concrete, a shower of glass following her.

Many comments on the video and article below expressed their sympathy for the injuries.

“I think that one summarises it adequately,” Lena remarked yawning, and Kara barked a laugh.

‘Holy fucking shit! That’s gotta hurt like a BITCH!!!!111 How’d she only break an arm and some ribs?!’

“Maybe I should invest in a pharmaceutical company,” she pondered as she exited the tabs and placed the computer on the table next to her, flipping the screen down.

She yawned again and blinked sleepily.

There was a dong echoing through the house and Kara glanced behind her. “I’ll get it.”

She was gone before Lena could complain, though she heard her, loudly, protesting as she got to her feet, amidst groans, and follow her through the house.

Lena’s assistant was at the door with a large brown paper bag and some take out and she recoiled slightly at seeing Kara answer the door.

“Miss Danvers…. Hi,” she said suspiciously, eyes narrowed.

“Hi, Jess. It’s Kara, please,” she smiled and stepped to the side to let the assistant into the apartment.

“Miss Luthor! You should be in bed resting!” Jess exclaimed when she saw Lena slowly making her way across her wooden floors. Lena was rubbing the back of her neck and blinking sleepily and a lazy smile of greeting crossed her face at the sight of her assistant. Kara ignored how Lena looked made her feel.


“Yup, sure! Absolutely no work going on here. No sir’re. Work? Pft, what work?” She trailed off and fiddled with her glasses before smiling encouragingly at Jess.

“Riiight.” Jess cast her a disbelieving look and then looked back at Lena. “I got you some take out as well as your meds. I didn’t want you to have to cook if you were hungry.” She cast a curious glance at Kara.

“Thank you,” Lena smiled and moved over to the counter to take the medication bag.

“Here; the list of when and what and with,” Jess dug out a printed list of medication with what Lena should be having it with, and what for. It reminded Kara of when she went through Cat’s medication, when she fell ill, and would type up the medicinal needs and match Cat’s schedule around it. She was glad Lena had someone who cared enough about her to do it.

Jess made sure Lena didn’t need anything and then after casting a final suspicious glance at Kara, left the apartment.

“Argh,” Lena was reading her prescription instructions and a sneer curled her lips as she glanced at the medication. Lena took a few pills with a large glass of water and leant her weight against the bench for a moment before pushing off it. “I definitely should invest in a pharmaceutical company, maybe several.”
She sounded so frustrated about it that Kara couldn’t help but giggle quietly and Lena gave it a few seconds before joining her.

“Ah, ow!” She complained after the first movement of her chest and brought her right arm up, grimacing in pain. “Don’t make me laugh,” she shot Kara a faux-glare as though it were her fault and Kara bit her lip, sheepish. She went pale and Kara heard her heart stutter and her blood rush through her body and was able to catch her as she fainted before she hit the floor.

“Lena?” She asked worriedly and quickly sped the brunette to her bed and laid her down. “Lena?” Lena’s heart rate was returning to normal and at her next worried call the brunette’s eyes slowly flickered open.

“Lena?”

“Mh, Kara?”

Kara ignored how her heart summersaulted at how her name sounded coming from Lena’s lips; husky, and raw.

“Hi! You fainted!” Kara said brightly and Lena groaned and laid her right hand over her eyes.

“Yes, I can see that—how’d I get here? You carried me?”

Kara’s cheeks warmed in the afternoon light streaming in through Lena’s open curtains in a ray of oranges and reds. She lifted a shoulder delicately. “I was just about to call for help,” she said earnestly and gave a little nod in affirmative.

“It’s just the pain,” Lena groaned. “The meds haven’t kicked in yet.”

“Well, duh,” Kara said and sat on the edge of the bed. “You did just take them.”

“Shuddup,” Lena grumbled through her arm and Kara smiled over at her. With Lena’s gaze preoccupied by her arm Kara took a moment to look around Lena’s room.

There was a large walk in closet, she could see clothes through the partially open door, a door which lead to an ensuite, and a-

“You have a balcony?!“ Kara didn’t mean to sound so excited, but balconies were kinda her thing.

“Mh. Have a look if you like. This apartment has the best view of the city I could find.” Lena’s voice was muffled, and a little slurred, maybe her meds were kicking in faster than she’d thought, or she was in need of sleep to heal.

Casting a final glance to Lena she pushed gently off the bed and strode over to the curtains and pulled them open. Lena curled into her pillow as Kara pulled open the two double doors and they slid into the glass and revealed the balcony. It was sleek and modern, whites and greys like her office. There was a spa pool to the corner, a telescope pointing at the sky next to that, a series of couches around a small coffee table, and a pair of sun-bathing chairs on the other side. A glass barrier ran around the entire thing, separating the building from the sky, but still allowing unrestricted lines of sight to the city and across to the sea and back up into the farms and eventually the forests. It was covered to allow 24/7 access to the roof with protection from the elements, mostly.

“Wow,” Kara breathed as the wind playfully tugged on her hair. Her phone chimed and she glanced at it to see a message from Alex asking to go out tonight, and she tucked it back in her pocket.
Behind her she could hear Lena’s heartbeat regulating and realised she had fallen asleep.

Smiling fondly, her heart warm with some kind of light, she returned to the room and locked the balcony doors and closed the curtains. Her supervision was able to pick out the sleeping Luthor and she hesitated before walking over and gently removing Lena’s arm from her head and untied the sling around her broken arm. She spared a second to pull the covers over her before returning to the kitchen and getting a glass of water and after glancing over Jess’ medication cheat-sheet she grabbed the right pills and carried them to Lena’s room, snatching her pen and pad from her messenger bag on her way.

She lowered them gently onto one of Lena’s bedside tables and quickly jotted down a note, telling Lena which pills were for what, and wishing her a swift recovery, and she’d be bringing her lunch from Noonan’s tomorrow at noon (Ha, get it?) and have a nice sleep. Kara x.

She left the note on the bedside table, and after one last look at Lena, removed herself from the room and apartment (putting the takeout in the fridge on the way out).

~*~

It was a dry throat that awoke Lena Luthor from her pain-filled sleep and she fumbled around a moment in bed before she got her bearings enough to relax. Her side was throbbing painfully, overshadowing the pulsing in her left arm and she groaned and flapped around with her right in search of her bedside table lamp.

She was starting to regret ever getting on her bike and decided that maybe her fainting had been a warning for her not to get on it, like some sort of premonition. But she had felt fine when she came-too on her floor in the warehouse and hadn’t even been unsteady as she walked to her bike, and had tossed up whether to call David, or just ride home. She decided to protect her secret, after all, she didn’t have a scratch on her from her fall, and headache, and rode for home. She did regret it now, as her side groaned in protest as she finally found the bottom of the touch-light.

It lit the room with a dull glow and she saw a glass of water and a container of pills and she sighed. It seemed too far away. She flung her arm out and the glass of water flew across the space over her bed and appeared in her hand. A sharp pain split her head and a bright light appeared behind her eyes before she fell into it. In the morning she saw the wet patch on the top of the bed and the empty glass and assumed she’d fallen asleep with it in her hand.

Chapter End Notes

So, in light of my 100th comment (though if some of them are mine, does it count? hm) and (probably) 500th kudos :D another chapter up sooner than expected. As always, thanks for reading. Leave any comments on plot, characterisation-OMG THis is SOoooo awesome (ets)-, they make my day. I always read them, even if I don't always reply. Are we all counting down the days to Christmas/how-ever you may celebrate the holidays? Know I am.
“Hey, Alex,” Kara smiled as she landed in the DEO, and offered her sister a bag of her favourite pastries. “From that store you like in Paris.”

“Yessss,” her sister hissed and grabbed for the bag. “Gimmie.”

Handing them over with a smile she looked around and saw Winn typing away at his computer and she waved at him, he nodded over at her but was intent on his screen, fingers flying and headset on. Hank was standing with Agent Vasquez looking over something on her screen.

Alex dove into the first pastry with an exaggerated moan and Kara shot her a look and she shrugged, to content with her sugary sweet to respond. J’onn was looking over at them both weirdly, but he smiled in greeting.

“Supergirl,” he straightened. “I have some information for you, and I thought we could go and see Lena Luthor.”

“I’m meeting her for lunch,” Kara said and ignored the sharp look Alex shot her. “Should we go before?”

The director of the DEO nodded and picked up a manila file from the desk and strode down the steps towards her.

Kara looked hesitant. “Can we-lets no scare her, okay?”

J’onn tilted his head curiously and lifted a brow but nodded.

“We’ll go in the front door,” he agreed nodding his head. “It will give her time to become aware of our presence.”

“Okay, cool,” Kara was smiling now and lifted her arm in an obnoxious ‘after-you’ gesture. J’onn sighed and rolled his eyes but led the way from the building. He morphed into his true self as he lifted from the building and into the sky. He had told her he liked the freedom of being him when he flew, and not Hank, which was something Kara understood. There was freedom being Supergirl, even if it did come with its own chains.

As they flew Kara strained with her senses for Lena’s heartbeat and paused in the air, partway to her apartment building.

“Supergirl?” Hank flew past her a bit and then wound around to hover with her in the air.

“Lena’s not at her apartment,” her brow was furrowed and she tilted her head to the ground, instinctively trying to find L-Corp. She sighed. “She’s at work. Can you give me ten minutes please?”

Confused but trusting Kara J’onn nodded and flew off in the direction of L-Corp, but slowly, in no rush.
“Hey, Winn?”

“Shoot, Supergirl,” her friend was quick to reply.

“Can you see who’s Lena’s insurance company for her bike?”

She could hear him typing away even as he asked her why. “Can you just find out please?”

She could almost hear his confusion, and J’onn’s, but she ignored that and three minutes and forty seven seconds later he was telling her the name of Lena’s insurance. She’d worry about the privacy breach later. “And can you get me the request for her motorcycle?”

“Already done. It hasn’t been delivered yet, if that was your next question,” Winn said and she could picture his satisfied smile as he leaned back in his chair. He told her the dealer and after a ‘thanks’ she was flying through the air towards it.

She landed easily and held the door open for a startled young man who was walking out with some bags. “Hi,” she smiled at him and his smile seemed frozen on his face.

She was able to edge past him and into the store and immediately strode up to the front counter. She hadn’t been in a motorcycle store before but figured the lines of shiny and new motorbikes were customary, as were the racks of helmets, hangers with jackets and pants, the stands for boots, and the little hangers for all the other gear was normal. It smelled like leather and some sort of polish, it smelt new.

“Hi there…Shaun,” she said, seeing his name tag and smiling winningly at the young man manning the desk. His heart was kicking in his chest and he swallowed nervously.

“Hi,” he had to clear his throat again as his greeting came out very high. He blushed. “Hi. How can I help you…Supergirl.”

“I’d like to speak with the manager or the owner, if that’s okay.”

“Y-yeah. Yes. Right away.” He picked up a phone and pressed a button, bringing the device to his ear as his throat bobbed.

“Um, Dave. There’s someone at the front desk to see you.”

Kara could hear the voice on the end of the line complain, rather loudly.

“You need to come out here. Like now;” Shaun winced and then looked back at Supergirl in awe and maybe a little fear. “Like right now.”

The grumbled protest of ‘Dave’ could be heard down the line and Shaun cringed slightly, looking at her apologetically as he hung up.

She just kept on smiling and cast a glance at the clock, checking to see how much time she had. She had five minutes until she’d said she’d meet J’onn. She could make that.

She could hear the moment Dave caught sight of her. His heart did a little twisting thing and she could feel his heart rate increase as he virtually ran towards her. She let him do it, keeping her gaze focused on the motorcycles and pretending not to notice his swift arrival, punctuated by his heavy breathing.

“Supergirl!” He would have been a handsome man in his youth; dark, expressive eyes, smooth
brown skin, and sweet lips, but he’d fallen to time, as humans tended to do, and was approaching overweight and his beard was peppered with grey. He still had charm though, she noted as he smiled at her, years erased from his appearance, and he held out a hand for her to shake.

“Dave Mallory,” he ducked his head. “How can I help you?” He had a nice voice, rich and deep and smooth, and she could listen to him reading a manual on how to use a dishwasher all day. Heck, he could read the dictionary and she’d still enjoy his voice.

“My friend Lena was in a crash the other day.”

Dave nodded, calm and sure. He reminded her a bit like J’onn.

“And she needed to get everything replaced. Her insurance put in a claim for…” she waited for Winn to rattle off what Lena or her lawyers had claimed in the insurance (her full motorbike gear; leathers, gloves, helmet) and relayed it to Dave.

“Ah,” he nodded knowingly. “Miss Luthor.”

Kara’s eyes were quick on him, but he hadn’t spat the name and she raised a brow, lifting her hands to her hips, just in case he didn’t get the message.

“My daughter works for her,” he explained cheerfully, with no lack of pride. “She’s in R n D, as she calls it. I saw the news.”

“Right,” Kara nodded slowly. “So I wanted to make her feel better and deliver her, her gear?” She hadn’t meant to make it as a question but it came out that way. She didn’t want to intimidate anyone, especially not this friendly ‘grandfather-like’ man.

“It’s being processed,” he said and rubbed his beard and tilted his head thoughtful. “I’ll tell you what,” he said after a moment’s consideration. “Take what you need, what she claimed, and we’ll just take it off the claim when the paperwork comes through.”

Kara perked up, chest warming at Dave’s generosity. He nodded. “I’d give it to you for free, but I don’t think you’d both appreciate that.”

Kara’s rising protest died on her lips and she smiled sheepishly.

“What kind of bike was it? What size helmet, gloves, boots, pants and jacket were you after?”

Kara was quick to tell him, even as Shaun cast her a sceptical look and she considered then that her knowledge of the other Luthor (her hand size, head size, body size) might be a little bit dodgy.

“I-ah, I can see these things,” she said awkwardly and then made a show of looking over the teenager and owner before telling them their sizes.

She ducked her head. “Sorry.”

“Don’t apologise for what you are, Supergirl,” Dave said as he was typing something into a computer. He didn’t seem overly bothered by her displays of power, though she could hear his heart beating a little louder and stronger than what would be expected, but she appreciated his effort all the same.

“Do you know her preferred colour and design?” He asked and Kara whizzed around the shop to get the gear and piled it on the desk.
Shaun shuddered at the display of power but Dave merely blinked and carried on typing. He then ran the items up, Shaun seeming frozen, and pointed over to a bike in the stand.

“Can you bring me the ID sheet, please? It’s not the same, but it’ll do until she can come in and make the change.” In a blink Kara had identified the bike and had returned with the identification sheet.

“Thank you,” Dave said and proceeded to fill out the rest of the paperwork.

It was inching closer to the ten-minute mark and Kara turned eagerly back to the desk.

“Alright,” Dave said as he printed out a form. “If you sign here and here, I can send this to her insurance when the claim goes through.”

Kara used her Super-speed to read through the paperwork before signing. Just because she was an alien, didn’t mean she was a fool, and this was on Lena’s behalf, she didn’t want to cause any trouble for the CEO. It was all clear and she signed her name quickly, or rather, Supergirl’s name, she even used her heat vision to brand her crest into the paper. Shaun slumped against the desk and fell to the floor.

Dave and Kara looked at him and Dave sighed as Kara looked concerned.

“Leave him,” Dave said gently and Kara looked at him curiously. He was looking down at Shaun with a weird expression, a mixture of annoyance and exasperation and fondness. “I’ll see to him when he wakes up. He gestured to the bike and to the bag of things she’d just purchased.

“Go on,” he ducked his head and smiled. “Go take your friend her get-well present.”

There was some kind of weight behind his words, something Kara couldn’t pick up on, but she wasn’t going to be told twice.

“Thank you!” She beamed and gathered the gear and then raced to the bike and lifted it easily. She might have broken the clamps which bolted it to the floor in her haste and she paused with the bike over one shoulder.

“Eh, sorry. I’ll just,” she used her laser vision to solder them back into place and smiled sheepishly over at Dave. He just shook his head fondly and she smiled and was out the door in a blur of red and blue.

She had less than thirty seconds to get to L-Corp before her ten minute deadline and broke the sound barrier as she raced along, pausing just to make sure the bike could handle the speed without damaging it. She held it behind her as she flew, blocking the wind with her body so it wouldn’t get damaged, just in case.

J’onn was slowly descending from the skyscraper level, morphing back into Hank and she raced down to land beside him on the sidewalk, smiling at the people who started at their abrupt appearance.

“What’s that?” Hank lifted a brow and folded his arms and she handed him the bag of clothes and helmet and boots.

“A get well present,” she said and lowered the bike on her arm.

“No balloons or card?” Hank offered sarcastically as they walked towards the doors and Kara’s face fell.
“Should I have gotten her flowers as well?” She pondered as she followed the older alien inside.

He just sighed. “Didn’t you already?”

Kara nodded. “But as Supergirl, I mean.”

“You’re bringing her a motorbike—“

“Yeah, but I didn’t buy it.” She brightened suddenly. “Be right back!” And the bike was on the floor in the middle of the lobby with Hank standing next to it. He sighed, loudly and shook his head as the employees behind the desk looked at him curiously. He was sure security was watching him intently but he didn’t have to wait long before Supergirl appeared back at his side carrying a huge bunch of flowers. There was a small teddy-bear in the bouquet and it was holding a small heart on a stick saying ‘Get well soon.’

“Hi!” Kara beamed as she stepped up to the counter. It was a nice counter, like the ones downstairs at Catco, though the woman behind it had a few photos of her family by her keyboard, Kara could see. And there were another two monitors and chairs for other employees and other personal affects.

“We’re here to see Miss Luthor?”

The receptionist blinked and then slowly reached for her phone.

“Hello Jess?” She started and blinked again, looking like an animal under the glare of headlights. “Um, there are some… people here to see Miss Luthor.”

Kara was able to hear Jess’s reply, ‘she doesn’t have any appointments until lunch, where she is booked for Miss Danvers. Tell them to make an appointment,’ and the receptionist hesitated and then added. “She’ll want to see these visitors, even if they don’t have an appointment. Um, it’s Supergirl.”

Kara heard a pause and then, ‘Are you serious?’ but was still preoccupied with the way her heart flipped upon hearing Lena had booked the afternoon for her.

“Yeah,” the receptionist let out a shaky laugh and Kara smiled reassuringly at her, even as they were gathering an audience. “Supergirl is in the lobby.”

An extended pause. ‘Just a sec.’ It was more than a second, but then Jess replied. ‘Send them up.’

“Um, they have a motorcycle.”

“It’s a present,” Kara said quietly, and nodded winningly to the receptionist’s surprised expression.

‘Okay….I’ll send her down. And have security on standby, just in case.’

“Okay,” the receptionist said and hung up, still looking a little shell-shocked.

“What’s your name?” Kara asked as she leaned against the desk.

“L-Linda,” she stuttered nervously.

“Nice to meet you, Linda. You’re doing a great job!” The woman beamed at the compliment and straightened in her chair.

“Thank you, Ma’am,” Linda replied.

“How long have you been working here?” Kara enquired and felt J’onn roll his eyes and punched
him to quieten him, much to the amusement of the receptionist. They exchanged pleasantries, and Kara even took a photo with a brave employee before she heard Lena get out of the elevator.

“Supergirl!” Lena was as commanding as ever in a short sleeve green dress that flowed down her body and flared at her hips. She was wearing white pumps and dark make-up with white nails. The white cast at her left did nothing to hide her regality.

“Is there a reason you’re in my lobby distracting my employees?” She enquired without bite, in fact Kara could detect a hint of a smile.

“Miss Luthor, is there a reason you aren’t at home resting?” Kara countered and offered her the bouquet of flowers with a flourish.

Lena accepted the flowers and looked over them a moment, smiling at the teddy bear and then placed them on the counter. “Some of us have day jobs,” she said and looked over at Hank. “I know you.” It was almost the exact intonation she had used with Alex, but only less sharp and suspicious.

“Hank,” J’onn said and inclined his head. “I work with Supergirl.”

Lena’s eyes narrowed and Kara would have started to sweat if she were capable of it, was that what people faced with her laser eyes felt when she looked at them? Hank didn’t seem affected though, maintaining his cool and collected composure. “I recognise your voice,” she tilted her head to the side. Linda was watching and listening with wide eyes, gazing between the two aliens and her boss like one did in a tennis match.

“I haven’t hacked your feeds again, if that is why you’re here,” she said suddenly, and smiled. “Though thank you for the protection, Agent…?” She left it open and Hank nodded slowly.

“Director.”


“We brought you something, well, I did….” Kara trailed off, for some reason wanting those green eyes back on her and not on the strange non-verbal conversation Lena and Hank were having.

“I know you totalled your bike so I went and got a new one…” Lena straightened and steel entered her tone. “You shouldn’t have done that. My insurance covers-“

“Wait!” Kara lifted a hand. “That came out wrong. I just went and picked it up for you. Dave, Dave Mallory,” she said and saw recognition flare in Lena’s eyes. “Said it was okay to bring it to you. I also got your gear as well.”

Lena’s tense pose softened and she looked past Kara to the brand new bike sitting in her lobby. It wasn’t a diavel but a panigale, but she could work with that. There were blue and red bows on it, Supergirl’s colours (while she’d been getting flowers she had gotten the red and blue ribbon and tied the bows on), and she smiled and shook her head when she saw them.

“Thank you,” Lena said simply as she looked over her replacement bike.

“But that’s not the only reason why you’re here,” Lena said and looked over to Linda.

“Linda, please have Gareth take this down into the garage and arrange for it to be delivered to my apartment.”
“Oh, I can do that!” Kara interrupted and then shifted on her feet. “I mean, I should have thought about you getting it home.”

“No thank you, Supergirl,” Lena said firmly and turned back to Linda. “Arrange for it to be delivered to my apartment, and keep this until David arrives.”

“If you want to mingle with my employees,” Lena cast a glance to the gathered L-Corp employees who were hovering just beyond ear-shot as though too afraid to come closer. “Take pictures, sign autographs, and then join me upstairs when you are ready? I have a phone call to make.”

“Of course,” Hank nodded and Kara shot him a confused look before going along with it when he nodded reassuringly.

“Excellent. We’ll speak momentarily.”

She glided away, somehow managing to float on heels that should have defied physics, while Kara was left to deal with the employees who were clearly eager for a selfie or autograph or both. Hank passed over the bags and helmet and Linda propped them up against the wall behind the desk.

After everyone had had a few photos and she’d signed a lot of autographs Kara and Hank were escorted into the elevator by the security and stood awkwardly as it rose. The elevator was cheerfully giving information about L-Corp, things they had done, their vision, charity, and things they were working on as well as respect employees.

“Why are we here?” Kara asked quietly as they rose, keeping her head down. It was doubtful L-Corp had security feeds that could pick up her lips moving so fast, or her words so quiet, but one could never be sure.

“The robbery in Metropolis,” J’onn replied just as swiftly, and just as quietly and Kara understood that to mean they were here to ask about Kryptonite.

They rose to Lena’s floor and two security guards watched them cautiously and Kara recognised them as the ones Lena had hired after the first attack on her life. Jess wasn’t even pretending to type as she sat at her desk and watched them.

Kara knocked on the door before entering and shrugged when Hank raised a brow at her. It was polite, even if she knew they were coming and had probably watched them come up through her security.

“Miss Luthor,” Hank said as they entered. Lena was sitting at her desk, brow furrowed as she held her phone up to her ear and she lowered it in annoyance.

“What is it you are after?” Lena enquired and clasped her hands together, she was less polite now than she was earlier, maybe that was because she was in front of her employees and had a face to maintain.

J’onn and Kara shared a look and Kara shrugged, rolling her shoulder forward to signal he should be the one to talk.

“Last week a special shipment of anti-alien weaponry went missing in Metropolis. We have scanners and were able to detect it entering the city, but have since lost it.” Hank was straight into it, and Kara had a feeling he was reading her mind, or at least listening to what she was thinking as he was speaking, and Kara made a mental note to ask him about it.

“And you’re asking if I stole it?” Lena asked dryly and looked over at Kara. She looked at Kara and
Supergirl differently, Kara noticed, and it made her happy and sad in both measure. Happy, because she didn’t think Lena smiled at anyone the way she did at Kara, but sad because she obviously didn’t like the alien side of her all that much.

“I didn’t steal anything,” Lena said calmly and tilted her head imperiously. “You can check with my assistant, and even my apartment building’s security. I haven’t left the city since I went-,” she cleared her throat as something dark flashed across her face. “I was here, when that shipment was stolen...” she paused and tilted her head. “Though surely you are aware this is L-Corp, formerly Luthor-Corp, and anti-alien weaponry is in high demand right now.”

“We are aware you no doubt have your own weapons in design, if not prototypes,” Kara interrupted, channelling her sister as she placed her hands on her hips. The discovery of Kryptonite weapons on her friends computer had been a bit of a back-stab, even if Lena didn’t know it.

Lena took a deep breath, wincing as she did so, and let the air out slowly. “There is no Kryptonite here,” she said slowly and ignored her two visitors’ surprise. “You are welcome to send in an agent, preferably a human one,” she emphasised, “if you feel I am not telling the truth. They can have a look around… in fact,” she hesitated. “Providing they sign the NDA’s I put in front of them, they are welcome to look at everything.” Her eyes narrowed and the air turned cold, even though Kara couldn’t feel it and there was no physical change in temperature.

“Why don’t you send Agent Danvers in? I’m certain she’d be more than amendable to my terms.”

Hank and Kara had both stiffened at the mention of Alex, and they had a feeling Lena had noticed when she leant back slightly and looked puzzled. “There are some things I’m sure a woman of her education would find fascinating.”

“No,” Hank said sternly and Lena blinked. “I don’t trust you.” Kara looked at Hank curiously. He had been the one to forbid the DEO from moving on Lena without evidence, but his aggression here was curious. Evidently the suggestion of any ill intention towards Alex brought out his paternal side, which, Kara was squealing on the inside and would definitely tell Alex later.

A bitter smile curled Lena’s lips. “Because I’m a Luthor?”

“Because we never said Kryptonite, and why would you request a specific agent.”

“Personal reason,” Lena said offhandedly, ignoring the Kryptonite comment. “And Kara, her sister,” she amended, “is a friend of mine. I’d never hurt her like that.”

“She would never know,” Kara pointed out, but something about how Lena had softened when speaking of her alter-ego made her go warm.

“Then provided she sign the same forms and you agree, she can accompany her sister.” Lena arched a brow. “Would that clear me of suspicion?”

“It’s a start,” Hank said.

“The world changed when Superman fell from the sky, Director.” Lena said calmly. “Earth knows it’s now home to aliens, of course there is an arms race. We are Neanderthals compared to gods on the evolutionary scale, the only way we can protect ourselves is with alien killing weaponry. It is the only choice we have.”

“Kal and I-” Kara began hotly.

“Oh yes...” Lena ran her tongue along her teeth. “Your lovely cousin.” Somehow Kara had a
feeling she didn’t mean the words how they would look written down. “You do not hold the monopoly on what is a good and what is not a good alien, Supergirl. No matter how much you may wish it, there are and will be bad aliens out there. It is only logical to expect the human race to want to defend itself. You can’t halt progress. You can’t halt evolution.”

“Is what your brother did in Metropolis evolution?” Kara shot back, not appreciating the slight on her cousin.

Lena’s brow twitched but she tilted her head to the side. “While Lex went about it poorly and there is nothing that I can do to make up for his actions, he did have good intentions—at heart.”

Kara snorted and made to reply but Lena lifted her hand to halt her. “I’m sure we can discuss our own views on Alien’s and alien weaponry until we, or rather I, am blue in the face,” she said calmly and flicked open her laptop. “But I have a company to run.”

Her cool green gaze turned to look at Hank. “Director, have Agent Danvers check in downstairs and I will personally escort her through the facility. You can leave the same way you came in.” Lena turned back to her computer and started to type away, effectively dismissing them.

Kara sighed and vanished immediately, using her super-speed to get her from the building which was starting to feel oppressive. J’onn caught her a few moments later.

“Agent Danvers,” he was speaking into his comms as he soared next to Supergirl on the way to the DEO. “Have you been made aware of Lena Luthor’s request?”

“Yes,” Alex replied and she sounded certain as she added, ‘I think it’s a good idea. She is basically allowing me full access to the building. If there has been any Kryptonite in there the sensor Winn and I made should allow me to detect it.’

“I don’t like it, Alex,” Kara interrupted as the duo soared around the side of a building.

“You said we could trust her,’ Alex pointed out.

“Yeah… with my life. You’re a little more breakable than I am.”

“It’ll be fine, Kara. You’ll be with me, and Lena said she didn’t want to hurt you like that, so it will be fine.’

“Fine,” Kara grumbled and then remembered. “Oh, I’m meeting her for lunch, did you want to head over to L-Corp and I’ll meet you there?”

‘Sure thing. I’ll get ready and head over. See you soon.’

Kara pulled up next to a skyscraper a few blocks from the DEO and looked at J’onn.

“Was she telling the truth? Did you read her mind?”

J’onn nodded slowly. “I did,” he said quietly, though there was frustration leaking into his voice. “She didn’t steal the Kryptonite, but I notice she did avoid answering the question and her thoughts jumped all over the place. I got an image of it; a bright green light which faded into white and then into nothing. She’s in a lot of pain right now, but she’s hiding it well,” he added. “I get the feeling that she doesn’t want to hurt Alex or Kara, at all, but Agent Danvers and Supergirl, and aliens for that matter, is more complicated…” J’onn hesitated. “She doesn’t want us to die, but what she does want is to know who we are and what we are capable of and have a way of stopping us.”
He seemed contemplative about her. “I can see where she is coming from,” he finished and Kara threw her hands in the air.

“She has alien weaponry!” Her heart was hurting at the thought.

“Why are you so keen on crucifying her to others, when at the slightest thought she could be bad, you are defending her immediately, Supergirl?” J’onn’s voice was soft, even as he words were harsh and Kara looked down at the traffic below them, conflicted and confused.

“I think your feelings are clouding your judgement,” he continued gently. “I can see what Miss Luthor thinks, I know how she feels, but you don’t. Ask her, and listen when she talks. Maybe that will help sort out what you’re feeling.”

He smiled at her and shot off towards the DEO, leaving Kara confused and wondering what he had been talking about. She wanted to trust Lena Kara did at any rate, but Lena had that alien detection device and had guns labelled Kryptonite which would if not kill her, severely harm her and her cousin. She was having trouble merging the Lena that smiled at Kara and looked at her with fond amusement when she blabbed on about alien rights, and the Lena that had a secret stash of alien weaponry that was designed to hurt her.

Maybe J’onn was right, maybe her feelings were clouding her judgement. But if they were, what feelings were they?

~*~

SNEAK PEAK: There was a rumble, like thunder underground and the windows shattered and the glass launched itself free of their frames and out in all directions and then, slowly, ever so slowly, L-Corp Tower began to collapse in on itself.

"LENA!" Kara’s shout was drowned by the sound of tonnes of steel, wood and concrete plummeting to the earth, taking her heart with it.

It’s heat threw her backwards even as the door slammed into place and the lights went out and then with an awful roar L-Corp Tower collapsed. She screamed, voice cracking with the strain, as she plummeted to the ground and spared a final thought for bright blue and sunshine. Something foreign and familiar stampeded through her veins and exploded behind her eyes and then there was nothing.

Chapter End Notes

Because Supercorpppp asked so nicely and, lets be real, I do love the feedback, I'm greedy for it, here is the next instalment! Yay! So, as many of you may have guessed- though I am considering I should have just had her waking up to the empty glass on the bed and not have her moving the glass, oh well- Lena may have a certain skill :D Or is it more than one? O_o. You'll have to wait and see :D

One of the issues I have noticed with plot is that many of us authors have similar ideas,
so Lena having powers, getting attacked (etc) may run parallel with other plot lines, it can't be helped. But I have not intentionally borrowed and ideas from anyone else, at least not consciously. I have the entire plot already set out. Still, I apologise in advance if any of Mercy seems to be recycling other author's ideas, this is not my intention.

I also haven't seen Merlin yet, I know, I know :p But it is now on my MUST WATCH (Katie McGrath) List.

And, I am loving the feedback, even if it is just screaming :D I do appreciate it guys, even if I don't always reply. Thank you. Mwah.
“Kara!” Lena looked up from her computer as Kara was let into her office and she smiled over at her and Kara’s heart did that funny flipping thing it had started to do around Lena. At the same time she felt a sliver of unease. Lena didn’t look at Supergirl like that, open and friendly and generous with her time and smiles.

“Come in! How are you?”

Kara obeyed and walked across the office to sit in Lena’s guest chair and the woman pushed her computer away to give Kara her full attention. She felt her discord settle slightly in Lena’s presence and felt her guard lowering and she eased back into their friendship.

“You should be at home,” Kara cautioned and placed her take-out bags on the table. “Resting,” she added pointedly and Lena ducked her head.

“Yes,” she sighed and then winced. “I know, but this company won’t run itself.”

“I am heading home after our meeting, if it makes you feel better,” Lena added and looked over the paper bags.

“Noonan’s? Did you order the entire menu?”

Kara nodded eagerly and flushed a little, shifting on the seat. “I didn’t know what you wanted, so I got all of my favourites.” She proceeded to gush over all of the food and listed them in order of her favourite, or when she was feeling down, or when she was so happy, or ones that she associated with home.

Lena’s smile was sweet. “Did you want to eat over on the couch?”

“Oh, um, yup! Okay!”

Kara got to her feet and gathered the bags as Lena rose to her feet, a slight hiss escaping her lips as she did so, and she followed Kara slowly to the couch.

Kara quickly set out the food on the coffee table and Lena eased herself gently onto the corner of the couch, wincing as she did so.

“How’s your article going?” She enquired as she looked over the selection of food and her hand hovered above what looked like some sort of chicken and salad.

“Ohh, that one’s amazing,” Kara gushed, seeing her choice and handed her a plastic knife.

“Um, it’s going good, I guess.” She was already part way through a bowl of potsickers and paused. “It’s about the Alan murder.”

Lena hesitated with a mouthful of creamy chicken partway to her lips. “The robbery?”

“No,” Kara shook her head as Lena took her bite. “The murder.”
Lena lowered her fork and her eyes turned grave. “What do you mean? What happened?”

Kara took a while to swallow and tossed her options around in her head before finally deciding to tell Lena what she knew, she might have some insights.

“Jamie McCartney was hired to kill Dr Mark and use Jake as the scapegoat. When the OD didn’t kill him the bail was posted and Jake went to the funeral where he was shot and killed.” She carefully watched Lena for her reactions and the gasp and wide eyes couldn’t be faked.

“Oh no,” Lena brought her hand to her mouth. “That’s awful. Dr Alan was a great man, who would want to—“ she paused and inhaled sharply.

“Who would want to?” Kara repeated feeling Lena’s heart rate peak suddenly and she was suddenly diving for her cell-phone.

“Lena?” Kara questioned, brow furrowing.

Lena shook her head and tapped away on her cell and Kara shifted to the edge of her seat. Lena’s brow furrowed slightly as she tapped away and the indent only deepened as the minutes went on.

“Lena?” Kara enquired as she moved on the couch closer to the Luthor who’d closed her eyes.

“Hey?” Kara said gently and placed her hand on Lena’s knee. Part of her hand was on her skirt and the other, a few fingertips was on skin, and it was warm under her touch and she felt her blood sing at the contact and try to reach the warmth underneath her hand. She could feel Lena’s pulse, her life, through that small contact and realised that this was maybe the second or third time they had touched, her heart did a flip at the thought.

Lena seemed to come back to herself and placed her phone face down on the couch. “In the months before Lex was imprisoned,” she said slowly, haltingly. “He would-this is off the record, right? As friends?” Lena’s green eyes locked on hers and she could see the vulnerability in them.

“I’m here as a friend, Lena,” she squeezed her knee a little and her heart almost leapt from her throat when Lena’s right hand moved down to take hers and held it tightly. Lena smiled, it was bittersweet.

“Lex visited Dr Alan a lot before he was imprisoned, once a week or so. He said they were working on something big, something that would level the playing field. I never knew what it was….“ She trailed off and then picked up her phone again. She tilted it to show Kara. It was her online banking, or at least someone’s online banking, and there was a transfer of one million dollars as well as what looked like an automatic payment of ten thousand a week into another unknown account.

“It’s mine and Lex’s fun account,” Lena said bitterly. “When we were younger we had this account to play with.” Her smile was fond, with a hint of darkness. “We’d manipulate the stock market for fun and gamble….I shouldn’t be telling you this.” Kara just squeezed her hand and she took a steadying breath. “I noticed the balance had gone down the other day, but I thought nothing of it, we gambled with this money all the time and I hadn’t looked at it since before he was arrested.” Her eyes went glassy and her jaw moved. “And now it looks like he used that money to murder Dr Alan.”

“Hey,” Kara gently turned Lena’s head to face her and wiped away a tear with her thumb. “You don’t know that for sure.”

Lena snorted and her brows twitched and another tear fell. “Yes, I do. This account miraculously has an outgoing payment made regularly and a one million dollar payment made, and Dr Alan is murdered after meeting with my brother multiple times before his incarceration? I don’t think that’s a
coincidence.”

Lena’s eyes were somehow a brighter green through their shine and they were so beautiful and Kara’s eyes roamed over her face as she wiped away the rest of her tears.

“Miss Luthor-oh.” Alex and Jess both freeze in the door way and Kara and Lena go ridged.

Lena pulls away quickly and runs her finger under her eyes to gather any mascara.

“Miss Luthor?” Jess’s voice is concerned but also protective and her eyes are narrowed in on Kara.

“Kara?” Alex asks cautiously as she steps into the room.

“It’s fine, Jess. Thank you,” Lena waves her assistant off. “Come in Agent Danvers.”

Alex comes into the room fully and edges across the floor to the couch.

“You got Noonan’s?” She asks after catching Kara’s slight shake of the head.

“Help yourself, if Kara doesn’t mind,” Lena said and turned her phone blank and edged back on the couch, snatching a tissue. “I’ve suddenly lost my appetite.”

“Lena,” Kara begins and Lena shakes her head.

“Agent Danvers, I’m sure your boss explained the situation?”

Alex was picking up a muffin. “Yup,” she said and tapped the bag hanging from her shoulder. “This will let me know if you’ve had any Kryp-“ she cast a glance at Kara. “I’ll be able to see if anyone has come into contact with anything radioactive.”

Lena nodded. “There’s a folder on the corner of my desk with your NDA’s.” She leant back with a sigh and closed her eyes and so missed Alex’s displeased look. But Kara directed Alex across to the table with a nod of her head and Alex shrugs and wanders over to the desk and grabs the folder.

“The FBI suspects one of my employees of trying to synthesise nuclear radiation,” Lena told Kara tiredly. “Your sister was asked to come and check the area out. You can come too, if you want to see what we are working on,” she hesitated. “But you will have to sign my NDA’s. Sorry, its policy.”

Kara nodded eagerly, already knowing why Alex was here and what she was looking for, but Lena didn’t know she knew and she wanted to keep it that way. “I still want to look at your Alien devices.”

Lena’s eyes flickered open and she looked over at Kara as Alex skimmed through the documents. “I’ll show you, if you listen to what I have to say.”

Kara paused, it seemed like she was echoing J’onn’s words, and even Alex lifted her gaze from the papers ad lifted a brow.

Kara met Lena’s gaze squarely for a moment before nodding. “I’d like to hear your point of view.”

Lena tilted her head to the side and nodded before smiling. “Okay.”

After Alex and Kara signed the NDA’s and then Lena had Alex remove her radiation detection device and they started to move through the upper offices and work spaces. Lena explained that most of their labs were on the middle to lower floors, and the important work was done underground. They went through each of the spaces one by one and Alex’s detection device thingy didn’t even
blink, and Lena explained a little about the employees who worked on the various floors and their achievements.

As they descended lower the laboratories and work spaces became bigger and more complex, and they ended up on the ground level with still no sign of Kryptonite, and with a variety of woods, metals, beakers, glasses, liquids, cutters, benches, forges, and tools blurred into their memories.

“This way,” Lena walked from the elevator and around a corner outside of view of the lobby and behind the security desk, to what looked like a dead end with only a janitors closet. It was locked though, locked with a security card ID needed and a pin number and Alex and Kara shared a look as the door clicked open. Lena walked down a flight of stairs and then entered another elevator. This one was solid and large, clearly used for transporting things, if the scratches in the floor and the braces in the walls were anything to go by.

She had to offer her security ID again, her eyes for a retinal scan, her palm, and a password before the elevator doors shut and they moved downwards. Alex winced the moment the doors closed and removed her earpiece to hang it around her neck and Kara strained with her hearing but found it difficult to get through, though she could, it was just hard. No other communication would be able to get in and out, Kara knew instinctively. Lena just glanced at Alex and pressed a button.

“This is the heart of L-Corp’s work,” Lena said as they descended. “Only the best scientists and engineers are allowed down here.” She went on to explain that though the other employees did design and make things, they had a supervisor who would give the employee clearance to the more expensive and superior laboratory and work space if they thought their ideas were good.

Lena showed the Danvers sisters where they scientists were working on a new pesticide which would hopefully be environmentally friendly while improving the crops; a lot of mechanical devices which Kara and Alex had no idea what they were, though they were sure Winn would be having a field day over it.

“Hey, isn’t that the thing you used—“

“The night of the Gala?” Lena asked as they walked past a similar device to the one she used to destroy the alien weapons the night of the Gala. A few scientists or engineers were working on it. “Yes, your friend Whyte, was very impressed.”

“Winn!” Kara corrected and recalled how later on the tech expert had lost his shit over the device, marvelling at how quickly she had made it and how perfectly it worked. “Yeah, he was very, very excited about it.”

Lena ducked her head slightly and a small smiled graced her face. “Was he?” She worried her lips and gave a delicate shrug. “It is nice to be appreciated,” she paused and added. “And it was pretty amazing.”

“You wanted to know about the alien devices,” Lena said to Kara while Alex moved around the lab, scanning the air for signs of radiation.

“This is where we work on them.” This was another series of doors, solid steel and it required the same identification as the other two doors and a DNA match, which wow, Alex and Kara shared a look.

“Only six people, including myself, have access to this area and information,” Lena explained as she doors clicked open. The lab was a little smaller than the lab outside as it was tucked into a corner, but it still was as fully functional as the outside. There was a familiar face working, the dark skinned
woman that had been in Lena’s office when Alex came to set up her security and she glanced up from where she was soldering a wire to a circuit board. She raised a brow but nodded a greeting and went back to her work as Lena walked past her towards a work bench in the corner.

“This is the Alien Alarm I was telling you about,” Lena offered a small rectangular box to Kara as Alex moved quickly round the room trying to find traces of radiation. Kara took it gently and looked at it, it didn’t look like much in its first stage, but looks could be deceiving, she were proof of that.

“How does it work again?”

Lena explained quickly and then took it back, lowering it slowly and looking at Kara with an unreadable expression.

“I know you think the best of aliens, but…” Lena lifted her shoulders and then seemed to regret it, wincing immediately. “There are bad aliens out there.”

“But the good ones stop the bad ones,” Kara was quick to point out, hoping now that she had an opening she could go in depth into Lena’s anti-alien views.

“Like the Kryptonian’s?” Lena rolled her eyes.

“Yes… Superman and Supergirl..” she exhaled and looked down at the device in her hand. “Do you think they knew, their parents knew, what planet they were sending their children too,” Lena cocked her head in thought. “Did they know they’d become gods with no one and nothing able to stop them?”

“They help people,” Kara answered, voice strained. Lena nodded.

“When it suits them. If they were truly all good then they would help everyone; that kid in school who wears long sleeves even in summer and never wants to go home, or that girl walking home alone in the dark after she missed her bus.”

Lena’s face twisted with something dark and haunted then before she shook it off. “You know Supergirl, she comes and speaks to you,” she looked at Kara. “Have you asked her why she doesn’t interfere with the abused or punish the abusers? Why she sits back and lets these things happen and then takes the criminals to jail?” Lena shook her head and her jaw was moving. “You can say what you want about my brother, but he wanted to save the world.”

“He killed-” Kara began, eyes wide and Lena interrupted.

“Oh I know,” Lena said sharply. “I know,” her jaw worked. “I know their names,” she said and pressed her lips together. “But tell me, do these heroes know the names of their victims? Do you think the people they don’t save sing their praises before they go to bed?” Lena shook her head.

“They can either be all good, or not at all. Humanity has given them a mantle, they have to shoulder it.”

“They can’t be everywhere,” Kara said gently, trying to understand where Lena was coming from and not entirely liking what she was hearing.

Lena nodded and looked at her hands. “No, they can’t.” She took a deep breath, and the pain on her face seemed like it came from somewhere else than her ribs, but then she looked at Kara again.

“There are good aliens,” she said. “I’m sure they pay their taxes and follow the laws and just want to live their lives.” She shrugged. “But these devices, and yes, weapons, are designed to stop the ones
that wish harm on humanity.”

Alex was hovering awkwardly behind Kara and her sharp eyes were taking in everything.

“I want to know who around me is an alien, Kara,” Lena said quietly. “I want to know what they can do to me if they so choose. And I want to be able to put them down, permanently if necessary, if they try to hurt me. Life is a war, it always has been, but now humanity is at threat.”

She walked over to another table and picked up a remote and a blank television screen came to life. Lena arrowed down the selection screen to a folder called ‘Alien attack,’ and clicked on it. A few moments later the television screen was lit with a battle between Superman and some villain. They tore buildings and the street in their duel before Superman finally subdued the bad alien. The next one was one of the first ones of Kara, and she bit her lip and fiddled nervously with her glasses as she saw the damage their fight left behind. Each time the clip changed to another alien, sometimes it was an alien versus normal police units, and they did not have the same success rates that Kara and Clark had. After the battles there were clips of the aftermath; people crying in broke streets about their homes, emergency services scrambling to take care of the civilians in the crossfire, the funerals.

Lena eventually turned it off, perhaps seeing Kara’s growing discomfort. “I don’t care for aliens, for the most part,” Lena said and Kara winced feeling like something had hit her hard in the chest and Alex placed a comforting hand on her back. “But I have no issue with them finding refuge on earth, as long as we are careful. Humans, normal humans, not these special ones like that speedy guy that worked with Supergirl a while back, have no chance against attacks like this, even if they aren’t the target. Humanity needs to be able to defend itself, and know what it has to defend against.”

“The president agrees with welcoming Alien’s,” Kara said was playing with her fingers, afraid to meet Lena’s eyes. The fight had gone out of her, and now she was just tired. So tired. She had tried weeks earlier when Lena had first shown her, her alien detection device, but her words apparently didn’t get through.

Lena didn’t say anything other than, “The fact the government has an entire agency devoted to the hunting down and containing of these aliens proves my point,” and led the two from the laboratory, and into the main section of the secret lab. They were all silent as they walked to the elevator and up the steps. Kara itched to get out of there, out of Lena’s presence when the CEO paused, Kara originally thought it was for breath, as the short flight of stairs had her panting quickly in pain, but changed her mind when Lena said, “I did consider what you said about the detection device.”

Kara’s head snapped up and her eyes widened curiously.

“And I accept that we can’t just out people who are different, for lack of a better term.” She may have been referring to the incident on the news where a homophobe had secretly infiltrated a LGBT+ friendly space and had then outed the members to the rest of the world, leading to abuse, discrimination, and harm of the outed people. Most of the world had rallied against the homophobe and there had been marching in the streets in protest as the news went public of the beatings, gang rapes, and even murders, but there was a small sector of society that applauded the action.

Kara tilted her head and her brow tightened, the unease in her settled a little.

“I don’t want to make any alien feel like-,” Lena paused, bit her lip and shook her head. “What happened to those people was…” she sighed and then lifted her head to look Kara directly in the eyes. “I can understand that fear,” green eyes flickered over to Alex pointedly and the Agent bristled. “Discrimination for who you are, and for something you can’t change, is not fair, and I will not allow something with my name on it to be the cause of such fear.”
Kara was visibly confused. “Wait, does this mean you’re getting rid of it?”

Lena shook her head. “No. I’ve asked my lawyers for a solution and have asked the peer reviewers for the device for other options. I only want it to be used after the suspect has done something against the law and there is a threat to public safety, or they may not be contained, or they might, ah, have additional needs…”

Alex inhaled sharply as she was the first to understand and Lena cast her a glance before inclining her head and started to walk away. “I’m sorry I wasn’t good company for lunch,” she said absently and dug her cell from her pocket. “I’d love to reschedule?”

Kara was beaming now and bouncing along behind Lena like an excited puppy. She had figured out what Lena had done, she was going to restrict the Alien Detection Device until the alien had done something bad, which was much better. “Okay! Sure, next week?”

While Lena and Kara discussed their next lunch date Alex checked in with the DEO, having lost her communications the moment the elevators closed on them and they started to descend.

“Agent Vasquez, this is Agent Danvers, come in.”

‘Agent Danvers! Thank god! J’onn was just about to come in guns blaze…’

Kara turned her attention back to Lena as she hesitated by the corner and looked down. “I- I’d prefer it if my last name wasn’t associated with your article,” she said quietly and Kara cocked her head.

“When you do more investigating,” Lena elaborated and waved her right hand about. “If it is true, could you please keep my last name out of it? I don’t want Dr Alan’s memory tarred with the Luthor name. He deserves so much more.”

Kara nodded slowly. “Alex has a cop friend, can I tell her and ask her to look into it? I’ll keep your name out of it.”

Lena nodded gratefully and smiled. “Thank you, Kara.” She hesitated and then leant forward to kiss the blonde gently on the cheek. It was a ‘thank you,’ nothing more, even though Kara could hear Lena’s heart thumping at her nerve and she bit her lip shyly as she stepped back.

Flushing she fiddled with her glasses and nodded, lowering her eyes to peer at Lena through her lashes.

“I trust you, and your superiors, will be satisfied, Agent Danvers?” Lena Luthor CEO asked of Alex and the agent looked between a flushing Kara and nonchalant Lena curiously but gave a curt nod.

“I haven’t found any traces of radiation.”

“Good,” Lena said and smiled back at Kara. “I’ll see you around.”

“Bye,” Kara lifted her hand and waved awkwardly and Alex smacked the back of her head lightly.

“Ow,” she said reflectively and glared at Alex.

“She isn’t interested in you, huh?” Alex asked teasingly and Kara flushed a little further, her heart turning over in her chest at the thought. Maybe, just maybe.

“Shuddup, Alex!”

Alex laughed all the way to the DEO after all, it wasn’t every day you realised your baby sister had a
crush, even if her crush was a Luthor.

Chapter End Notes

Merry Christmas everyone! Keep safe and have a good holiday!

It is the season of giving.... how about give me a Kudos or a comment? :D Enjoy!
The wind was blowing gently at the top of the penthouse apartment and Kara landed lightly on the balcony. She quickly scanned the house for Lena and saw she was in her bedroom and walked over to the door and knocked on the glass. She heard Lena’s surprise at the sound and her heartrate started to climb.

Hearing her footsteps Kara pulled away from the door and looked out over the city. Lena really had a wonderful view.

“Why am I not surprised,” Lena drawled and Kara turned to face her and felt her face turn the colour of her suit. Lena had obviously just had a shower; she was wrapped in a towel, had a plastic bag over her cast, and her hair had caught drops of water. Kara swallowed. Loudly. And quickly averted her eyes, and then closed them, maybe looking down wasn’t a good idea. Lena’s legs were looong. Like really long. Her stomach flipped over.

“Let me put something on,” she said and ducked back inside and Kara sped to the barrier and leant over it, not listening in for the drop of the towel behind her, nope, not her.

“Why are you here?” Lena asked and she sounded tired and Kara turned to face her fully. She was wearing a silk thigh high night gown which some ignorant person would probably call a Kimono. It was a lovely shade of dark, dark blue and sparkled in the light and it reminded Kara of the stars.

“I wanted to apologise for earlier,” Kara said, straight off the bat, wanting to lower Lena’s hostility, which, admittedly, was deserved. Lena relaxed a hair.

“I didn’t give you a chance to properly explain, and I think I need to,” Kara tilted her head and leant her back against the rail. “Would you like to tell me? I’m willing to listen this time.”

Lena took a deep breath, was twisting in pain and let it out in a rush and moved over to one of her couches and sat. Her hemline rode up, not that Kara was looking, no sir’re.

“I meant what I said earlier,” Lena said as she settled further into the cushions and directed Kara to sit opposite her with a lazy tilt of her head. Her hair was tumbling around her shoulders and pieces of it were caught by the wind which tugged on it playfully. “About needing weapons capable of killing aliens.”

Kara flopped on the couch with a huff and curled her legs up under her and leant her head on her hand and looked over at Lena.

She was silent for a moment, gathering her thoughts and then spoke.

“Did your parents- did Superman’s parents -know you would get powers when they sent you both to earth? Did they know that here you would be a god?” Lena asked suddenly and Kara had to blink, even though she was expecting a line of enquiry of the sort from her talk with Lena as Kara Danvers.

“Krypton was about to explode,” she said softly. “I don’t know if they thought about that, they just wanted us safe, I guess.”

Lena nodded. “I can understand the desire, but they gambled with an entire planet, countless species,
on you and your cousin not turning into dictators. You can at least understand the concern of the average citizen. You can fly, can’t be killed by our most sophisticated weaponry, are faster than anything on earth, can shoot lasers out of your eyes, and are stronger than a hundred of us could ever hope to be combined.”

Kara fought down her urge to respond like she normally would and instead mulled over Lena’s words.

“Kal and I only want to protect earth, it’s our home now. We don’t want to lose another one,” she confessed quietly, weight of her culture resting on her shoulders and she swallowed the tightness in her throat.

“You don’t want to lose another home,” Lena said quietly and when she looked up to see her, green eyes were intense as they observed her. “Earth is and has always been Clal El’s home.” The thud of her heart gave away her almost slip and Kara stiffened and locked her gaze with Lena’s. She was about to say Clark, she knew it.

“Truthfully we are afraid,” Lena said quickly and shifted on the couch to a more comfortable position. “We humans cannot hold a candle against one of you,” she explained softly. “Even you know that. The ones who want to see Earth belong to the humans, and humans only, are afraid of your power, of what you can do. You and your cousin have unlimited power and wield it without consequence and fear. What happens if you go rogue, like you did earlier in the year?”

“That wasn’t my fault!” Kara was quick to protest. “That wasn’t me!”

“But it was you,” Lena emphasised, eyes grave. “You tossed Cat Grant off her balcony,” Lena pointed out. “And did countless other ‘bad’ things,” she struggled to do the bunny ears with one hand in a cast but got her point across. “What if that happens again, what happens if you decide that humanity cannot save itself and decide to cleanse the earth?”

Kara’s jaw dropped but she was silenced with a look.

“You say you are saviours, but what of the people you are saving from? Are you a new-age God like some claim? Think of the Crusades, how many were slaughtered in the name of their God? How many will die if you decide to rule over humanity?”

Lena ducked her head and examined her nails. “But let’s leave you and Kal alone for the moment. You are not alone here, there are other beings with your power and abilities who do not share your guardianship of earth and all that live on it.” Lena looked up from her nails as she continued and Kara shifted uncomfortable on the couch. She didn’t particularly enjoy being on the end of Lena’s green-eyed gaze, it reminded her of her vulnerability to Kryptonite.

“I can google alien attacks and get dozens of hits in a few seconds. The only way humanity can defend against these invaders is by developing weapons strong enough. We have to be able to neutralise these threats, otherwise we face extermination. Physically we cannot challenge these other beings, so our only choice is to develop weapons capable of doing it… Unless you’d like us to hand them food and land? Because that worked out so well for the indigenous peoples all over the world.” Lena’s sarcasm was evident and Kara had to sigh, she was making a convincing argument.

“Some of us are refugees,” she said quietly, fighting the urge to play with the end of her cape.

“Yes, and for the most part many of you are staying in the shadows, getting on with your lives.”

“We don’t deserve to be banished into the dark!” Kara was on her feet, glaring down at Lena in a
heartbeat, hands on her hips. Being left alone in the dark was a sore spot for her.

“Somethings belong in the dark,” Lena said and her smile was as brittle as fractured glass. “When you cast light on them you might not like what you see. That is the nature of the dark, it hides things…people.”

“Kara Danvers…” Lena hesitated and moistened her lips and Kara watched the movement, almost missing her words. “She made me realise that- I developed a device which can determine whether you are human or not by touch.” Lena rested her head back, exposing the smooth column of her throat and Kara could see her heart beating in it. She slowly sat back down.

“She convinced me that I shouldn’t mass produce it, because if aliens were hiding they were doing so because of fear. Fear of prejudice, abuse, and prosecution for just existing.” Lena sighed and tilted her head back to normal and Kara lifted her gaze from the smooth skin she could see peeking at her collar. “But that doesn’t mean something shouldn’t be done. Humans need to protect themselves against any extra-terrestrial threats… and unfortunately, that does include you and your cousin.”

Kara stiffened. That did sound like a threat, or maybe a promise.

“Oddly enough I trust you more than I trust your cousin.”

“Because he put your brother away?” Kara retorted, feeling the conversation taking a down turn.

“Superman, for all he has different biology, is human, wants to be human, just with his extra abilities. He can never carry the burdens you do. He will never truly feel the loss that you do. He is very self-righteous, and is sole-minded in that purpose. Oh yes, he can claim to understand all about what that symbol stands for,” she nodded towards Kara’s family crest. “But he can only hear it second hand, it doesn’t resonate any meaning for him. Not like it does for you, Supergirl.”

“Do you have a day job?” She asked suddenly and Kara blinked.

“I’m not telling you what it is,” she warned and was rewarded with a bitter laugh.

“I don’t particularly care what your day job is, Supergirl. Just that you have one.” Her eyes were as sharp as an eagle. “Why don’t you quit it, be a hero full time? Why doesn’t your cousin do the same? You’d be more of a help then.”

Kara settled on the couch and appraised the youngest Luthor. “I love being Supergirl, but I also love having human friends, and having a normal life. It’s like those Superhero movies, they always have a secret identity so that they can be a hero. It’s hard—” she faltered and then frowned over at Lena. “Can you be Lena Luthor, CEO of L-Corp, sister of Lex-alien hater and mass-murderer, all the time?”

Lena’s lips twitched and she gave a begrudging nod.

“I love helping people, so does Kal, but doing it full time would gradually chip away at me until all I was was Supergirl and not- not the other me.” She shrugged and Lena’s brow’s tightened at the movement.

“You want to belong,” Lena said quietly, and Kara was struck with the sudden feeling that Lena understood wanting to be more than a name, or a title. After-all, wasn’t it she who had asked Clark for a chance? An opportunity to be more than her last name?

Kara could only nod.
“You want to be more than your family,” Lena said shrewdly, and Kara was reminded of who exactly was sitting opposite her, sweet as a spring lamb. “More than a Super? Seen for who you are, not what you are?”

Kara nodded, a little more cautiously this time and fought the urge to adjust her glasses and instead tucked some hair behind her ear.

“I can understand that,” Lena said and lifted her right hand almost like a toast. “You want people to see past the name and their perceptions of it, and see who you are. To rise above what they expect of you. Yes, I understand completely.”

“I get what you’re saying though,” Kara said after a few minutes of pensive silence. “What if I make the wrong decision, or something, what if I hurt people.”

“I’m glad you brought it up. I’d hate for you to think I’m threatening you,” Lena drawled and shifted on the cushion. It was getting colder now, and she wrapped her arm around her legs. She looked small like this, vulnerable.

“The agency I work with, the D-er, they can stop me…permanently….if it comes to that.” Kara turned her head to look out over the city. “I think… I’d want that. I never want to lose sight of why I wear this uniform, of what this crest means,” she tapped it, right over the centre of the ‘S’. “I want to help people, bring hope to them, to let them know they aren’t alone.”

“We are all alone, Supergirl,” Lena said and rested her chin on her arm and Kara felt there was something she wasn’t saying.

“You choose to go after the bad guys, but that’s all you do. You fight, Supergirl. You don’t try to prevent any of the normal things in the first place.”

“I don’t understand,” she replied. Except, maybe she did. Lena had mentioned to Kara Danvers earlier if her and Kal had considered the people they didn’t help when they were off fighting aliens, or saving the world. But people would always suffer, these things would always happen, regardless of whether Kara was there to stop them, right?

“Of course you don’t,” Lena snorted. “You’ve never been weak, or afraid, or-“

“I have!” Kara protested and when Lena’s eyes shot up she realised that she hadn’t really known fear on earth, hadn’t been weak. There was a dark shadow in those eyes, something unspeakable, one of the things that belonged in the shadows that Lena had mentioned earlier.

“You are a god here, Supergirl. There is nothing that can truly hurt you.”

“Well, there is,” Kara hedged, not liking the ghosts lingering in green eyes and wanting to return them to the light, where they belonged, not hiding scars.

“Yes, Kryptonite,” Lena drawled and cleared her throat. Kara went still, coiling like a spring, ready for danger.

“You have power, influence,” she lifted her hand to halt Kara’s protests. “Whether you want it or not, you do, and you don’t use it. You could use it for good, but you don’t.”

Lena unfolded her legs and rose slowly to her feet, features twisting in pain. “There are so many little hurts people carry, and many of them do, and you could help them, but you choose not to.”

She smiled at Kara then, a sad smile, a resigned smile. “Have a good night, Supergirl.”
Kara spent a long time on Lena’s balcony looking out over the city, deep in thought, even after the curtains closed and Lena had fallen into tormented dreams. Could she be doing more? She pondered it as she flew towards a car crash on the highway. Lena seemed so invested in this. What could she be hiding?

~*~

“Alright,” Alex said as she rose from her crouched position in the training room. “What’s wrong? You’ve been in the clouds since you got here.” She was covered in a light layer of sweat and brushed her hair off her face as she tapped the Kryptonite emitters and returned the room to normal.

Kara sighed loudly and rose to her feet from where she’d lain after Alex had tossed her through the air.

“Do I do enough?”

“What?” Alex looked confused as she draped a towel over her shoulders and picked up a water bottle.

“Do I do enough? As Supergirl? Could I do more?” Kara asked and walked over to the exit, shoulders forward and head lowered.

“Kara!” Alex didn’t understand. “You save the world! You help people all the time! Of course you do enough.”

“Yeah,” Kara sighed and Alex had to jog to keep up with her sister as she walked down the halls towards the exit.

“Hey, what’s up? Kara, talk to me,” Alex grabbed her sisters arm and even though she could have easily pulled away Kara halted and looked at her. She looked…lost, confused and Alex immediately wanted to hunt down the person who’d put shadow in her sisters normally bright blue eyes, destroy them for daring to believe they could diminish Kara’s light.

“I’m just-figuring things out Alex.” Kara smiled, or did her best to, but it didn’t reach her eyes and Alex grew worried. “I’ll let you know when I do.” She leant forward, gave Alex a hug, and then smiled in farewell and was gone in a blur.

Petit Paris was a small French inspired bakery near L-Corp and Kara landed a block away behind a dumpster and wandered out from behind it adjusting her cardigan and messenger bag.

She walked the block listening to the city around her, listening how the car horns and grumbling of engines provided the baseline to the city’s soundtrack. She moved through the people, passing them by without a glance and they responded in turn, too concerned with their own business to look at a girl in a sweet cardigan and sun-dress.

She did enjoy the anonymity being Kara provided her, especially after she became Supergirl, but sometimes she wanted someone to see her, and see all of her; Kara Danvers, the wallflower reporters; Supergirl, the fearless hero; Kara Zor-El, the girl who lost everything. But people only saw one of the two, or parts of all three and never the complete picture.

She smelt the bakery before she saw it, the humans could as well, and those that had the will to just walk past without entering did cast looks in the window as they past- Kara didn’t have that kind of strength. She had visited the bakery a lot since becoming friend with Lena and the staff behind the counter knew her on sight and smiled a greeting as they served the customers before her.
It was like a kingdom of bread and pastries; sweet and savoury, and smelt sooo good. Her stomach grumbled in agreement and the little boy standing next to her heard and gave a little giggle, hiding behind his mother's legs. She and Kara shared a smile and Kara’s attention was drawn to the television on the wall—usually it showed music channels, but when the news headlines were on, it changed briefly for the segment.

The news anchor was recapping the protests around the country, where people of all shapes and colours were holding rainbow flags and signs and marching for equality and #OneLove—the tag used by social media for the movement. The one in National City, like many others, was turning into a giant Pride Rally, celebrating their community as well as showing the world and any discriminators that love would win, and they would not be silenced.

Many political figures in the city were joining the march on Saturday and celebrities were speaking out in support of the movement, and calling for the discrimination and hate against LGBT+ to end. As the headline showed another rally in another city Kara turned back to the counter and placed her order. One of the great things about the bakery was that they made coffee as well and she ordered something sweet and sugary for herself, and a coconut hot-chocolate for Lena, which she had discovered was one of the CEO’s guilty pleasures, a hot chocolate made with coconut milk.

Surprise handed over and paid for Kara made her way from the store and walked across the small park to the L-Corp building. It was cool inside, the air-conditioning going strong and she walked across the lobby to the reception.

“Hi, Bronte. Linda,” she called as she approached and handed over a muffin each to the receptionists.

“Go on up, Kara,” Bronte said turning her head to the elevator and smiled in thanks.

“You’re an Angel,” Linda gushed and accepted her muffin happily.

“See ya later,” she waved as she stepped out to security. Normally she would be allowed straight past, but the new faces were stone-faced and demanded she step through the x-ray machine and have her bag scanned. Confused but accepting she shrugged and stepped into the elevator and wondered what she would say to Lena when she saw her.

She had been thinking over the CEO’s words for several days now, Mitch, and Snapper, had commented on it, and Alex was the last in a list of people to notice she seemed preoccupied. But how could she tell the people she worked with that she was questioning everything she did as Supergirl, and whether it was enough? Mitch would figure that out in a heartbeat, not to mention what Snapper would say. And she couldn’t really speak with the DEO about it, they thought she was doing a great job hunting down aliens with them, J’onn had even wanted her to join full time, she remembered that. That left her one friend, Lena, the woman who was making her question herself.

She offered Jess a smoothie and a date scone and the assistant almost groaned her name in thanks, sending Kara right on in with a wink, which Kara couldn’t place the reason for. The four guard’s security shared a knowing look as she got closer but let her in without comment.

She knocked and entered, letting them close the door behind and looked around for the CEO, the area was empty and she frowned, looking again. “Lena?”

She stepped into the room and strained with her hearing and then nodded, Lena was in the room somewhere.

“Lena?” She called a little louder and then followed her hearing to the balcony and realised Lena
was out on it. She was lying on a lounger with her right arm over her face and a bottle of water on
the small table with a pile of paperwork next to it.

“Lena, hey,” she said as she opened the door and Lena jerked on her seat. “Oh, gosh, sorry!”

“Oh,” Lena placed her hand on her heart. “Kara! You scared me,” she said but was smiling into the
sun at her.

“You’re looking pretty today,” Lena offered as Kara took the other seat and placed her bag on the
table. She almost dropped the container with their drinks in it and felt the blood rising to her cheeks
as Lena smiled slyly and sat up.

“Did you bring me lunch? Thank you,” Lena said and moved to sit side-on and facing Kara.

They settled into a companionable silence for a moment, punctuated by chews and sips of drink.
Kara finished first and sat rolling her napkin between her fingers.

“What’s on your mind, Kara?” Lena asked gently as she wiped her fingers on her napkin.

Kara glanced up from where she was watching her fingers shred the delicate paper and found herself
cought by green eyes. Her breath caught her heart felt like it was trying to fly up out of her mouth as
their eyes held for a long moment and Lena’s dark lips slowly split into a smile.

Kara tore her eyes away from the dark shade and looked out at the buildings nearby.

“I-I’ve been thinking…about what you said to me…about-about Supergirl.”

Lena straightened a little and tilted her head to the side, eyes encouraging, though Kara was afraid to
look at them directly least she be caught in their orbit once again.

“About how she could be helping people… and… I-I think you’re right,” Kara glanced up briefly at
the young CEO before gazing back across the city, fearing her thoughts would be written on her
face. “She has a lot of political power, and she doesn’t utilise it.”

Lena was quiet as she nodded slowly. “That doesn’t make her a bad person, Kara.”

“I know,” Kara breathed, “but there are so many people she could be helping and doesn’t, or doesn’t
know how.”

She didn’t have to be able to see Lena’s reflection in a building across the street to know she was
nodding, her words to Supergirl a few nights ago had positioned her stance clearly.

“What would you have her do?” Kara asked suddenly, wanting to know what Lena would do with
the power at her fingers, but also wanting to discuss it with her friend.

“What I think Supergirl, and Superman to an extension, should do?” Lena seemed surprised by the
question and gave it a moment’s thought.

“I think she should take a look at the social things; things like bullying in schools, go in and talk to
the kids. Then she could look at abuse, and things like that, and put her voice to the many volunteer
not-for-profit organisations in the city.” Lena shrugged. “She could make a difference, even if it’s
telling survivors that there will be someone there to listen and help them back on their feet. It might
be enough to get them to speak out.” Lena looked out over the balcony, a weird infliction to her
voice. “Even just knowing Supergirl, their hero and idol, the champion for justice and hope, tells
them that being a victim is not something to be ashamed of. If it gets one battered spouse to walk
away, one abused child to speak up…” She lifted a shoulder. “She says her crest means something, let her put it to good use.”

Kara didn’t know what drove her to do it, maybe the warmth flaring in her chest and rising in a wave of awe and affection for the woman opposite her, but she leant forward and quickly kissed Lena on the cheek, the first time her lips had ever touched Lena’s skin. Lena’s heart leapt, and she could hear her blood signing through her veins as she leant back blushing at her own nerve. “You’re amazing, she said blushing furiously but quickly gathered her belongings as Lena sat frozen in shock, heart pounding like some war-drum.

“Thank you,” she said earnestly as she slid her messenger bag on her shoulder, ignoring how her lips were tingling. “You’ve given me an idea. I’ll see you later!” She entered the CEO’s office and jogged across the floor, sent forward by the steady thumping of Lena’s heart and the small, shy smile that was her face as she flew past the balcony in a blur of red and blue.

Chapter End Notes

The issue with aiming to be at least 15k ahead of each chapter means you look back and go, oh, is that where I am at? Is that what happened? lol I hope everyone had a good, safe and happy holiday, how ever you may celebrate it. And 2016 need to be over already, it’s taken to many great icons. R.I.P General Leia.

Right! Onward, then!

As always, enjoy, and I welcome any comments and/or criticism.

I am also floundering a little with the Supergirl/Lena aspect, so do let me know how that is going. I feel as though she is blowing hot and cold and I’m trying to get her to be warm-we'll see how that turns out :)}
“You want to what?” Alex’s voice rose dangerously high to almost squeak territory and her jaw was partially open in shock.

“I'm going to—Supergirl—is going to attend tomorrow’s OneLove rally,” Kara repeated.

“Yes, I heard you,” Alex shook her head as though to throw off an errant fly. “That was me expressing my disbelief.”

Kara frowned, or pouted. Maybe. “Is it not a good idea?”

“Kara, what’s bought this on?” Alex avoided the question and asked her own. “Is this about the weird mood you’ve been in?”

Kara shook her head and then paused, gave it a moment's thought and then nodded. “Y-yeah, actually.”

“If you wanted to come out you could have just said something,” Alex sounded wounded. “I thought after we talked about…me,” she glanced around to see there were no agents nearby. “We could talk about things like this.”

Kara quickly shook her head. “Gosh, Alex. No! It has nothing to do with you! You know I am so happy for you. You know that,” she said and rested her hands on her sisters shoulders. “I’m pretty sure I’m not gay—and there is nothing wrong with that,” she added quickly.

Alex just lifted a brow and huffed a long suffering sigh. “I know that, Kara.”

“Right,” Kara nodded enthusiastically. “Good.”

“So why are you going to the pride rally?”

“Why, afraid I’ll crash yours and Maggie’s date?” Kara teased and was rewarded with a slap on the arm. “Hey!” Ever since Alex had told Kara about Maggie on the afternoon Lena had returned to her apartment with broken ribs and an arm, Kara had been the annoying teasing sister she’d never had the chance to be. Normally it was her doing something and Alex doing the teasing, so she was enjoying her time teasing Alex, and delighting in how her sisters eyes would light up when she talked about Maggie, or how she would smile at her phone.

“It isn’t a date,” Alex sighed and rolled her eyes.

“Are you sureeee?” Kara asked, drawing the word out.

“Maggie is working,” Alex said and gave her sister a pointed look. “I'm just helping out.”

“Riiiiight.” Kara waggled her eyebrows playfully. “Is that what the kids are calling it these days? Helping out? Well…. I suppose you would be lending a helping hand…” Kara was clearly rethinking what she had just said if her fierce blush was anything to go by.
“Argh,” Alex rolled her eyes, but there was a smile she couldn’t fight on her lips and a glow to her that couldn’t be contained.

“So, really, why is Supergirl going to the rally?”

Kara took a deep breath and let it out in a rush.

“Lena said Supergirl isn’t doing all she could for the community and she was right all she does is punch people and fly around.”

Alex blinked for a moment, opened her mouth to speak and then closed it, eyebrows flexing and she blinked again. “Lena Luthor doesn’t think Supergirl is helping enough, and you decide to go to a pride rally?”

“OneLove rally,” Kara corrected, bouncing on her toes and pleased with her idea. Alex looked sceptical.

“Right. So Lena Luthor tells Supergirl she needs to help out more and now you are attending a OneLove march.” Alex nodded, pressed her lips together. Kara’s smile fell slowly from her face.

“Is it not a good idea? What’s wrong with it?” She was adorable when she was confused, but Alex had to focus more on why Kara was suddenly jumping to a LGBT+, rally of all things, after Lena Luthor, of all people, suggested it.

“It’s just,” Alex paused to consider her words. “You don’t see an ulterior motive behind her suggesting you go to the rally?”

“Oh,” Kara blinked. “She didn’t suggest it. She had loads of other ideas, which, do you think if I talked to Maggie we could get like, I dunno, some sort of shelter hotline going?”

Alex held up a hand. “Kara, please slow down and explain. Everything.”

Kara took a deep breath and nodded. “Okay, so you know how Lena talked about me and Clark when we-you-were searching L-Corp for Kryptonite, and she said we didn’t really help enough people? Well, I went back and asked her about it.”

Alex’s brow tightened and her features went pale.

“As me and Supergirl,” Kara quickly said. “I was subtle about it.” She ignored Alex’s disbelieving look. “And, well, she made a good point.” Kara was looking off into the distance. “I don’t help enough people.”

“Kara-“

“No, Alex.” Kara cut off her sister protest. “I don’t. Sure, I rescue people from burning buildings, and catch robbers and stop people before they shoot people, but that’s when it’s already happened.”

Kara started to pace, hands talking as her mouth did, brow furrowed and blue eyes bright. “I want to stop it happening in the first place. Lena said that I don’t go in and talk to like, school kids about bullying, or give my voice to like, woman’s refuge shelters and stuff. I want to do that, Alex.” She paused and looked in Alex’s eyes. “Even if I’m not gay, or whatever, if I go to this rally, maybe it will give some young teenager the courage to be themselves, or to at least see that it’s okay to be gay.”

Alex looked into Kara’s blue eyes for a long moment and then nodded. “Alright, how do you want to do this? What do you want to do?”
In the next moment Kara’s arms were around her and she melted into her sisters hug. “I love you,” Kara whispered into her hair.

“I love you too,” she said and pulled back, brushing some hair from her sisters face.

“So, how are we going to do this? You’re the media expert.”

Kara beamed. “First I want to know who’s in charge of the rally here, and then I want to go and talk to them, to see where I can have the most impact.”

Alex nodded as they strode towards the DEO mission control. “What about the schools, and abuse hot-line thing? Maybe you, Supergirl, should go and talk to Lena, see if she is willing to sponsor a gala or something for a shelter.”

Kara nodded slowly, considering. “Okay, I might do that after. Let’s see how the rally goes, and then I’ll talk to her.”

Kara was almost bouncing on her feet. “This is gonna be awesome! I’m glad I can help, even if it is for something as simple as this.”

Alex put a hand on her arm and halted her bouncing. “Kara,” she said seriously and shook her head a little. “It isn’t simple. For some of them,” Alex’s jaw worked. “For some of us, this will mean everything.”

Kara straightened and lifted her chest, showing her family crest proudly. “I know.”

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They had picked a great day for it, or maybe the weather deities had decided to support the rally, for the sun was shining and there wasn’t a cloud in the sky. There was a small breeze though, especially high above the rally and Supergirl lazily floated on the currents as she watched the march below her. It was a rainbow of colour, like a child had been let loose with small colour pots and a canvas, as its snaked its way through the streets. There were a lot of people down there, from all forms of life; young and old, coloured and not, tattooed or not, pierced or not. One girl, she could see, had the coolest hair; she’d died her hair rainbow and it was soooo cool and Kara was of half mind to dive down and tell her how awesome it was.

Many people were carrying pride flags or had peace signs and flags painted on their faces and arms. One group of people looked like they’d raided the local costume department and were going as Telly-Tubby’s, which, awesome!

As the morning wore on the march headed towards the park where they had tents of free food and drink, sponsored by large suppliers, for the supporters and there was a stage where the organiser of the rally was going to speak.

As with anything, though, there were protestors protesting the protestors and Kara was keeping an eye on them, as were the legions of police up and down the march path. It wouldn’t do any good for violence to happen at an anti-violence rally, but people were people.

Scanning the rally she picked out the leader, an olive-skinned black-haired boy at the front of the rally. He’d dyed his hair as well; three colours (purple, white, and grey) along the front where he had spiked it up in all directions. He was carrying a #OneLove sign and was walking next to another guy who held a giant pride flag, which no doubt required his enviable physique to carry.

She scanned the crowd again and picked out Alex and Maggie flanking the march in plain clothes
but even then they looked like law enforcement, so people were giving them a wide birth.

There were groups involved with the rally as well. Scattered among the march were the uniforms of the military, police, and fire departments, walking in two’s or threes to show their support, but also, Maggie had relayed to Alex who had told Kara, they were keeping an eye on things.

The crowd was approaching the park, which really was a large, grassy area in the middle of the city. Many public events were held here, it had a stage, and even a playground in the corner. People usually were passing a ball around, or playing with their pets, or running around the outside of the park and taking the path through to the sea where it continued along the coastline. Today there were marquees set up, rubbish and recycling bins, and portable toilets, and a medical bay- she’d already had to fly an elderly lady from the march to the marque because of the heat and excitement. There was even a segment of the press set up waiting, and she’d seen James ducking in and out of the crowd trying to get a good shot.

She pulled up and pulled her phone out of her boot and dialled the reporter.

“James,” she said as she watched the march edge closer to the end.

‘Hey. Are you here getting me a story?’ She could hear the amusement in his voice and knew that J’onn was pretending to be Kara Danvers as she tagged along with him.

“Thank J’onn again, for me,” she said and looked around. “Are you in a good position for the money shot?” She asked as she zoomed to a window and made sure her paint was still in place.

Alex had done it earlier, gently painting the rainbow across her cheeks, it was partly for her cover, but also because who didn’t like face paint? And it was a good cause. Alex hadn’t taken much convincing, especially once she realised Kara had turned her puppy eyes on J’onn to get him to go to the rally as her so that it wasn’t that suspicious when Kara Danvers later wrote an article interviewing Supergirl on her presence at the rally. It would also keep people from looking to closely at Kara Danvers and Supergirl if they were photographed together. But mostly she just wanted to paint her face-Halloween was her favourite time of year (next to Christmas) as she had loved dressing up and painting her face. Alex had loved to lord those photos over her, especially threatening to show her potential dates, and even her friends, but so far no one but the Danvers had seen them, thankfully.

‘She says ‘thank you’,’ she heard James tell J’onn and could pick up his grumble in her voice and laughed. ‘We are moving to the front now, how far out is your entrance?’

She could hear James’ camera bag jiggle as he no doubt jogged to the front of the rally, and her own shoes hitting the pavement after him.

“How long do you need?”

‘Ah, about three minutes?’ James was starting to pant and she laughed again, thankful for her biology that made physical exercise too easy.

“The moment you get there, I’ll be down. See you soon.”

She hung up and went to get her coloured balloons. She’d gotten the entire DEO behind the idea- J’onn had sighed and shook his head after each Agent had fallen to her pout- and they had spent much of the day before blowing the balloons up. Kara had flown and gotten pizza and soda though, so it was more like a party, and they were decent about it.

Seeing it was nearly time for her entrance she tore across the sky and lifted her giant sack of balloons carefully from the roof and began to fly towards the park, high enough to be out of sight.
The front of the march was almost at the grass and were ignoring the protestors set up at the tree line and she saw James and J’onn racing down the grass, and knew that was her cue.

She released her sack of balloons and watched as they immediately began to fall towards the earth. Calculating the force required she sent a gust of wind down on them, forcing them in a straight path towards the ground. Already people were gazing to the sky in wonder and she dove down, flying above the people’s heads until she appeared out of the balloons at the front of the rally. (She would later see James’ photo of it and would inwardly congratulate herself, it was an awesome picture; Supergirl with pride face-paint emerging out of a rainbow of balloons next to a pride flag and the #OneLove sign). The crowd went crazy, and they’d been making a bit of noise earlier, singing that Same-Love song by Macklemore.

The gaze of the media followed her down as she landed lightly in front of the rally and the big boy next to Mika handed her the flag with a smile, flashing perfect teeth as he took Mika’s hand. Beaming she took the flag and held it up high above the crowd and led the way into the park. Cameras were flashing on her and the front of the rally like crazy and she waved over at James and J’onn cheekily. J’onn was doing an admirable job of being her, admittedly, but he wasn’t quite getting her right, but no one would know her enough to notice.

The protesters had shrunk back a little at her appearance and she could see a few of them quietly leaving, but she was more concerned with the tears and screaming she could hear from the people behind her. They were ecstatic to her presence and she could already hear the message of her arrival being passed down the rally.

They walked across the grass to the stage, the rainbow people flooding behind them and spreading across the area. Mika walked up to the microphone and just stood there, eyes alight and a smile on his face as the entire area became packed with a rainbow of colour. Then he dug out his phone while his boyfriend, held up his own phone to the microphone and their theme-song, Same Love, echoed across the park. Apparently there was a playlist on Spotify for the OneLove rally’s and everyone was singing the songs as they marched. The crowd started to bellow it and press were everywhere taking it all in. She saw James and J’onn as herself moving through the crowd to the front, flashing their ID to the security at the front of the stage to be let closer.

It took a long time for the rest of the march to catch up and they had sung a few more songs from the playlist before he turned it off and Mika moved up to the microphone.

He greeted everyone, thanked them for their bravery, for their strength in showing up today, for their love. Mika went over the purpose of the rally, speaking about the awful events earlier in the month, and how their siblings in other cities were speaking out, joining together and rising up. Kara scanned the crowd as he spoke; she saw a lot of crying teenagers, lots of couples with rainbow bandanas, a lot of older people relaxed in the embrace of their partners, and even some old, old people, like grey-haired people, and that was really cool to see.

“And now our guest of honour, Supergirl! Would you like to say a few words?”

Kara blinked from her thoughts and turned to Mika, certain her face was showing her horror, even as the crowd screamed.

“Well...” she was fairly certain she was resembling Kara Danvers more than Supergirl right now, but then she thought of Alex, out there somewhere keeping people safe, and of the teenagers she’d heard burst into tears at seeing her, seeing her crest and her support and nodded.

“Sure.”
The crowd screamed again and she stepped up to take the microphone, ignoring her unease. Public speaking was not her strong point. She’d spent years trying to blend in as Kara Danvers that she had never stepped into the spotlight. Supergirl was different, she was a hero, all she had to do was give a statement about keeping people safe, and helping the community, and everyone lapped it up; she didn’t think her normal script would work here.

‘You’ve got this, Kara,” she heard Alex whisper, always able to pick out her sister out from a crowd, and straightened her shoulders.

She pulled the microphone free and looked over the crowd as it died down. Her face was up on the large screen, cheeks plastered with cracking rainbow paint and she saw her family crest on her chest and took a deep breath.

“Hello,” she said awkwardly and gave a small wave. “I’m not sure what I can say that expresses how I feel… how I feel being a part of this.” There were shouts and hoots of encouragement.

“I-I don’t.” she hesitated and then took a deep breath. “On Krypton, we didn’t have sexualities, not in the way you humans seem to label them.” She ducked her head in through, letting her hair cover her face for a moment, ignoring how her throat caught as she considered her home-land. “We took mates, for the advancement of our House- sort of like arranged marriages.” She looked up and shrugged. “Love…love didn’t come into it, not then, but maybe later if it was a good match.” She hesitated, for such a huge number of people in the area it was quite quiet. “Love was something I learnt about when I came to Earth, love more than blood,” she cast a quick glance to where she heard Alex’s heart catch and smiled. “More than duty. More than expectation.”

She straightened and started to walk along the front of the stage, gathering her thoughts. “Where-ever I have gone, I have found love. In all peoples, in all beings, and that is something that unites us. Unites us all,” she paused looked out over the crowd. Some were crying, others were smiling, and more were nodding in agreement, offering their pride flags.

“Love…love is never wrong, and can never be wrong, no matter who it is between. And you are all….so brave, so strong, everyone is for loving another person. It isn’t always easy,” she trailed off thinking of her Aunt and of her parents. “Sometimes it hurts, sometimes it hurts so much you could break under its weight, but that is its strength.” She returned to the centre of the stage, feeling that she was getting off track. “There are so many other things you have to protect yourself against,” she snorted. “I know. 7th grade girls can be mean.” She smiled and ducked her head, smiling down at James. “And sometimes your bosses suck.” The crowd was grinning now and chuckling and she heard James scoff. “And you shouldn’t have to fight for who you love, which is why I’m here today. I don’t want anyone to feel ashamed for who they are…or for who they love.”

She looked over the crowd, locking eyes with politicians as she added, “So speak with your leaders, write them letters, vote in ones who are here today, the ones are who are supportive and are Allies and maybe together, we can get the world to see that love is strength. El Mayarah.” She gave a final wave and passed the microphone over to Mika. He finished up explaining that there was free food and drink, and he thanked their suppliers and sponsors, and asked that everyone be conscious with their rubbish and persons, and that they look out for and take care of each other.

A band walked on stage and started to set up and Mika shook her hand enthusiastically. “Thank you, Supergirl! You don’t know how much this means.”

She didn’t disagree with him, realising that maybe she didn’t understand what it meant having someone like her stand with them. After all, she’d never had a lack of love, first with her blood, and then with the Danvers and her friends. But she considered as she walked off the stage as the first
notes of a song began, Astra and Non, mostly Non, had expressed disgust with her affection for the humans. Astra hadn’t understood, but had accepted it, whereas Non had wanted her killed for what he saw as a betrayal to their kind. So, she sorta got it, but not really. She wasn’t human. She didn’t grow up with the labels they insisted on giving to themselves and others.

Hearing her stomach grumble she floated over the heads of the humans and landed lightly near the hamburgers marque and was quickly handed one by a pimple-faced volunteer. “Thank you, Supergirl,” she gushed, and there were lines down her rainbow painted cheeks where she’d been crying. “This means so much. Thank you!”

Her heart went warm. “Aw, sweetie,” she cooed and held her arms open for a hug. “Do you need a hug?” She was fairly certain that if she hadn’t moved her body back to counter the force the girl launched herself at her with, she would have accidently been responsible for her bruising.

“Thank you, thank you, thank you,” she murmured into her crest as Kara wrapped her arms around her and hugged her tightly. She was crying again, and when Kara pulled back she gently wiped her tears away, ignoring the streaks of paint it left on her thumbs. “You’re beautiful. Be strong.”

She was hugged again and picked up her burger and then was asked for a hug from another teen and so her day passed, she mingled with the LGBT+ and took photo’s, signed autographs (dodged press; she was Cat’s- and where was James and J’onn?), gave hugs, and listened to their stories, some heartbreaking, and others heart-warming.

Her heart was nearly overflowing when she heard a familiar voice behind her. “Supergirl.”

She spun and froze with a hot dog partially shoved in her mouth and Lena Luthor bit her lip in amusement.

“Mirth Luerthur,” she garbled out and then quickly devoured the rest of it and wiped her hands on a napkin, sped to a bin, and returned in the next heartbeat. “Miss Luthor, hi.”

Then she blinked and looked Lena over. The CEO was radiant in the afternoon light, huge heels making her tower over Kara, even though she was physically taller and was wearing her Super-boots, and black skinny jeans. Her hair was down, long and straight and was a stark contrast to her white blouse and tailored black jacket. She had a painted cast, rainbow coloured, and a rainbow flag over her shoulders, and Kara tilted her head.

“You’re gay?” She blurted and then brought her hand up to her mouth.

Lena raised a brow and tilted her head.

“Ohmygosh, I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have said that,” Kara ran her hand awkwardly through her hair. “I could ask you the same, Supergirl,” Lena said amusedly but waved off her apology. “But don’t worry about it.”

She looked around her and then focused back on Kara. “L-Corp was one of the first companies to promote and encourage LGBT employees in our companies,” she shrugged. “I’m continuing the support. It’s a good cause, good people, and a lovely day.”

“So you’re not gay?” Kara blurted again and green eyes were gleaming with amusement between furrowed brows.

“Why, are you interested?”
Kara turned as red as her cape and her mouth did its best impression of a fish. Her eyes darted all over and she thought she saw a familiar face in the crowd but someone moved and she lost sight of him.

“I am kidding,” Lena replied and appraised Kara, making her wonder if Lena’s eyes were somehow like Kryptonite, she couldn’t look away.

“Why are you here?” She asked eventually and started to walk past Kara towards the marque. People fell out of her way, perhaps sensing her regality, or charisma, or maybe seeing the Superhero next to her.

“Kara,” Supergirl said and she realised how weird it was referring to herself in third person. “Kara Danvers said she spoke with you, and came to me with an idea.” She shrugged and avoided Lena’s sharp gaze, which had snapped to her the moment she’d heard Kara’s name.

“I just want to help, and she gave me a way… but it was because of you.”

Lena accepted a sausage in bread and added some tomato sauce to the snack as she thought. The server was looking with wide eyes at the two, peace signs on his cheeks and silently offered a sausage to the Super, which she accepted.

“So you showed up to a pride rally, congratulations,” Lena said, and Kara didn’t miss the sarcasm. “You’re a wonderful ally,” she commented and started to walk through the crowd again, away from the gathered people near the food tents.

Frowning like a kicked puppy Kara followed Lena. “What’s that supposed to mean?” She paused and shook her head. “Wait, no. I know what that means, but why? I’ve heard so many stories, people have come up to me and said my being here helped. The social media page is blowing up with notifications of people, of kids saying I’ve given them the courage to come out.”

“And while that’s great for them, no, really,” Lena said seriously when Kara seemed sceptical of her sincerity. “What else are you doing? Are you protecting the kids that get beaten up at school or at home because of their sexuality?”

Kara hesitated and then shook her head, looking at Lena through her lashes.

“While I think it’s wonderful you want to help, and I do,” she said sincerely. “Showing up to one pride rally and saying what you said, isn’t going to change anything. Not really. You have to do something.”

Another familiar face appeared in the crowd, the girl from L-Corp, she was wrapped in the arms of a woman with short spikey hair that reminded Kara of Storm from X-men, and had a pride bandana around her head.

“Miss Luthor, oh,” she drew herself up short. “Supergirl! Hi! You don’t know what your words meant to us,” she looked at the woman she was with and then back at the Super. “It’s hard out there, but I’ve been on the twitter feed and I’ve seen everything people are saying. Kid’s are coming out, their saying their parents saw you on t.v. and it gave them the courage to be who they are. Thank you!”

“Can I get a picture?” The storm look-alike asked and Kara shrugged and nodded.

“Sure.”

“Cool!” She dug her phone from her pocket and hesitantly offered it to Lena who drew back and
angled her body to take the shot as the two women stood on either side of Kara and smiled.

“That was Grace Mallory,” Lena said after the two had been swallowed up by the crowd. “I believe you met her father recently,” she said and glanced at Kara and started to make her way through the crowd again.

Mallory. The name was familiar but she couldn’t place it.

“Her father owns a motorcycle store,” Lena added helpfully.

Oh.

“Oh. I know him, yeah!” She shot Lena a glance as they hesitated under a tree, a little out of the crowd. “Dave seems to think Grace thinks very highly of you.”

The first genuine smile Kara had seen since she’d been in Lena’s presence crossed her face.

“She’s a brilliant woman. I’m lucky to have her. She could work anywhere in the world, but she chose L-Corp, and I will be grateful for that.” Lena’s pride in her employee was obvious and it was something she’d noticed earlier, Lena and her employees seemed to have a very good working relationship, based on respect and admiration.

“Did you like your bike?” Kara asked and Lena blinked and then smiled.

“It’s not the same, but change is good. I can’t wait to take it for a spin.” Kara smiled as well, thinking of Lena’s offer to take her for a ride on it.

“What was it Kara said?” Lena asked suddenly, and Kara had to quickly think of a lie.

“Well, just that you said I wasn’t doing all that I could, and that I could do other stuff. She mentioned schools and shelters and stuff…”

Lena nodded slowly and leant against a tree and looked out over the pride rally. There was that guy again, ducking behind a large flag and Kara lost sight of him in the crowd.

“Every day people suffer,” Lena’s jaw moved to the side and her brow tightened. “They carry their hurts and scars, often hidden from sight, maybe out of shame or fear, and the burden of their silence weighs them down.”

Lena licked her lips and sighed, wincing again as though she forgot about her bruised ribs, even though they would have started to heal, a week and a half out. “If you lending your voice, face and name to the causes that offer support or a shoulder to lean on or a listening ear to these people….then.” Lena inclined her head.

“Would you be willing to help me?” Kara asked quietly and Lena’s head snapped around.

“I don’t know politics like you do, and the people I work with,” she hesitated before rallying. “They are fighters, like me, but we fight in the shadows, with our strength.”

“Standing up for what you believe in, and for others, is strength,” Lena pointed out, but her emerald eyes were warm.

“A physical one, I mean.” Kara swallowed, there was something in Lena’s eyes, something she couldn’t read. “Can you help me with who to approach, and how to do it? I want to do it right.”

Lena nodded slowly. “Alright, I can do that,” and then looked out over the crowd who had started to
shout, louder than before, the lyrics to a song.

Lena snorted and Kara smiled as she heard the, “Don’t cha wish ya boy/girlfriend was hot like me,” being shouted around the park, the gender pro-nouns being changed to suit the singer.

A group of reporters had spotted her out of the crowd speaking with Lena and were making their way over quickly, but she turned back to Lena.

“Where do we start?”

Lena ran her eyes over her and then reached up to untie the large pride flag around her shoulders and offered it to Kara.

Hesitantly Kara accepted the flag and stared down at it and then back at Lena. Her gaze was measured and steady, reading to guide, and not challenging like she was expecting.

Kara whipped her red cape off and settled the pride one over her shoulders and raised her chin.

Lena gave a soft nod.

“On one condition,” she said quietly as she too caught sight of the press headed their way. James was with J’onn-as-Kara, and had a Catco reporter team with him, obviously gunning for an interview. The other press were trying to get ahead and get an exclusive with the hero and CEO duo, but Kara-Supergirl was Catco’s.

“You pick another reporter.”

Kara blinked and turned to Lena with a frown. “What’s wrong with Kara Danvers?” She was a little hurt.

“Nothing is wrong with Kara,” Lena snapped out, with more emotion than she’d heard from her in a while. Lena took a steadying breath as she watched the reporters close in. “Kara is the sweetest and kindest person you will ever meet. She just wants to help people, and your enemies will tear her apart trying to get to you.” Lena said stiffly.

“I think she might surprise you,” Kara hedged, wondering where this conversation was going but not liking the insinuation that Kara—that she—couldn’t protect herself.

“If she gets hurt because of you,” Lena leant in, and later the internet would lose its shit over what they called the new power couple in the city—honestly internet. “I might not be a Luthor by blood, but by god,” Lena snarled, voice low and dangerous and even Kara, who’d faced aliens and humans invested in taking her life, felt a shiver of fear run down her spine. “If you get her hurt, I’ll show you exactly how much of a Luthor I can be.”

She pulled away and her features changed, a genuine smile crossing her face as J’onn-as-Kara and James got closer.

“Kara! How wonderful to see you!”

J’onn was a little stiff as Kara and she hoped she could later explain it as being in reporter mode, but he did okay. “Miss Luth-Lena,” J’onn corrected and Lena’s brow smoothened out. “Good to see you.”

“Mr.Olsen,” Lena inclined her head to James’ greeting.
“Would you be willing to give an interview to Catco? With Supergirl of course,” he added and glared at the other reporters nearby, obviously hoping for a sound bite or quote.

Lena ducked her head in thought and looked at Kara. “Of course,” she said smoothly. “Provided Supergirl doesn’t mind?”

Kara shook her head, still stuck on the fact that Lena Luthor had just threatened Supergirl about keeping Kara safe. She was threatened to herself to keep herself safe which, was a bit weird, but her chest was glowing, beneath the slight layer of fear on it—Lena was pretty scary when she wanted to be.

“Ah, yeah, sure sorry, um, can I have a sec?” She asked and looked at J’onn, trying to scream her thoughts at him.

“Maybe we can go somewhere a bit more secluded and set up while Supergirl goes and saves the city.” J’onn’s intonation and cadence falling from her own lips was weird, but James was nodding in agreement and already looking for a better spot, and Lena was just looking at Kara.

“Okay, sweet. Be right back,” she said and soared into the sky, rainbow flag flapping out behind her.

She heard J’onn begging off to the bathroom and a less than a quarter of a minute he was morphing into himself next to her on a building over the park.

“Want to tell me what that’s about?” He rumbled as he settled down next to her.

“I need you to be Supergirl,” she said and unpinned her pride flag and offered it to J’onn.

“Why?” He asked slowly, folding his arms and she sighed.

“Just-just read my mind and-“

“You forget, I can’t do that.”

“Oh yeah,” Kara frowned and then shrugged. “Okay, well I need you to be Supergirl-me, so I can be me-me, please?” She glanced up at J’onn as she removed her boots and he sighed but morphed down into a mirror image of her hero self.

“Thanks! Just-just hang around for the interview and then you can go, okay?”

“You owe me a Velslarav Venom,” he said and Kara smiled at the thought of his favourite alien alcohol.

“I’ll get you a bottle,” she promised as she rose as Kara Danvers, reporter. “Ready?”

J’onn rose slowly into the air and made a show of blasting across the sky towards the park and she raced after him, making sure to keep to the buildings and then tree-line out of sight so she could emerge out behind a tent as Kara with no one being any wiser to her body switch.

Lena was leaning against a tree and speaking into her phone but she looked up and smiled at Kara as she approached and Kara couldn’t help but smile back at her.

“Hey.”

“Hey,” Kara said and adjusted her glasses.

“I love that colour on you,” Lena said quietly, head tilted and appraising and Kara turned red.
She was wearing a sleeveless thigh high yellow summery dress cinched with a brown belt.

“O-oh, this? Um, it’s just, um, thank you.” She finally managed to squeak out and went redder as Lena stepped forward and reached out with her cast to brush some hair away from her face. J’onn-as-Supergirl descended from the sky, pride flag fluttering out behind him impressively and she was saved further embarrassment by pointing him out. “L-ook! Supergirl!”

Lena’s low amused chuckle did something to her insides and she was pretty sure the colour of her face could match her cape, but Lena pulled away and turned to face James, who’s eyes were wide, and the camera man and interviewer, who both seemed shocked-either at Kara’s obliviousness, or in Lena’s actions.

“Ri-ght,” James blinked and seemed to come to himself.

“Ah, Mark, did you want to set up? Supergirl, if you could stand over there,” he pointed to a grassy area before a tree, with a great view of the park and gathered rainbow rally in the background. “And Miss Luthor… could you do the same please?”

Lena glided away from Kara and walked over to Supergirl, and Kara moved to stand next to James as he directed Lena and Supergirl to stand a little closer. Lena inched over but the raised brow she gave clearly showed what she thought of the instruction. James backed off. Powerful, fantastically dressed female CEO’s had that effect on people.

The interview was conducted and Supergirl flew off after, claiming she was needed elsewhere.

Lena looked at Kara as the Catco team started to pack up gear. “Would you like to join me for dinner?”

Kara lowered her eyes. “I can’t, sorry.” Lena’s expression fell a little before she schooled her features. “I promised I’d go out with Alex and Maggie. Sorry.”

“Another time perhaps,” Lena said smiling, and leant forward to kiss Kara on the cheek before she glided off down the path, heading back towards L-Corp. Kara flushed delicately and watched Lena walk away. A guy in aviators and a motorcycle jacket was heading out behind her, a burger half eaten in his hand.

“You and Lena Luthor, huh?” James appeared miraculously at her side and raised a suggestive brow. “What? Oh, we’re friends! We started talking when I tagged along with Clark, and we’ve been talking since.” She said happily and looked up at James

James pressed his lips together and then ducked his head in a shrug. “Sure you’re friends, Kara.”

Kara sighed. “Why does everyone keep saying that?!” First Alex and Maggie, and now James. Lena was her friend, she was allowed to be her friend and get lunch with her, even if she was a Luthor. She didn’t know why everyone seemingly had a problem with that.

James chuckled and started to walk away.

~*~

SNEAK PEAK:
The image of the fallen L-Corp Tower was the National City Headline for every news outlet in the city, and even featured on many all over the country. The crumpled building with folds of steel, wires, iron rods, and concrete and glass all thrown together in a tangled heap, ironically with the L of the tower undamaged and resting above the rubble. Supergirl was in the centre of the photo, hovering above the ground, blood-red cape fluttering behind her majestically, pulled by some unseen wind, with a woman limp in her arms, bridal style. They were both covered in soot and debris and the hero was gazing down at the woman in her arms, features too far away to make out, as ash fluttered down around them like snow. Sunlight lit the two, casting the Super and her rescuee in shadow, even as the rubble and torn buildings and broken surroundings glowed orange, red and yellow. It was a magnificent picture.

Hehe, only one more chapter to go folks! Then we see how and why :D

Chapter End Notes

So, I've never been to a pride rally, so I'm not sure what the norm is, so yeah. Pretend that's how it happens in National City :D

Happy New Year everyone! Hopefully this one will have less shit than the last one.

And it's extra long because I finally hit 100k in Word, Yay :D
Kara fiddled nervously with her napkin and cast another glance around the dark bar. It was the Tuesday after the pride rally and after the photo with Supergirl and Lena Luthor had gone viral, more viral even than Supergirl’s speech, her debut at the rally, and the information that Supergirl and L-Corp would be working together to help fundraise for refugee shelters, bullying hotlines, and other social justice causes. People all over the world were commenting on the supposed couple, and saying they were so cute and that it was Romeo and Juliet all over again, and that they ‘shipped’ them whatever that meant.

The bar hadn’t changed since she’d been here last, though now there was a beefy, tribal-tattooed dude behind the bar while Raven was playing pool with three big guys over in the corner. The same scrawny guy was throwing knives into the dartboard—though that looked like it was new—and a few familiar faces were musing their troubles over a beer. There where two teens looking suspicious over in the corner and she tilted her head to hear what they were saying.

‘It won’t be hard,’ one was whispering quietly, muffled as though they were unaccustomed to speaking without moving their lips. ‘We just follow her schedule and then take a drive. We’ll be away before the cop—’

“I’ll have a rum and coke,” Mitch said as he slid onto the bar-stool next her and she jumped slightly, having not heard his approach. “Hey,” he nodded and then turned back to the bar-keep, who was smiling a greeting.

“Mitch, mate,” he held his arm up for a clasp and Mitch leant forward and gave him one. “G’day,” Mitch replied, stretching his vowels terribly and the bar-keep winced.

‘Aw man, come on,’” his accent was obvious now, Australian maybe, or a New Zealander. “No need for that. Don’t butcher it, you savage,” he said with a grin and set a glass down on the bench.

“Dengo! Asstralaya! Fesh and cheeps!” Mitch was grinning as the mixer was poured into his drink and the bar-keep sighed and shook his head in disgust.

“Oi, Raven!” He shouted jovially across the bar and she turned around curiously. “Your boy here’s getting smart!”

“And what!” She shouted back. “Man up, you turkey!” And turned back to her game.

“I’m a Kiwi! And you’re one to talk!” He hollered back with a grin and leant against the bar looking at Mitch. “You watch yourself, Mitchel Mathes. I’d hate to have to take all of your money on game night….again.”

“Bah,” Mitch’s face contorted. “That was a cheap shot, and you know it!” He pulled out his wallet and placed a bill on the table and slid it across the table. The bar-tender took it and keyed it in to the till and placed the change in the tip jar with a cheeky smile.
Mitch put his wallet back in his pocket and reached for his drink, downing it and then sliding the glass back across the table. Obediently the bar-keep filled it again and passed it back, hands lingering for a moment brushing past Mitch’s as he took his drink back. There had been an exchange of a bill. It had George Washington on it and Kara’s eyes went wide.

“What have you got for me, Dan?” He asked seriously, all traces of mirth gone.

Dan sighed and leant against the bar, biceps straining and looked down on its gleaming surface for a moment.

“Do you want the good news or the bad news?” He asked quietly and rolled his fingers in a drumming pattern on the bar.

“Both,” Mitch said and Dan nodded slowly.

“Yeah, figured you would. Right then.” He proceeded to list all sorts of underhand dealings going on in the city; drug deals, trafficking, murders, robberies, gang initiations, and whispers he’d heard from the so-called low-life’s of the city. There was even tell of a gang getting behind the OneLove movement after seeing Supergirl on t.v, and warning their members away from any discriminatory beat-down. Kara blinked and took a sip of her coke. So this was the true reason Mitch frequented this bar and had asked her here. He got all of his information from the bar-keep’s, things he wouldn’t know of otherwise.

“Thanks,” Mitch said and pulled away from the bar, ready to head out to a booth and Dan halted him.

“Wait.”

Curious Mitch turned back and saw Dan tapping the bar thought then glanced at one of his tattoos and sighed.

“You can get this to your cop friend better than I…” and he leant forward over the bar, speaking so quietly Kara almost couldn’t hear him. His lips weren’t moving either. “There’s a mill hit out on the Luthor girl,” he said softly and Kara stiffened. Dan cast her a curious glance with dark eyes and then looked back at Mitch. “Came out of Metropolis Max, but it’s only for the pro’s,” he ducked his head and then listed the parties who he’d heard were interested in the job.

“Those kids over there,” he flicked his eyes towards the teenagers in the corner, who were still whispering quietly. “Spoke a little louder earlier and may be interested.” He shrugged and looked down at the table. “Word’s gotten out, even the scavengers are sniffing the air.”

“Why tell me?” Mitch asked quietly, dark eyes grave as he looked at the kids and back to Dan. “If word gets around that you-“

“Word isn’t gonna get around,” Dan said nonchalantly. “Hasn’t yet. And all I’m doing is talking with a mate.”

“If what you’re saying is true,” Kara began and dark eyes looked at her sharply.

“It is,” Mitch said quickly. “Dan’s got my back. He saved my life when I was investigating the drug trafficking.”

A genuine smile lit Dan’s face and he sighed. “Ah, now wasn’t that fun.”

“Fun for you, maybe,” Mitch shot back but he too smiled under Dan’s grin. “I spent two weeks in
hospital… I got a Mayor’s award though.” Kara remembered the news well, it was had just started working for Cat and the famous Catco reporter Mitchel Mathes was given a medal for helping the police bring down the gangs involved. Drug’s weren’t as big of a problem now, the dealers kept to the shadows more than they did.

“Yeah, and I was the one who got shot! Bloody bull shit!” Dan chuckled. “But Raven took care of me. Didn’t ya, babe?” He enquired of the bartender as she came up and sat on a stool cockily.

“Didn’t I what?”

“Take care of me I when I went in and dragged this guy,” he jabbed his thumb at Mitch, “outta that drug war.”

“Yeah, and you whined like a bitch about it too,” she leant over the bar and dug around for a bottle beneath it. Dan ducking down and handing her what she was after. She twisted the cap off with her arm.

“Your bedside manner is fucking terrible,” he shot back and crossed his arms.

“Wimp,” she said and tossed him the bird, throwing the screw-off lid at him in the same movement. His hand snatched out and caught it and he flicked it back at her head as she walked away.

“I love it when you play Doctor!” He called after her and she turned around to trap the bottle between her teeth and flipped him off with both hands. Dan chuckled and looked back at the reporters.

“Anyway, that’s free of charge,” he said, mirth fading. “But you best make sure nothing happens to her. That thing she’s doing with Supergirl is right-on.”

Mitch nodded. “I’m feeling like a donut,” he glanced at Kara. “How about you, kid?”

Not sure entirely what was going on Kara nodded. She’d ask Mitch why they, why Dan, hadn’t gone straight to the police with the information they knew in a minute.

“All right brother,” Dan said and offered his palm again and Mitch clasped it.

“Catch ya.”

They said their farewells and Kara was on Mitch’s heels as he left the bar.

“What-“

“Not here,” he said hurriedly and whipped out his cell-phone. She saw the app for Twitter and was even more confused as he sent of a tweet. Something about donuts being his favourite when chasing down leads because it let him pretend he was a cop?

Weird.

They flagged down a taxi while Kara was itching to send a message to Alex, or fly off to protect her friend. She’d just found out someone was trying to kill Lena, again, and she wasn’t doing anything! It went against all she was but she stayed silent, though her fingers were clenching and her feet were bouncing.

They took the taxi to the same bakery that Kara had been to the week before and Mitch deliberated for a long time over what he wanted before finally choosing a cinnamon roll. Kara couldn’t even be
distracted by the sweet smell of food, and turned down the chance to buy one, too anxious. Mitch bought her something anyway and then they walked down towards the park. She was itching to talk but a sharp glare from Mitch kept her silent, and instead they talked about the pride rally, and the grouping of the Luthor and Super. It was weird talking about herself in third-person, but she managed it.

They settled down in the park next to a fountain and Mitch removed his treat from its paper bag and started to eat it, offering Kara her’s.

Reluctantly she took it, she did love cinnamon rolls. But she mostly wanted to know what was going on.

“If it isn’t the Black Panther,” a familiar voice drawled and Kara glanced up to see Maggie Sawyer approaching with another woman. She was short, it was the first thing Kara noticed about her, she was short and built on stocky lines and had her hair tied in a braid down her back. She was wearing jeans, and a singlet and had aviators tucked onto her collar.

“Detective,” Mitch said with a smile. “This is-“

“Kara Danvers,” Maggie interrupted and smiled at Kara. Her companion glanced between the two as though she had just figured something out. “We’ve met.”

“Hi, Maggie,” Kara smiled and took a bite of her roll. The other woman looked familiar, but she couldn’t quite place her.

‘Kara, this is Cassie Bennet. Cassie, this is Kara.” Ah, now Kara knew who she was. Cassie had been the rookie detective on the drug case and she’d been shot protecting one of her fellow officers.

“Alex’s sister?” Her voice was sweet and silky, lovely to listen to, and was startling. She didn’t look like she sounded.

“Yup,” Maggie said, popping the ‘p’.

“What’s up?” Cassie asked Mitch seriously, getting straight into it. “You only use that message when something big is on. So what is it?” There was a gleam to her eye, an excitement for a lead or clue.

“The Dr. Alan case,” Mitch said and Cassie and Maggie shared a look before they settled down on the grass near the fountain.

“What’ve ya got?” Maggie asked, glancing at Kara. “I know Kara told me a little about it.”

After a lot of deliberating Kara had finally told Mitch what Lena had told her. He had wanted to know immediately how she came by it, but she didn’t tell him, just that she had seen the evidence. He didn’t push, respecting her journalistic integrity and had immediately told her they would stop looking into it until he, and not her, he said it was okay. She gathered that he was worried about her, but she could take care of herself—not that he knew that. She had wanted to tell Maggie, but honestly, it slipped her mind.

She’d also told Alex immediately, and the DEO had scrambled to find a connection between the Dr and Lex Luthor, and had discovered that Lena was correct. Lex had been meeting with the Doctor for months before his incarceration. A scan of the files also found the doctors name connected to the information Winn had managed to scavenge off the destroyed hard drives from the facility Superman had found.

“The doctor was murdered,” Mitch began, licking his fingers free of icing. “Jake Cole was set up to
take the fall and when his overdose failed he was released on bail he and his family couldn’t afford. He was asked to go to the funeral where he was shot and killed by Jamie McCartney, who pled guilty to the murder and that was all he said.”

Mitch scrunched the paper-bag and put it in his man-bag. “Kara found out that he has a sick daughter, and she also found out that his daughter’s medical needs are being seen to, likely for the rest of her life.”

“Who is your source?” Cassie asked Kara and she shook her head.

“I can’t. I promised.”

“If you’re protecting some-“ Cassie began and Maggie nudged her.

“Come off it, Cass. What else have you got?” She asked, looking to the two reporters.

Mitch summarised the rest of their information and the two police shared a look and nodded.

“And one other thing….there’s a million dollar hit offered for Lena Luthor.”

Cassie swore and Maggie let out a long exhale.

“Are you sure?”

Mitch nodded and dipped his hands in the fountain to rinse them. “Dan told me.”

“Well,” Cassie said and ran her hand over her face. “He’d know too.”

“I heard whispers about it, nothing concrete though. Everybody’s to scared to talk,” Maggie offered.

“For a million dollar hit?” Cassie whistled. “I’d be fucking scared to.” She looked at Mitch and nodded her head sharply. “Who called it?”

“Her brother,” Kara said quietly and Cassie sighed.

“Well, shit,” she rose to her feet and rubbed her bottoms free of grass and helped Maggie to her feet.

“I’ll look into Jamie’s accounts and see what I can find, you both will be the first to know. Thanks for the help.” Cassie looked over at Maggie. “You wanna be the one to tell the Lieu?”

Maggie snorted. “You’re on your own, Cass. I ain’t going near that.”

“Yeah, yeah,” Cassie sighed and waggled her fingers in fare-well. “Nice to meet ya,” she said as she stared to walk back across the grass, bringing her cell-phone to her ear.

“Thanks, you two. But be careful, all right?” Maggie nodded and then jogged after Cass, catching her quickly.

“I need to go see Lena,” Kara said quickly, deciding that with the reaction of the police officers, maybe Lena needed a Super, and pulled her messenger bag over her shoulder. “I have to warn her-“

“Let the police take care of that,” Mitch said waving a hand. “We don’t want to get involved in that any more than we already have. Half the criminals in the city will be turning their guns on her before long, you don’t want to get caught in the crossfire.”

“I have to,” Kara protested and rose to her feet. “She’s my friend.” She didn’t like Mitch’s decision
to stay out of it, and wished she’d called Alex the moment she knew, but she did understand it. Mitch had a young family and he had been in danger because of his job before. He didn’t feel the need to risk his life un-necessarily when the police would take care of Lena.

Mitch grunted. “Don’t let your emotions get the best of you. Stay safe.”

Kara said goodbye and then raced across the grass, maybe catching a few pairs of eyes at her sprint, and at her ability to maintain it for so long. She ducked behind one of the toilets near the trees and then was racing across the sky as Supergirl to L-Corp.

“Alex!” She shouted as she screamed across the sky and had to wait a few precious moments for her sister to come online.

‘Hey, Kara. What’s up?’ She asked quickly, sensing her sisters urgency.

“Lex Luthor’s put a million dollar hit out on Lena. I’m heading there now!” There was a moment’s silence in her ear, the only sound the rushing of the wind. She could hear the faint sound of sirens as she moved through the city, but that wasn’t unusual.

‘Don’t do anything stupid, oka-what?’

“Alex?” Her sisters voice had risen in surprise. “Alex, what is it?”

‘The fire alarm for L-Corp was tripped more than three minutes ago...’

Kara’s stomach dropped and she coiled and launched herself forward, breaking the sound barrier with a crack and leaving behind a scattering of glass in her wake.

She strained forward with her hearing and sight, desperately scanning the buildings for the CEO and noticed it was absent, bar the lone heat signature at the top of the tower. At the bottom of the tower employees were filing out of the tower at a steady pace, nothing frantic about their movements.

And then there was a flash of light rippling down the side of the tower and then a series of rapid booms, like gun-fire and plumes of smoke billowed out onto the street. People started to scream and scattered like ants caught in the rain and Kara forced herself forward to try and get there in time, but she was too late. There was a rumble, like thunder underground and the windows shattered and the glass launched itself free of their frames and out in all directions and then, slowly, ever so slowly, L-Corp Tower began to collapse in on itself.

“LENA!” Kara’s shout was drowned by the sound of tonnes of steel, wood and concrete plummeting to the earth, taking her heart with it.

~*~

It was only one thirty in the afternoon and Lena Luthor was drinking and she inwardly scoffed at what her mother would think, before shaking herself from such depressing thoughts. She had an open bottle of expensive champagne on her desk and was rolling the liquid around in a glass. Very rarely did she drink, and even rarer still was her consuming it during daylight hours, but she was celebrating. Her company had just cracked the genetic code to wheat which would allow it to be grown in harsh environments; less water, less nutrients in the soil, worse weather, and it was a true credit to her environmental scientific team. Sure, it had a ways to go, and likely a few years, but it was a start, and hopefully the environmental watch-dogs would approve of the seed and let her give it to the world.

She brought the glass to her lips, mentally re-arranging her schedule to fit in a visit down stairs to the
scientists, maybe with pizza and beer, to reward them for their hard work when her intercom buzzed. ‘Miss Luthor,’ Jess’ voice cracked out of a speaker. ‘Dr. Rowden from engineering is here to see you. He says it’s urgent.’

Brow tightening Lena pressed the button to respond. “Please send him in, Jess.” She knew of the doctor, a young lad-recently graduated, top in his year, and hired by her recruitment team the moment his exams were over. He was a brilliant young designer and had already started to revolutionise some of their more outdated equipment and engineering processes.

She took a sip of wine and clicked out of her tabs on her device as he came in.

He was smiling, wildly, and she tilted her head at him as he approached her, hands in his lab pockets. He was cute, still at that awkward gangly stage between man and boy, but had a charming smile and fluffy blonde hair. His hazel eyes were wide and his excitement was obvious.

“Dr Rowden,” she said and rose from her seat to shake his hand. She’d met him before when he first started, she met all of her employees, but other than that he’d been busy when she had visited the engineering department and she hadn’t spoken with him a length.

He kept his hands in his pockets and her hand hovered for a moment before she withdrew it and sat back down. “You needed to see me?”

His hazel eyes were intense on her, hungry and she felt a shiver of unease trickle its way down her spine.

“Yes,” he said and moistened his lips. It was then that she noticed he was shaking, his face pale, and he was sweating, and she grew concerned.

“Are you alright?” She enquired as she half rose to her feet again.

“Hm?” He didn’t seem to be with her in the room and she let her fingers rest at the edge of her desk where her panic button was. “Oh, I’m fine.” He waved her off and then was suddenly leaning over her desk.

She started slightly at his abrupt movement and saw he’d removed something out of his pocket, a small black box, the size of a wedding ring box and felt her confusion grow.

“It’s funny,” he said suddenly. “All these people,” he waved his hands around wildly. “Say it’s so hard to get an engineering doctorate, but I did it in a two years.” He lifted his shoulders in a shrug and Lena frowned at him in confusion.

“You know,” he said and was gazing off into the distance, a shadow in his eyes, a loss. “My family used to tell me I’d change the world, that I could build great things, and I believed them!” He was animated now, to the point of erratic behaviour and her fingers inched closer to the button, he didn’t seem to notice.

“I believed them when they said I could do great things, and then I went off to college and left them at home. In our house. In Metropolis.”

Fear caressed the back of her neck, lifting the fine hairs there.

“My name isn’t really Rowden, you know,” he said swiftly and licked his lips shakily. “It’s Malcom. James Malcom.” Lena inhaled sharply and he caught the movement, or maybe her gasp of pain.
“Ah, so you know it then. Know my family,” he ducked his head, eyes shining and jaw moving. “They’re dead now, all of them. Because of your brother.”

Lena’s jaw clenched and she moved for her panic button but he was quick to bring up the box.

“Ah ah,” he said in a sing-song voice, high pitched and false. “Wouldn’t do that if I were you,” his voice turned cold, colder than frozen steel. “I press this button and the building goes up. Great set up you’ve got here, everything you need to make a bomb, right at your fingertips.” Lena paused and slowly withdrew her hand, curling her fingers into her palm and straightened. There was a little switch inside the ring box, she could see a few wires sticking out from underneath the soft cushion that a ring would sit on.

Her heart was pounding in her chest, she could feel it thudding though her veins.

“What do you want?” She asked quietly.

“I want you to die,” he confessed as though it were the simplest thing in the world, as though the sky were blue and grass were green.

Lena nodded slowly, mind whirling frantically for a way out of this. “Why?” She knew to keep him talking and apparently he knew it to, for he smiled warning at her, flashing his teeth, and he wasn’t so charming now.

“Don’t think I don’t know what you’re doing,” he warned with a smile as brittle as shattered glass. “You can’t humanise yourself to me. You’re a Luthor,” he spat and she recoiled slightly at the raw venom that heralded her last name, spittle landed on her desk.

“So humour me,” Lena raised her brow and slowly edged around her desk.

He back up slightly, lifting his other hand warningly over the switch and she settled against her desk, moving the chairs out the way.

“Your brother took my family away from me,” he snarled, eyes bulging and spittle flying from his mouth. “They were everything,” he cried, voice cracking and he was crying now. “My mother and father and brother and sisters, all gone,” he croaked out, mournfully and she was reminded of the pitiful creature, Gollum, from Lord of the Rings. Mourning the loss of something that had become such a vital part of him, forever searching for it, lost.

“Your brother stole them from me!” He bellowed out and she flinched slightly at the sound and half hoped her sound-proof walls would fail, and hoped that they would not. If her security guards heard they would come in and hopefully subdue Mr. Malcom, but if they failed and he pressed that button, he seemed unstable enough to be telling the truth, it was the middle of the day, her building would be full and hundreds of lives could be lost.

“And I can’t image how that feels,” Lena said sincerely, voice soft and as non-threatening as she could make it. “But killing me….” She shook her head slowly, eyes on James. “That won’t bring them back.”

He didn’t seem to be listening to her, or maybe he couldn’t even hear her words. “Your brother stole everything from me, so I’m going to take you.”

Lena snorted now and it seemed to register with him, his brow tightened. “What? Why’s that funny?”

“Lex tried to kill me earlier in the year, didn’t you hear about it?”
That threw him for a moment and he looked down at the box in thought and Lena edged closer. Maybe she could smack him in the face with her cast, that was if she got close enough.

“Hey!” He warned and lifted his finger above the button. “I’ll push it, don’t think I won’t!”

Begrudgingly Lena fell back to her desk and leant against it, jaw tight.

“Stop,” he said sternly. “I can see your brain working, but there is no way out of this.”

“Lex Luthor took everything from me, my family…my friends… my life,” James was saying, almost to himself. “I can’t get to him, but I can get to you.”

He glanced up at her and reached down to take the switch.

“N-n-n-n-no! No! Wait!” Lena launched herself forward a few steps but halted obediently when he hunched over the device warningly, right hand outstretched beseechingly.

“Going to beg for your life?” He sneered and she quickly shook her head.

“What Lex took away for you… it left a hole nothing could fill, and you’ve filled it with hatred and a desire for revenge,” it wasn’t a question but he was nodding eagerly, a tongue flicking out to moisten his lips.

“Kill me if you must, for my brothers crimes, but please,” she held her hands up beseechingly. “Spare my employees. They don’t deserve to die.”

He was listening, some form of comprehension through the madness and she kept talking.

“Mia, from HR,” she said quickly, seeing some flicker of compassion. “She’s pregnant.” She smiled and swallowed. “And Michael, from IT, he proposed to his girlfriend over the weekend, he’s loved her since he was a child.”

She wet her lips, seeing the reflective twitch over the switch. “That hole that you have, don’t be the reason for it in the families of my employees. Please, I don’t have anyone, but they do,” she begged, and she would never beg for her life, but she would beg for another’s. She ignored the image of a bright smile and blue eyes flaring in her mind; maybe Kara would mourn her, but the sweet, kind-hearted girl would mourn any loss of life. “Please, don’t kill them to,” she breathed. “Don’t let the Luthor name,” she swallowed and closed her eyes briefly. “Don’t let my name kill them too.”

She opened her eyes to see him visibly conflicted and he hesitated and then gave a sharp nod. “Yes, only you…no one else has to die because of you…”

Almost faint with relief she lifted off her desk and slowly moved around it, explaining what she was going to do the entire time.

“I’m going to call my PA, Jess, you saw her on the way in—”

“I know who she is!” He spat, eyes wild and she nodded agreeably.

“Okay. So I’m going to call her on this button here,” she pointed down at it, seeing him edge forward to look at it. “Okay? If I do anything else…?” she trailed off, not sure how she could tell him to blow the tower up, but he seemingly filled in the blank.

“If you do anything else, or if anyone enters this room, I blow the building!” He sounded like a villain from a movie, and she swallowed and lifted her finger to the button, noting her hands were
“Jess,” she called and her voice cracked and James moved as though to disturb an errant fly. Clearing her throat she forced all of her years of experience of living as a Luthor; ignoring the name calling, the dirty looks, the whispers, the jeers, the threats, the dinner parties, and channelled it into her voice.

“Jess, pull the fire alarm,” she instructed calmly and released the button.

‘Miss Luthor?’ She could hear her assistants confusion and quickly pressed the button again.

“Now, Jess. Evacuate the building- do not come into my office. Do you understand?”

There was a moment’s pause over the comms and she cast a glance at her increasingly agitated murderer. How odd, knowing the person who was going to kill you, and not being able to do a damn thing about it. Her heart was thumping in her chest strongly, traitorously, as though in defiance of what was going to happen before the end of the day.

‘Miss Luthor, is everything okay?’ Her assistant sounded worried and she felt a flicker of guilt for how Jess would feel after the dust settled, if everything went according to plan, being the last one to speak with Lena.

“Pull the fire alarm, and get out. No-one comes into my office. Do. You. Understand,” she emphasised and let a shadow of her mother leak into her tone.

‘I-yes,’ Jess said and few moments later the fire alarm started, the familiar high-pitched wailing sound and a robotic voice telling all employees to evacuate the building.

“You’ll know it takes three minutes to fully evacuate the building from your fire-training, give me four,” she asked, voice cracking with emotion. “Give me four more minutes to save my employees.”

Mr Malcom looked at his watch to set the time. “Four minutes, Luthor.”

She took a deep steadying breath and nodded, tears were in her eyes but she refused to let them fall. The time went by quickly, inching ever so closely to her deadline and she clenched her fists as the time went down. She counted it out, two-hundred and forty seconds and when she was down to a minute she turned and looked out over the city. How often had she stood at this exact spot and not seen how the sun glinted on the ocean? How the hills flanking National City embodied life; wild and green and free, how the sounds of the city bet against her windows and were never let in. How its life remained on the other side of the glass and she in a tower, above it all and disconnected from it.

“Your four minutes are up.” He sounded shocked, like he almost couldn’t believe it. It was something he’d wanted for so long and now he finally had it and he seemed over-whelmed.

Lena moved away from the window, if she were to die, she would do so face-to-face with her killer, her pride would allow her that much.

She moved around the side of her desk and his hazel eyes widened and blinked to her in surprise as she glided forward.

Halting a safe distance from him, noting how he circled over the switch and his index finger and thumb cradled it, she released her breath. “The crimes of my last name are not my own,” she said quietly, in a last effort to convince him to not flick the switch. “But…. I hope that this brings you peace.” She smiled bitterly, eyes bright and watery. “My family owes you that much.”

He met her gaze for a moment and then smiled, a happy, peaceful smile, resigned. “It will.” And then
his hand moved over the switch and there was an explosion far below her at the base of her tower and she could feel the power of it race its way up the structure and it shook as more explosions spat fire and glass out into the air.

Her heart started beating harder, pounding against the bone prison of her chest as though reminding her to fight, to fight for her life, and she felt ever shudder that her building went though and she mourned the loss of millions of dollars worth of time and effort and research, and years of time and man power, and mourned the loss of the final hope for her families Legacy. All her family would be known for was Lex’s madness, and his sister who died alone in her tower and rested in a coffin of torn steel and glass and concrete. And, she thought to herself, a lead lined safe room.

The thought drew her up short and as the rumbling started beneath her she launched herself forward and bolted towards her couch, where in the corner she had a safe-room. She opened it quickly, and James blinked startled at the room appearing from the wall.

“Come on!” She shouted and gestured to him. The roar of the collapsing building was getting loud and louder and she knew it wouldn’t be long until the top fell in on itself.

“You’ll die!” She tried again, hand hovering over the button to send the door roaring shut.

He smiled, a half smile that would have been handsome and closed his eyes and dropped the detonator. Lena slammed her hand down on the button as a fireball roared into the room from the main shaft where the elevator was.

It’s heat threw her backwards even as the door slammed into place and the lights went out and then with an awful roar L-Corp Tower collapsed. She screamed, voice cracking with the strain, as she plummeted to the ground and spared a final thought for bright blue and sunshine. Something foreign and familiar stampeded through her veins and exploded behind her eyes and then there was nothing.

Chapter End Notes

:D Soooo, what do ya'll think? Do let me know, I'm a glutton for feedback. A little disappointed no one noticed Lena is going to scrap the alien detection device for Kara, and that no one came to fangirl over Lena threatening Supergirl to keep Kara safe, but oh well, I leave you with angst! :D Mwah! Hope everyone’s year is going okay so far.
Supergirl fell from the sky as though she were human and with a crash in the middle of the street. She staggered, almost like she were drunk, out of the crater she’d left and gazed upon the crumbled tower with despair as the humans screamed and ran around her, away from the smoke and debris billowing away from the base of the building. Glass was falling from the buildings opposite and sirens were mingling with the shouts and cries and the barking of dogs.

‘Kara! What happened? Kara?’

There was a sound in her ear, her name she knew. It registered, and she would later be able to relay everything that was said to her, but at the moment she couldn’t hear it over the thudding of her own heart. It was strangely quiet and earth had never been this quiet, she’d always been able to hear the whisper of the wind, the rumble of the ocean, the disagreements between cats and dogs, the beating hearts of its human inhabitants. She couldn’t hear anything and the humans ran past her as though they were in slow motion, smoke roaring behind them and pieces of glass and concrete and steel raining from the sky like it were snow.

‘KARA!’

Alex’s voice broke through the silence, her sisters voice high and panicked and she answered, like she’d always answer.

“Alex,” she whispered brokenly. “She’s gone,” her voice cracked and emerged as a groan and something inside her shattered and broke.

‘Kara.’ She could hear Alex’s desperation and the sound of her thudding heart, the faint shouts of a team being deployed. ‘What’s happened? Please, what’s going on.’

“L-Corp…its, it’s gone. It’s just a pile of-of-of rubble!”

‘Supergirl, snap out of it,’ J’onn’s calm and reassuring voice came down the comms and she clung to it as though it were a life-line. ‘People need you,’ he said and she blinked, he was right and the sounds of earth came back to her in a rush. Dogs were barking, cars were screeching to a halt, sirens were blaring, people were screaming, and debris was falling to the ground.

‘We’ve dispatched a team,’ J’onn continued. ‘We’re coming, okay, Kara? We’re coming, just hang on.’

Kara staggered forward and lethargically launched herself into the air to catch pieces of falling debris. On auto pilot she identified and caught the dangerous objects and then flew around the smouldering remains of the tower with her freeze-breath until all that was left was a crumbled, smoking pile.

People were coughing and screaming and crying and staring in shock at the fallen building and a few were stumbling back towards it. Supergirl landed near the tower and fell against a street light, bending it as it struggled beneath her strength. She stared at the smoking former laboratories, offices, and storage spaces and then gazed past it and the explosion of Krypton was all she could see.
She remained as still as a statue, lost in her memories, drowning in her pain as a few police cars forced their way through the streets and to the site and the two large fire engines bullied their way through the crowds. The public servants were quick to force people away from the building, and there was a lot of shouting and screaming and hoses were cast on the wreckage to stall any further fires. An officer approached her but she didn’t hear him, didn’t even register his presence in the way a mountain would an ant, and he returned to his companion exasperated and confused. Cell-phones were already live streaming the explosion and comments and mentions on social media were soaring and people were crying in frustration as the nearby cell-towers couldn’t cope with the sudden surge in traffic.

L-Corp employees were screaming, muttering in disbelief and shaking their heads, faces pale through the soot and ash and tear trails and one woman was being held up by two security guards. Other employees from the evacuated buildings nearby joined the carnage, as well as the shoppers from the ground, and the three officers and two teams of firemen welcomed reinforcements in the form of black vans and agents.

The arrival of the ‘FBI’, led by a woman in black with brown hair and dark, worried eyes helped them gain control of the situation and she immediately went over to the Superhero.

The agents forced the crowds back and helped the police form police barriers and ensured the surrounding buildings were evacuated. All of this happened while Supergirl relied on a bent street light to hold her upright.

“Supergirl,” Alex said quietly as she got closer to her sister and felt her blood turn to ice at the vacant look in her sisters usually bright eyes. She hadn’t seen Kara look so…lost…since she’d first seen her, when she’d first landed on earth and was told of everything that had happened while she’d been in the Phantom Zone.

“Kara,” she repeated and ignored her agent instincts telling her what a foolish move it was, and cupped her sister’s cheeks. She was directly in front of Kara now, and ignored the camera’s and gazes that would no doubt be turned her way. “Kara,” she cooed and ran her thumbs back and along her sister’s damp cheeks. Her eyes were unseeing, dim, but she was crying and Alex didn’t know what to do other than reassure her sister that she was here.

“Kara. I’m here, it’s gonna be okay.”

“She’s gone, Alex,” Kara croaked out and Alex wrapped her arms around her sister and pulled even as her heart split at how broken Kara looked and sounded. Her sisters eyes were dull and dark, a shadow in their normally vibrant hues and she looked defeated.

Somehow Kara let her carry her and she was quick to guide her over to one of the DEO vans and inside, shielding the super from sight. When she was sitting inside she took Kara’s hand and wrapped herself around her sister, keeping an ear out for what was going on outside, but focusing her entire attention on her sister.

‘Shsssh,” she hummed and pressed her lips to Kara’s hair, the blonde limp and unresponsive in her embrace. She ran her hand soothingly up and down Kara’s back and muted her ear-piece before starting to hum. It was one of the things that had first calmed Kara down when she first landed, one of the only things. She would curl up next to a rigid Kara (who was still afraid of her own strength and didn’t want to hurt anyone) and would hum any and every song she knew until her throat was hoarse and her voice cracked and eventually faded into silence. It grounded Kara like nothing else and was well worth the pain and sleepless nights and weird looks when she couldn’t speak the next day.
‘Agent Danvers,’ J’onn’s voice was reserved in her ear. ‘Superman is on his way.’

She knew that J’onn had either seen the footage of the broken Super, or had been told by the Agents and had called for the one person who might be able to get through to her, or at least was strong enough to deal with her if something happened.

Alex was part way through a terrible rendition of the Lion King’s ‘I just want to be King’, which was one of their favourite songs to sing together on Disney night—once a month one of their movies was a Disney Sing-along, and while her neighbours looked at her funny after a Disney night, her and Kara had bonded over Disney films, and it was one of her favourite things to do with her sister—when there was a knocking on the door and Agent Wolfe slid it open.

“Superman is here,” he told her and then pulled away and she could see the flicker of blue and red. It had been half an hour since L-Corp Tower had crumbled to the ground.

Superman poked his head in the door and his brow tightened as he saw her curled around Kara.

She glared warningly at him and held Kara tighter.

“What happened? What was she hit with?” He was quick to the point and climbed into the SUV, folding his cloak in after him and closed the door. “Why isn’t she-“ he frowned and looked Kara over again. “Why’s she like…?” He trailed off and looked back at Alex from his catatonic cousin.

“L-Corp Tower blew up and she couldn’t get there in time,” Alex said quietly still maintaining her soothing rubbing of Kara’s back, even as her muscles were starting to protest.

Clark was visibly confused and it was a curious look on Earth’s most beloved man. He hadn’t seen Kara look so defeated since Jeremiah had died, and then she had been strong, trying to hold up her fractured family even with the weight of her own grief.

“Lena was inside,” Alex reluctantly elaborated and when Clark looked like he would say something insensitive she added, “They were friends.”

‘Oh, right,” Clark deflated a little and shifted on the seat awkwardly. “Can-can you leave her with me?” He asked and Alex bared her teeth in a snarl.

“Not a chance,” she growled softly and Clark blinked confused. “I am not leaving my sister,” she said with finality to her voice and she wouldn’t, he’d have to forcibly remove her if he wanted to be alone with Kara.

“Alex,” he sighed, “It was just Lena Luthor,” and she snapped as he lifted his hands and winced, seeming to realise how what he’d just said sounded. “I didn’t mea-“.

“Don’t you dare, ‘Alex’ me,” her voice was low and dangerous and she ignored the fact that she was facing off with Superman in a cramped ‘FBI’ vehicle with an unresponsive Supergirl in her arms. “Don’t you dare, Clark,” she hissed and he recoiled a little.

“You may be her cousin by blood, but that is all that you are,” her arms tightened around Kara and she turned the full power of her glare on the Super. He seemed confused and a little bit amused by her hostility. “You don’t even deserve that right! You- you who handed her off to the first person you could and were glad to be rid of her! Your cousin, the last of your planet, all so you could continue with your perfect life- don’t deny it!”

Clark’s brow was tight and he seemed to diminish as she spoke, even though his sheer size in his suit made him take up half the car.
“You left her,” Alex’s voice cracked and she was pretty sure she was crying. “With us, and you didn’t care. She’d lost everything and needed you, her cousin, her family, and you just threw her away!” Her voice was bitter and laden with the tears that were running down her face and into Kara’s hair.

“And she forgave you, she accepted you because that’s what she does! She loves, and that has absolutely nothing to do with you. And if she wants to love Lena-” Alex’s words caught in her throat and she saw Clark’s expression turn incredulous.

“If she wants to love Lena Luthor,” she continued carefully, trying to pin Clark with her gaze. “Like she loves me, or Winn, or James, or-or Cat, or the pizza delivery boy, or-or potstickers,” she said trying to find the words to convey how she was feeling. “And then loses it? Then you had best show your support, you owe her that, even if you don’t approve. She just lost a friend, Clark.”

Superman took a deep breath and slowly let it out, eyes grave and understanding and he gave her a little nod, before looking at Kara.

“Kara, eshnart val mel verlaree*,” he said quietly and Kara’s shoulder lifted, like she were disturbing a fly.

“Verlaree, Kara,**” Superman said quietly, a soft plea entering his voice and a shudder ran through the body in Alex’s arms.

“You can go Alex,” she rasped and Alex instinctively tightened her grip, certain she could bruise come morning but not willing to let her sister go and not knowing how to help beyond her physical touch.

“Kara….”

“Please Alex.” Kara sounded so broken and small and Alex lowered her head to her hair and left a kiss in the blonde strands, ignoring the pieces of glass her lips touched. “I’ll be right outside. I’ll always be here, Kara.”

She unwound herself from where she’d curled around Kara, her muscles stiff and protesting at the movement and she hid her discomfort and glared warningly at Clark as she ducked out of the vehicle. There were two others parked in front of it, and she tapped her comms, “Thanks guys,” with the knowledge they would understand why she was thanking them, just as they understood why they were hiding the SUV from most peoples lines of sight.

“Give me an update,” she requested as she walked away from the van and two Super’s and saw a familiar face. It had been an hour since the explosion and there were media and emergency helicopters in the air and vans and people on scene. There were a lot more emergency personnel here now, and they had escorted the crowd back and were in the process of taking statements and seeing to the wounded. Miraculously the death count was still at one (Lena Luthor hadn’t reported in and the last to see her had said she was at the top of the tower), and the worst injury, a part from smoke inhalation and cuts from glass and debris, was a broken arm sustained as someone fled the collapsing building and fell over.

There was a disturbance over at the ambulances and a woman was struggling to get past the police and it caught Alex’s attention. “I just need to talk to Supergirl, please.” She had streaks down her face through the ash and her fine clothes had little burn marks on them and was dark with soot. “I need to tell her. I just have to tell-“

“Ma’am, if you could step back behind the-“
“Wait,” Alex said and strode across the street. It was still damp from the ice-melt from Kara’s breath and had joined with the ash and debris to form a lumped muck which sucked her boots as she walked and she knew she’d have to get another pair.

“What do you want to tell Supergirl?”

The woman blinked and narrowed her eyes at her through the held up arm of a police officer. “Agent Danvers?”

Alex gave a sharp nod, knowing the woman but unable to place her; covered in muck and soot as she was. She straightened proudly. “It’s Jess… Miss Luthor’s assistant?”

Oh. Right.

“Okay,” she looked at the officer. “Let her through.” But Jess had already ducked under his arm and was wobbling on the congealed sludge in her heels as she walked over to Alex.

“What did you want to tell her? Tell me,” she said and guided the woman away from the curious eyes of the civilians and the gaze of the cameras.

“I know what they’re saying,” she said suddenly, voice hoarse from crying, and smoke. She was referring, Alex knew, to the harsh comments about Lena and L-Corp that were being thrown around on social media; martyrdom, insurance fraud, an experiment gone wrong, some alien deciding to take the xenophobe out. Jess was shaking her head. “It’s not true,” she emphasised. “Miss Luthor-Lena, saved us.”

Alex went still and grabbed Jess by the shoulders, heart thumping and looked her in the eye.

“What do you mean? How did she save you?”

“I-I, she told me to pull the fire alarm,” Jess croaked and brought her hand up to her mouth to smother a sob, which quickly turned into a hack.

“Have you seen the doctors?” Alex asked concerned, but also interested to know about what had happened. The general consensus was that someone set the fire alarm off and then the explosion had happened, but so far the employees had no idea of who or what had caused it.

Coughing a little again Jess shook her head and spat out a great clump of black goo onto the street and whipped her mouth with the back of her hand, smearing soot over her face again.

“Yes, but I needed to tell Supergirl first.”

“Tell me what?” Kara croaked and Alex glanced up to see Kara and Clark standing near them. Kara didn’t look like she belonged in her suit, like a toddler on Halloween, even as it fit her perfectly.

“Supergirl,” Jess breathed, whites of her eyes stark against the grime on her skin. “I-I wanted to tell you, because I know you were kind of friends or whatever….” She trailed off confused, unsure what to call the odd relationship between her boss and the Super.

“What was it Miss Luthor did?” Clark enquired and Jess’ eyes widened at him as though she hadn’t seen him there and she quickly glanced back to Supergirl.

“It’s for Supergirl….” She seemed startled at her own nerve and Superman snorted quietly, flashing his teeth but obediently respected her wishes and wandered over to stand near the fallen building, Jess wasn’t to know he’d be able to hear every word she said.
“I just wanted to tell you that it wasn’t an alien weaponry—a weapon to kill aliens that backfired,” Jess said awkwardly, now clearly starting to question her decision to speak to the Super, wondering if what she knew was actually worth Supergirl’s time.

“She—she just had a doctor go in to see her.”

“What doctor?” Alex interrupted and flicked her hand for a DEO Agent to come closer. She had a computer out and was communicating back with HQ.

“Um, Dr. Rowden, he worked in engineering?” Jess blinked.

“Anyway… he said it was urgent and went in to talk to her…. A few minutes later she calls me over the intercom and tells me to flick the fire-alarm…” Jess trailed off as Alex rattled off Dr. Rowden’s name to the Agent.

“James, I think,” she said, brow tightening in thought. “James Rowden.”

“Bring him up,” Alex demanded of the Agent and then turned to look back at Jess.

Kara was still looking defeated and broken, like she’d lost her entire world again, and Alex made a mental note to discern just how her sister had felt about the Luthor. She and Maggie had picked it up when she’d come to her apartment after her not-date with Lena, and had discussed it a little and decided that maybe Kara felt something more than friendship for the brilliant scientist. But Kara was obviously completely unaware of it, and they didn’t want to push as she seemed uncomfortable with the idea of feeling more than friendship for Lena, so they had decided Alex should keep her mouth shut on it, no teasing or asking about it.

“So this engineer goes in to see her and then she asks you to pull the fire alarm? That’s it?”

Jess blinked and hesitated. “No… I asked her if she was alright, she sounded stressed. But she told me not to come into her office, to not let anyone into her office, and demanded I evacuate the building, that I get out… I’ve never heard her sound like that.”

Kara’s eyes flickered with interest, even as her features were a blank mask and it reminded her of when she retreated into herself, thinking of her home, desperately homesick with no cure.

“So I pulled the fire alarm,” Jess shrugged. “Normally she is the last out of the building. It’s her policy,” she added seeing Alex’s confusion. “Each floor has a warden who checks everything is okay, everyone is out, and they sign off as they go downstairs, ensuring everyone is out of the building. Lena was always last, she said she never wanted to leave anyone behind, but when I realised she wasn’t coming down after me… it was too late for me to go back upstairs. Liam, one of her security, had to drag me down, he wouldn’t let me go back up… and then it—” she cut off, not needing the words to say what had happened to L-Corp Tower.

She wiped at her eyes, “I was the last person to hear her ali—” her throat went tight and she cleared it harshly.

“I just wanted you to know,” she said to Kara. “That it wasn’t because of Aliens….” She trailed off and looked apologetic and gave a little nod before slipping and sliding back across to the police line where she was going to give a statement.

Superman sighed as he heard her story and wondered how accurate it was. Jess’ heart rate was steady and strong indicating she was telling the truth, or the truth as she saw it, but the reporter in him knew that sometimes what you saw wasn’t the entire story.
He wasn’t sure why he did it, maybe to hear the resounding silence and confirm the last troublesome Luthor was no longer a potential problem, and it was then that he heard it. Far beneath the pile of rubble there was a steady but faint thud. Going as still as a cat about to pounce with all restrained energy, he strained with his senses and sent his x-ray vision into the ruins of L-Corp.

There was nothing there, only mangled and bowed pieces of steel and chunks of concrete and wood and broken vehicles, equipment, and supplies. But….there was something steady about the thud that bothered him. It could, he reasoned to himself, be one of the pipelines, trickling steadily, but….it didn’t echo the way water would, and it was too steady and controlled to belong to water. He blinked a few times to clear his vision and then looked again, he couldn’t see any sign of life… but ah, there. There was the water source he sighed quietly, it didn’t seem like Lena had somehow defied logic and survived. Drip….drip…drip….., he watched the water fall down and matched it to the thud, only to go deadly still. The drip and the thud didn’t match. The thud belonged to something else. The thud belonged to a heart. Lena Luthor.

“She’s alive,” he said to himself in shock. “She’s-she’s alive?”

It took Kara a moment to register his words and her head shot up and she stumbled towards him, hand beseeching and eyes wide, faster than any human could see.

“Kal? What-?”

“I can hear a heartbeat,” he said and spun her around to face the rubble. “I can hear her!”

Kara hesitated for a moment and then she was abruptly animated, full of energy, driven with purpose and she appeared at the base of the Tower and started to throw chunks of concrete and beams of steal and debris over her shoulder. Clark winced and then raced into the air, catching the debris and lowering it to the ground before Kara could cause any more damage to the buildings around the fallen tower.

“Supergirl, what is it?” Alex yelped as she got closer and reflectively ducked at seeing a large chunk of concrete flying at her the size of a car. Clark flashed her a smile as he caught it a foot from her face and moved it along, catching the pieces as Kara dove determinedly into the ruins.

“We believe Miss Luthor may still be alive,” Superman paused to inform Alex and then he moved around the rubble stabilising it as Kara dug her way inside like some sort of burrowing mammal.

“Alive?” Alex whispered to herself, feeling her heart mis-step and then she was turning and bellowing for a medical team.

Agents jumped and signalled for the ambulance team to come over. She knew the abrupt movement and noise drew the attention of the police and the citizens and knew that soon Lena Luthor’s body would be broadcast to the world, whether she were broken or not.

“Supergirl,” she spoke into her comms, slipping into work mode and taking charge. “We have a medical team getting ready and will inform N.C General of the situation.”

Kara didn’t reply, but a few seconds later there was an explosion of rubble and the superhero burst from the ashes of the tower and into the afternoon sun, cape billowing behind her, a woman limp in her arms.
* Kara, talk to me. Please

**Please, Kara.

~(~

SNEAKPEAK:

The extraction team roared from the compound leaving it silent and eerie with more dead than living in its concrete and steel halls. The alarm’s heralded their exit and when the authorities arrived later, all that remained was silent halls, empty guard rooms, and fallen soldiers, with one top-security prisoner missing. The world knew by day-break; Lex Luthor had escaped from prison.

And yes, yes I did that :) But you'll have to wait a few dozen K before we get there :D I almost feel guilty. Almost.

Chapter End Notes

I am grateful for all and any reviews, but I feel like my last comment was taken as a request for more reviews. Not exactly, as I said, I love getting them, but I don't want anyone to feel pressured into leaving one. I wanted to fan-girl over Lena threatening Supergirl for Kara for my own ego, mostly, also its totes cute. Anyway, please don't feel pressured to leave a comment, but if you do, know it makes me warm and fuzzy on the inside.

ALSO: DID YOU GUYS SEE THE PRESS RELEASE! OIDNDIOGNFGKJDFBNG OMG- but, I am guarding my heart. Not sure if I trust CW, oh well, more fic's and gif sets and Head-Canon's for us to play with :) And, I don't much like Clark for leaving Kara, could you tell? :D

Babies :D
Part Twenty

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

The image of the fallen L-Corp Tower was the National City Headline for every news outlet in the city, and even featured on many all over the country. The crumpled building with folds of steel, wires, iron rods, and concrete and glass all thrown together in a tangled heap, ironically with the L of the tower undamaged and resting above the rubble. Supergirl was in the centre of the photo, hovering above the ground, blood-red cape fluttering behind her majestically, pulled by some unseen wind, with a woman limp in her arms, bridal style. They were both covered in soot and debris and the hero was gazing down at the woman in her arms, features too far away to make out, as ash fluttered down around them like snow. Sunlight lit the two, casting the Super and her rescuer in shadow, even as the rubble and torn buildings and broken surroundings glowed orange, red and yellow. It was a magnificent picture.

The other photo’s on the front page were of the young CEO and Supergirl at the OneLove rally (evidently they started their love affair then), and of Supergirl being comforted by an unknown brunette woman (who was obviously a home-wrecker and Alex had to delete her social media accounts to protect herself from the back lash-people loved the idea of Lena and Supergirl together, and Alex was a perceived threat to that ideal). The main story carried on for three pages, the first, and then the inside, and had eye-witness accounts, theories, and authoritative reports of the explosion. Rumours were flying about why and how the L-Corp tower had exploded; everything from terrorist attacks, alien suicides, martyrdom, her brother, insurance claims, someone wanting to kill the Luthor for her xenophobia, were being flung through all media platforms.

Supergirl had carried Lena Luthor to an awaiting stretcher and once the medical team had deemed her safe for transport Kara had torn through the air to the nearest hospital. She didn’t have a scratch, bar her already existing injuries, and the medical team were proclaiming it a miracle, even as she lay in a coma for no apparent reason-CAT scan’s and MRI’s had revealed nothing out of the ordinary, but they couldn’t give a cause for her coma. The hospital had to increase security and had moved Lena to a private room the moment she was declared stable and the police department had two uniform’s posted outside her door day and night. She didn’t have many visitors, not in the first few days, only a small reporter from CATCO-cleared by security by Federal order- though how a nobody reporter from CATCO could have FBI sway, the hospital staff didn’t know- and a woman who was identified as the CEO’s assistant.

Supergirl also was shown striding in and out of the hospital, no thought given to proper visiting hours, but no one was about to say no to the hero. Groups were lobbying left and right, insurance claims being made, accusations being thrown, employees were left leaderless, and through it all Lena Luthor slept on.

Kara sighed as she tossed the latest article about the L-Corp Tower explosion onto the bedside table next to Lena. The young CEO had curls of wires and needles and tubes all around her and a nurse had carefully combed back her long, dark hair and tied it into a braid. For all that she was clearly a patient in a hospital, Lena looked as though she were sleeping, like she could wake up at any moment and smile that special smile at Kara and or laugh with her with her eyes.

“Oh, I’m sorry.” Kara glanced up at the noise and instantly smiled a greeting at Lena’s assistant Jess. “I didn’t realise anyone would be here.” She was carrying a bundle of flowers and had a tablet under
the other arm. “I’ll- I’ll come back later.”

“No. Jess, wait!” Kara half rose to her feet. “Don’t go,” she cast a glance at Lena and sighed. “I really should get back to work anyway.”

Jess came back into the room and her features twisted into a sneer. “Can you believe the shit they are writing?” She asked as she settled herself into the other guest chair, setting her bag down and Kara followed her gaze to the article on the front of one of the magazines. “No offense,” Jess added after a moment, realising she was talking to a reporter.

“None taken,” she said quietly and rose the rest of the way to her feet. “I understand. James-CATCO even- won’t allow such drivel to go to print.” She glanced over the article again and felt her ire rise. It was basically a trash piece, saying that it was all a plan by the Luthor to take the insurance money and went on to say some very nasty things about Lena, and the Luthor’s in general.

“I wish there was a way we could tell people what actually happened,” Jess sighed and Kara’s brow tightened. She knew the employees had been asked to stay silent until the investigation was over, and the only one who knew anything, or knew the most, was Lena’s loyal assistant, and she had been ordered to keep her silence. The only reason Kara knew any different to what the media were saying, apart from her belief that Lena would never risk her employees, was because Jess had told Supergirl.

“What-“ she began, a thought entering her mind.

“I can’t-,” Jess cut her off, obviously thinking she were about to ask her what had happened, like many people already had. “I can’t tell you, not until the investigation is over…. But I wish I could,” she said and glared at the offending article.

“I wasn’t going to ask,” Kara said gently and the thought whirled around her mind. “But….” She waited until Jess looked at her properly. “If Lena’s security footage were to be ‘leaked’,” she made the bunny fingers, speaking casually. “Then you couldn’t be to blame.” Kara lifted her shoulder in a shrug, eyes serious and looked pointedly to the door where the two officers stood and saw when Jess understood.

“That would be a shame, but anonymous hackers load things to the internet all the time….,” Jess said and she was smiling now. “Or are given to the press….”

Kara allowed a full blown smile to cross her face. “Any source would have to be confidential, I mean, things are sent to reporters all the time. Untraceable.”

Jess was nodding slowly and Kara quickly reached into her bag and pulled out her note-pad.

The urge to use her super-speed to get her message across to Lena’s sweet assistant tingled her fingers, but she was as careful as ever to maintain her cover as she jotted down her message.

Noonan’s? Half an hour?

She turned it to face Jess and the assistant nodded.

“I think the police would have any footage anyway, if there was any to be recovered,” Jess trailed off. “Oh, are you off?” She asked innocently and Kara smiled as she slid her messenger bag onto her shoulder.

“Yeah, I have to get back to work. Thanks for taking care of her, Jess,” she smiled and then said goodbye. The police officers outside the door nodded to her and she walked slowly down the corridor, mind racing as she thought of how she was going to convince Winn to help her hack into
Lena’s servers and release the footage, if there was any, or get the files from the NNPD.

Less than half an hour later she was opening the door to Noonan’s. “I don’t know, Winn,” she complained as she held it open for him and he ducked inside, laptop bag under one arm. “I just want to try.”

“Yeah,” he sighed. “Okay, but you’re buying.”

“Deal,” she beamed and scanned the café for Jess. She saw her sitting in a booth with a broad-shouldered black guy, heads bent together and waved when she saw her. Jess waved in response and the man twisted in his seat to look at them and then looked at Jess again. Winn gave her his order and then moved through the tables over to the booth and slid into the booth next to the man.

The barristers were quick with her order and within a few minutes she was carrying them over to the booth. “Hey Jess,” she said as she slid in next to the woman with a smile.

“Kara, hi. This is Michael, he’s the head of IT, or was, he designed the L-Corp severs,” Jess explained and Kara looked him over as she slid Winn his drink. He had black curly hair and it cut down through his sideburns into a tight beard which clung to his jawline and followed the curve of his chin at the same length. His lips were full and a little chapped and his black eyes were glinting kindly beneath dark brows which were on-point. He was wearing a faded Metallica t-shirt and had a piercing in one of his lobes.

“Mike, this is Kara.”

“Hi,” she held her hand over the table and he took it in his own, warm and strong and she looked over at Jess. “Okay, so you know Winn?”

“I said ‘hi’,” Winn said from where he was setting up his computer, plugging it in as well as another black box that she didn’t recognise, though apparently Michael did by the way his eyes widened.

“How did you-“

“Yup,” Winn said smugly.

“Does it do what they say?”

“Yup,” Winn flashed him a smile and he almost groaned and looked at the box in awe.

“How did you-“

“Classified, dude,” Winn said mysteriously and Kara rolled her eyes, knowing he was enjoying acting like a proper agent.

“Winn works with my sister for the FBI,” Kara said quickly, glaring at Winn and he bit his lip sheepishly and ducked his head into his shoulders. “I asked him to help because he’s the best hacker I know.”

“Yeah, but I don’t know how we’re gonna get the footage you were after, it should have been destroyed.”

Michael shook his head and Jess was smiling as she sipped her latte. “No, Miss Luthor was very, ah, strict with how she wanted things done,” he said quickly, quietly, flicking his eyes around the café. “We had intense protocols with regards to the servers and the information on them, but they are relayed back to a second site and stored there. We never knew where, physically or digitally, but I
designed the system to back-up to the other server every twenty-four hours, and everything went there, and I mean everything. I would have looked myself, but I-,” he ducked his head and winced a little and everyone understood. He didn’t want to break any laws, and may not have had the skill or equipment to hack into the back-up server.

Winn’s drink was forgotten as he tapped away at his keyboard and Michael was leaning close and checking out his processes. He did a bit more tapping and then handed the keyboard over. “All right, give it a go. This baby has the juice to get you into the FBI, NSA, CIA and Whitehouse at the same time.” His fingers pay have lingered loving on the laptop as he passed it over and Kara lifted her brows at him and he shrugged.

“Okay,” Michael was saying. “If I somehow replicated the data and send it back to the server and then,”

“And then follow it in and it should give you the digital location and then we can hack into it,” Winn finished excitedly and he and Michael shared a look before turning back to the screen, eyes narrowed in concentration.

Kara had half-drunk her cocoa-nut hot chocolate—for some reason she’d been wanting one, maybe to remind her of her friend stuck in a coma- when Michael crowed happily.

“All right, we’re in… wait, no we aren’t. Hm,” he said and rubbed his fingers together, seemingly eager for the challenge. Winn was leaning right in his personal space, almost leaning on him and was pointing to the screen.

“Do you…”

“Yup,” Michael responded and they both shared a look and Michael whistled in awe.

“That’s amazing!”

Kara and Jess shared a bemused look and then looked back at the two men nerding out.

“I’ve seen code like this before,” Winn didn’t even look up from where his gaze was intense on the laptop. “Any door is a trap and we’ve had to defend against heaps of attacks. Just, let us do our thing.”
Kara huffed and leant her head on her hand and waited. It took another half hour, eight muffins (four for her) and six coffees until Winn launched his hands in the air with a cry of victory.

“Yess!”

“Nice!” Michael was saying appreciatively. “May I?”

Winn handed the laptop back and took a sip of his now cold coffee and winced before cracking his hands.

“Alright, if I go in as Admin I could….” He mumbled off to himself and to be honest, Kara had no idea what he was saying as he talked himself through the process.

It took another fifteen minutes before he nodded to himself. “Got it. I’m in,” he said and looked over at Kara and then at Jess. “What is it you’re after?”

“I want the video feed of Miss Luthor’s office,” Jess replied quietly, putting her phone down.

“She doesn’t have camera’s in her office,” Michael said confused.

“Yes, she does,” Jess, Kara and Winn said in unison and then Winn winced and Kara looked awkwardly at the far wall.

“And you know that how?” Jess drawled, suspicious and not trying to hide it.

“Um, Lena, um Lena told me. Yup, she told me one time…..” Kara trailed off and fiddled with her glasses and then smiled encouragingly at Michael. “So can you find it then?”

Michael blinked slowly and then looked back at the computer screen. “If she backs it up to her own sever, but uses the L-Corp one as a base, I should be able to track it back through to where she keeps her own data…..”

He gave it a few goes and then handed it to Winn, rolling his fingers together and letting the more rested tech expert give it a go.

“Oooh, I know where I’ve seen this before!” His face was lit and she could see the metaphorical lightbulb above his head. “It’s similar to the code that was on that footage that-” he cut himself off quickly and looked meaningfully at Kara as Jess and Michael looked at them confused. “That Miss Luthor sent to your sister at the FBI.”

Kara nodded slowly, just once, to show she understood, feeling a flicker of betrayal flare into life in her chest.

“Give me a second,” Winn continued and after a few minutes he tapped a button finally and moved the laptop to the edge of the table and angled it to face the four. It was from a high corner in Lena’s office and showed the entrance and up to her desk, in very, very impressive definition. “I found the feed and got the date and the time. The alarm went off at one thirty-five so if we just scroll back…” He trailed off and clicked a few buttons and a man was seen entering the room. Winn pressed play.

“Check the volume,” Jess suggested and after casting her a glance he obeyed and they leant forward to listen.

The news broke on CatCo’s platforms first and within an hour all media outlets in the city were running the ‘leaked’ footage and Lena Luthor standing before her would-be murderer with her hands raised pleading for her employees’ lives was the headlining photo.
In her friend’s room Kara muted the television as another channel played the footage for what felt like the hundredth time and she closed her eyes, just a moment, to rest them. People all over the city and the world were commenting on Lena’s bravery and courage and the tone of social media had changed and they were all wishing her a speedy recovery. Most of the protesting groups, the anti-Luthor’s- had fallen silent at the chilling footage, but one or two still maintained that this proved what a bad person all Luthor’s were and how many would have died if James didn’t have the compassion to wait until the building was evacuated.

Kara was exhausted, even for a Super. She had cried when she’d seen the footage, so had Jess, finally being able to see what little she had heard and realised what her boss had offered for her employees. Winn and Michael had seemed shaken and even the tech expert had come away from the small, illegal activity meeting, with respect for Lena that he hadn’t before. Of course he did go on to tell the DEO who had hacked them, which, had actually been expected, but they couldn’t do much about it. Kara had warned them off her and for the moment they obeyed. She’d taken a flash drive of the footage, after making sure Winn and Michael closed the gaps they made in Lena’s firewalls, and had delivered it immediately to James. He’d understood her silent request the moment he saw the footage and had put the entire thing online, and Snapper had written the accompanying article himself, hailing Lena as a hero.

But now Kara was just tired, it had been a long afternoon and week without Lena, and so she was enjoying the quiet in her hospital room. Her phone vibrated and she checked it to see a message from Alex and sighed, rising to her feet and forgetting that she had pulled the trolley closer to her. She sent it reeling into the side of the bed and winced at the loud sound it made and the rattle that shook Lena’s bed when they collided.

Lena’s heart rate, which had been steady and reassuring up til that point, spiked and Kara froze.

“Lena?” She asked curiously and pushed the trolley away, maybe with a bit too much force at it went rolling towards the door( a burst of super-speed caught it before it could smash against something else).

The heart rate continued to rise and she stood carefully over the bed and watched as Lena’s breathing quickened and her eyelids started to flicker.

“Lena,” she asked again, taking the hand that lay next to her. Lena’s skin was warm and soft and smooth, with delicate blue veins and soft palm lines and she ran the tip of her thumb over them and Lena’s fingers twitched.

Kara’s eyes flashed to her face and she watched as her lids flickered and bright green eyes slowly blinked open. Lena was awake.

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SNEAK PEAK:

“So… she threatened Supergirl, huh?” He asked cheekily as they exited the elevator and walked across the lobby.

“Argh! Shut up, Clark!” She gave him a playful shove, one that would have tossed a human several feet.

“Aww, has my liddle widdle couzy got a crush?” He teased her lightly and she glared at him as he
threw and arm around her shoulder and gave her a squeeze. “Come on. I’ll buy you lunch and you can tell me all about it.”

Chapter End Notes

What?! Two chapters in two days! Spoilt ;p So, I am aiming for about forty parts, maybe, so like 150-200k words, we will see how long it takes, so this is like a guess. *shrugs* I have some more things planned just yet- Lex, Cadmus, Lena's powers.... :D And of course, the ending! :D

All mistakes are mine, and if you're enjoying it, drop in and say hi :D I may not always reply, but I do read them and they make me happy. Mwah!
Lena sighed in relief as she settled back on the hard hospital mattress, her tubes and needles having been removed, though they left behind a dull ache of where they had been. It had been a hectic twenty-four hours, and she hadn’t seen a friendly face since she woke to Kara looking down at her.

Almost immediately the nurses and doctors had swarmed her room and taken her away for tests and scans and she was thoroughly pleased to see the backs of them. She liked being poked and prodded by strangers as much as the next person, but then she thought of Kara and figured she’d probably beam at them even as they stabbed her with needles. Lena shuddered. She hated needles. It was hard for her, she didn’t remember anything from that morning, when apparently someone had tried to kill her by blowing up her building, but she couldn’t recall it. Nothing but flashes anyway, the gaze from her window, blue and gold and sunshine, and fire.

She’d also heard, though gossip and the nurses, that she’d been in a coma for a little over a week, and that the L-Corp Tower had been destroyed, though Superman and Supergirl had kindly removed the rubble for her. Which was curious—the super’s never seemed to care much about the mess once the ‘bad-guys’ had been taken care of. She’d shed a tear of relief in knowing that her employees had been evacuated without any casualties, thankful that they were okay. Jess had shown up as soon as Kara had been thrown out, and she’d brought with her one of Lena’s laptops from home, a portable Wi-Fi box, some spare clothes, flowers—to join the admittedly large pile dotting the corner of her room, a new cell phone and SIM, and a whole folder of paper-work—though to be fair she’d been apologetic as she handed it over before she was escorted back out of the hospital.

Lena had asked one of the nurses—a portly no-nonsense woman—to plug both of them in while she was taken for her tests and scans—apparently her survival without a scratch and with some memory loss was hailed as a miracle—as she’d been in a coma for eight days since the towers collapse and they couldn’t figure out why. So now she was showered, thankfully—though having a matronly stranger helping her unresponsive body to the shower had been…an experience—and was wearing her own clothes underneath the unflattering hospital gown—she made a mental note to give Jess a raise or a generous Christmas Bonus—and was ready to catch up on what she’d missed. She didn’t even want to touch the mound of paper-work, and though the doctors had warned her to take it slow, she had a job to do, a rebuild to manage, and a reputation to maintain—but before that a little web surfing couldn’t hurt.

A quick google of her name and she was startled by the hits that came up: Luthor saves employees, CEO sacrifices self to evacuate building, and her favourite, Alien hater shows xenophobia doesn’t extend to humanity (Fox, of course-honestly). There were video’s, blogs, reviews, letters to the editors, social media posts, and all sorts of commentary on the first page alone and she was startled by the thumbnail on the video’s—of her facing off with a white guy in a lab coat—and wondered who had gotten it and how.

The news was very informative; she learnt that one of her employees, former employees, had come to her office and tried to blow the building but she had asked him to spare the lives of her employees. He had agreed and had then blown the building once everyone had been evacuated, how Lena got out she didn’t know.

Her mouse hovered over the link, ‘L-Corp CEO saves employees in ‘leaked’ footage’ and then clicked on it. It was exactly what the title said, a link to a video hosted on CatCo servers and was
evidence of her actions, brave or foolish or otherwise. Her throat went tight as she watched herself beg for the lives of her employees- helped by subtitles along the bottom, how considerate- but wished they hadn’t uploaded the footage of her saying she didn’t have anyone, or aligning herself with her last name-but from the comments, most people were in awe of her. It was …humbling to see.

‘Wow! I can’t believe how brave she is! Good on her!’

‘Bloody hell! What a psycho!’ –she didn’t know if that was directed at her or not.

‘Wow, so he tries to kill her and she tries to save him? Okay…’

‘Right, so an employee conveniently decides to blow the place and she evacuates the building and then has a convenient safe-room that somehow survives the plummet, like, ten stories? Sure, Jan.’

Okay, so some of the comments were a little sceptical and disbeliefing that it wasn’t just a stunt, but they were drowned out by the others who had rallied in support of her like they never had. She read a lot more articles, catching the image of her fallen building and feeling her breath catch, and caught up on all the news on her and her company since.

A quick check of the stock market and L-Corp was holding steady, even though it showed a great decline (obviously when the building blew up) and then a sudden increase (which must have been when the footage was leaked) the value was still lower than before the accident, but was much higher than she expected. So, that was good news. The bad news was that her entire building had been lost and years of research and planning and design had been destroyed and her employees were now jobless, maybe, unless she could get them back on track.

She opened up her emails to find over a four-hundred of them and sighed, that was just ridiculous. First things first, she needed to contact her lawyers and set up a conference call with Jess so that she could start the rebuilding process. At that thought she reached for the cell-phone resting on her bedside table and brought it close. It was fully charged and had a few numbers programmed in, Jess, her mothers, Kara’s, the lawyers and other important people to herself and L-Corp. She flicked Jess a text first, asking her if she were free to help her and thanking her for her assistance. Then she gently tapped out a message to Kara. She had no idea what to say to the blonde, or how to say it, and instead settled on. ‘Hey. It’s Lena.’

Groaning at her idiocy she tossed the phone down by her leg and lifted them both to help brace her computer. Typing one-handed was difficult, but she would manage. Maybe she should down-load some of that voice-to-text software, but she didn’t really like thinking out loud, and didn’t want anyone else to hear her, so she scratched that idea.

She scrolled through the most important emails and then settled down to reply. Her phone vibrated and she held her lap-top with her cast, noting it had been changed from its previous rainbow glory, and reached for it.

It was Jess, an enthusiastic reply from her loyal assistant and she opened up skype to talk to her, thankful her assistant had the hindsight to add her headphones to the electronics she’d brought over.

Disappointed but not knowing why, she let her cell slip down beside her and continued on with her work. It was a lot to get through, but one of the first things she did was compose a letter to her employees, thanking them for the loyalty to L-Corp and to her-she’d read their social media comments as well as seen interviews- and expressed how touched she was by them rallying around her. She told them that she was in the process of discussing L-Corp’s next moves and while she would be more than willing to give them a reference for their next employment, she hoped they
would stay with her. Their wages would be seen to until the next quarter regardless—which, that would be a headache, but she wasn’t a multi-millionaire for nothing and she’d pay them out of her own pocket if necessary- and she’d issue another statement as soon as her lawyers and board had come to a decision. She was heartfelt but to the point, she wasn’t one of those people to beat around the bush, preferring honesty and transparency in her life and business.

Then she discussed business with Jess long into the night, ignoring the nurses when they came past and gently reminded her she should be resting—she’d sniggered and told them she could rest when she was dead. The same woman who appeared to be the nurse in charge of her—the one who plugged in her devices and bathed her—snorted and said she had very nearly had that rest, which had been sobering—not that people hadn’t tried to kill her before, but no one had ever come that close.

Still, the door was closed, and she could see the silhouette of police officers outside, which, she would have to investigate that later, and she continued working well into the night. Her phone was still silent and her eyes were sore and straining to read the black and white text. A quiet knock at the door drew her attention and she glanced up to see Supergirl gently peaking around the corner.

The Super seemed nervous and had a bouquet of flowers in her hand, something you’d buy from a florist for fair price; something not too cheap, but also something not overly expensive.

“Oh, you’re awake! Hi,” she waved the flowers a little, and a petal fell off and glided gently to the floor. The Super was watching it fall, a twist to her lips and then she wiggled her nose and looked at Lena. Her blue eyes were glowing out of her features, the only colour she could see on her face and she stepped forward into the room, gently easing the door shut behind her. Something about the movement seemed familiar, but she couldn’t place it.

“Hi,” she said again and hesitantly offered her the flowers. “I’ll, uh, I’ll just leave these over here….” She walked over to the corner of the room where the nurses had been kind enough to bring in a table and it was overflowing with flowers of all shapes, sizes, and colours. She was very thankful she didn’t get hay fever or anything, she could almost start her own florist shop with the amount of flowers she’d been given.

“Supergirl,” Lena finally found her voice and straightened a little on the bed, wincing in discomfort. She didn’t like being so vulnerable before the Super, well, anyone really, but someone with supernatural abilities especially. “I suppose I have you to thank for my rescue?” That was one part of her memory that was blank, and the media hadn’t really help out with that, but she did remember having a safe-room, but didn’t remember getting to it, even as the footage showed she had, and she wondered how she had survived the fall. Her engineered room was good, but it wasn’t that good.

“Ahm,” Supergirl ran her fingers through her hair awkwardly. “Actually, no… we don’t know how you survived….only that you did.”

Lena frowned and looked over at the super as she stood awkwardly at the foot of her bed. “Take a seat,” she directed the hero while she thought.

“I don’t—I don’t remember what happened,” Lena said eventually on an exhale. “I remember… James, his face, and… fire… and um, the city?” Her head hurt and she reached up to hold it, knowing as she did that it wouldn’t do anything, but people were stupid that way.

Supergirl sat awkwardly on the visitor chair, her cape over her knees and was toying with the end. “You saved a lot of people, your entire building!” She met Lena’s eyes and then looked down at her hands, uncharacteristically nervous. “It was—it was really brave,” the Super frowned then and shook her head. “No-wait, not that it wasn’t brave,” she elaborated and Lena raised an eyebrow. Something about her was niggling at the back of her mind, but she couldn’t concentrate through her headache.
“Because it was! It was really, really brave!” Supergirl hesitated. “It was also really stupid.”

Lena’s eyes narrowed. “And flying an alien spacecraft into orbit isn’t?” She was referring to the incident earlier in the year when a group of aliens had decided to kill the human race when enslaving them wasn’t an option and Supergirl had almost died in flying them into space.

Supergirl’s blue eyes narrowed. “That was to save people.”

“Case in point,” Lena replied and reached for her water. She took a pensive sip. “The Luthor name has killed enough people,” she said bluntly and Supergirl blinked. “I didn’t want it to be responsible for the deaths of more.”

Supergirl met her gaze squarely for a moment and then ran her eyes over her form. “You apparently suffered no additional injuries and your brain scans came back clean. Would you like to tell me why that is?” Her voice was strong and confident, more reassured discussing this than her own admittedly suicidal actions, but she had saved her staff, so there was that.

“Want to explain how you know that?” Lena returned her gaze even and her heart was thumping dangerously as she challenged the alien opposite her. “If I recall correctly—from the few lectures I attended on law—health professionals are not allowed to disclose any personal information to the public or any other party without the permission of the patient, and as I was in a coma, and my medical attorney wouldn’t have allowed it, you must have gotten your information elsewhere. Warrant?”

Supergirl’s lips twitched. “I read it was a year of law.”

“Nine months,” Lena offered and ducked her head into her shoulder. “I had a crush on the lecturer,” then she sighed. “So…warrant?”

Supergirl lifted her shoulder in a shrug. “DEO hack,” she said squarely, meeting Lena’s eye head on.

“Touché,” Lena replied and leant back in her bed. “How was my server accessed? My contractor worked very hard to make it inaccessible, so I’d be very interested to know who and how.”

“Quid pro quo,” the superhero leant back in her chair and folded her arms. She looked impressive, even casually reclining on the hard chair in the dim light.

“Fair enough,” Lena shifted her lap-top, deciding she wasn’t going to be getting any work done tonight. “Though immunity in regard to alleged illegal hacking activities would go both ways,” her voice was tipped with playful poison, a cat toying with a mouse. “My lawyers would be very interested to find the person or persons, or Government Agency?” She emphasised innocently, “Responsible for hacking into my security network.”

“As would the government agency I work with. They were hacked recently, and the code used was similar to the one on your security network.”

“Coincidence, I’m sure,” Lena’s heart was thumping in her chest and a fire was running through her veins. It reminded her of destroying her enemies in the boardroom, only this time it was a woman in blue and red with untameable power she was facing down. How thrilling.

“Doubtful. I know you are good with computers.” The Super winced at the confession and then schooled her features blank. Curious.

“Alright, Supergirl,” Lena sighed and the Super perked up, looking like a summoned puppy. “I’ll tell you how I survived, if you tell me who hacked my servers,” she hesitated and tilted her head to the
side. “My contractor would be very interested to know the…breach.”

“Deal. You go first,” Supergirl narrowed her eyes.

Lena ducked her shoulder. “Alright, fine. I don’t know how I survived,” she said and saw the frown flit across the aliens face. “No, really,” she added seeing the sceptical look. “I-when I see the fire,” she tapped her head with her right index finger. “I remember standing inside a room and a door closing in front of me and its hot… so hot. Like, -I spent a summer in Rarotonga once, with a, ah, friend, and one of the things tourists do is they go to the airport and stand behind the aeroplanes as they take off. It’s like being in a furnace. It was like that,” she said, locking eyes with the hero’s. “Hot and warm and burning. Then there’s nothing,” she shook her head and sighed. “I-I don’t remember anything of that day, nothing clear at any case.”

Supergirl was leaning forward, disbelieving. “There must be more to it!”

Abruptly tired she leant her head back on the pillow and closed her eyes. “I don’t remember. Would I lie to you?”

There was a moments silence from the Super and she nodded to herself. “Figured.”

“No, I…believe you…it’s just, you should have died.”

A wave of hurt rolled through her following the statement. “You sound disappointed,” she drawled, too tired to open her eyes.

“No!” The response was a surprise. “No, never!” She flickered an eye open to see the hero on her feet, eyes blazing. “I-we may disagree on some things,” Lena ducked her head a bit in agreement, “but I never want you to die! You are a good person, Lena Luthor. You’re going to help me make more of a difference.”

“Mh,” Lena hummed in response and closed her eye again. It was nice to be defended, even if it was by the self-righteous hero. “So, how was my server hacked? Deal’s a deal.”

The super huffed. “Deals a deal,” she sighed. “A friend of mine from the DEO and one of your people.”

Lena’s eyes flashed open and she turned to look at the super curiously.

Supergirl was smiling, almost fondly. “Michael someone? Your assistant wanted some help to make-uhm, what do you know of the days after the bombing?”

“I read up on it,” Lena said slowly, knowing that the rumours hadn’t held her in pleasant light, at least until the leak of her security video.

“Right, okay. Well your assistant wasn’t allowed to tell people what she knew, that you asked her to evacuate the building,” there was a touch of awe in her tone as she spoke. “So, w-sheee and Kara Danvers got some friends together and hacked into your network.” The Super lifted a shoulder in shrug. “I don’t know how they did it, you’ll have to ask them.”

“Kara?” Lena leant back again, relaxing into the lumpy bed, a smile on her lips as she closed her eyes. “How sweet.”

Supergirl hovered awkwardly by the bed, she could almost feel her fidget and thought that it was such a human trait.
“If you are able to give me a few days to sort L-Corp out I’ll help you with your,” Lena lifted her left hand it her fingers looked off in the cast as she tried to find the word. “Your social justice crusade.”

Supergirl perked up. “I wanted to like visit schools and stuff…. I mean, I’ve done a little of that, but not like, speaking and stuff…”

“I have been considering it,” Lena said, looking down at her fingers and then looking at the puzzled hero once again. “I know you want to help, but maybe… maybe it would be best if you stayed out of earth’s social affairs.”

Supergirl’s jaw dropped and she looked wounded. “But why? I can help! You thought that I should!”

“My vision of justice is different to yours, Supergirl,” Lena cut in, voice darkening dangerously. “I’d have them punished for their sins, and not just sent to prison or fined or given community service.” She swallowed down her emotions, feeling them rising to the surface and threatening to cloud her judgement. She couldn’t afford a slip. In and out. In and out. Breathe. Focus. Don’t go there. Think of something else.

After a few moments where Supergirl remained quiet and let her gather her composure she tried again. “I am wary of giving someone so much power, when you already have enough…”

“You said I can use my influence to make a difference,” Supergirl said slowly, brow furrowed. “If I-I have that influence anyway… so I may as well use it for good. Isn’t that why you named re-named L-Corp?”

Lena felt her eyes narrow and Supergirl lifted a shoulder in a shrug. “I keep up with the news,” she offered in explanation. “You already had the power,” she pointed out in reference to Luthor Corp’s money and influence. “You just wanted to make it good. To make a difference. How is that different?”

“Because I can and will and have been accountable for my actions, Supergirl,” Lena shot back quickly. “You, however, are not. There is no prison that can hold you, no chain that can restrain you, no weapon to hurt you.” She didn’t mention the Kryptonite, knew she didn’t have to.

Kara ducked her head in quiet acknowledgement. “You said I didn’t know what it meant to be weak, to be afraid,” she said quietly and looked at her hands, eyeing the blue material that kept her sleeves down over her palms. “But- I have been afraid, and I’ve been weak and,” her throat bobbed as she swallowed. “I’ve ignored cries for help and I’ve heard and seen the aftermath. I-,” her voice caught.

“I’ve lived on a Campus. I’ve heard some of the things that happen when people have had too much to drink, and, and walk home alone, and I-” Lena felt her respect for the Super grow. “I have power, you’re right, and maybe I shouldn’t use it. But I can make a difference if I help, and if I go and talk to people-kids especially- and can show them that they can be brave even if they are scared, that they can be strong enough to ask for help, that they can help people, that they can save themselves, then why shouldn’t I? If you changed your mind, then maybe you’re not the woman I thought you were…. Supergirl trailed off uncomfortably after her outburst and Lena swallowed her ire.

“You have no idea what I’ve-” she cut herself off abruptly. In and out. In and out. Her chest ached with her breathing. The Super twitched on the chair and she shot her a glare and she settled back into the seat with her hands raised peacefully.

“I do just want to help, to make a difference,” the Super said quietly after a few repetitions of Lena’s controlled breathing.
Lena sighed, letting her chest empty itself, ignoring the pain. “You’re right, I apologise. I know you’ve been hurt before and I know you’ve been scared, that was… short-sighted of me and I am sorry.”

Supergirl smiled over at her and something about the smile stirred at the back of her mind but she ignored it. “If I go to more schools and talk to the kids about bullying, and speak for refuge shelters, and for like, gay teens, and it helps just one person, makes just one life easier, then wouldn’t it be worth it? I know I can’t stop it all, that pain is a part of nature, but I feel like I’m not trying enough.”

Lena thought for a long moment, a moment so long it stretched into minutes. Was it right to give one person both physical and political power? To give them, to help them, basically, change society? Pain was inevitable, she knew that, but Supergirl was a hero, a champion of justice, and if she stood up, raised her voice, if it changed one life, was it worth basically handing her the power to do as she wished.

“I said I trusted you,” she said eventually and lifted her gaze to the Super’s. She was beaming at the confession, and she had such a pretty smile. It was familiar, somehow, but she didn’t have the brain power to ponder it at the moment. “And I do trust you, for the most part. I trust that you genuinely want to help, to make a difference… but so did Lex.” The Super’s face fell at the mention of her brother and Lena gave her a wry smile. “There are already celebrities and public figures that have lent their support and heft to shelters, to causes, to school programs, and they’re just ordinary humans.”

“With influence,” Supergirl pointed out, pointedly, and it was odd to hear the underlying tone of, it wasn’t jealousy, but it was something else, something Lena couldn’t put her name on, hurt maybe?

“Yes, humans with influence,” Lena added and the Super crossed her arms.

“That’s a bit xenophobic,” she offered mutinously.

“Fact,” the Luthor ducked her head in disagreement. “But I’ll not debate that with you now. I said I’d help you help people, but we’ll do it my way.”

“And what way is that?” And Lena didn’t miss the cautious note to her voice and she smiled over at her. Good, she was wary, that’d make her on guard for manipulation from others.

“You go to these other organisations and you ask them how you can help,” Lena said and watched as the Super listened to her explain how she should go about it. She wouldn’t operate outside of the organisations she was supporting, she would work with them, inside them.

“I do work with a team,” she offered, frowning slightly when Lena again emphasised that she would do as the PR experts for the organisations advised.

“Good, then you know that other people are the best at certain aspects of the team, and you stay out of their way so they can do their jobs.”

“I don’t want to be just a mascot,” Supergirl was frustrated and Lena let her voice soften.

“But you are,” she emphasised quietly. “You are an icon, a symbol for what humanity can hope to be. You, more so than your cousin, are a guide, a guardian of humanity. You’re a teacher, willing to shed light on the truth, but only once humanity as lit the match.” She shook of her terrible attempt at a metaphor- she was a science girl, not an English girl.

“You’re an idea,” Lena said quietly and tilted her head to look at the Super. It was hard to tell in the dark, but she may have been blushing. “You will- did your college have a football team?”
Supergirl nodded.

“You’re like the mascot, the pride, the ideal, the driving force behind the passion. Your face is the one on the flags and uniforms, you- you give a connection, a way for the people to connect with what you stand for, your history, your ideals, your-” Lena lifted her hand around as she tried to find the words for what she was thinking, feeling. The Super looked to finally be understanding.

“You might not be the team captain, or a couch, or the star player who wins the games, but you are what the fans will remember, and they will associate you with that team, and all the team is.”

Lena frowned, not sure she should become a motivational speaker any time soon, if her current speech were anything to go by. Her metaphors were surely falling flat.

“Think of Mickey Mouse, or Ronald McDonald, or-or the bald bloody eagle! It doesn’t matter,” Lena shook her head. Thankfully she wasn’t an English student and instead had three science and engineering degrees-Mastery, of course. “The point is the mascot unifies the people, it embodies all the team stands for. That is your purpose here, if you want to help without throwing your weight around. You’ll motivate people to be their own heroes.”

Supergirl blinked. “I could be Mickey Mouse. Can you picture me with ears?” She was smiling as she brought her hands up to her ears and cupped them a little. She looked adorable, not that Lena would ever admit that, and it reminded her of something Kara would do.

“Argh,” Lena leant back on her bed with an exasperated sigh. Her brief moment of English brilliance fading away.

Supergirl smiled at her. “I get it, thank you,” she said softly and Lena nodded tiredly.

Lena shifted on the bed, yawned and reached for her computer again and moved it off her bed and onto the table. She rubbed her eyes and Supergirl rose quickly. “Oh, I forgot. You need to rest,” she said and offered Lena a half smile that seemed familiar. “I’ll, um, give you my number!”

She dug around, so quickly Lena couldn’t see, and then clicked it open. “Um, what’s your new number?” Seeing Lena’s sceptical look she added, “So I can ring you to talk about it…later. Maybe?”

Lena silently handed over her phone, having not had the time yet to memorise the number. Supergirl smiled as she put her number in and then looked up through her lashes. “You aren’t gonna use it to try track me, are you?”

Lena was exhausted, and perhaps that was why she answered so candidly. “Why would I do that?” She asked with a lazy smile. “You seem to be coming to me.”

The hero went still and her eyes widened, maybe in surprise and Lena let her eyes fall closed. “Good night, Supergirl.”

“Night, erm morning, Miss Luthor,” there was a hint of a smile to the hero’s voice and her footsteps faded, the door opening and shutting behind her with a click.

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The day after she awoke from her coma Lena Luthor left National City Hospital A.M.A, and strode from the building with her aviators on amid flashing lights, camera’s and questions being shouted at her. David was waiting with the car, door open and eyes sharp as he scanned the crowd and one of her body guards, a slender, olive-skinned brunette woman who called herself Bella, kept a hand
behind her back as she guided Lena through the gathered press to the car.

“Miss Luthor!” David was smiling at her and offered his closed fist for a fist bump and she returned it with a half-smile and ducked into the car. Bella closed the door behind her and moved around to the passenger seat, slipping between the gathered bodies with ease.

“I want to see it,” she said as the doors opened and Bella and David entered the vehicle. The doors closed and the silence inside the vehicle was brief.

She caught David’s dark eyes in the rear-view mirror and he gave her a nod, understanding what she wanted.

“How do you feel about take-out?” He enquired as he checked his mirrors and pulled out of the loading bay, camera-men and photographers jumping out of the way of the vehicle.

“Very strongly,” Lena sighed with her head back on the head-rest.

David listed a few options on the way and she waved her hand. “Choose whatever, David. What do you want?” She asked Bella and the woman turned her gaze from the window.

“I don’t eat junk food,” she said, speaking each word precisely and with the hint of an accent that Lena couldn’t place. She’d been trying since she first hired the woman after she’d had the Kryptonite delivered and was told the hit on her had skyrocketed. She was fluent in about four languages, had some special forces training, was a martial arts expert, and could fly helicopters or planes. She was also an expert marksman. David had helped her with choosing a bodyguard, talking to some of his ex-military buddies about who would do a good job, and had then sat down with the candidates and helped her choose.

Her other bodyguard was called Vince, a tall and well-built blonde who looked like he ought to feature as the pretty-white lead in a blockbuster film, probably in a singlet showing his arms, or maybe (even better) in a pair of board-shorts and coming out of the ocean in slow-motion. A girl could day-dream.

“Fair enough,” Lena shifted her head. “Go wherever you want, David.”

“Right-o,” David nodded and flicked the radio on to some chart-hit station and let the music fill their silence as they drove. They stopped by the first fast-food outlet on the way and David guided them through the drive-through and ordered, handing over a bunch of bills before handing the take-out back to Lena.

She dove into her burger with relish, silently offering the fries to Bella, who shook her head silently, and David continued driving. She tried to avoid greasy meals with zero health benefits, but sometimes she just craved carbs. She was wiping her hand on a napkin when David pulled to a stop and she took a steadying breath.

Drawing her composure to her she set her features and made sure her glasses were settled and then opened the door. Bella was already looking about her and Lena spared her a glance, knowing she’d keep an eye out for any threats, and got out of the car.

They were parked in a loading zone before one of the storefronts near the fallen tower and Lena couldn’t smother her cry as she took in the crumbled remains of her workplace. L-Corp had been her baby, a way for her to make a difference, a way to take back her family name and legacy, and it was in rubble with police tape surrounding it and a few security guards keeping an eye out.

Pulled forward by a force she couldn’t explain she walked across the concrete, noting it was covered
in a weird thick layer of...muck. The security guards paused as she approached and made a move to speak to her but she ignored them, removing her glasses and giving them a look and ducked under the tape and moved towards her building.

It was hard to explain how she felt staring at the broken remains of her hope, and she allowed herself one moment of weakness; a sigh and the closing of her eyes.

“Miss Luthor.” It was Bella and she turned her head in acknowledgement of her speaking. “People are starting to take photos. I’d feel safer if we go you out of here soon.”

She lifted her hand in acknowledgement and heard Bella move away but she couldn’t turn from her broken dreams.

“Miss Luthor,” Bella repeated a few minutes later and Lena sighed and lifted her glasses to her eyes.

Taking a deep breath she turned and started to walk back towards the car. Bella was right; passerby’s had noticed her arrival and had their phones pointed at her, no doubt ready to sell their footage or pictures to the press and make a quick buck.

The magnitude of what she faced was obvious; the rebuilding of her tower-if that were even possible, and then the rebuilding of all of their hard work, and her employees would need to be taken care of, and the lawyers, and the insurance. She was booked solid for the next few days with meetings and had arranged for a meeting with her staff on the next Wednesday, (it was currently Tuesday afternoon) once she hopefully had some knowledge of their future, she could understand their anxiousness; they had bills to pay, but she hoped her decision to keep them paid until the next quarter eased their burdens for the moment.

There was a camera shoved in her face, over Bella’s arm, and she ignored it as she got to the car. David had the car running and was standing by her open door and guided her inside with a hand on her back as the cameras were shoved in her direction.

“Home please, David,” she instructed tiredly after the door shut. She closed her eyes and allowed the weight of her last name to rest heavily on her shoulders for a moment more, just a moment. The movement of the car jolting from park broke her brief respite and she straightened, accepting the burden of the Luthor crown, after all, what else did she have? Like she’d told James, she didn’t have anything else. Just a heavy crown and a broken kingdom.

Chapter End Notes

Who gets a three day weekend? You guys do :p (or Thursday-Sat, depending where you live). I am loving seeing my comments, thanks so much all. Mwah!

@WhiteTiger: Are you still around? I’d like to know your thoughts on Kara and Lena's discussion. You brought up some insights on an earlier chapter. I hope this resolves some of the concerns you had :D

@JHeda: No cliffhangers, are you alive? lol

Thank you all for your enthusiasm :D Mwah! Also, anyone else love my final line as
much as I do? lol
Soooo don’t expect a three-day weekend this week- not feeling it :) As always, thank you for reading and reviewing. (Yes, my comma’s were the bane of my English teachers existence :D :D :D I use far too many and have yet to break myself of the habit, sorry )

I’ll reply to your comments on the last chapter/this one in the morning.

Mwah!

“D’ya wanna tell me what’s wrong?” Alex enquired as Kara sighed for what felt like the thousandth time and let her blank cell-phone fall onto her belly. It was a new one, as she may or may not have crushed it in her fist when she saw the video footage of Lena and James. It had taken her a while to get a new one, Winn and the DEO had special tech to make it stronger and to make it more durable for her speed and strength. She had missed Lena’s text message, to her furry, and had sent her a message as soon as she got it and then had to send a few more apologising for the late hour and ‘oh my god I’m so sorry I’ll let you sleep! Sweet dreams x’.

Kara let out a deep breath and rolled her head on the cushion to look over at Alex. The two were lying on Alex’s couch watching Netflix and had a pile of junk food, already mostly eaten admittedly, but the thought was there. Kara had been looking at her phone on and off since Alex had gotten here, about three hours ago, and she’d sigh when she saw it wasn’t lighting up with a notification.

“I’m just- Lena hasn’t gotten back to me about lunch,” she said, doing her best impression of a kicked puppy, pouting lips and sorrowful eyes.

“She has to rebuild L-Corp. She’s busy Kara,” Alex said and shifted on the couch to better look at her sister.

“Yeah,” Kara sighed and fiddled with the corner of a pillow. “I know….”

“Hey,” Alex hedged, cautiously deciding to approach the topic. “I did see her at the OneLove rally, is she-?”

“I dunno!” Kara burst out and then flushed. “She, ah, she didn’t give me an answer.”

“You don’t just ask someone if their gay, Kara!” Alex exclaimed aghast. Kara leant back on the side of the couch, it creaking with the force of her movement.

“Argh, I know! I just, she was there and I thought-Supergirl asked her anyway!”

Alex went still. “Supergirl asked Lena Luthor if she were gay at pride rally?” Her voice rose to a squeak and then she doubled over laughing.

“Alex!” Kara protested going red.
“OhMyGod! If the internet got a holda that!” Alex sniggered and dodged the pillow Kara tossed at her.

“Shuddup!” Kara grumbled and reached for the bowl of popcorn. “You’re the worst,” she announced and popped some popcorn into her mouth.

“Oh come on, Kara,” Alex smiled good-naturedly. “Surely you saw the twitter comments and stuff that came from you at the rally!”

Kara lifted her shoulder a little. “Well, yeah… I saw a few of them…but I haven’t been on since…”

Alex straightened and wiped her eyes a little and then snatched her phone from the coffee table. “C’mere,” she said and shifted and patted the area next to her. Kara sped to her side and curled up next to her as Alex started to scroll through the Supergirl tag and twitter mentions. A lot of the internet had lost their shit at seeing Supergirl at a-for all purposes-pride rally with her face painted and emerging from the rainbow balloons. There were heaps of photo’s of her with LGTB+ and even one she saw of her and Lena, which made both Alex and Kara pause. This was the photo that had sparked the fire that grew torrid and wild on social media (and on mainstream media where it was just gossip with the hint of something more).

Supergirl had her cheeks painted rainbow and the pride flag tied around her shoulders, a gust of wind billowing it out behind her. Lena looked stunning, eyes dark as she leant in to speak with Supergirl and it was one of the most popular photos from the event, second only to Supergirl flying through her rainbow balloons. Kara swallowed and Alex cast her a glance before clicking on the post. It had over a million notes and many Tumblr users were, well, losing their shit in the tags.

‘OMG! This is like the modern day Romeo and Juliet!’

‘Supergirl is gAY? OMG OMG OMG!’

‘WHat the shit!!!!’

‘SupergirlxLena 4eva!’

‘OMG, Lena look’s thirsty af!’

‘Haha. Look at SG! Girl looks shook!’

‘Omg, thy r so cute!’

‘I totes ship it!’

‘Okbfgkbsd THAT’S SO FUCKINGG HOT1!! *droolz8’

‘My new OTP!’


‘SuperxLena ship sets sail!’

‘lxkjnfdkgbjflkjdns OMG osdfnmlgfdgjfbg’

‘I just can’t! These two are so cute! I ship it!’

Most of the comments and tags were of a similar thread and Kara felt her heart thumping steadily in her chest as she read them. Alex was pointedly silent, just scrolling down the notes and then she
clicked open the SupergirlxLenaLuthor Tag on Tumblr.

There were photos and links to some articles. People had made fan art of them, nothing graphic
thank Rao, and had theories of when they met or started dating and even had a few ficlets of how
Supergirl felt when L-Corp fell and how she rescued her girlfriend. It was…. Odd, and Kara was an
alien who spent her teenage years on earth, so she was used to odd. This was so much more.

“What, argh, ew,” Alex said and quickly scrolled on down and Kara’s brows tightened.

“What?”

Alex was shaking her head hurriedly. “You don’t want to know, trust me.”

Kara shot her a sceptical look and Alex begrudgingly added, “Smut.”

It took Kara a moment before she flushed bright red. “What?! Ah! Alex!”

“Hey! They’ve been writing it! I told you, you didn’t want to know!”

They scrolled to the end of the tag, and then Alex exited out of it and went over to Twitter where she
looked up Supergirl. The same photo of her and Lena Luthor was in the top re-tweets and favourites.

“So…if she wasn’t asking you out, what was she saying?” Alex asked after a moments appraisal of
her sister. Kara was staring at the photo like it belonged in a museum of precious art and wasn’t just a
cheap-shot by a lucky photographer.

“Oh, um,” Kara rubbed her face nervously hiding her eyes for a moment. “She, ah, she was
threatening me-Supergirl.”

Alex tensed and her head snapped around quickly. “She what?!”

“No, not like that!” Kara correctly quickly and blushed a little. “She was threatening Supergirl to
keep me, um, Kara, safe…”

Alex relaxed slowly but narrowed her eyes suspiciously. “Right…” she drawled.

“It was actually kinda funny…..”

“Kara,” Alex hesitated and then seeing her sister’s wide eyes rallied. “Do you think, maybe, Lena
does care about you?”

“Well, yeah,” Kara said immediately, as though Alex had asked something obvious, like if the sky
were blue, or if potstickers were amazing. “She’s my friend. Why does everyone keep saying it like
that?”

Alex shook her head slowly. “And I’m not saying she isn’t,” she replied quietly, gently. “But maybe
she is starting to care about you more than as a friend?”

Kara looked at her fingers and rolled them nervously on her lap and then looked up at her sister
through her lashes. Her voice was quiet, a vulnerable undertone to it as she asked, “Do you really
think so?”

Seeing how much her answer meant to her sister Alex hesitated and nodded slowly. “I think she
cares about you a lot. I mean, you just said she threatened Supergirl over your-Kara’s-safety… think
of what would happen if that got out? Everything she’s done for L-Corp and her name would be
ruined, she’d never be able to come back from that.” Alex lifted her arm and Kara snuggled under it.
“She was prepared to do that to keep you safe.”

“Maybe she’s just being a good friend?” Kara asked quietly and Alex was torn, did she push and tell her sister that it looked like Lena at the very least had a crush on Kara, and force Kara to face her own feelings, or did she stay quiet and just let it be. As far as she knew, Kara had never shown an interest in women. Still, Kara was being difficult with the subject, even obtuse, so perhaps she should push.

“Maybe,” she said after a moments pause. “Would it be so bad if she was interested in you?”

Kara sniggered. “What? Who, me?” She nudged Alex. “No, no, no, no, no, no. I’m not-she’s not-where not. We’re just good friends, Alex. I don’t.”

“Hey,” Alex pulled Kara tighter as she started to stress. The denial was strong with this one. “I’m not saying you aren’t friends- I think that is obvious.” Kara beamed at the thought. “And if she does like you, that’s okay. If you don’t like her the same way, that’s okay. If you like her, that’s okay too.”

Kara grumbled. “I know that, Alex.”

“Then why’d you panic before, hm?” She shifted her legs on the couch and dropped her phone on the coffee table.

“I just-she’s sooo out of my league, Alex. She’s smart and pretty and funny, and sooo pretty when she smiles, Alex.” Kara perked up and Alex hid her knowing smile. “And when I get her to laugh, like, it just creeps up on her and she like, laughs it out, she soooo pretty…. And I’m… just me.” Kara’s face fell a little and she was back to being nervous and unsure, the confident bubbly girl that spoke of Lena was gone.

“Well ‘just me’, ” Alex kissed Kara’s head. “I think you’re pretty great.”

She could feel Kara’s eye roll.

“Come on, let’s keep watching.” She reached for the remote and pushed play and the opening credits of a Disney movie started. “Is the idea of you and Lena so terrible?” Kara tensed a little and Alex turned the volume up. “Sleep on it,” she suggested and the two settled into the rest of their movie night.

Was it such a terrible idea, Kara pondered to herself as Simba was presented to the animal kingdom. She and Lena got along well, bar the alien thing, and she would be happy to spend the rest of her life as Lena’s friend, seeing her smile, hearing her laugh, and even better, being the cause of it. The thought made her feel warm and fuzzy and floaty. It wasn’t such a terrible idea.

~*~

There was a reason night and darkness and shadow featured for the sinister plots of evil. Tonight was a night of starless skies and a cloud shrouded moon, and a soft layer of mist which a series of black vehicles emerged from. They drove slowly along the road, lights dim and vehicles purring silently and inside the men and women were in full combat gear.

“Five minutes out,” one of the men instructed and slowly the soldiers roused to alertness. They silently started to check their weapons and gear and the minutes passed quickly as they drove
onward.

“One minute.”

Through the darkened glass windows they could see the outline of a great concrete jungle ahead, lights all around and towers and fences.

“Let’s go!”

The lights roared on and the vehicles launched forward and there was a shout and then the crack of gunfire and the spit from the muzzles. The vehicles each had their own instructions and some roared around the perimeter, drawing fire and firing back and the middle one drove directly at the gate. It was heavily reinforced; a heavy, lumbering beast but it slammed into the gate of Metropolis Max at over fifty miles an hour, and the heavy steel gates cracked and buckled under the impact. Wheels tore at the concrete driveway and bullets cracked the windscreen as the vehicle reversed.

Inside the prison the alerts were ringing out and snipers were firing from the towers and personnel were scrambling on the ground.

“Phase One!” At the instruction there was a great groan, a powering down of the electricity and the building went blind, the power shut down.

The ram roared back at the gate and it groaned and creaked and with a metallic scream ripped the gate from its fortifications. Another lot of vehicles blazed up to the prison and screeched to a halt inside the inner walls, machine gun firing spitting at the guards and then up at the towers.

“Phase two!” Bellowed the leader and the personnel in the vehicles jumped out and scrambled for the inner doors. A few moments later there was an explosion at each side of the door and they forced their way through it.

The first few through were met with gunfire and fell, but one of them tossed a few grenades into the building and there was a shout of ‘Grenade!’ before there was a loud boom and the men swarmed in, red lights guiding their guns and night-vision goggles guiding their movements.

“Make a left!” The team was swift and efficient, something out of an action movie as they moved through the pre-determined route to the prison and slaughtered their way through the guards as they went. As they got closer to maximum lock-up the guard skill increased and many had to break formation and engage and they lost many men by the time they reached the steel shutters before the maximum wing of the prison.

These guards had their own night-vision goggles and were a force to be reckoned with and the leader pulled back. “CS, you’re up!”

A hulking figure with a large machine gun stomped his way through the corridor and over the dead bodies, blue eye appraising. He launched himself forward and blasted through the human guards, tossing them left and right and moving at a speed that defied human ability. When he was done the prison guards were nothing but piles of muscle and bone in a sack of skin.

“The door, if you would,” the leader asked, directing the cyborg at the final series of doors and he grunted and tore the steel from the concrete walls and crushed it between his hands. “Thank you,” the leader grunted politely and then strode forward into the high-risk area of the prison. A laser beam emerged past him and shot the prison guards here and they fell in smoking piles and he walked on.

The power croaked back to life and the trial of destruction the non-human had wrought was obvious. The dead were everywhere. Other prisoners were silent, though some came to the bars to beg rescue
and received bullets to their foreheads for the trouble. Eventually he came upon a cell and a man sitting cross-legged on the concrete, eyes closed and looking pale in the orange prisoner garb.

“You’re late,” he said and lifted his head and rose fluidly to his feet.

“Mr Luthor,” the leader said and spoke into his mouthpiece. “We are at the door. Open it.”

A few moments later and the door to Lex Luthor’s cell opened and the man strode through.

“I expected you forty three seconds ago, Markus.” Lex drawled as he started to walk down the hall, the soldiers falling around him as guards.

“I apologise, Sir. They proved worthy opponents.”

“Not to worthy, I hope. Ah! Hank! How are you!” He said and a genuine smile moved over his pale features when he saw the half-human, half robot.

“Luthor,” Henshaw ducked his head in greeting.

The extraction team continued silently through the rest of the building, moving quickly towards the exit.

Abruptly there was the ping of a gunshot and Lex Luthor went still and slowly, ever so slowly, turned to face the prison guard that dared fire upon him.

“What the fuck,” the guard breathed out and Lex examined the bullet hole in his shirt and lifted his gaze to smile at the guard.

Markus had his gun up and shot him in the forehead and his head went cracking back and a splatter of blood shot across the concrete wall behind him.

Lex sighed, almost sorrowfully. “So messy,” he mused and the group continued walking.

Eventually they made it to the ground floor and were met with more soldiers. Markus ordered the team to continue with their instructions and they spread out, returning to their vehicles and dragging their dead with them.

The extraction team roared from the compound leaving it silent and eerie with more dead than living in its concrete and steel halls. The alarm’s heralded their exit and when the authorities arrived later, all that remained was silent halls, empty guard rooms, and fallen soldiers, with one top-security prisoner missing. The world knew by day-break; Lex Luthor had escaped from prison.
Part Twenty-Three

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Supergirl landed amid gasps of awe but ignored them as she strode towards Lena. “Miss Luthor!” The CEO was speaking with a group of men and a few women, her assistant standing next to her and taking notes. They stood inside the police tape line with hard hats and safety vests and were pointing to various parts of the building and looking at tablet devices. A crowd was outside the area, some were media teams, and others were just interested.

It was two and a half weeks (nineteen days) since L-Corp Tower had crumbled to the ground in a heap of bent steel, cracked concrete, wires, building materials and all manner of engineering materials.

Lena’s PR team had given a brief statement to the press in the days that followed, and she had issued a statement the day after her departure from the hospital, but she had yet to hold a press conference, seeing as she had so much to do already.

It would be held this afternoon, once she had spoken with her employees, and Kara would be attending and also trying to get an exclusive interview. On top of the mess with her building she also had to deal with the news this morning of her brother breaking out of prison- and the press, and indeed the public, were crying for an interview, wanting to know what she thought about it, and if she had helped. The police had spoken with her this morning, no doubt, and the DEO Agent Wolfe had been there to ask her some questions, but she was adamant she knew nothing.

Her lawyers were taking care of her insurance, and she was looking to be reimbursed in full-her lawyers were worth their enormous fee’s, and she and Jess had hired an entire team to sort through the rest of the mess and rebuild. The project manager was a young woman called Caitlyn Bell and she was looking to be very efficient and had already started to organise the re-build; rubble removal, building design, site clearance, planning consent (which money did help with) and then the eventual re-build. Even with the Luthor money, as tainted as it was, the re-build would take years and would be a constant uphill battle.

Lena looked exhausted as she turned from her team and looked over at Supergirl. She had dark rings around her eyes that her make-up was trying valiantly to hide and her skin was paler than normal and her eyes were heavy with the weight on her shoulders. The orange safety vest and hard hat clashed with her dark clothing and Kara wondered how she managed to walk over the rubble in heels that high.

“Supergirl,” she ducked her head and excused herself from her team and they went back to examining the ground around the L-Corp Tower. Removal crews were already carting the rubble away, what was left of it anyway, Kal and her had assisted, mostly her, when she had grown too restless while waiting for news on the CEO.

“Miss Luthor,” Kara gave her a smile and then looked passed her to the ruins of L-Corp Tower. “I’m sorry for your loss-um, for the loss of your building?” She amended when Lena lifted a brow in question.

Lena hummed and turned back to it, eyeing the ruins of her hope. She sighed after a moment. “If
“I’m not here for that,” Kara said quickly and then winced a little. “Well, not exactly.”

Seeing she had Lena’s full attention she quickly explained the situation. “The DEO thinks it would be best if you were given guards until your brother is captured—what?”

Lena sniggered and looked at Kara as one would a child. “You are a fool to underestimate Lex. Just how secure was the prison he was in?” She asked with faux innocence. “And it took him, what, about seven minutes to walk out of there?” Lena shook her head and looked over at L-Corp Tower.

“What Lex wants, Lex get’s,” she said and snorted. “It is one of his more admirable qualities. A Luthor trait admittedly.”

Kara shook her head and placed her hands on her hips. “He has a million dollar hit out on you, and now he’s escaped. You need protection.”

“I’ll not be babysat by glorified nannies,” Lena snapped and shot Kara a look. “Who no doubt will be keeping an eye on me just in case I decide to live up to the Luthor name and turn into a genocidal maniac.”

Kara lifted her shoulders in a sheepish shrug. “Yeah…. About that….”

“Don’t trouble yourself, Supergirl. I’ll be fine,” Lena said and signalled Jess and began to stride back across the pavement.

“Your brother is trying to kill you!” Kara cried, aghast and maybe it was a little louder than necessary, but it was the touch on her hand that made Lena spin around.

“You think I don’t know that!” She snarled and took a step towards the frozen Super. “You think I don’t spend every day thinking of that betrayal?” Her voice caught and she rallied, eyes turning glassy but no tear would fall. “I am very aware of just who is trying to kill me, Supergirl. More aware than you will ever be.”

“Then why won’t you accept our protection?” Kara didn’t like the broken glimpse she caught beneath Lena’s impeccable walls and she lifted her hands in a ‘peace’ gesture. “We can guard you better than any human security,” she said gesturing to the two security guards standing a way off, with eyes on the crowd.

“When Lex comes after me, Supergirl, and he will, then I’ll meet him knowing I didn’t cower behind an agency of the very beings he loathes.” She shook her head adamantly and Kara sighed and raised her hands in exasperation.

“Argh. I just want to keep you safe!”

Lena hesitated and her eyes turned shrewd. A brow raised and Kara was pretty sure she started to sweat. “You want to keep me safe?” She asked incredulously.

Fidgeting was more of a Kara Danvers thing than a Supergirl thing, but she was fidgeting now, under that cool green gaze. “Well-yeah. I mean, your like, kinda my friend?”

Lena blinked. “Right.” She blinked again. “Well in that case….” She trailed off and Kara perked up hopefully. “No.” Kara’s face fell. “You have a duty to the city, Supergirl. We’ve been over this before.”
“Yeah that was before-“

“Before what, Supergirl?” Lena’s voice was getting sharper. “Before Lex broke out of prison?” She shook her head and gestured for Jess again, and the assistant edged forward again. “It doesn’t change anything,” Lena said, voice soft. “I know he’ll come after me, it’s inevitable. And I’d rather not have you in the cross-hairs,” her eyes were a bright, warm green when she looked at Kara and the Super felt some of her anxiousness fade.

“I can take care of myself,” Kara pointed out, kind of wounded that Lena thought so little of Supergirl.

Lena snorted. “I’m sure you can,” she offered as she started to walk across the concrete and towards the police tape where the press and public were waiting. “Though you’ve never come up against my brother, perhaps you should speak with your cousin…..”

“Kal defeated your brother once, he can-“

“The evidence that put Lex behind bars was circumstantial,” Lena paused and turned to face Kara fully and removed her hard-hat. How her hair still looked perfect after being under that for god-knows how long, Kara didn’t know. Maybe industrial hair spray?

“It was his word against Superman’s, and no-one wants to go against America’s hero.” There was an odd light to Lena’s eyes, something Kara couldn’t name. “Kal El and Lex’s battle destroyed a half dozen blocks of Metropolis, and killed hundreds of people. And Superman only just survived it.”

“Kal can-“

“You aren’t listening, Supergirl,” Lena shook her head softly, halting Kara’s protests, again. “Lex will be turning on Superman, and by extension, you, and he won’t be holding back. All of his resources will be brought to bear…and Superman works alone.” Lena’s green eyes seemed to hold Kara’s like some gravitational pull and she felt her protests catch in the back of her throat.

“Your cousin may be Superman, but Lex is a Luthor.” Oddly, she then reached out to touch Kara’s arm, and she could the heat from her skin burning her even through her suit. “Tell him to be careful… I’d hate for you to lose the rest of your family.”

Kara blinked confused as Lena smiled at her and then glided away, though the throngs of press shouting questions at her, (some were down-right mean) and shoving camera’s in her face. Jess held her head high next to her boss and she was joined by her security team and they guided her through the crowd and to her car. She’d be giving a press conference later, and for now the media would have to wait.

‘Did you get her to agree?’ Alex questioned in her ear and Kara shook her head and launched herself into the sky.

“No. She’s being difficult!”

Alex chuckled at the pout she could hear through the microphone. ‘What did you expect? She’s a Luthor.’

“She’s not like they are, Alex,” Kara defended quickly and soared through the skies towards the DEO.

‘Maybe not,’ Alex agreed after a few moments. ‘But she has her pride and it’s taken a beating in the past few weeks, months….years?’
Kara sighed but didn’t argue.

“She was also correct in thinking we wanted to keep an eye on her,’ Alex said as Kara floated down to land in the DEO. “She has to be suspicious of us as we are of her,” she shrugged as she approached Kara and the Super sighed.

“I know. I just want to keep her safe! Lex has a million dollar hit out on her, and he broke out of prison.” They walked towards the command area of the DEO and Kara smiled as she saw Winn.

“To be fair,” the tech expert offered as they got closer. “I think she’s more concerned about Lex than the hit. What’s to stop him coming after her himself?” They didn’t have an answer for the question and Kara glanced at the time.

“Shoot! I’ve gotta get to work. Snapper wanted to talk to me n’ Mitch about our article. See ya later guys!”

“We’ll be at the conference!” Alex called after her departing sister.

“Okay! Maybe you can convince Lena to accept our protection!”

Alex snorted. Yeah, right. Lena wouldn’t be accepting help from anyone any time soon.

~*~

Lena took a long swallow of water and bemoaned the fact that her medication made her feel dizzy and sleepy and unguarded, unguarded enough that she may slip up and reveal herself to the press and the world so she had refused to have any today until the conference was over. She was regretting the fact as her body ached and she was getting a headache again. She would certainly be looking into investing in a pharmaceutical company before the day was over; drugs were such wonderful things. In fact, she considered, L-Corp could look into making better ones… it was a thought, but as she was currently in a lot of pain by just breathing, the thought was a good one.

Jess stood by with her speech and a few of her employees were still hanging around after their meeting. She had booked a hotel conference room and had provided them with a buffet as thanks for their patience, loyalty, and for being the reason they were almost killed. Progress was being made. She assured them that they still had their jobs if they wished them, and that she was going to look at relocating many of them to different buildings and even branches of L-Corp to try and get them back to work.

Michael, her IT expert, had informed her their data was still available and they could continue with their workloads as soon as they were settled in- she had informed HR of it and they were working to find placements for everyone. She had also bought a few new buildings and had started the process to have them renovated for work, and, to her great surprise, Maxwell Lord had offered her a floor of one of his buildings indefinitely. Apparently he had been impressed by her, but she was suspicious as to his motives. However, he said he had none, and only wanted to help her out, after all, she saved her employees and he respected that, respected that a lot.

So by the new week, a few days away, they should be settled enough to get everyone back to work and they would have to speak with their departmental heads about where they were located, and also the requirements they had for their tasks.

She had been applauded after she had addressed them, and many of them had brought their families, and she was sort of passed around for hugs, hand-shakes and tear-filled thank you’s. It was a
humble experience and she was still unsettled by her employee’s and their families’ gratitude. Gratitude wasn’t something that had been directed to her very often. Mostly she had mingled with her employees and seen how they were going, Mia had insisted she examine her baby bump—and that was a new experience as well—and had jokingly said she’d name her daughter, if it was a daughter, after her. At least—Lena had thought she was joking.

Ten minutes earlier the hotel employees had been instructed to allow the press inside and they had poured through the doors like water did an open dam and she’d quelled her initial snarl. Vultures, the lot of them, but she did feel her lips curling upwards when she recognised a certain reporter from Catco.

She had had to cancel her brief lunches with the sweet blonde because she just ran out of time, and when she did, she simply fell into her mattress until her alarm woke her a few hours later. It was good to see the reporter, and even better to see her sunny trademark smile and Lena felt some of her tension ease. Kara would ask fair questions and wouldn’t twist her words.

A few minutes later and Jess was standing in front of her with her speech set out and handed it over.

“What would I do without you?” She asked as her assistant handed over her pain killers and she downed them in the privacy behind a curtain. She felt safe knowing they would take a while to kick-in and she’d hopefully be done with the press by then.

Jess just smiled and hovered near her, ready to follow her before the press.

“Ready?”

Lena shook her head. “No, but shall we?”

Jess smiled encouragingly and Lena drew her composure to her like armour and strode forward and out onto the stage amid camera flashes and shouted questions. So rude. They could wait until she ran through her statement first.

The conference went how she expected it to. First; she read her statement and then Jess pointed out reporters for questions. A lot were about her brother, how she was feeling about him still trying to kill her, how she felt about James Malcom, how she saved her employees, what was happening with L-Corp (was she selling, giving up) what she thought on aliens and all the usual garbage one expected from people who delighted in twisting words and tearing other people down for money.

Afterward, when she grew tired of the harsh questions, she was exiting when she saw Kara and Alex Danvers hovering by the door, by many other reporters trying to get another word, and she paused to get Jess to let them through. Security swept her past the reporters and into another section of the hotel and a few moments later Kara and Alex joined her, the former smiling, like usual, and the latter with a stern glint to her eyes.

“Lena, hey!” Kara bounded up to her and wrapped her in a hug and Lena went still in surprise and Kara launched herself backwards, going bright red. “Ahm, hi,” she nervously adjusted her glasses while Lena got her heart under control. Alex was looking at her, decidedly smug, and Jess just looked satisfied. “I’m glad you’re okay! Well, not that you’re okay, because you aren’t—um, that you survived?” Kara’s face fell and she looked heavenward as though trying to find the words in her brain and Lena chuckled.

“Thank you for your concern, and for the flowers,” she said and Kara was back to beaming at her. “They were lovely. Thank you.”
“Agent Danvers,” she inclined her head to Alex and then her gaze turned shrewd. “How does it feel to be one of the most hated women in the city?”

Alex narrowed her eyes at her while Kara looked adorably confused.

“Half the city wants to be you and the other half wants to kill you.” She was referring of course to the photos of Alex comforting Supergirl after the Tower fell. Many rabid fans of the Super were now calling Alex her girlfriend and had been in parts jealous, and supportive of her relationship with the Agent. Alex had to issue a statement on her Facebook and had quickly gone silent on social media after her face was plastered all over it. Supergirl had issued a statement-through Catco- that she wasn’t dating the Agent, and that the Agent in question was already in a committed relationship with someone else. Still, it had caused a bit of havoc for the DEO, and the sects interested in Supergirl and Lena Luthor, and Supergirl and her Agent had quickly been at each other’s throats. It was an interesting lesson in the pack mentality of internet users.

Alex was quick to reply, obviously catching on. “The same could be said for you, Miss Luthor.”

Lena grinned, showing her teeth. She did enjoy it when people met her sharp tongue head on. “Not at the moment, I’m afraid. Having a building falling on you does ruin one’s routine.”

“Huh?” Kara voiced her confusion and Lena took great pleasure in informing her her sister was dating Supergirl, and didn’t she know?

“What? No-she’s not-no way. Alex’s not-“ Kara was a stuttering mess while a graceful blush lit Alex’s features, but she was quick to reply.

“I heard she was dating you,” she said regally, and lifted her chin a little, but there was a curve to her lips, a smile in her eyes as Kara went beat red. Interesting.

“So I heard…seems like a lot of work,” she considered and Kara choked. “Are you alright?” She enquired of her beat-red friend and Alex bit her lip to hide her giggle.

“I’m good,” Kara rasped out.

“Right,” Lena looked back at Alex. “I seem to have all these women I’m dating. Honestly, I need two of me to keep up.”

Kara gave a little squeak and Alex laughed. “Yes, well. I had to delete my social media accounts and had to explain to my girlfriend what was happening, and then I had to have dinner with her family.”

Lena winced in sympathy. “I bet that was as enjoyable as the hospital romp Supergirl and I had once she rescued me from L-Corp.” Kara made another weird noise and went redder than she was before.

Lena did love making her friend blush, but did wonder at why she was reacting like this. Was she that much of a prude? Or was there something else?

“Sometimes the fans of celebrities can be…intense and have active imaginations,” she offered and then smoothened her features. “But I don’t think you’re here to discuss my personal life. What can I do for you both?”

Alex and Kara shared a look and then Alex spoke. “The DEO would like to move you into protective custody.”

Lena shook her head and examined the watch on her wrist. “I’ve had this discussion with Supergirl earlier.” Her gaze became stern. “I don’t want to put any of your people at risk when Lex comes
after me. I’m sure you already have your hands full.”

Alex sighed but gave a begrudging nod. “Well, you have my number if you change your mind, but please at least consider it, we are better equip than they are,” she jabbed her thumb over at her human security team.

“I was hoping to catch up for afternoon tea, or maybe dinner?- if you weren’t busy, that is,” Kara’s enthusiasm faded as she continued and then she fidgeted with her messenger strap.

“Don’t you have an article to write?” Lena asked curiously and watched as Kara’s eyes widened.

“Oh yeah, ops. So, dinner then?”

Unable to deny the hopeful puppy anything Lena gave it a moments thought for effect and then nodded. Kara gave a slight squeal and jumped forward to give Lena a hug and then bounded back.

“Okay! Ill text you when I’m coming over, and I’ll bring take out! See you!”

Alex and Lena watched in amused bemusement as Kara quickly left the room, past the security and out into the corridor where media were still trying to get a picture or another statement.

“Ya know,” Alex said conversationally. “I had to convince her not to talk to you about taking our protection. She’s worried about you.”

Lena felt her stomach do something funny and glanced over at the Agent.

“I hope she doesn’t get hurt while she’s with you.”

Lena couldn’t tell if it were a threat or not, but her defences went up. Hurting Kara was the last thing she wanted. “I told Supergirl the exact same thing.”

Alex looked at her squarely for a moment before nodding. “Be safe, Miss Luthor,” she called over her shoulder as she walked away, and Lena watched her ease through the security, place her aviators on her face, and exit the room. Her stomach was tight and knotted, uncomfortable. What is Alex was right? What if Kara was hurt while she was with her? She’d never forgive herself.

Kara was worth her pride, but… no. It wasn’t just her pride here. If any of the DEO got hurt while guarding her, they wouldn’t be available to help the Superhero and she couldn’t risk that, besides, she’d see the Super a lot in the coming weeks and months, they had a social crusade to wage.

As she walked to the door she saw Jess bringing her phone to her ear and likely ringing David and she passed through the throng of reports and ignored the camera’s shoved in her direction and the questions until one.

“What does your brother think of you dating Supergirl?!”

It was enough to cause a mis-step and she knew the cameras caught that. Schooling her features she turned to face the reporter, noting how the rest of the pack of them had gone quiet and instead directed their microphones at her.

“I have not given a thought to what Lex thinks of me since he first tried to kill me,” she said, knowing that if her brother saw her words he’d likely be livid( and call her a liar). “And Supergirl and I are not dating. Surely your reporting efforts would be better directed towards the social issues she is going to be involved in? Or do you not care about refuge shelters, bullying in schools, suicidal youth LGBT+?” She turned the full power of her Luthor gaze on him, the one she’d practiced in the mirror that her mum and Lex had aced, the one where you conveyed your absolute superiority over
the other person while showing your disdain for them. It was a look that belonged on the face of some royal in a portrait, but she worked it well.

She gave him a satisfied smile as he faltered under her glare and ignored the rest of the questions and continued walking down the hall and into the lobby and out the door, security flanking her and Jess.

David was waiting for her with the other security guard she had hired, Vince, who looked like the handsome lead for a typical white-pretty boy action film as he leant against the limo. He was wearing aviators a thin white shirt which was several sizes to small, Lena thought as she got closer, and had black jeans and a leather jacket on. He cockily pushed off the side of the car and opened the door for her and she spared a glance at his biceps.

Jess had already admired his form before and she was certain that perhaps the two of them would get friendly after work hours and she left out a soft sigh of envy. He was very nicely built.

Bella slid in behind her and Jess and Vince walked around to the other door and got in and sat facing her and she lifted a brow in amusement as he picked up the packet of biscuits he’d obviously been eating on the way and dug in with gusto.

“Cookie?” He offered after inhaling the first few.

“No, thank you.”

He shrugged good-naturedly and offered the bag to Jess and Bella. Jess accepted with a shy smile and he winked at her and Bella just shook her head.

“I don’t eat-“

“You don’t eat junk food, right,” the security guard nodded and lifted his great shoulders in a shrug and rapped the back glass divider to talk to David. Idly Lena wondered if maybe there was something to Bella’s diet, some reason she was carb, sugar, and fat averse. Maybe she was diabetic.

“We’re all good, bud. Let’s go.”

David nodded in the gear-view mirror and eased the limo away from the curb. “Where to, Miss Luthor?”

“Home, please David. If we could drop Jess off on the way.” He gave her a nod and they eased into the traffic.

Lena scrolled through her phone, seeing that her social media notifications had blown up with the photo of her and Supergirl from this morning and she sighed at some of the comments and scrolled on. Normally she tried not to look down while in vehicles, otherwise she’d feel sick, but felt she could risk it enough to send off a quick tweet giving a short line about how she was excited to work with Supergirl in the future and make a difference to the lives of the people of National City. Of course immediately people were asking her if they were dating, and that this was proof, and all sorts so she retreated from the platform and stared blankly ahead.

Vince was still crunching happily, though it looked like he was working through a new packet of the chocolate chip cookies.

Eventually they stopped at Jess’ apartment building and Lena asked her to get in touch with a few of the not-for-profit organisations around the city that may be interested in what Supergirl was offering and get back to her in a few days. Jess was all smiles as she left and Lena caught Vince watching her leave and smiled to herself, and squashed her jealousy. It would be nice to have someone, or even
have someone interested in her, rather than her last name and all the coat-trails that came with it.

Her mind flashed to Kara and their dinner tonight and she wondered if she ought to make her intentions obvious, or maybe just test the waters to see how Kara responded. She’d been complimenting her, which was only fair, Kara was gorgeous, but friends could do that without there being anything there, so maybe it was time to take it up a notch. She absently considered the tricks in her arsenal and had a semi-formulated plan by the time David pulled up to her apartment building and glided the limo downstairs.

The three of them took the private elevator (scanning her security card and offering a pin number) to her level, waving David good-bye, and exited once they were at the top. Bella went first, striding off down the hall and preparing to inspect the security she’d set up. Vince was strong and silent at her back and she clicked from the elevator to the hall.

“Clear,” Bella said and Lena nodded, unlocking her door and letting them inside. She checked the security panel inside the door and once she was satisfied it had had no tampering she entered the room.

“I’m not planning on going anywhere tonight, but Kara is coming over later on,” Lena said and the two nodded. She’d given them a guest room each and they were comfortable with the arrangement, even though they had to share a shower and bathroom. She’d also let them have free reign of her small gym, and entertainment system, as long as they kept the door closed while she was working. She let them sort out their own schedules for keeping her safe, though when she was making public appearances they both insisted on going with her.

They worked well together, for the most part. Vince was like an excitable puppy, all eager and bouncing and ‘chill’ as he liked to say. He was a gym junkie and was breaking in her weight sets as she hadn’t yet gotten strong enough to lift the heavy weights. But he was also a softie. He had an obsession with finding cute cat and dog videos on the internet and showing them to Bella and he was quick with a smile or an inappropriate comment. He was never cruel though, just funny, and he loved anime, and had drooled when he saw Lena’s nerd collection of animation, and sci-fi, and fantasy series (StarWars, Star Trek, Avatar, Lord of the Rings, Tiger and Bunny, Full Metal alchemist, to name a few). He had immediately started on a series and she had been caught in the net and dragged before the television and had spent many evenings watching her beloved cartoons.

Bella was a professional while she was working, but as soon as she was off the clock she became chatty and fun. Her sexual innuendos had Vince blushing and choking and she was fiercely competitive at her online games, and if the way she worked in her military games was any indication of her profess with a gun, then Lena pitted her foes. She also knitted, which Lena had found very surprising, but she said it calmed her down, and reminded her of her grandmother, and she did make such lovely clothes, which she apparently gave to homeless foundations. She was also very pleased to discover Lena’s music player and would blast the heaviest metal music through the speakers while she pummelled Lena’s punching bag. To say her gym was getting put through its paces was an understatement, but it was nice having other people around, odd, but nice.

She moved quietly through the apartment and into her room and spent a good half hour after her shower debating on what she should wear. Torn between showing enough skin that Kara would probably be red the entire time, and also wanting to be a normal person and have casual clothes, not to mention she was sore, she ended up choosing a pair of old sweatpants and a faded blue shirt from a triathlon she’d done in college. She even took the time to rub her ointments on her bruises, which had thankfully gone down, even though they were now a dull and faded yellowy green colour which was not very attractive.
Medication taken she padded through the apartment on socked feet until she came to her private study. She could hear the thump of a punching bag and the faint screaming music as well as the occasional swearing from her entertainment room and figured Vince was catching up on one of his television shows while Bella worked out.

The two knew about her laboratory, or at least, must have figured that out by the building layout. They hadn’t mentioned any need to see it or scout it, merely feigning interest in her secret lair, but they didn’t know about the other door to her laboratory.

She eased onto her work chair and powered up her computer and dove back into work. She was examining the budget for the next year, having found a few instances where the books were uneven, and with the rebuild and rearranging of the organisation she needed to know exactly where her money was going, and had taken it upon herself to go over every expenditure and track every cent. It was a mammoth task, L-Corp and its subsidiaries worked with billions of dollars, but something told her to look into it, so here she was, in her own time (though she didn’t really have her own time, she was CEO and it all belonged to L-Corp) chasing paper trails.

Pausing for a moment she clicked out of the documents and moved over to her iTunes and a few moments later the soft and soothing mix of classical music droned out of her speakers and she went back to work.

The numbers merged into one, a blur, and she jotted notes down on a work pad and it was only a knock on the door that had her glancing up from the white and black of her monitor. Blinking at the sudden change she squinted a little and saw Bella at the door.

“Miss Danvers is on her way up.”

“Thank you.” Lena sighed and stretched her arms out and clicked out of her files and flipped her note-pad closed. Bella had long vanished into the hallways and had likely gone to annoy Vince like she liked to do. Though they had only just met recently they got along like siblings and the thought made her heart ache for a moment as she thought of her own sibling, still out to get her.

You would have thought that with her shooting the last would-be assassin, and shooting the Alien, that Lex would get the picture she wasn’t to be messed with, and honestly he had seemed remorseful for trying to have her killed the first time. It was probably her decision to give Superman the co-ordinates for one of the other LuthorCorp laboratories that sparked this current killing attempt, though one million seemed a bit of a stretch, maybe he really, really wanted her dead for the betrayal. And, she nodded to herself as she closed up her secret room, it was certainly a betrayal, no matter how you looked at it.

She had given her brothers (im) mortal enemy the location of a secret laboratory which Lex had designated tasks and research with the goal of eventually bringing down Superman. No wonder Lex had increased the bounty on her head, he must have been irate at the betrayal.

Well, she considered as she wandered over to the fridge, he’d done it first. First; he’d decided to take their united goal of changing the world and turning it into a vendetta against a god, then he decided to have her killed after she tried to re-write what history would say about the Luthor’s, and because she hadn’t appreciated the attempt on her life, she had responded by telling Superman where to find one of Lex’s secret labs, he had decided to have her killed, again. It was actually rather petty. A simple sibling rivalry, though she wasn’t sure who’s sibling squabbles involved world-class assassins and a million dollar bounty. It was almost an episode out of one of those campy day-time shows.

She was a Luthor. She was used to death threats. Especially after Lex was put in jail. It just hurt that her brother was the one behind it.
She was removing a bottle of water from the fridge when the door-bell rang and she walked over to the door to check the camera feed. Kara had her hands full of take-out containers and was currently rubbing her chin on her shoulder. Smiling Lena opened the door, tucking the bottle in the top of her cast and sling, and Kara started at the swiftness of it before beaming back at her.

“Lena! Hi!”

“Hello Kara,” Lena stood to the side to allow Kara entry and she bounced through the door and placed her take-out bags on the table.

“Oh, hi!” Kara directed this at the tall and handsome blonde standing over by one of the doors.

Vince nodded in greeting, cast Lena a parting glance, and then disappeared back down the hall, clicking the safety back on his weapon.

Seeing Kara’s confused look as she shuffled the bags around Lena elaborated as she shut the door and set her security. “Vincent-Vince- and Bella are my two new bodyguards.”

“Oh… I thought I recognised him! Wait,” Kara’s eyes narrowed and her voice turned suspicious. “How long have you known Lex was out to get you?”

Lena pointedly ignored the comment and pulled out two plates and set them on the bench. “A while,” she answered eventually and opened the fridge. “What do you want to drink?” She rattled off her options and Kara went with water, seeing as Lena couldn’t drink alcohol and wasn’t in the mood for soda.

“Lena,” Kara repeated warningly and Lena felt her ire at the comment rise. She could take care of herself and did not answer to Kara, but when she turned back she could see the worry on her friends face so her answer contained less bite than it could have.

“I’ll not live in fear, and not of Lex, Kara,” she said quietly. “I have no choice but to carry on.”

She smiled at the frustrated reporter and nodded over to the couches. “Bella and Vince are in the entertainment room, so we’re stuck out here for now.”

They dished up their meals and settled down on the couch and Kara was first to break the comfortable silence.

“How did you survive?” She blurted after a moment and then promptly blushed and shoved a potsticker into her mouth, cheeks bulging like a chipmunks.

Biting her lip to hold back her giggle Lena gave the answer a moments thought. “Off the record?”

Kara frowned and nodded and Lena narrowed her eyes a little at the look but answered. “I really don’t know,” she said as she speared a piece of broccoli and chicken on her fork. “I just remember the door to the safe-room closing and a fire ball and then screaming.” She lifted her fork to her lips. “I asked my engineers to look into it as well, and they said that the room shouldn’t have been able to withstand that kind of fall.”

She took a bite and chewed and swallowed. “Maybe the rest of the building cushioned the fall somehow.” She shrugged and peered at her plate, opting for some beef and a carrot and popped the mouthful into her mouth.

“Mh,” Kara said and then hesitated. “You know I’m here as your friend, right?”
Lena lifted a brow curiously and Kara met her gaze head-on.

“I mean, I’m not your friend for a scoop, you know? I’d tell you if I need to ask Lena Luthor, CEO, some questions, but me, Kara me, not reporter me, is here for Lena….”

She trailed off, obviously not as eloquent in person as she was on paper and Lena found the attempt adorable and something inside her settled as Kara added, “Just…assume I’m not a reporter until I say hey, I need to know and this is for Kara-the-reporter, and not Kara-the-friend…if you want to…”

The light blush on Kara’s cheeks was lovely and she sensed an opportunity arriving.

“Thank you, Kara.” She said sincerely and shifted on the couch to place her hand on Kara’s and gently ran her fingers along it before withdrawing, leaving goose-bumps in her wake. Kara had gone wide-eyed and swallowed loudly but gave her a shaky smile.

“You’re a great friend,” she added and leant over to grab the remote, balancing her plate on her knees and between her cast. It caused her a bit of discomfort but she was healing faster than she thought she would.

“What do you want to watch?”

The television came to life and Kara perked up. “What have you got?”

Lena chuckled. “Everything. Sports, movies, cartoons, news, game-shows…,” she trailed off as Kara brightened.

“Game-show it is.” She scrolled through her account until she found the program she wanted and started the episode.

“Chasers are such intelligent people,” Kara was gushing as she spooned some noodles into her mouth. Lena nodded in agreement and settled back into the couch and rested her plate on her knees.

“Would you ever go on it? On the show?”

Lena thought for a moment and then shook her head. “No, I don’t think so. I don’t know enough.”

Kara snorted. “Sure you do. Your IQ is like, what, one fifty something?”

Flattered by the blonde’s almost aggressive support of her she merely hummed in answer. “Mh. Besides, I have no need for money.”

Kara couldn’t argue with that and went back to her dinner. They watched the show in relative silence, occasionally guessing the answers (with Kara surprising Lena in her global knowledge which led her to asking if Kara would go on the show. Kara blushed and fiddled with her glasses and shook her head).

Once Kara had inhaled most of the food and had placed her plate on the coffee table Lena had turned on one of those missing people programs, where investigators find long-lost relatives or family members. Kara was a ball of goo over it, and had hesitantly enquired about her birth parents. There wasn’t much to tell, really. She was three when they had died, she had a photo of them all, and when she was younger she’d strain alone in the dark and guided by a flashlight under the covers to memorise their faces, to force memories forward, but there wasn’t much. Her adoption records were sealed, and the Luthor’s hadn’t liked her to speak of her old family, not when she had a new one, and a new name she had to live up to.
“What about your parents? You were a teenager when they died?” Lena asked quietly, sensing the weight of the subject in the way only an orphan could to a fellow orphan, though she barely remembered her birth parents.

“I-they-we,” Kara was staring blankly at the television and Lena adjusted herself on the couch, moving to sit close, very close, to Kara and rested her head on her shoulder. Kara went still and stuttered a little and needlessly adjusted her glasses. She placed her hands flat on her thighs, tension write throughout her body.

“They died when I was twelve,” she said quietly, voice cracking and her chest rising with a sharp breath. Lena gently reached out and covered Kara’s hand with her own and Kara’s fingers curled beneath her palm, taking the tips of Lena’s fingers with her.

“I-I was the only one who esca-got out-of the fire. I lost everything…” her voice cracked and Lena brought her arm around her and tugged gently.

“Will you tell me about them?” She asked quietly, heart thumping in her chest and an ache in her throat.

“Mh,” Kara’s swallow was audible.

Lena lifted her hand from Kara’s, watching the twitch as though to follow her hand back.

“Kara… it’s okay.” The blonde’s cheek was smooth and warm and damp under her fingertips and she gently stroked her thumb across her cheek. “I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have asked.”

Her heart clenched and Kara quickly shook her head adamantly and turned her head that brief distance to look her in the eyes. They were glassy behind their thick lenses and Lena made a mental note to see if she could find some powerful contact lenses for her friend.

“No! I- you-it’s okay.” Kara swallowed and Lena felt the movement down her hand. “It’s okay,” she gave a tight smile, eyes wet. “I’d…like to talk about them…”

Lena smiled encouraging and Kara took a shaky breath and talked about her father first. How he taught her to dance by having her stand on his feet; how he taught her about the stars (he loved Astronomy and that was why she knew so much about the galaxy, planets and stars) and he taught her his love of Physic’s. She started to cry part way through and Lena shifted on the couch again to hold Kara better. She was warm and solid in her arms and trembling, her body racked with sobs but she kept on going, this time about her mother. How she fought for justice, saw the good in everyone, how she taught her how to paint, and how to appreciate the beauty in everything.

The angle grew uncomfortable as the minutes went on and Lena leant back, gently tugging Kara with her and the blondes weight was solid on her, arms slung around her middle as she spoke of her Aunt Astra. Lena ended up running her fingers gently and soothingly through Kara’s hair and her scalp as Kara’s tears faded and she sleepily continued telling Lena about her family.

They stayed like that; Kara lying over Lena with Lena’s arms around her and running her fingers through her hair. Kara fell asleep after a while, and Lena kept her in her embrace, even as her ribs protested the weight and angle and rested her cheek on the top of Kara’s head as she too fell into slumber. She awoke in her own bed, tucked beneath the covers with her cell-phone on charge on the bedside table next to her. Kara was long gone, and something inside her ached at the thought but she brightened when she forced her eyes to focus and saw a note on the top of her phone.
letters and words as though Kara had been unable to find the words, and she could picture how she would scrunch her face in concentration and the frustrated grumble that would escape her lips when she couldn’t find the words.

_Morning sleeping beauty ;p_

_I’m sooooo sorry I fell asleep on you, like wow, so sorry. Um, thanks for listening last night. Call me later?_  

_Kara xoxo_

Her heart did something funny at seeing the ‘hug’s and ‘kisses’ and she reached for her cell phone with a stupid smile on her face. Her heart felt warm and glowing, like it was a heater or a fire warming her entire body.

Her cell was fully charged and she typed her password and opened her emails. Every morning she was sent the previous days business information, with a summary at the end of each week, and things she needed to be aware of. There had been a bit less of that since her business had been blown up, and her employees were in the process of being settled into new workspaces, but she still received the highlights, and of course, what the stock market and press were saying about the Luthor name and L-Corp.

Her heart thudded to a stop at seeing one of the headlines of a gossip rag and she swallowed, her warmth from the note immediately fleeing and her blood turned to ice. Groaning she let her cell fall on the bed and hid under her covers as the memories resonated and she felt her stomach churning.

The headline read; _Who killed Lionel?_  

The subheading was in bold letters: **Inside Luthor Mansion; abuse, alcohol, neglect, and violence.**

She curled up on her side and squeeze her eyes shut, hoping to hide away from the world and escape the memories, but there was no running from your past.

_Edit: 16/05/17- spoiler, and comment response removal._

Chapter End Notes

Part Twenty-Four

Chapter Summary

TW TW TW TW TW TW TW TW TW TW TW: It gets a little dark ahead, fair warning. Nothing graphic or beyond suggestion, but still. TRIGGER WARNING: Abuse, violence, alcoholism, triggered panic attack. I'll summarise the chapter at the end in case anyone does decide to skip.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It took her less than three minutes to touch down at Alex’s apartment once she had awoken in Lena’s arms tense and ready for action. She was warm and safe and had embarrassingly left a small wet patch on Lena’s collar and had quickly launched herself from the brunettes arms. She had to use her powers to stop herself from landing on the floor in un-graceful heap and ended up panting with wide-eyes as she took in the sleeping CEO on the couch. Lena curled back into the back of the sofa, her cast resting over her stomach and her eyelids fluttered but didn’t open and Kara felt the steady thumping of her heart change from surprise into something else, something warm.

There was a faint light coming in from partially pulled curtains with the great view over the city and it was right on Lena’s face, and her eyes twitched as she shifted and Kara moved quickly to the curtain and closed it fully.

With the apartment in darkness she was able to gather her bearings and realised she had fallen asleep on Lena (and in her arms) after talking about her parents and family. Her throat was a little raw from talking and her eyes were a bit sore from crying, she hadn’t cried so much in years, but she was feeling refreshed, weightless, which was a new feeling. It probably had nothing to do with the way she’d rested for... she cast around for her cell-phone and checked the time, it was early, so she’d been a sleep for a little while.

She eyed Lena for a moment before reaching down and gently lifting her into her arms and felt her heart stutter when Lena gave a quiet murmur of protest and nuzzled into her neck.

She easily carried Lena down the hall and to her room, and told herself she was holding her close to her body in case her strength suddenly gave out, but in reality she just liked having her close, being able to feel her heartbeat through her skin. Her own had skipped to match Lena’s, and the thought made her feel warm on the inside, but then she felt tendrils of panic. She wasn’t gay, not that there was anything wrong with it, but she wasn’t, she just wasn’t. Her stomach twisted uncomfortably.

She was gentle as she left Lena on her bed and pulled the covers over her and quickly wrote her a note and plugged her phone in before walking back down the hall to the door. She got her messenger bag and then hesitated at the door. Lena had armed the apartment, and when Kara left she would probably set the alarm off, so, either she woke one of Lena’s bodyguards (because she was not waking her sleeping beauty) or left another way.

She considered it for a moment before she was walking back towards Lena’s room and silently
entered. It felt odd now, being in her room without having a reason for being there, somehow intimate and she felt like an intruder. She walked quickly over to the balcony and slid through the curtains and opened the door. Casting a final glance back at the sleeping CEO, she closed the door behind her and leapt into the sky. There was a curling in her belly, unease that was only growing and she knew the one person she could talk to, could always talk to, was Alex, and so set off in the direction of her apartment.

Alex had chosen this one especially for its large open windows and always kept them unlocked, even if they weren’t open, and she slid them up on well-oiled hinges and ducked into the silent apartment.

It was clean and tidy, her sister being such a neat-freak after joining the DEO, but she figured it had something to do with her military training and wanting everything in order. But there was pizza boxes stacked by the rubbish bin and Kara felt her stomach growl. Smiling to herself, that even uneasy she still wanted food, she wandered over to the fridge and took a peak.

Yes! There was some pizza left. She took it out, knowing Alex wouldn’t mind, probably, and tilted her head, heating it briefly with her vision before trotting over to Alex’s door.

“Alex,” she said as she opened the door and then paused. Alex was in a relationship now, maybe she shouldn’t just be walking into her sisters room without knocking. She lifted her shoulder in shrug, she didn’t sense another person, and pushed the door open completely. She may have used additional force on accident and the sound echoed in the silent apartment like a gunshot in the night.

Kara paused, slice of pizza in her mouth as Alex launched herself upright with a gun in her hand and slammed her other one down on her touch-light bedside lamp.

“Oh my god, Kara!” She sighed and flopped back on her pillows and clicked the safety back on. “What are you doing here?” She groaned and lifted one of her arms over her eyes as Kara floated down onto the bed. “It’s two thirty in the morning…. What’s wrong?” Kara could tell the moment her sister looked at her, truly looked at her, because she straightened again and lifted the gun, scanning Kara for injury.

“Kara?” She enquired, all signs of sleep gone, and the Super sighed and scooted up the headboard and balanced the pizza box on her knees.

“What’s wrong? What happened?”

“How’d you know you were gay?” Kara asked quietly. “I mean, you thought you were straight your whole life but now you’re not straight?”

She self-consciously took another bite of pizza, taking more into her mouth than was wise in an attempt to not look at Alex.

Alex sighed and shifted up to lean against her headboard and dragged her blankets up, Kara levitating for a moment to let her drag the covers up. She chewed her pizza quietly as Alex stuttered and stammered and haltingly explained that she hadn’t, until she met Maggie, and she helped her realise some things. It was very similar to what she’d already told Kara, when she came-out as it were, but there was a little more added, and Kara got the feeling Alex was only telling her this so that she could gather her thoughts.

“Wanna talk about it?” She enquired when she had finished talking about her.

Kara took a deep breath and let it out slowly. “Mh.”
“Kara,” Alex said warningly in an excellent impression of Eliza, and even her bed-head and old college t-shirt didn’t diminish the glare. “You came here for a reason, and it wasn’t just for the pizza,” she said, voice softening and snatched a piece of pizza.

“Do you really think Lena likes me?” Kara asked quickly, almost mushing her words together but not quite. Alex took a small bite of pizza and thought for a moment, she had been waiting for this moment for a few weeks now.

“Yeah,” she answered and nodded, looking over at her sister in the lamp-light.

“How do you know?” Kara asked and her voice was quiet and soft and vulnerable.

“Well,” the smile in Alex’s voice was obvious. “She stares at you and bites her lip a lot, she is constantly touching you, you go to her for interviews and you end up talking about everything but for hours,” she emphasised. “She always makes time for you, she threatened Supergirl to keep you safe, and she scraped her alien detection device because you asked her to.”

“I don’t know whether she scraped it entirely,” Kara said cautiously and Alex rolled her eyes.

“That’s all you got? Really, Kara?” She huffed in exasperation and took another bite of pizza as Kara pouted.

“But really,” Alex added once she had cleared her mouth. “I think she does like you, as more than a friend.”

Kara nodded slowly and then shot Alex a hesitant look from under her lashes. “I think I like her to?” The news didn’t surprise her sister, if the eye-brow arch she received were any consolation, and she elaborated. “Like, I think I like her a lot…like I liked James…”

“Yeah?” Alex asked, a smile curling her lips. “What do you like about her?”

Kara beamed and then proceeded to list everything Lena did, or everything about her that she loved and it was well into the morning by the time she had finally run out of things to say.

“Kara,” Alex began. “You don’t have to label yourself, I know how you feel about them.” Kara gave a sheepish smile. “Buuut,” Alex drew the vowel out. “It sound’s like you have a major crush on Lena Luthor.” She grinned as her sister went red, a shy smile on her face, and then tossed a pillow at her with a laugh.

“Shuddup Alex.”

Alex just grinned. “Kara and Lena kissing in a tree. K. I. S. S-“ She broke off her rendition of the age-old child’s rhyme with a yelp and lifted her hands up to protect her face as Kara attacked her with a pillow. They had a brief pillow fight, which mostly consisted of Alex trying to protect her face under Kara’s assault, and then flopped back breathing harsher than normal. Kara floated dreamily down next to her and looked over at Alex.

“Did you want to fly me to work?” Alex enquired as she looked over at the time. “We can get breakfast from Noonan’s first?” Kara perked up immediately.

“Yup! Okay!”

Alex got out of bed and padded over to get some clothes out and headed to the shower and Kara grinned and snuggled into her sisters warm bed and opened up her cell phone. It was probably too
early for Lena to be up but she kind of hoped there would be a notification from her and swallowed her disappointment.

Bored Kara floated to her feet and wandered into the kitchen and seeing the dawn’s rays peeking through the blinds she opened them and let light flood the apartment. She could pick up the specks of dust in the air, glinting like glitter, as they floated to the ground and she eyed the refrigerator contemplatively. Maybe Alex had some cereal.

She was digging into a bowl when Alex emerged from her shower, drops of water clinging to her hair, and in her uniform. She paused as she clicked her service weapon onto her hip. “Is that the last of my cereal?”

Kara froze in her chewing for a moment. “Noooo,” her voice lifted suspiciously at the end.

“Because it looks like it,” Alex said as she came closer and glared down at the milk left in the bowl.

“Isjersabowloffmik,” Kara protested and moved the cereal to her cheeks, making them bulge like a chipmunks. “See,” she partially stuck her tongue out and Alex leant against the bench and folded her arms.

“Mh hm,” she hummed in agreement. “Sure it is.”

“You love me,” Kara smiled and then quickly whizzed through the apartment and cleared up after herself and then bounded over to the door. “And because I’m your favourite sister you’re gonna buy me breakfast.”

“Sticky buns?” Alex asked deadpan with a raised brow and unfolded her arms.

“Yup!” Shaking her head she followed her sister out into the apartment complex.

“I swear the DEO spends more money on stationary and food for you than we do equipment. Maybe I should tell J’onn to invest in a fast-food chain or something.”

“Hey,” Kara protested from where she was already bounding down the staircase.

Alex just smiled and ran after her sister after locking her door. Being Kara’s sister was difficult, but it wasn’t without its main perk, that of being her big sister. And as her big sister she got to give any potential dates the shovel talk. A smile spread across her face. Lena Luthor had no idea what she was in for.

xxxxXXXxxxxx

A knock on the door brought her attention from the article her and Mitch were working on. James was hovering awkwardly beneath the frame and he seemed…anxious, or maybe nervous. “Hey,” he said quickly and they nodded in greeting.

“Hey, what’s-“

“Have you seen the news?” He added the name of a familiar gossip tabloid site and Kara shook her head slowly.

“No?”

“You might want to,” he said and gave Mitch a nod and then disappeared back down the corridor.
Mitch and Kara shared a look. “Okay….?” She drawled and gestured to Mitch’s computer. “Mind if I-“

“Go ahead,” he said and went back to editing their collaboration on the murder of Dr. Alan. They had been working on the final draft since this morning, having finally got the right sources and had figured out what had happened and were almost ready to present it to Snapper for final inspection, but they were just editing it first. Mitch liked to do it old school, printed and edited with red pen, which reminded Kara a little too much of being back in school but she was getting used to it. She’d been waiting for a call or a text from Lena all day, and it was past lunch time so she should have sent one already, and was starting to think that maybe she had screwed up last night somehow. Normally Lena text her back immediately, unless she was in a meeting.

“What the heck,” she yelped when she saw one of the headlines for the gossip tabloid and felt her blood run cold and her heart clench.

‘Who Killed Lionel?’

**Inside Luthor Mansion; abuse, alcohol, neglect, and violence.**

She clicked on the article and saw the picture of a funeral with a small picture of an older man with a stern brow and tight smile—Lionel Luthor, the caption helpfully explained. And there were two pictures taking up a lot of the web-page, Lex Luthor, and Lena Luthor.

Mitchel looked up from his editing to look at the screen and his brow tightened, Kara could see the reflection of it on the monitor, but she ignored him and started to read.

It has been ten years since the tragic accidental death of the Luthor Patriarch and since then disaster seems to have befallen the once great family. Following Lionel’s alcoholic fall down the stairs the family soon fell apart. The arrest of Alexander (Lex) Luthor for his alleged part in the anti-alien crusade against Superman in Metropolis and his subsequent escape from jail not two days ago, and the recent explosion which destroyed L-Corp Tower and nearly killed it’s CEO Lena Luthor. It seems only fitting then, that one of their former staff—who wishes to remain anonymous for reasons you’ll soon learn—speaks out about the abuse and violence that ran rampant in the house-hold. For clarity reasons we’ll call this staff member Casey.

Casey worked for the Luthor family at Luthor Mansion for a number of years and watched the two young Luthor’s, Lex and Lena, grow up and speaks of….

Kara quickly skimmed the article, and later Mitch would comment on her swift speed, and certain words jumped out at her. ‘Abuse,’ ‘alcoholic rages,’ ‘violence,’ ‘terrifying temper,’ ‘slapped her around the face,’ ‘was furious and shoved Lex,’ ‘the two Luthor’s were identified as being at the top of the stairs’, ‘bruised lip’, ‘torn clothes,’ ‘terrible nightmares’, ‘boarding school.’ It was a long article, with a lot of trash talk and was a clearly biased piece, and it ended basically accusing the two children of pushing their father down the stairs and the family doctor of helping them cover it up.

Kara swallowed as she finished and turned to Mitch. “I have to go-“

“Go,” he said and ducked his head towards the door. “I know she’s your friend.”

Thanking him quickly Kara packed up her stuff and walked swiftly to her office and dialled Lena’s cell the moment she got there. It rang and rang and then clicked onto voice-mail.

‘Hey. You’ve reached Lena Luthor. I can’t come to the phone right now but if you leave your name, company, and number I’ll get back to you. Thanks.’ It was all very formal, less formal than her
‘work’ phone, but still very formal. She rang again, multiple times before giving up and leaving a message.

‘Hey Lena, it’s me-uhm, Kara. I just wanted to see if you were okay, and um, yeah. If you wanted someone to talk to, let me know. I’m here for you. Bye.’

It wasn’t the best of messages she could leave but she was a little concerned and after she hung up she walked over to James’ office. He was sitting at Cat’s desk and had intent eyes on his screen but they flickered up to meet her as she knocked and entered.

“Did she pick up?”

“Is it true? She enquired of him, hoping that perhaps he would know.

He shrugged. “I’ve enquired about getting some records, but with pockets as deep as the Luthor’s you don’t expect much. How is she?”

Kara deflated a little. “She’s not answering… I’m gonna go-”

“Go and check on her,” James suggested with a smile and she beamed at him and a few moments later was flying over National City.

“Hey, Alex,” she enquired and waited a moment for her ear to crackle and announce the arrival of her sister.

‘So you’ve heard.’ Alex sounded tired. Resigned.

“Is it true? Did they kill Lionel? I-Lena isn’t answering my calls, and I rang Jess, but she didn’t pick up either.”

‘I-We-,’ Alex sighed. ‘You’d best come in and we’ll show you.’

Hearing something in her sisters voice she changed direction and raced towards the DEO. She landed a little harshly, startling some near-by agents and smiled apologetically as she strode over to the command centre. Winn, Alex, J’onn, and Vasquez were all standing around and looking up at one of the monitors.

It was a police officer feed and was of a homicide and there were obvious signs of a struggle.

“Hey,” Alex turned to face her first and pressed her lips together.

“Alex?” She asked suspiciously. “What’s going on?”

Alex sighed and gestured behind her. “That’s the address of Dirk Hamshew, you may recognise the name as the one who-”

“He wrote that article, the one about the Luthor’s,” Kara said, recognising the name from her scroll to the bottom of the article.

“That’s his flat-mate.”

Kara spared a glance for the dead man on the screen.

“According to neighbour and witness reports, which are still coming in,” Alex warned. “A group of highly armed men stormed the apartment and took Dirk prisoner. And killed the flat-mate.”
“So Lena and Lex did kill their father?” Kara asked hesitantly. She felt uneasy. Lena had never come across as a killer, and Kara had looked killers in the eyes, but you could never really know.

J’onn and Alex shared a look and then J’onn instructed Agent Vasquez to bring up the files. “The Luthor’s weren’t as infamous then as they are now, but it still made headlines. The coroner’s report is…consistent with the supposed fall down the stairs.”

A lot of the medical information on screen was jargon and she looked over at Winn for a translation. “So, the article is a lie and they took him for what, ruining their name?” Because it was obvious who the men had been hired by, a Luthor, the question was, which one?

“Mh, no,” Winn said slowly, face contorted like he had a stomach ache. “This is the impact that would have killed him,” Winn pointed his mouse over a partially shattered skull and Kara winced.

“But,” Winn emphasised. “We ran an algorithm and the marks don’t match any angle of the stairs he fell down…”

“Huh?” Kara was a little confused.

“At no angle could Lionel Luthor trip down the stairs and land with that specific impact to kill him. The stairs and the injury don’t match,” Alex helpfully explained. “But the only way we were able to tell is through our advanced technology. Ten years ago the injuries on top of it would have made it seem exactly what was said; Lionel had drunk too much and fell down the stairs. The impact killed him.”

Kara felt her heart fall into her boots. “So they did kill him then?”

J’onn shook his head. “We don’t know. But what we do know is that he was murdered and then the body was thrown down the stairs to disguise it. Either the coroner wasn’t very good, the Luthor’s paid them off, or they just couldn’t tell, but he was murdered.”

J’onn looked back at the screen. “The reporter who wrote the article has been kidnapped and his flatmate has been killed.”

“Have you heard from Lena?”

Kara shook her head. “I’ve tried, a lot, and she won’t answer. It just goes straight to voice mail. Jess didn’t want to talk to me either, just had a message directing me to the L-Corp PR team.”

Kara was pretty sure she was pouting and linked her fingers together to stop her fidgeting.

“Why are you on this?” She asked, curious as to why the DEO had been reading trashy articles.

“Since Lex’s escape we’ve been keeping an eye out for any mention of the Luthor’s on all forms of media. It may have been a false lead, but we had to check it out anyway, anything that could lead us to Lex. Once the reporter was kidnapped we knew we had to watch it.” J’onn shrugged. “True or not, it has the attention of the Luthor’s so it has our attention.”

“Maybe Lena could do with a visit from her friend?” Agent Vasquez asked pointedly after a few moments of contemplative silence.

Kara sighed. “I don’t think she wants to talk.”

“Then don’t talk,” Alex suggested. “Eat food and watch Netflix or something. Just go be a friend.”
It took her less than quarter of an hour and she was getting out of her Uber outside Lena’s apartment. There were a lot more press there than usual, but she walked confidently inside under the gaze of the security at the door. Inside the lobby there was a lot more people than usual milling about on the couches and she cast them a suspicious glance before wandering over to the reception. She knew she wouldn’t be getting on the elevator without getting clearance first, if the two beefy dudes standing in front of it were any indication.

Lena’s apartment lobby was like a hotel lobby. There was even a gym, a pool, a small cinema, a few arcade games, and a restaurant on the various floors.

“Hi!” She smiled brightly at the receptionist and she mirrored the smile, even though she clearly tried not to.

“I’m here to see Lena Luthor. She’s not answering my calls, so can you like-“

The receptionist pressed a button and one of the security guards near the elevator moved towards them.

“Wait! I’m not a reporter-well, I am- a reporter that it. But I’m not here for an interview or anything. I’m here as her friend. I brought take-out!” She explained in a rush and lifted the bag of food and smiling winningly.

“Scott,” the receptionist drawled. “Please escort Miss Danvers to the elevator.”

Kara’s protests didn’t escape her lips and she blinked at the receptionist who smiled and went back to her computer.

“This way, Miss Danvers,” the security guard said and he had a nice, deep voice. Confused she let herself be guided across the floor and to the elevator. He swiped a key code and pressed the button and then exited, letting her take the elevator alone up to the top floor.

She walked down the corridor and around to Lena’s door and saw that it was shut as though trying to protect its inhabitants from the world and she frowned for a moment before adjusting her bag and pressing the button.

“Um, Hi Lena! It’s Kara! I brought food!” She released the button and then fidgeted a little and then started when the door opened. It was Vince who opened it, muscles flexing under a grey singlet and he eyed her a moment before stepping aside and allowing her access to the room.

“Miss Luthor gave us names and faces that were always allowed to get into contact with her. Yours is one of them,” he explained and shut and armed the door behind her. “That is the only reason I am letting you in.”

“I saw the article,” Kara said, eyes scanning for Lena, but she couldn’t see her. “How is she?” She asked as she turned and looked up at the body guard.

“She hasn’t left her room and she won’t talk to anyone.”

Kara glanced up to see Jess walking down the hall with her cell-phone tucked between her eat and shoulder and an open laptop balanced on her hand. “I hope you can get through to her.”

Kara nodded, eyes wide. “So…” she hedged and shifted a little, wishing she could adjust her glasses but her hands were full. “Is it true? Did they kill their father?”
Jess met her gaze with a blank stare. “I don’t know, and honestly… I don’t care.” She shrugged. “It isn’t my business to know or to ask, but either way, would you like having the world hear someone accuse you of killing your father? And basically call your entire family evil, and then wish death upon you?”

Kara swallowed and couldn’t answer.

“You know where her room is.”

Kara nodded and walked down the hall, keeping an ear out for Jess’s conversation. She sounded harassed. ‘No, I cannot comment on that. If you want a statement please talk to the L-Corp PR team. Their number is…’

Lena’s door was shut, just like she had left it early this morning and she hesitated before knocking. “Lena?” There was no answer. “It’s me… Kara… I just came to check up on you…” Hearing no answer she hesitated and then opened the door. To her surprise it was unlocked, but then she reasoned why would you need a lock if the only way into your apartment was to fly to the balcony, or go through the rabid security downstairs.

The room was dark, curtains pulled like a shield against the world and she could see a bundle hidden beneath the covers in a pile on blankets and pillows. There was a faint sound of music coming from under the covers.

“Lena?” She enquired and at having no response, or even an indication of her hearing moved a little closer. She could hear the music more clearly now, some classical sound obviously played far too loud for the eardrums of the person playing it and she lowered the food and her bag onto the end of the bed and walked around to the head of it. She could see a phone cord vanishing under the covers and gently sat on the bed. She heard the increase in Lena’s heartbeat as she realised she wasn’t alone.

“Go away, Jess,” Lena’s voice emerged from beneath the covers, voice raspy and hoarse and Kara’s heart clenched.

She started to pull the covers back and Lena groaned and pulled them tighter but really, she was no match for a Super.

“I said-“

Lena launched her head from the covers and it was only Kara’s super reflex’s that allowed her to miss their heads colliding. “Oh, um. Kara?”

Her eyes were red and wet and her hair was a tangled mess and part of her t-shirt as falling off her shoulder, exposing an expanse of creamy skin which Kara resolutely ignored. She was beautiful.

“I’m not one you want to fight in a blanket stealing war,” she said with a soft smile as Lena swallowed nervously and looked anywhere but Kara. “Alex says I’m just too strong.” It was a bit of a risk, alluding to her alien biology, but Lena looked like she needed something normal for the moment.

“Kara? Why are-I’m,” she faltered for a moment and closed her eyes. “I’m not fit for company at the moment, can you come back another time?”

Normally Kara would abide by such a request, but she figured Lena had been alone for so long anyway, and didn’t have anyone to hold her that she best stay.

“No,” she replied softly and Lena’s eyes flickered open in surprise. “You need a friend right now to
remind you your human.” Which, ironic, considering Kara wasn’t, but Lena wasn’t to know that.

“What?”

“You’re gonna have a shower and get changed while I change your sheets, and then you’re going to cuddle with me and we’ll binge watch the Chase or something, okay?” She kept her voice soft and kind but there was iron to her tone and Lena blinked again in confusion.

“Kara, what?” She shook her head and her fingers tightened on her blankets. “No. Please just, go.” She sounded so broken and small and Kara’s heart went out to her. It reminded her of a girl long ago, lost and alone with burdens resting on her shoulders and wanting the darkness to swallow her whole, and she nodded to herself.

“Okay,” she said and saw Lena’s immediate relief. “Only once you’ve had a shower, or a bath, and have eaten.” She pointed over to her take-out bag and Lena followed her arm, hand, and finger to the pile of food. She stared at it and frowned.

“I’m not hungry, Kara. Please leave.”

Kara sighed. “Alright. That’s enough wallowing.” She saw Lena’s green eyes tighten in confusion and then shock as Kara tossed the duvet back and reached for Lena.

“Wha-at?” Her voice rose into a squeal of surprise when Kara picked her up and cradled her close and she could hear Lena’s heartrate change as she bound her towards the bedroom. She was aware she should look like she were struggling to hold the brunette’s weight, but she figured Kara Danvers could scoff it off later and say she worked out or something if Lena ever asked. Honestly, she was a bit out of it at the moment she doubted she’d remember much of it.

Lena’s bathroom was large and sleek and modern with shiny taps and marble and gleaming mirrors. Her bathroom was to die for; it had black marble floors and a black marble benchtop with two white bowls and in the centre there was a large white bathtub. Over in the far corner there was a walk in shower with two showerheads and what looked like a seat, and there was another vanity with a tone of products on it and a large chair before the three big mirrors across the wall.

“Woah,” she breathed out and Lena finally seemed to come around, squirming a little in Kara’s hold.

“Put me down, Kara,” she demanded, sounding like a tired kitten learning how to roar and Kara had to hide her smile. She carried her over to the shower and had to stand there a while figuring out how it worked.

“Okay, so if I turn this one, this one comes on…” she mumbled to herself and shifted Lena for a moment so she could turn the shower head on. It was very confusing, there were a lot of buttons to push and various jets and she wasn’t quite sure how it worked. Her own shower was a like a door handle, turn for temperature and lift for water pressure, which was admittedly pretty poor.

She managed to get the water on and then lowered Lena gently to the floor. “Shower. Wash your hair or something. I’ll make the bed. When I’ve seen you’ve eaten something, then I’ll leave, okay? I promise. Now get in!” She didn’t wait to hear Lena’s reaction past a startled yelp as she pushed her under the spray and saw to the sheets, voice a little more harsh than usual in her attempt to convey her care.

Eliza had always done this for her when she was feeling down. Made her have a warm shower or a bath and had sent her to bed with clean sheets and food, and Alex would sometimes come and keep her company. It helped.
She returned to Lena’s room and bundled the sheets and duvet cover and pillow cases into her arms and wandered down the hall to the laundry and put them in the washing machine. As it started she turned and looked at the large storage cabinets and opened the doors. She picked some soft sheets, some new pillow cases, and a nice fluffy duvet cover and carried them back to Lena’s room.

She made the bed, still able to hear the shower running, and went and opened the curtains and partially opened the balcony door to let light and air into the room. Then she sat awkwardly on the corner of the bed and waited for Lena to finish. She had waited quarter of an hour before she narrowed her eyes at the door and after hesitating at the morality of it, looked above the rim of her glasses to see what Lena was doing and then her heart sunk. The CEO was curled up on the bottom of the shower still in her clothes and letting the water fall over her. She let her senses back out and heard the rapid thumping of her heart and could hear the sharp rise and fall of her chest.

Kara rose to her feet and quickly moved through the bathroom and towards the shower. “Lena,” she said gently, trying to get her attention and not startle her any further than she was, she was obviously having some sort of panic attack. Her long dark hair, darkened almost black by the water, was plastered to the top of her head and hung down over her clothes limply and she had her arms curled around herself, cast getting wet, and clothes clinging to her body. Her chest was rising and falling at an alarming rate and her heartbeat was as frantic as a humming bird’s.

She kept her head down as Kara got closer and she could see that she was shaking and so Kara being Kara took off her shoes and socks and stepped into the shower with her. Lena’s head rose at her presence and when she lifted her eyes Kara hid her wince, there was a shadow there, something dark and dangerous, and she flinched, actually flinched away from Kara, scooting into the far corner of the shower and hiding her head. It was gone when she lowered her chin to her arms and Kara ignored the shock of the water and how her glasses immediately steamed and had flecks of water on them and sat down next to Lena and lifted her arm.

“Lena?” She asked again, soft over the sound of the waterjet’s and the CEO flinched again, shifting back into the corner of the shower, her heart rate accelerating again.

“Hey, it’s okay,” she said gently and shifted away from Lena, noting how dark green eyes were wide as they watched her. “I’m not gonna hurt you. It’s okay. You’re safe.” She kept talking quietly until Lena’s heart rate slowed and her breathing shifted to match Kara’s, in and out. In and out. Something had triggered Lena, and the thought made her stomach tie its self in knots as well as feed the flare of rage igniting in her chest at someone daring to hurt Lena. She knew a panic attack when she saw one; she spent a lot of her time around soldiers, PTSD was a thing.

“Lena,” she said quietly after it looked like she had come back to herself from whatever hell she had been locked in. “Can I hug you? I’ll just sit here with my arm out,” she said slowly and inched to the side and lifted her arm and waited. Lena’s eyes followed her and darted back to her face and she knew she looked silly with her glasses fogged up and running with water and with her hair all wet and tangled.

The young Luthor didn’t move bar a sharp short nod and Kara eventually had to pull her into her arms and hold her there gently. “You’re safe. I’ve got you,” she said and rested her chin on Lena’s head, she was shaking a little and instinctively Kara’s arms tightened, though quickly relaxed when Lena tensed. “Shhhhh. I’m sorry. I’ve got you. I’ll keep you safe.” Lena’s feet were almost touching the glass barriers and she leaned against Kara and turned her head into her chest and stayed there, Kara’s arms wrapped around her as the water bet down on them for countless minutes.

It was occurring to Kara that this reaction wasn’t what someone would consider a normal reaction. Lena was almost catatonic and there had to be something more behind the reaction than just finding
out she was accused of killing her father a decade ago, but Kara couldn’t pin-point what it was. But there was something heavy and sickening lining the inside of her stomach, something she wasn’t ready to name just yet, but the thought of it made the ire in her chest ignite and darken to a malicious black flame.

Her body was pruning by the time she finally decided to get them both out of the shower. She hesitated as she gathered her muscles and then slowly lifted them both to their feet. Having been seated for so long Lena’s legs were unsteady, like a newborn lamb, and Kara kept a strong hold on her as she reached for the container that held her shampoo. It was a bit intimate, especially being in the shower with her, but she knew the benefits of a hair wash. Alex had been the one to wash her hair once or twice after she had gone on about how magical her hairdresser’s hands were, which on reflection did sound just a little gay, and so Kara had demanded she show her, because she couldn’t go to the hairdresser as her hair would break the scissors. After that whenever she was down she would make Alex wash her hair, massage the shampoo into her scalp. It was heavenly, and she could see why Cat had her hair professionally washed twice a week. She was doing it for the massage.

Lena’s shampoo was sweet and flowery and once she was sure she had Lena standing she started to massage the shampoo into her dark, raven locks, blocking the showerhead with her own body. She was thankful Lena had infinity hot water, otherwise their shower would have been cold for the last ten minutes or so.

Lena stood quietly, mind obviously elsewhere as Kara gently washed and shampooed her hair and then she hesitated and directed her to turn around.

Her eyes were no longer as blank as they had been, but the darkness was still there, and it reminded her of when Lena had talked to her about some things remaining in the dark, and she wondered exactly what Lena was hiding from.

She looked a little confused to see Kara there and blinked the water from her eyes and lifted her cast up to rub them, before staring at the soggy goo it had become in surprise.

“Kara?” She tilted her head to the side curiously.

“You need to get out of your clothes,” Kara said gently and leant back to look down at Lena. She was a few inches taller than the CEO, something she hadn’t really noticed as Lena always wore heels.

Lena frowned and nodded and Kara reluctantly parted from her warmth and exited the shower, leaving water puddles along the floor as she padded towards the black cupboards in search of a towel. She flicked Lena’s towel heater on and left a brand new towel there for her and took her own to the corner of the bathroom, out of Lena’s sight and slid from her wet clothes, grunting in annoyance at how her jeans stuck to her skin.

She heard Lena hesitantly start to remove her clothes and made an obnoxious sound as she exited the bathroom in search of some spare clothes, fluffy towel wrapped around her.

Lena’s clothes were in a large walk-in wardrobe which was probably the size of Kara’s bedroom and bathroom combined (and then some) and she marvelled at the rows of shoes and racks with purses. There were countless drawers and hangers and a large comfortable looking couch on a soft fluffy rug. She looked like a drowned rat in the mirror and quickly removed her glasses and bit them between her teeth as she looked for some casual clothing. Which, she knew Lena had some, only she was struggling to find it. Most outfits would likely cost her a weeks rent, so she settled on some pyjamas, these at least Lena had in abundance, and they weren’t all silky lingerie, but, yeah… she didn’t even let her mind go there.
She changed quickly and wiped her glasses on the soft shirt she was wearing, it was a cute grey one with cats on it and quickly found a set for Lena, but didn’t feel comfortable enough going through her underwear draw. She knocked softly on the bathroom and waited for instruction to enter before hesitantly peeking around the door-frame.

Lena was dripping water in the centre of the bathroom with the fluffy white towel wrapped around her and her lips pressed together fleetingly in resemblance of a smile when she saw Kara brought her clothes. The shower was silent but the pile of Lena’s clothes on the floor was obvious and Kara picked her own up and wandered past Lena to the shower and grabbed Lena’s.

“I’ll shove these in the dryer,” she cast a parting glance, saw something different glinting in Lena’s eyes, and carried on past her now cold food and to the laundry. Bella was in the kitchen at the stove, and Kara’s stomach grumbled in approval of the divine smells coming from it and she raised a brow as Kara walked by with dripping wet clothing and hair, and in pyjamas. She blushed a little but kept on walking when the bodyguard didn’t say anything. Jess was working at the kitchen table and cast her a glance before going back to her typing.

She placed the clothes in the dryer, yes she was going to dry her jeans, oops, and exited back down the hall way. Loud shouts came from the entertainment room and she dimly heard a, ‘What the actual fuck! Oh my gawd! My gayby’s! Ahhh!’ and cast the door a bemused look as she walked past. Vince must be watching his television shows again.

She ducked back into Lena’s room and dug out their take out, it could be reheated so she returned to the kitchen, after hearing Lena blow dry her hair. She dug out a few bottles of water while she waited for the food to heat in the microwave and stood awkwardly in the kitchen while she did. She wanted to say something, to ask her about Lena’s now obvious triggered-panic attack, but didn’t know if Jess knew, or if she should ask, or speak about it without talking to Lena first.

It must be something private- Lena was a CEO of a multi-billion dollar company, and a Luthor-otherwise the media would have pounced on that like a cat on a mouse. She wondered what it could be, and the unease from before made her almost unwilling to eat and she wondered if maybe, just maybe, there had been some truth to the article. She sort of wanted to ask Lena about it, and her panic attack, but figured she would provide comfort and silence, if she wanted it. If Lena wanted to talk she’d be here, but she wouldn’t push.

The microwave beeping took her out of her thoughts and she carried the hot (though she didn’t feel it) plates back into Lena’s room, wondering if she had a no-eating in bed policy, which, frankly, was a bizarre concept. Eating ice-cream in bed and watching movies had been one of her favourite ways to pass the time with Alex while they were in school.

Lena was sitting awkwardly on her bed with her hair mostly dry and had her arms wrapped around her and lifted her head to look up at Kara as she came in. She could see the emotions cross her face, raw as she was; there was fear, wonder, and shame. Lena’s jaw worked and she could hear her swallow as she looked back at her duvet. Her heart rate was still elevated above normal but the fear in her eyes had softened.

“A-after my parents died,” Kara began haltingly and lowered the food onto the bed. “I’d have nightmares…f-or months I had nightmares…” she fiddled with her hands nervously. “It’s not-Eliza told me…,”she frowned a little and then looked directly at Lena. “Surviving is nothing to be ashamed of.” She swallowed and her throat caught and Lena met her eyes, and she was caught in their orbit.

“Things out of your control are nothing to place blame on…if it isn’t your fault…your willing and knowing actions…then how can you feel guilty over it?” her brow tightened and she shook her head.
for a moment. “I mean- I know you can feel guilty, but you shouldn’t, I shouldn’t,” she looked up at Lena again. “We shouldn’t. It wasn’t our fault.”

“Survivor’s guilt,” Lena rasped and Kara’s heart went out to her as she toyed with the top of her duvet. “I am aware.”

There was silence for a long moment stretching into several blinks and a dozen heartbeats. “Did-did you wanna talk about it? Or we could just eat and cuddle?” She blushed after the latter offer, feeling it was an off choice of words for her friend. I mean, her and Alex could do it, they were sisters and best friends, but the word did have an intimate connotation, and she and Lena weren’t there yet.

Lena lifted a brow at the word and she felt her blush grow.

“I ah, I just don’t want you to be alone right now…. Not that that’s like a bad thing or anything but I just want you to know you aren’t alone and Alex would always crawl in with me when I woke her up and we would cuddle under the blanket and talk about stuff or like watch movies and like we marathoned all the Disney sequel movies one night and Eliza was so mad because she had to ring school and -oh. Um,” she went even redder and Lena lowered her hand from where she’d raised it to halt her rambling. She lifted her hand to her glasses and realigned them to hide her face, but she was pretty sure Lena had seen how red it was.

Lena got off the bed and moved over to the curtains and shut them and then grabbed a remote from her bed-side table and slid under the covers. Kara blinked for a moment and then Lena sighed and shifted the covers open, a silent invitation, and Kara beamed. She quickly got the plates and the waters and moved to the head of the bed as Lena flicked her massive t.v on and signed into her online accounts.

She settled on Ice Age and Kara grinned and settled down into the bed next to her, passed her a water bottle silently and passed over a plate and a knife and laid out the heated food around them.

They didn’t say anything further but the movie was punctuated by their giggles (again mostly Kara’s, but Lena did laugh at Seth’s antics) and more than once Kara found herself gazing over at Lena and smiling and quickly looking back at the television least she get caught. They, well, Kara, ate most of the food. Lena didn’t seem to be able to stomach much more than a few bites, but she steadily drunk the water, which was good.

Together they watched the sequels as afternoon wound into night and the world moved on without them outside their little bubble. After a while Lena settled against Kara, relaxing into her warmth in a way that she hadn’t earlier, and Kara knew she was fighting slumber. Instead she lifted her arm and let it rest above Lena’s shoulders, giving her the option of accepting her touch or not.

To her surprise Lena immediately snuggled closer and brought her arm around her and Kara felt her breath hitch. Lena didn’t appear to notice and lazily flicked the next movie on and settled in to watch it, resting her head against Kara and holding her close. Maybe it was her heartbeat, Kara thought to herself as Lena’s breathing steadied out and the grip on Kara’s pyjamas slackened.

She took the remote and turned the sound down and let the movie play in the background and shifted down further in the bed so that they were both more comfortable. The lullaby of Lena’s breathing and the steady pulse of her heart sent Kara into deep meditation and she closed her eyes and relaxed, letting her mind slip away.
Summary of chapter: Alex helps Kara figure some things out about herself. Kara flys to Lena after hearing about the article where Lex and Lena are accused of killing their father and of the house-hold of covering up the murder. Lena's been in bed all day and not responding to any attempts at getting in contact with her. Kara takes food. Kara insists Lena eat something and have a shower. Lena has a panic attack in the shower. Kara helps her and stays with her. They snuggle.

I am glad the reactions I got for the sneak peek were what I was aiming for, that's always awesome to see. Mean's I'm doing my job right :D

Also, I'm fortunate enough to not have PTSD in any form or anything similar, nor are my close friends or family. I'm not aware they've survived anything that could trigger it, so most of this as been research on the internet, and we all know how that can turn out. So I apologise if anything here has been handled insensitively, it was not my intention at all.

No sneak peek/spoiler this week, but this is a happy ending story and Kara/Lena endgame, so there's that.

As always, enjoy! Mwah!
Kara woke at the first sign of Lena’s fight, caught in a nightmare as she was and she was quick to hold Lena close and coo nothing’s into her ear until she stilled and the furrow to her brow smoothed. It happened multiple times through the evening and into the night, and Kara had to retrieve her cell-phone when it rang before it could awaken Lena. It was Alex.

“Alex, hey,” she breathed and made sure Lena slept on. “What’s up?”

‘I haven’t heard from you since you went to see Lena, are you okay?’

‘Yeah. I’m fine… Lena’s just… I’m just helping…’

She could hear the pause on the other end of the line and could picture Alex’s furrowed brow.

‘Well…okay….but we need you back here. There’s a fire down at the port, a big one.’

Kara sighed and closed her eyes.

‘They need Supergirl.’

‘Yeah…okay,” she breathed. “On my way,” she said and then hung up. It was a little rude, sure, but her sister was making her leave Lena. Making her leave the woman currently cuddled around her like a Koala and she really, really didn’t want to go. She was warm, sleepy, and had a gorgeous woman in her arms. Who would have thought ‘I’m not gay’ Kara Danvers would feel at home in Lena Luthor’s bed? She took a deep breath, watching her chest rise and fall with Lena resting on it and couldn’t help the fond curl of her lips and then she reached down and gently lifted Lena’s arm off her. The cute grumble of protest Lena gave at the movement made her heart twirl but she was resolute and gently slid out from under her and let her rest on the bed. If she noticed how Lena curled into her pillow and how her heart warmed at the sight, she ignored it in favour of packing away their dishes and moving quickly through the house to the dryer and her clothes, dropping the empty take-out on the bench.

The rest of the house was silent, a light was on under one of the guest room doors and after she had changed she knocked on it gently, pulling her messenger bag over her shoulder.

Vince answered the door in a pair of boxers and she averted her eyes from his admittedly well-defined chest with a blush. He caught her look and leant cockily against the door and folded his arms. “What can I do for you?” His voice had lowered and he waggled his eyes playfully and Kara flushed.

“I-I need you to let me out. Please,” she said and re-adjusted her glasses as he pushed off the door with a nod and began to pad silently out to the kitchen.

Kara pulled a piece off her note-pad and hastily wrote Lena a note and folded it up and wrote Lena’s name on the outside and left it on the bench.

Vince was over by the door and had entered the security pin and opened the door for her. He winked
at her as she left and she felt her cheeks heating and awkwardly waved goodbye as she left. She heard the door shut behind her and wandered down the hall to the elevator and took it down to the lobby.

It was mostly quiet down here with the shift of security guard changed and another receptionist at the desk and she smiled at them all as she exited the apartment building. There weren’t any members of the press outside and she walked quickly down the road, the cool breeze brushing the warmth from her body, and ducked into an alley. Moments later she was at her apartment getting changed and was thankful she had decided not to wear the suit today, seeing as she had ended up almost naked in Lena Luthor’s apartment.

It wasn’t that she didn’t trust Lena, she did, it was just….she was cautious of revealing who she was to any one, especially someone who had such a high profile last name.

“Come in, Alex,” she said as she launched herself off her balcony and into the night and headed towards the port.

‘The fire started in a warehouse, we aren’t sure why yet, but it looks like a storage warehouse.’

“Okay.”

Kara coiled and then forced herself forward, feeling the deep boom as she broke the sound barrier and raced towards the port. The closer she got to the ocean the more she could taste it’s tang on the back of her tongue, smell the salt in the air. It smelt like fish, salt, the ocean, oil, machinery, sweat, and now the acidic curl of smoke. She saw the fire before she could smell it and was quick to fly around the burning building with her laser vision to see if anyone were inside. It was empty and she hovered above it and took several great breaths, filling her lungs to capacity and feeling her chest strain with the force of it, before breathing out harshly. Her frost breath fell on the flames like a wave and she slowly flew over the top of the building, blowing out as she did so, before reeling back into the sky, taking another set of deep breathes of clear air, and passing over the fire again.

It’s heat lapped at her skin and it was oddly pleasant, like something warm and soft and abruptly there was a crack in the air and she looked over to the other side of the warehouse to see Kal smiling over at her.

He returned his attention to the burning building below him and cast his own breath on it, and under the combined power of the two Super’s the flame collapsed in on itself and ash fell and formed a heavy sludge on and around the building.

“Kal!” Kara beamed and zoomed to her cousin and collided with him in mid-air with a thud. “Hi! What are you doing here?” She enquired as she pulled back from their hug and he playfully tussled her hair and she shot him a glare.

“Hey, cuz.” He hovered in the air above the building and gaze a small shrug. “Interview,” he said and then nodded a little. “With Lena Luthor…”

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“Miss Luthor, thank you for seeing me,” Clark said as he was let into Lena’s apartment and he cast Kara a glance. “Us,” he corrected, “on such short notice.”

Lena was looking tired, drawn and gaunt, even in the sun as she worked next to her large windows. Her assistant was surrounded by a pile of papers on the kitchen table and Vince returned to where he was preparing his daily shake at the kitchen bench.
“Of course,” Lena said politely, eyes flickering to Kara and back to Clark. “Anything for Metropolis’ finest hero.” Both Super’s tensed and Lena paused where she had a pen hovering over a piece of paper. “Third nomination this year, am I right, Mr Kent? Metropolis’ bulletproof reporter…perhaps you will finally beat your wife for the award this time around.”

Clark inhaled sharply in relief and ducked his head with a smile. “She is determined to beat me again.”

Lena hummed and looked over at Kara. “Kara,” she said with a smile and the reporter beamed back at her.

“Hi Lena,” she gave a little awkward wave and Lena looked back at Clark.

“Please,” she gestured to the couches. “Take a seat. Feel free to move them if it would make you feel more comfortable. I’m sure it will be no trouble.”

“You got your cast off?” Kara blurted as she shifted the couch around and then flopped onto it. Clark raised an eyebrow and moved to the corner and settled in.

“Hm? Oh, yes,” Lena said and looked at her arm. “This morning. It was due to come off anyway. I healed faster than I thought I would.”

“Are you okay if I record this?” Clark asked and moved his reporter pad to his lap and lifted his phone.

Lena flicked a glance to Kara and then back at Clark.

“You don’t have a super memory?” She asked, curl to her lips as she added innocently, “Don’t all reporters?”

Clark’s features were still, carefully neutral and Kara looked between the two.” Not all of us, I’m afraid.”

“Go ahead, Mr Kent. Catco doesn’t want in on the exclusive?” Lena enquired of Kara, brow lifting curiously.

Kara flushed and fiddled with her glasses. “Um, well, kinda. Y-yeah?”

Lena took a deep breath and nodded. “Kara the reporter, then?” She asked gently and Kara hesitated but nodded a little.

“Okay,” Lena said softly and turned to take a sip of her water as Kara dug her note-pad and pen out, ignoring Clark’s curious gaze.

The interview was long, pointed, and at sometimes a little harsh, especially from Clark with regards to Lex, but Lena was graceful and poised and dodged some of the frankly, rude, questions Clark was asking. Kara even glared at him a few times when she could hear Lena’s discomfort through the stutter in her heart. Lena said she didn’t know where Lex was, and didn’t know who had helped him escape, though her pulse had shifted a little there, and she hadn’t helped him. Yes, she had visited him to talk, and discussed the attacks on her sent by him, which, was frustrating, she had admitted, but said he clearly thought she had betrayed him and deserved it.

She found it difficult to associate her brother, the boy she grew up with, and the man he was now, and the things he had done. They discussed the reports she was going to be working with Supergirl to help various not-for-profits around the city.
They were interrupted part way through by a local team of glass experts and Kara watched them with narrowed eyes as they moved down the hall towards Lena’s room and she could hear them discussing the balcony door windows. She kept an ear out but turned her attention back to Lena.

They asked her about her surviving the tower explosion and her smile turned fond as she talked about her employees and their families and how they were remaining with her, with L-Corp. She didn’t know how she had survived, it was through sheer luck that her safe room had managed to survive the fall.

“A lot of people are calling you a hero, for saving your employees,” Kara asked and Lena’s green eyes gazed through her. “What is your response to that?”

It took Lena a good moment to answer and she looked out the window and over the city as she did. “I think,” she said slowly, “that humanity has it in them to be heroes every day, without grand acts.”

She cast a glance to Clark and then looked back at Kara. “Human’s are heroes every day and we just don’t realise it because these things we do in our lives aren’t like flying, or super-strength, or being bullet proof. It’s people like you,” she ducked her head, eyes kind and gentle. “Who are heroes, more so maybe, than people like Superman and Supergirl. People who seek truth and justice and are kind and generous and look for the good in people. So, no,” she said and looked back out over the city. “I don’t consider myself a hero. I had the opportunity and I couldn’t just do nothing. My employees deserve better from me than that.” Her heart tripped over itself and she shifted uncomfortably and Clark smiled and rose to his feet.

“Thank you for your time, Miss Luthor.”

Kara nodded and started to gather her belongings as well and Lena’s voice made them pause.

“Superman.”

The two went still again and turned slowly back to Lena.

“Lex had many notes on Superman,” Lena said and tapped her pen quickly on her piece of paper, rolling it end over end. “And he will be coming after them both-Superman and Supergirl.” She looked over at the two reporters. “I know you are her friend, or at least,” she hesitated and her brow tightened. “You speak with her sometimes. But that makes you a target… as well as any member of the DEO that Supergirl works with. Your sister,” she looked directly at Kara and Kara tensed a little at the threat. “Your friend Mr. Olsen,” she looked between them both and then settled back on Kara. “You need to be careful. You aren’t bulletproof,” she said, a wry smile on her lips. She didn’t hide her look at Clark and then flicked her green eyes back to Kara. “I’d hate for you to get hurt.”

Clark was stiff as he said he would talk to Lois and Superman and Jimmy about keeping them all safe and Kara hesitated and stepped towards Lena.

“I’ll see you in a minute, Clark. Kay?”

Clark’s jaw moved but he nodded and he thanked Lena again and walked towards the door.

“Hey,” Kara said quietly and looked Lena over. She looked like she needed more sleep, and her eyes were haunted and she was wearing large, bulky clothes as though she could hide in them, but there was a feverish glint to her eye and she pointedly turned whatever she was working on over as Kara got closer.

“Are you doing okay? I would have stayed, but….”
“I don’t need a baby sitter, Kara,” Lena said quietly and looked down, toying with her long, elegant fingers. “But thank… you,” she said tightly and her eyes were glassy as she looked over at Kara, lips pressed together in the best smile she could manage. Sensing Lena didn’t want to talk about it Kara nodded and smiled.

“I’m here for you, any time,” she said and nodded again to solidify her point.

“I’ll be careful,” she said in response to Lena’s earlier comment about staying safe. “But Supergirl, what the Super’s do…. Its important.” She gave a little nod. “They protect people.”

Lena sighed. “I wish you would stop talking to her,” she said quietly. “Her enemies…. They aren’t always human, and you’re kind of ….soft,” she said delicately and tilted her head. “Can she keep you safe?” Lena asked softly, eyes intent and pinning Kara in place.

Kara nodded, how could she not, of course she would do her best to keep herself safe.

Lena gave a sweet snort. “You know,” she ducked her head into her shoulder. “I actually threatened her to stay away from you.”

Kara blinked. “I know…. She told me!,” she added when Lena’s brow lifted. “She thought it was sweet…misguided but sweet.”

“And what do you think of it?” Lena asked curiously, a tilt burdening on her lips.

Kara blushed and faltered and fiddled with her glasses. “Um, well, I guess um. It’s nice you want to keep me safe? But um…. Its my decision.”

Lena nodded and sighed again. “I know, and I am sorry. I just don’t want you to get hurt.”

“I know,” Kara said simply and smiled softly at her. “Um, can I- um when you’re next free, did you wanna do lunch or something?” Her feet were suddenly interesting and she chanced a glance to see a radiant smile on Lena’s face, and felt her heart twist and summersault.

“I’d like that,” she smiled and Kara felt the warmth of it settling in her chest and warm her from the inside.

“Okay! Cool! Text me!” Kara beamed as she backed away from Lena and she tripped and fell over the back of the couch and landed and Lena was out of her chair and over next to her so fast she’d swear she had Super-speed.

“Kara! Are you alright?!”

Kara lay on the floor and gazed up at Lena and grinned. “Oops,” she giggled and Lena sighed and rolled her eyes. She rose to her feet with a fond smile and shook her head as she offered her hand to help Kara up.

“You’re so clumsy, Kara,” she said with a smile to her voice and Kara pouted.

“Am not.”

“You just fell over the corner of my couch…. You’re clumsy.”

“I was looking at you,” Kara blurted and then blushed and Lena’s heart did a little dance and at the sound she blushed harder and gave Lena a shy smile. “Yup, I’m just gonna... Bye. Text me!” She almost bolted for the door and heard Lena’s soft laughter heralding her exit.
“I think Lena knows who I am,” Clark said as they walked towards the elevator and her happiness faded like the light around a dead candle.

“Um, maybe?”

“Kara!” Kal was exasperated. “No one uses that many euphemisms in a conversation without there being a motive behind it.”

Kara shrugged. “I figured she knew, I mean,” she elaborated when Clark shot her a look. “We, Supergirl, and her were talking one night and she slipped up, nearly calling you, well, you…. And then I thought back to our first meeting and it seemed like she knew.” Kara shrugged as Clark rested his head against the elevator.

“She hasn’t done or said anything. I mean, all she’d have to do is put a statement on social media and its all over.”

“Kara! She’s a Luthor!” Clark hissed. “I know you have feelings for her but-“

“Woah-feelings, what feelings! I don’t- feelings. Complete absence of feelings. No, not me-er,” she shuffled nervously and Clark lifted a brow, which- not fair, she was the oldest and he could not use that look on her. “Fine. I like her okay? She’s my friend.” She ignored the brief flash of triumph on his face before he went serious again.

“This is dangerous Kara. Does she know about you?”

“I don’t think so,” Kara shook her head. “She seemed to be talking to you when she said like, bulletproof and stuff… and she warned us about Lex.”

Superman sighed and adjusted his reporter bag.

“She hasn’t done or said anything,” the ‘yet’ was silent. “And she was warning us to keep safe, well, me to keep safe….Can we just let her be?”

It took Clark a moment to consider but when he did he exhaled loudly and gave his cousin a begrudging nod. “Just stop pouting at me.”

Kara beamed and bounced from the elevator.

“So… she threatened Supergirl, huh?” He asked cheekily as they exited the elevator and walked across the lobby.

“Argh! Shut up, Clark!” She gave him a playful shove, one that would have tossed a human several feet.

“Aw, has my liddle widdle couzy got a crush?” He teased her lightly and she glared at him as he threw and arm around her shoulder and gave her a squeeze. “Come on. I’ll buy you lunch and you can tell me all about it.”

Kara beamed and felt warm all over. First she had a special smile from Lena, then she had Kal here, and…. He was going to buy her lunch. “Just wait,” she said with a grin. “I’ll eat Superman’s meal before you do,” she said, referring to the meal a local restaurant had out, which was said to feed the Super. It was a giant steak (72 OZ), chips, two eggs, three bread rolls, and a salad as well as a gallon of your choice in fizzy drink or beer, and if you ate it all in an hour, you got it for free. So far they’d had it every time Clark was in town and looked like they were pregnant when they were finished. It was a big meal, even for the Supers.
Clark scoffed as they exited the building. “Yeah right. I’ll be carrying your comatose ass home before long, Kara.”

Last time the two of them had had to cradle their bellies as they staggered from the restaurant, amidst clapping and awe from the staff, and had not spent the rest of the day on the couch. Nope, because that would be irresponsible of the Superheros. Their picture looked very odd among the giant beefy guys in leather or wearing caps, either bikers or truckies, and there was Kara and Clark, two meek little reporters wearing cardigans and beaming at the camera. It was something she and Kal had done when she was younger and her picture, a meek small girl-growing through the years- looked out of place on the wall of fame among big guys who looked like they could snap her in two.

She grinned at him, showing her teeth. “Nah ah. I’ll be carrying you. Just like when you were yay big,” she said, holding her hands out in imitation of a baby and he rolled his eyes.

“Put your money where your mouth is.”

“Oh, I plan to!”

Yes, it was a beautiful day.

Chapter End Notes

Wow. January went fast. As always, enjoy! (@127k :) Buckle up, we have a ways to go.
Supergirl sat awkwardly in the corner of the SUV and fiddled with the edge of her cape. Lena was on the other side, doing something on her phone. Vince and David were at the front and looked very secret agent-y, much to Kara’s amusement when she first saw them. They were in suits and had glasses and looked very bad-ass like something you’d expect from an action film involving the president. Apparently Bella would be meeting them there. Lena was wearing white skinny jeans and gold heels with a loose light brown shirt and gold bracelets. She had her hair tied tightly at her left ear and had a pair of aviators hanging over her collar, ready for the sunlight.

It was over cast, not clear and blue, but the sun had been trying valiantly all morning to breach the clouds, and it was bright outside the tinted windows of the SUV.

Lena had contacted Supergirl via text and told her she had the first school lined up and the not-for-profit organisation involved had sent an email and a few brochures overlying what they wanted Supergirl to talk about. They would be meeting a representative before they talked, or Supergirl talked, to the kids, and she’d give the hero an overview of what she wanted her to discuss.

Kara had been practicing, a little, looking up other people on YouTube you had gone in and talked to schools. She was pretty sure she had this; she was gonna talk a little about Clark as well, how he was picked on, and how she was certainly teased for being different. She would need to be careful, but she wanted to share her experiences. She also planned to tell the kids about how they can be heroes, every day, how they inspired her.

They pulled into the school and to her surprise Alex was there leaning against a bike with Maggie and Kara beamed, not noticing Lena’s curious eyes on her.

“Alex, hey!” She said as she almost ungracefully stumbled from the car and out onto the pavement.

“What are you doing here? Hi, Detective Sawyer.”

Alex shrugged and turned her gaze on the CEO who was getting out of the SUV. “Actually, we’re here to talk to Miss Luthor.”

“Agent Danvers,” Lena inclined her head as she gracefully walked across the car-park. “Are you here to support Supergirl?”

Maggie shot her a weird look and introduced herself. “Detective Maggie Swayer,” she said and held out her hand.

“Lena Luthor,” Lena accepted the hand shake and turned to raise an eyebrow at Alex. “You didn’t answer my question, Agent Danvers.”

“No,” Alex said and cast a glance at the two security guards coming up behind Lena. “I’m here to talk to you, actually. If you have a moment,” she added, but her tone indicated it wasn’t a request.
“Of course,” Lena ducked her head. “Just a moment.” She returned to David and spoke through the window to him and a few moments later he was winding the window up and exiting the car. He nodded and proceeded to walk down the street, locking the vehicle behind him.

Kara looked after him curiously, and was going to listen in but heard a quick heartbeat and swift clicking approaching and turned around to see the woman they were meeting.

She was grinning, showing a lot of teeth, and was wearing a pretty blue shirt with black shiny diamantes on it and had a clean cut black skirt and sensible heels. “Supergirl! Hi!”

Supergirl cast Lena a glance as she approached and then gave her full attention to the representative.

Alex took the moment to walk up to Lena and stood with her hands on her hips, staring down at the Luthor.

“Are you here to give me the shovel talk?” Lena asked quickly as Alex inhaled to begin and then she paused.

“Yes. I care about Kara,” Lena began, answering Alex’s questions before she could speak them. “No. I don’t plan on hurting her. If you think that then maybe take a look at Supergirl and her enemies. Yes. I know you’re secret agent but you will have to get in line. Anything else?” Lena arched her brow curiously and Alex blinked and fumbled a little and then shook herself.

“Um…” she cleared her throat and straightened. “The Agency I work with believes you are responsible for a recent hack of our servers… we have proof.”

Lena smirked just a little. “And the only reason you came by this information was due to an illegal hack of my servers. Were you the hacker, I’d tell you to contact my lawyers, but…. “ She tilted her head to the side. “I have a feeling that you don’t officially exist and would like to keep it that way. Call it a truce, Agent Danvers? I’ll speak with my contractor about it.”

Alex’s jaw went tight but she had been backed into a corner and she knew it. The only reason they knew Lena was good with computers was because of Kara, and the only reason they were able to match the two codes was because Winn illegally hacked into the L-Corp servers (with help) so any lawyer would tear them apart, and Kara wouldn’t let them just take her in.

She inhaled and released it in a stiff huff. “Truce.”

Lena knew the smile she was wearing was very satisfied but couldn’t bring herself to care.

“Detective,” Lena turned her cool green gaze on the police officer. “What did you wish to speak to me about?”

David was jogging back up the street and had a coffee crate in one hand and brown paper-bag with grease stains on it in the other. Lena turned to face him and beamed and took her coffee with a smile and looked back at Maggie as she answered.

“It’s about your brother.”

The small smile on Lena’s face dropped and her features went still. “Yes?” She asked quietly.

“Dirk Hamshew is dead,” Maggie said, eyes shrewd and dark and Lena didn’t even flinch as she heard the news. “He was killed and a video recording was sent to the Daily Planet and to Catco…. Lex was there…”
Lena said nothing for a moment and was still bar her initial sharp inhale. “Thank you for telling me, Detective. Is that all?” She had been trained from adoption to be charismatic, to be unrelenting and unmov ing in the face of the public and outwardly there was no indication of her inner unease.

“We would like you to re-consider our offer of protective custody,” she lifted her dark gaze over Lena’s shoulder to Vince and then over to Bell who was leaning against the school walls a few meters away. David was next to her, offering her a cup and a treat and she was smirking as she took her slice.

“You guards are talented,” she ducked her head to Vince who crossed his arms and smirked. “But we think-“

“With respect, Detective,” Lena interrupted and tilted her head. “I turned down Supergirl herself,” she lifted her gaze to the Super who was in discussion with the representative. “I do not want your protection. As I told Supergirl, you have a city to protect.”

“And as I told you, Miss Luthor,” Supergirl said as she strode forward, the rep on her heels. “You’re a member of this city as well.”

“And you have more important things to trouble yourself with,” Lena smiled over at the Super and then gazed at the rep, who was still a little star-struck.

“Shall we?” She gestured to the school and Supergirl nodded and then she beamed.

“Is that for me?!” This was too David who had a spare drink in the cup-holder and he looked at it a moment and then offered it to her silently.

“Thanks!” She grinned and then took a sip and her eyes widened in delight. “My favourite! How did you know?”

He shrugged and smiled at Lena. “Miss Luthor told me to get it.”

Supergirl turned to look at Lena curiously. “How did you know it’s my favourite?” There was a hint of suspicion in her tone, but she took another sip and sighed happily and Lena smirked into her cup.

“Lucky guess.”

A sleek black car was pulling into the driveway and Bella and Vince tensed and moved closer to Lena, forming a human wall, even though they tried to make it look like they weren’t protecting her. It was a Jaguar, shiny and new and the window wound down as it got closer and Lena tensed a little.

The woman inside cut the engine and waited, face half hidden by aviators but rested a finely manicured hand over the side of the door.

Supergirl cast her a glance and took a hesitant half step forward and scanned the car to make sure there was nothing dangerous about it. All she picked up was a cell-phone and the regular parts of a car.

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“Can you give me a moment, please?” Lena requested of Supergirl, the representative, and cast a look at the detective and agent, and farewelled them and then strode over to the car.

Bella and Vince didn’t like it, if their disgruntled looks were anything to go by, but with the superhero around they figured she would be safe.

“Miss, um, Supergirl?” The representative asked hesitantly. “Shall we go in now? They’re expecting
us in five…."

The caped hero cast a glance at Lena and then over at Alex. She shrugged and made her way back to her bike. “We’ve gotta head back to work. See ya later, Supergirl.”

Supergirl nodded and then after a final glance over to Lena by the car she turned and followed the representative into the school.

Her talk went….well…yes, well was a good word. The kids were fairly young- as Lena had wanted to start her with the more open ones, the innocent ones, on her first talk- and had mostly been in awe of her. They had been excitable…. Their energy was boundless, and coming from an alien that was saying something, and she spared a moment of pity for the Kent’s, who would have had to deal with a toddler alien and then she grinned to herself at the mental image that invoked.

It was easy talking to these kids, they were open and innocent, unjaded by the world and it was refreshing. They wanted to see her fly around a little, and she even lifted their principal above the shoulders (with his permission of course, and he had been laughing with his kids), and she took photo’s and signed pictures and handed out snacks (provided by L-Corp).

Lena had joined her ten minutes into the presentation, guided into the hall by the staff at reception, and there had been something weird going on under her careful mask. But she had stood off to the side and just listened as Supergirl talked about coming to earth and going to school and about how she had been bullied and felt alone. The kids had been shocked by that, she could see it in their little round faces, but she had explained that because she had been different and ‘not normal’ her classmates had taken advantage and had teased her for her accent, for her faux pas-her social screw ups, she had said. It had taken her a long time to get friends, and that was only once she learned to hide what she was and had blended in.

They had a lot of questions, especially the older kids, and the innocence and curiosity they had was humbling and she came away from it feeling their light and wonder in her chest, right under her House Crest. She explained what it meant, what the ‘S’ stood for and ended her speech with something cheesy about trusting each other and being truthful to themselves and striving for goodness.

All the while Lena’s cool green gaze was watching and no doubt taking note of everything. The teachers and staff had been very thankful and had insisted on shaking her hand multiple times and she had emphasised many times that this had been Lena’s idea, but she was reluctant to leave the side of the hall and step into the limelight, and had murmured, only for Supergirl’s ears, that she didn’t want to taint this with her name.

Supergirl hadn’t been happy about that and had made sure to mention it was Lena who had convinced her to do this, and had smirked at the grumbling Luthor when she was embraced by the principal, who actually seemed like a really cool dude. Lena’s smile had gone a little stiff and she had gone very tense but the principal didn’t seem to notice as he enthusiastically shook her hand and directed her to his heads of faculty where she had to make small talk with them.

Supergirl mingled with the kids, tossing a few in the air at their request and played a few games with them while Lena acted like an adult and was stuck dealing with the more adult-ier adults. She heard Lena, through clenched teeth, bite out how she’d get her for this, and had grinned and spun another pair of kids around, laughing with their loud giggles.

Eventually they left, Lena with a small, soft smile on her face, and Supergirl beaming as she walked out the doors with Lena at her side and Vince ahead of them and Bella behind. It was Vince’s warning that prepare them for the press outside and Lena sighed and shifted away from the super and
David could be seen getting off the hood of the car and into the drivers seat.

As they walked down the steps the camera’s flashed and the press shouted questions and Supergirl smiled at Lena and then winked. “See you later!”

As she took off she felt Lena’s glare on her and heard her growl out, “Chicken shit.”

She laughed as she flew through the air and left Lena to deal with the press as she had been doing for much of her life; with ease and grace.

She flew quickly to the DEO and landed gently and wandered over to the command centre and saw Winn was chewing on a burger and leaning over his desk and she snuck up behind him.

“Don’t let Vasquez catch you eating over your computer,” she said quickly and he startled.

“Damn it, Kara!” He removed his headphones self-consciously and she beamed at him and stole an empty seat and lifted her legs, spinning around on it. It never got old.

“Don’t do that!” He glared, heart still recovering from his fright and she grinned and spun around one last time. And then she spotted his fries and snatched one.

“Where is everyone?” She asked curiously, having noted the DEO didn’t have as many agents around as normal and Vasquez was focused on the monitors in front of her with predator like intensity.

“They’ve gone to check out the warehouse where Dirk was killed.” Winn said as he leant back in his chair and folded his arms. Kara’s face fell as she remembered being told. Alex had suggested she stay with Lena and do her talk with the kids instead of going to check out the warehouse. It had seemed like Lex had laid a trap for the Super’s there, so J’onn hadn’t wanted her there.

“Can you show it to me? Do we know if Lena’s seen it?”

Winn spun back around and started to tap his fingers on his keyboard and brought up the footage via Catco’s servers. “It was sent in about an….” He checked his watch. “About three hours ago. Not much to go on though.”

The footage was actually pretty clear, even if the cameraman/woman/person was holding it with one hand as they moved around the warehouse.

A man they identified as Dirk was tied to a chair in the middle of an empty concrete floor and there were a series of armed and masked soldiers around him with some very big looking guns. He looked worse for wear, tussled hair and a bloody face and there was a gag in his mouth.

He had yesterday’s paper open on his lap to show the front page, the one where he had accused the two Luthor’s of killing their father and of the house-hold in covering it up. Lex Luthor was there as well and he walked up to Dirk with a flash of gold on his wrist and a tailored dark navy suit. He still looked a little pale after his incarceration but otherwise he was in complete control.

“People of National City,” he began and clasped his fingers before him as though he were about to pray. “This is Dirk Hemshew, a reporter,” his thin lips curled into a sneer at the word and his eyes flashed. “Normally I don’t care what maggots like him say but,” he drawled out the vowel. “You brought up my sister.” He was suddenly fierce and the reporter flinched away from him. “And the only person that fucks with my sister is me…” he smiled suddenly, all teeth and dark eyes like a shark.
There was a muffled protest behind the gag and Lex blinked and spun around slightly. “Why is he gagged?”

“He wouldn’t shut up, Sir. Just kept screaming.”

“Well, ungag him. I want to hear him apologise.”

The soldier marched forward and flicked out a knife and Dirk’s eyes bulged and he shook his head frantically as he screamed again.

The soldier wasn’t gentle as he gripped his hair and jerked his head back and then dragged the blade across the gag, caring little for the streak of blood he left behind.

Immediately Dirk began to whimper and plead and apologise and it took about ten seconds of it before Lex flicked his fingers at the soldier and he marched forward and rammed his fist into Dirk’s gut, crunching the newspaper in the process. Dirk’s breath left him in a hurry and he panted harshly, eyes watering but kept his mouth shut.

“Thank you.”

“Sir.” The soldier nodded as he returned to his post.

“Now, Dirk… can I call you Dirk?” Lex enquired politely as though they were two guys just meeting for lunch and one hadn’t arranged for the kidnapping of the other.

Dirk gave a sharp nod as though terrified of moving any more than his head and Lex smiled at him again.

“Good,” he said and then walked up to him and took the paper off his lap and smoothened it out. “Now. I wanted to discuss some of the nasty lies you’ve been telling.” He was speaking calmly and softly, like he were talking to a naughty child and it was chilling, the undercurrent of rage was obvious. Dirk swallowed. You could hear it on the camera. Could see his throat bob.

“You reporters always speak about integrity and professionalism…but, then you go and use yourselves as sources. You break into places, use conversations that were private and then you have the audacity to claim it all as fact and then say you were doing it for the greater good.” His voice rose a little, something dark and bitter entering its tone. “You get close to people to use them and then when you’re done you toss them aside like they are scum and call yourselves a hero. Think you’re all bulletproof. Made of steel.”

Lex took a steadying breath and then turned back to Dirk. “But I am getting off track. I want you to apologise for the lies you’ve been spitting about my sister and then we’ll no longer have a problem. Understand?”

Dirk nodded quickly. “I’m so, so sorry for lying. You’re right, I-I made half of that up and-and none of it were true.”

“It’s not me you should be apologising to,” Lex corrected in a sing-song voice which was so very out of place.

“Miss Luthor,” Dirk said swiftly head turning to look at the camera. He looked half crazed like this; eyes red, blood down his face. “I am so, so sorry for the lies I told about you and-and I hope that you can forgive me. I didn’t mean it. I’m sorry for what I called you and-

“And you’ll accept any repercussions her lawyers decide to take against you.” Lex guided and Dirk
cast him a glance before quickly repeating it.

“Right!” Lex clasped his hands together and smiled. “I’m glad we had this little chat. Now, we no longer have a problem. Goodbye, Mr Hemshew.” He spun around on gleaming leather shoes and shoved his hands into his pockets and Dirk sagged in relief and looked at the ground and missed one of the soldiers raising a gun.

The shot echoed in the warehouse and Lex paused and shifted his head, blinking a few times at the noise before turning to the soldier. Dirk slumped in the chair, blood dribbling down the bridge of his nose.

“What was that?”

“You said we no longer had a problem. Sir.”

“I didn’t mean to shoot him,” Lex said and he almost sounded upset about it. Almost. He sighed and muttered, “It’s hard to get good help,” to himself before lifting his head and shaking it. “Oh, well.”

He strode from the frame and the camera turned to follow him a little. “Send this to the Daily Planet…and to CATCO…. Let their pets come clean up this mess.”

The footage cut on Lex’s broad shoulders as he walked away and Kara blinked and turned to look at Winn.

“He knows who Kal is,” she said quietly and the thought made her stomach twist itself into knots. “Or… at least suspects. Either that or it’s a dig at Clark.”

Winn nodded and exited out of the footage. “J’onn and Alex went to check out the warehouse but they said there was nothing there. They’re on their way back now.”

“Okay, well. I’ve got an article to go and write and I’ve gotta talk to Snapper. I’ll see ya later?”

Winn nodded and lifted his headphones to his ears again. “See ya later Kara.”

As Kara darted off to return to Catco she flicked off a text to Lena, from Kara of course, and asked her if she’d like to join her for breakfast.

Lena replied as she was walking into Catco as Kara-the-reporter and she grinned at her phone as Lena said she’d love to join her but was busy in the morning, and would the afternoon be better?

She replied quickly with a lot of smiley faces and took the elevator up to work. Snapper and Mitch had been discussing their article on Dr Alan and she knew they would now be careful as they put it to print. But with the news break of Lex’s man killing Dirk and the media out for blood, she figured she’d soon be sent back to Lena for an interview.

She was pleasantly surprised when she wasn’t. Lena had already issued a statement, or rather her lawyers and PR team had- distancing her from her brothers actions. As it was there was no proof she was even involved so the police was letting that go. Instead Snapper was going over the final copy with Mitch when she walked into his workspace. He liked seeing the copy in paper as well as Mitch, she figured it was an old school thing, but unlike Mitch, Snapper wrote his comments in capital letters, even if they were meant to be lowercase. It was odd, seeing the capital form several sizes smaller than the actual capital, but she had gotten used to it, figuring he just liked to use Cap’s. Or maybe the cap-lock button on his computer was stuck in place.

Snapper wasn’t happy she was maintaining her silence over her source for the hit, but the other
evidence they had gathered was enough for them to use her information as it overlapped with other
sources. All in all, she and Mitch had done a good job, or at least, Mitch had, according to Snapper.
He hadn’t had much to say to her, other than a comment about her run-on sentences, but coming
from him she guessed that was praise.

He had been apprehensive about letting the article go to print, especially after what had just
happened to Dirk Hemshew, but had allowed it, even by-passing James and sending it off himself.

The report would go to print the next morning and she was very excited, even if Mitch’s name was
first. It was her first article, well not her first, but the first one that she hoped would make a difference
and make her more of a mainstream reporter. Her article for Lena on L-Corp had been surprisingly
well received, but wasn’t as important as this one.

Snapper had cautioned the two of them and they both would be working from home for the next two
days, but he had also advised them to not be predictable. Lex could decide to come after them as
well. But Kara was confident she would be safe, and Mitch was an old hand, so Snapper had let it
slide.

He’d assigned her to an article of the birth of a tiger in N.C. Zoo which was, according to the latest
newsletter from the Zoo, going to happen within the week. Snapper wanted her on something softer,
he said it was because she was the newbie, but she thought it over and decided he wanted to get her
out of the limelight-her name shouldn’t be on the headlines so soon after her and Mitch call out Lex
on murdering Dr. Alan.

Alex would be furious, she thought as her day ended and she took the elevator home. She didn’t
need to have her name and maybe face (depending on what editorial did) on the front page when
they accused Lex of murder, just after he was (indirectly) responsible for the murder of the last
reporter to slander the name. But, she considered as she elevator opened and she smiled at security
on her way out, everything they were saying was true, so maybe Lex wouldn’t come after them.

Either way, she’d be able to handle anything he threw at her. She was Supergirl. It’s not like he
knew that.

xxxxXxxxxx

Chapter End Notes

Enjoy guys. Also, thinking of re-writing my summary, it isn't saying what I want it to say, any ideas?
Part Twenty-Seven

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Lena leant back from her notes and let her breath gush from her lips. It took her a moment for her brain to kick-start again and she shook herself before rising quickly to her feet. It couldn’t be a coincidence.

She strode quickly and quietly from her study and locked the room on her exit and quickly walked to her room. Her motorcycle gear was in her room, in her wardrobe but in the area of her clothes where she kept her more… meaningful clothes. She had her college sweatshirts, that one t-shirt from her ex-before Lex’s face was plastered all over the world and she had turned her back on Lena-she had a few of her favourite cosplay costumes there, as well as her comfort clothes. And maybe a onsie or two.

Her mind was running as she pulled her leathers on and tied her hair back. It was ten in the morning and she had cancelled her meeting with her lawyers in favour of digging through her own medical history after she had read the article on Dr Mark Alan this morning. She had smiled at seeing Kara’s name on the by-line before she had skimmed the article. Then she had frozen and read it in more depth.

Dr Alan had been her families’ doctor for years, and he had been the one who had called Lionel’s death an accident—he had signed the papers. She didn’t know what had set the alarm bells ringing in her mind, but some thread of the article was magnetic and called fragments of her thoughts and memories into being and she started to wonder. Started to wonder why several years ago, before Lex went on his crusade, he insisted she go to the doctor and get her shots. Started to wonder why there had been more injections than usual. Started to wonder why she had fallen ill almost immediately after her visit to the doctor. Started to connect the dots.

Dr Alan had been one of their leading scientists, a brilliant man, and on his good days Lex had been obsessed with super-humans, not alien, but what were now called Meta-humans, humans with extraordinary abilities. He had many of them, she had found out, some willing and others not, in laboratories where he was trying to duplicate their powers and abilities and combine them. To level the playing field. Dr Alan had been working with Lex to make a super-human.

She had to know.

She bypassed her bodyguards, and slipped from the apartment, she’d apologise for ditching them later, and made her way to the elevator. She’d pointedly left her cell-phone on her kitchen table and had grabbed only her keys and helmet.

The elevator music was some popping upbeat song and she struggled to drown it out as she thought. She preferred music, not white noise, when she was working.

Her new bike was in the basement where it had been dropped off after Supergirl had delivered it to her and she pulled on her helmet and started it. It rumbled into life and then rested on its stand purring as she swung her leg over.
She could feel its dormant power beneath her as she rumbled over to the gate and pushed the button to be let out and revved the engine as she drove up the ramp to the second gate.

Exit allowed she pulled from the garage and rode away, conscious of a few photographers chasing her a little down the street just in case the motor-biker was actually her. She was a bit frustrated that her crash had been news because that meant one of her favourite pass-times was now public knowledge and they would be on the look-out for a bike leaving the building.

She wound her way through the streets, and seeing she was low on gas, glided into a petrol station in the opposite direction to where she wanted to go. One of the things she had learnt was to never go anywhere without some money, and she had a slip on the inside of her helmet where she shoved notes in, in case she forgot her wallet.

A few minutes later and she was pulling away again, with only one or two people maybe recognising her, thankfully. She drove a little more and then turned around in a loop and headed for her warehouse. She had enjoyed being able to open the motor up on her way to the industrial sector and may have broken the speed rules once or twice, but she was loving the power roaring beneath her too much to care for the speed limit. She knew there wasn’t any cops around anyway.

Once inside she parked and moved over to one of her tables. It had been untouched since she had fainted here the first time, and after she had put everything away and she strode over to her design desk. It was a large table with pens, rulers, measuring tools and a large pile of paper where she drew the majority of her designs on. It had a large corkboard above it and she did some quick scribbling- a timeline. As she worked a heavy, sick feeling started to churn in her stomach, but she continued, she had always liked to see things for clarification’s sake, rather than using her impressive intellect alone.

With everything all written out she let out a sigh. It wasn’t a coincidence and the thought was bitter-sweet.

She had dates of her appointments, dates when she fell sick, and they repeated in a sick pattern over four years, with the latest not two months ago, when she had had her final set of shots from doctor Alan.

She’d deal with her feelings on that later, for the moment she had to consider what exactly it was that they had done to her.

And they had done something to her, she knew that now. Windows didn’t simply explode and it did explain a lot about how she had known things about Vince and Bella that she had no right knowing.

She knew Vince was thirty-six and had spent his childhood in and out of trouble and was given the choice of the military or prison. He’d had four tours and was honourably discharged and had been doing security work ever since. But what his file didn’t say was that he hated snakes, was allergic to peanuts, his first concert was Genesis, his favourite colour was green, like a forest, he hated the water due to nearly drowning as a child, and he attended Comic-con as Thor frequently. He also did the same for the children’s hospitals where-ever he was working.

Bella was in her late twenties but didn’t look it, and used to be boxing champion but her career ended after a drunken brawl. Then she went into security work, graduated top of her class, and ended up falling in love with one of her clients and decided to move country. She had been in the US for seven years and enjoyed the long hours and the constant need to keep an eye open. She has a tattoo of an octopus on her hip, and an elephant along her back, her favourite colour was lavender and she loved candles. On her off days she went into shelters and youth centres and taught them how to box and she loved spicy food.
For the past few weeks, or at least she was noticing it a lot more in the past few weeks, she’d been… aware… of the people around her and she had just known things. It was difficult to explain. Like when she had sent David for coffees, she had rattled off everyone’s orders as though she had been doing it her entire life, but she had never heard how they had their coffees, let alone how Supergirl did, so how she knew these things she didn’t know.

She’d broken her windows as well, only a few days ago. Her nightmares had returned, and when she woke up, at the height of her nightmare, there had been a weird fire burning in her skin, warm but not burning, and it had built and built until its release and when it had…. Every glass item in her room shattered. Her balcony door and glass windows had cracked and splintered, her balcony wall had crumbled to the concrete street below. The glass in her shower had great cracks in it, evidently saved from her wrath, but her mirror, which was closer, was destroyed. Her television screen shattered and the lights sparked on and died with a tinkering of glass.

The power fled her, leaving her drained but full of energy and sitting up in her bed surrounded by shattered glass.

She had known instantly that it had happened because of her, but only shadows of whatever it was remained and to be honest she had too much on her plate to mind whatever this strange power was, so she’d compartmentalised. It didn’t appear to be at her command, she’d only felt it that once, and then it had fled but… her internal musing drowned to a halt. That was a lie. She had felt it before. When L-Corp Tower collapsed. She’d felt the power then.

So that was how she’d survived, she considered as she leant back in her chair. That made sense. But what kind of power was it?

She idly wondered how Lex had figured out how his lab-rat meta-humans had their powers and considered a journey to her storage in Metropolis (under another name) to check it out, but figured she had too much to deal with to add that journey on top of it.

What she needed was blood tests, and CTI scans. The later would be difficult, but she had shell companies and surely one of them would have access to the equipment needed for brain scans.

She started with the blood test, she had that sort of equipment here in her warehouse and she could cross a lot of things off her mental list while she sorted out her other problem.

The hours slipped away as she drew her blood and preformed every test she knew on it and came up empty. As far as she could tell, her genetic make-up was as it always had been. 100% human with no added surprises.

Groaning in annoyance she kicked away from the table she had moved to-the one where she had been working with the Kryptonite- when she was brought up short. Her chair jerked and there was a harsh screeching sound that rattled her ears and she blinked away the pain and tried to shift her chair again. It wouldn’t move, only turning around in a circle and she frowned in annoyance and stood and sidestepped the chair. Crouching down she found the problem wheel and saw it had caught a stone inside and she straightened to snatch a pen from the desk before crouching down again.

It took a bit of work, but eventually she freed the stone and then she went still. She could feel warmth underneath her skin, pulling on her veins and directing it to her fingers where a bright green glow emanated from the shard of Kryptonite.

Oh.

Heart hammering she launched herself to her feet and jogged over to the microscope that still held a
small drop of her blood on a microscope slide. Her blood pounded through her body, she could feel it drumming in her skull as she placed the kryptonite next to the sample and lowered her eyes to the sample. Her skin went cool immediately, the warm energy in her fingertips fading into nothing.

It took her a moment for her eyes to adjust but when they did she gasped in shock. Near the small shard of radioactive alien rock her blood sample had come alive. The small parts of her DNA were actively moving towards the Kryptonite!

Exhaling sharply she pulled away from the microscope and took several deep breathes to calm her racing heart before looking back at the sample. Her DNA didn’t seem to be changing any, in fact it was, almost, regenerating.

Brain firing, she could feel it straining and felt the adrenaline blazing through her body at what she was seeing, she pulled the Kryptonite away and jogged over to where she had stored the rest of it. She unlocked the case and withdrew some, for-going safety gear in her rush and ran back to the microscope. The larger rock glowed a vibrant green, alive, and she changed out one of her other samples for the ones she had put in the bin, ready to be vaporised.

It was an old sample, one of the first ones she had used so if her cells were regenerating in the presence of Kryptonite then this would let her know for sure.

She slid back onto her wheelie chair and slid the sample under the microscope. The effect of the radiation was almost immediate. Her cells started to restore, taking a slight green aura before looking as though they were brand new.

Theory confirmed she leaned back in her chair and eyed the glowing radioactive rock contemplatively. So. Somehow one of the injections Dr Alan (and Lex) had given her had altered her DNA in the presence of Kryptonite. Altered it for the better, it seemed. The radiation was helping her cells, not destroying them. She idly wondered what normal radiation would do to her, but cast that thought off. If the Kryptonite was making her more than human, then maybe it was the source of her powers. If that were the case, then she had to figure out what exactly they were. She’d need help for that, she knew, but she wasn’t sure who she could trust. Plus she needed someone who knew what they were doing.

Her phone beeped and she cast a glance at it to check the time and blinked before quickly starting to pack away her materials. She was going to be late, again, if she didn’t leave in a hurry and was glad that she had set an alarm to remind her.

As she exited her warehouse she wondered who she would trust with this new information. If the press ever found out, or indeed, anyone found out that she may have superhuman abilities— which she didn’t know what they were—then she’d likely never see the sun again. People didn’t trust her as it was. And they certainly wouldn’t trust her with superhuman abilities. It gnawed at the back of her mind as she drove back into the public sector of National City to meet Kara. She needed an expert, one that could be trusted, one that already knew at least a little about Super-humans. The question was, who?

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Agent Danvers was cleaning her side arm when her phone belted out a familiar tune and she lowered her cleaning cloth and reached for it.

“Hey, Mum,” she answered after clicking it onto ‘speaker’ mode. “What’s up?”

‘Alex.’ The strain to her mothers usually calm voice made her straighten and she went still. ‘Can you
track a laptop for me? Or find out if someone’s DNA is in the system or something?"

“Mum, what’s going on? Are you okay?” Alex picked up the rest of her side-arm and started to put it back together. “Tell me what’s going on.”

A shaky exhale came down the line and Alex mentally calculated the time it would take to get to Midvale by car, plane, helicopter and by Super.

‘I’m fine. I received a laptop a week ago and a small green radioactive rock today,’ Eliza trailed off pointedly and Alex rose to her feet snatching her phone and tucking it to her ear as she clicked her gun into place at her hip.

She turned the speaker off and quickly made her way from the room, phone to her ear.

“Where are you now? I’m coming to you.”

‘No, Alex. There’s no need,’ Eliza protested but Alex wasn’t hearing any of it. Her heart was pounding in her ears and she jogged out of the barracks and down towards the command centre.

J’onn! She shouted mentally as she ran, hoping that such a blatant call of his name would summon the Martian, even though he wasn’t actively listening for her.

“No, mum. I’m coming to see you. Has anything happened? What was on the computer?”

‘Alexandra!’ Alex winced at the full name but kept jogging and J’onn appeared out of nowhere next to her. ‘I told you. I’m fine. I just need to know if you can trace it.’

“I’m with J’onn and you’re on speaker,” Alex said and pulled her phone away from her ear and put it on speaker.

Eliza huffed. “You’re over-reacting, Alex. Hello J’onn.”

“Hello Dr Danvers. Maybe she is. Just tell us what happened,” J’onn said in his calm and reassuring manner. “

‘Fine.’ Eliza sighed. ‘About a week ago I was sent a laptop and a letter. The letter said that they were a doctor. They didn’t give much details on who they were and said I didn’t have to look into it, but they paid my application for a research grant in full...so I had a look. It was the least I could do.’

“The point, Mum. Get to the Kryptonite- the radioactive rock.” Alex was vibrating with impatience.

‘Don’t take that tone with me, Alexandra,’ Eliza warned and Alex looked sheepish and glanced around her to make sure no-one had heard her mum’s ‘mum voice’. J’onn smothered a smirk admirably, but she caught it and glared at him.

‘On the computer were a series of files; lab reports, and video footage of cells. It looked like Human DNA, and the letter said it was so I had no reason to suspect it wasn’t. The thing is... The cells... They weren’t human, or at least, weren’t like any human cells I had seen before. They were ordinary at first. There was a before and an after. The first picture was what you’d expect to see from a fresh sample. The second picture was the same, I’d have thought it were the same sample if not for the ‘after exposure’ tag on it.’ Eliza paused a moment to gather her thoughts. ‘The samples continued throughout the course of whatever time-lapse they decided as well as exposure to heat and cold, and other causes of degeneration. The ones on the left showed the expected decomposition and degeneration but the ones on the right...’
“Muuum,” Alex groaned, getting impatient with how her mum seemed to be going off track.

‘The ones on the right, after exposure to whatever the doctor was testing against, were as though no time had passed and nothing had been used to aid degeneration. They had completely regenerated at an astronomical rate. They sent me a video, after I called them a liar, and Alex… you should have seen it! It was amazing!’

“That’s all well and good, Eliza. But please, what is this about Kryptonite?” Hank enquired.

‘I wanted to know how it was done, what sort of drug they were testing, because the medical possibilities of such a thing are-‘

“Mum,” Alex cut in.

‘They sent me a new sample of blood today, the first I’d had, as well as a small shard of radioactive rock. It was labelled as radioactive and protected as such- but there was another letter, this one telling me to run my tests. I knew what the rock was, of course, but ran the test anyway. Everything was just like I had been sent… Alex, this person or being or whatever flourishes under exposure to Kryptonite. The cells absorb it.’

“Where are you now, Eliza?” J’onn enquired and started to walk towards the staircase which would lead them to the stairs.

Eliza responded that she was at home now and J’onn nodded and proceeded to bark orders.

“Vasquez! I want a Hawk ready to fly ASAP. Agent Schott! Get whatever you need to travel with pronto. I want you to look at a computer. I want Wolfe and Dr. Martin ready to fly as well.”

Winn launched himself from his set and bolted down one of the corridors and Vasquez was speaking into her headpiece as they walked across the command room.

‘This isn’t necessary, J’onn.’

The DEO Director ignored her. “Stay inside, away from any windows and close the curtains. Don’t sit near a light, in fact, maybe go sit in the bathroom or something with the lights out.” He ignored her outraged inhale and Alex turned pale.

“They haven’t tried to hurt me.’ Eliza said sternly.

“Not yet, Eliza. I promised Jerimiah I’d protect you all, and I don’t want to break that promise. Please, go somewhere un-predictable.”

“I’ll stay on my chair, thank you all the same,’ Eliza’s voice came back sharply. ‘I’ve got Grandpa’s shotgun over the fireplace if I hear anything.’

“Argh,” Alex sighed but knew there was no convincing her mother when she’d made a decision. Alex didn’t get her stubbornness from her dad. “Fine.”

She cast a glance at Hank as Agent Wolfe jogged up in full combat gear and with a large automatic in his hands.

“Should we maybe call Kara?” She asked with a frown and J’onn hesitated and shook his head.

Suddenly suspicious Alex’s eyes narrowed. “Why not?” She asked carefully, slowly.

“Supergirl requested to not be on call tonight,” J’onn said eventually and jogged up the stairs and led
the trio up onto the roof. They could hear Winn and the Dr talking down the stairs below them but Alex was more interested in why Kara decided suddenly not to be Supergirl for the evening.

“Why?” She said, voice sharp and eyes fierce.

‘Yes. I’d like to know why as well,’ Eliza said and Alex started. She’d forgotten her mother was on the phone.

J’onn briefly glanced heavenward as though the dark clear skies could offer him salvation and then sighed, loudly. “She’s on a…a date.”

“A date?!” Alex repeated, certain her voice was imitating one of the chipmunks from that singing movie with that Earl guy. “What date? With who?!”

J’onn marched quickly to the sound of the flight team preparing a Hawk as though it could distract Alex from her questions but she wasn’t about to be deterred.

“Who, J’onn, is on a date with my baby sister?” She said, still as fierce as a mountain lion, but there was a hint of hurt there to.

Hearing the underlying pain J’onn hesitated and turned to face her. “I don’t think she knows it’s a date, or even realises she wants it to be one… but she’s with Lena…Luthor.” Were it not for the way she was blinking Alex could have been a statue.

She started nodding slowly. “So Kara’s on a not-date.”

“Yes.”

“With Lena Luthor.”

J’onn eyed her cautiously and Agent Wolfe stepped away. Winn and Dr Martin were looking between Alex and the director curiously. “Yes.”

“Right,” Alex said nodding slowly and her hand wandered down to her side arm. “You could fly to Midvale, right? No need for me to come with,” she said with false cheer and turned slowly. Her knuckles were stark contrast to the rest of her skin.

“Oh, no you don’t,” J’onn gripped her around the upper arm firmly. “Leave them be for tonight. We have work to do.”

“Kara’s on a date with Lena Luthor and she didn’t tell me!” Alex protested and struggled a little against J’onn’s grip. “Let go of me, J’onn.” She demanded

“Miss Luthor has no intention of harming Kara, you said so yourself that you believed her.”

Winn gaped and J’onn directed all three agents to the helicopter and they marched quickly to it as once of the ground crew started it. The steady whump, whump of the blades firing into life matched Alex’s pulse.

“That was before I knew she was going out with my sister!”

“They aren’t dating, yet,” J’onn said calmly and let Alex go. “And if you rush in there and interrupt you’ll hurt Kara.”

“I won’t be hurting Kara,” Alex said icily and the look on her face said, quite sufficiently, *Imma kill a bitch.* J’onn did not want to be Lena Luthor at that moment.
‘You’ll stay out of it, Alex.’

“But mum,” Alex whined, having forgotten that she still had her phone on speaker.

‘No buts, Alex. If your sister wants to date this woman then you’ll stay out of it.’

“Argh,” Alex bemoaned. “Why did I tell you I thought Kara had a crush?”

‘Because I’m your mother.’ Eliza’s smugness could be heard between the thumping of the helicopter, as well as a hint of motherly pride. ‘I’ll see you soon, ok.’

“Okay, okay. We’ll leave Kara to her not-date. See you soon, Mum,” Alex said and finally released her grip on her gun and strode towards the helicopter as she hung up. “Shall we go?”

J’onn could only shake his head and follow after Alex, and was briefly thankful to whatever deity that was listening that Alex had let it go. He didn’t want to have to be on the end of Kara’s disappointed pout. Alex might be able to handle Kara’s puppy-eyes but he couldn’t, she was obviously made of sterner stuff, or, he considered as he walked to the chopper, she was used to it. But, he decided as he took his seat and the door closed behind him, Alex was more worried about Kara’s safety than her puppy-eyes. But she didn’t need to be, he was fairly certain Kara was in good hands. As of yet Lena had done nothing to indicate any reason or desire to bring any harm to Kara. If anything, he thought, she wanted the opposite.

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Chapter End Notes

Enjoy all. Mwah!
They took Lena’s Camaro to the Zoo, and Kara had never been in a car so flash before. It smelt brand-new and the leather was gleaming and there wasn’t a speck of dust on it that Kara could see, and that was saying something.

Perhaps seeing her awe Lena commented, “I will pay for quality…and it’s such a nice car,” as she guided them from the garage.

“Yeah!” Kara agreed and looked at the dashboard. There were a lot of buttons and a screen and the radio was in there somewhere with the air-conditioning.

“So why are we going to the zoo at,” Lena cast a glance at the digital clock, “four-thirty in the morning? Not that I don’t enjoy your company,” she added hurriedly. Kara beamed.

“It’s a surprise! I thought you might like it, that’s the only reason I woke you.” She swallowed and chanced a glance out the tinted windows into the early morning of National City.

What she didn’t mention was that she hadn’t slept a wink, and instead had laid rigid on the opposite side of Lena’s bed while the CEO slept. She was not being creepy when she watched her sleep, no not at all. Lena was just so pretty and so soft when she was sleeping and Kara couldn’t tear her eyes away. Not to mention Lena was warm, and her own body was acutely aware that she was sleeping nearby and she’d been so wired at the thought she hadn’t dared closing her eyes. She didn’t want to wake up curled around the CEO because friends didn’t do that and she didn’t want to make it awkward.

But still, part of her had ached for that, had wondered what it would feel like to have Lena’s warm, soft skin pressed against hers, hear her heartbeat under her ear instead of across the air, wondered if it would be clearer and stronger if she rested her head on Lena’s chest. Would Lena curl back into her? she had wondered as the minutes ticked by and she mapped every inch of Lena’s face. She was studying the contours of her lips when her phone vibrated and she had reluctantly torn herself away and checked it. It was a notification from the NC Zoo, telling her that their tiger, Regina, had been in labour for four hours now and her contractions were getting heavier and soon they would be welcoming babies into the world.

She’d spoken with the Zoo once Snapper had given her the assignment and they had agreed to allow her access to the birth so she knew that if she went there they’d let her in. She sat up and cast her sleeping companion a thoughtful glance. Lena would probably enjoy it.

Her heart had clenched and gone warm when she’d awoken Lena, more so at the soft sound of protest as she was gently shaken awake. Her eyes had been green, so green and Kara had frozen when they blinked up at her sleepily, a crease forming on her brow as she curled into her pillow.

“Mh, Kara?”

Something in her had flared at the sound of her name, raspy and husky with sleep, falling from Lena’s lips-the lips she’d just been admiring. She’d swallowed and had smiled and told Lena to wake up and get changed, she had something to show her.

The two had snuck from the apartment, with Lena writing a note for the two body guards- Kara had
assured her she’d be safe. No one knew where she was going and it was the middle of the night. They’d taken the elevator down to the basement yawning and Lena had asked what she was going to show her. Kara had grinned and motioned zipping her lips. “Secret.”

Lena had sighed and rolled her eyes but had been a good sport about it and had just smiled with her eyes as they had gotten into the car. Kara hoped she’d get to drive on the way back. She crossed her fingers at the thought.

“What are you thinking?” Lena asked as they drove through the mostly quiet streets. “You’ve got a smile on your face.”

“I was thinking about your lasagne,” Kara replied quickly and beamed at the small, pleased smile that flickered across Lean’s features as they passed under street lights. “Make a right here.”

Just thinking of the lasagne made her stomach growl appreciatively and she felt her cheeks warm and Lena giggled at the sound as she flicked her indicator on. “You can’t still be hungry! You ate almost the entire dish!” Normally such words word make her self-conscious and defensive but there was nothing but playful jest in Lena’s tone so she grinned.

“It was soooooo good though! I never knew you could cook!”

“Mh, so you said…. Multiple times…. And sometimes with your mouth full,” Lena replied and cast the streets a glance but her eyes still held no recognition.

Kara crossed her arms and pouted. “I had to tell you how good it was,” she said defensively. “It’s ah-maze-ing!”

“You sure you aren’t just saying that so I’ll make it for you again?” Lena teased and followed Kara’s direction to take another right turn.

“Nooooo,” Kara drawled out the vowel and cast Lena a look from the corner of her eye, her lips tilting.

“I will have to make it for you again. The dessert too.”

Kara perked up immediately and gave an exaggerated groan. “Argh, that was soooo goood!”

Lena was visibly pleased and Kara wasn’t exaggerating. Lena’s cooking was amazing, and if it kept her friend happy, and she got to be the reason for her smile, then she’d continue to compliment her cooking. Plus, if it ended with another invite for her to come and have some of Lena’s cooking, then she was down for that.

She unlocked her phone and tapped away a message and then looked back to check where they were.

“I’m glad you enjoyed it,” Lena said and her eyes were narrowed on the road and it looked like she’d figured out where they were heading. “I don’t get to cook as often as I’d like. It’s hard to find the time, and the effort when it’s just me seems like too much.”

Kara patted her full belly happily. “Well, I’ll come over every night if you wanted. You’re a goddess…in the kitchen…. Goddess in the kitchen.” She moistened her lips and gave a sharp little nod.

Lena’s heart did something funny but Kara couldn’t hear it over the pounding in her own ears. “Oh? Just in the kitchen?,” she asked with a playful arch to her brow and Kara started to ramble again.
“No! I mean! Yes! Wait, no-I. Not that you’re not a goddess because you are, anyone with eyes can see that even if they have glasses and stuff and you’re like really, really pretty and I think you’re like the prettiest woman I’ve ever seen- not that I’ve looked at many pretty girls because I’m not a creep like that and oh my god you probably think I’m being a perv right now but like as your friend I can say you’re pretty because you are and you’re my prettiest friend, not that you need to be pretty to be my friend but-um…” She’d mostly broken herself of the habit around Lena, but sometimes when she was nervous it just came back to her. But she thought Lena found it sweet, at the very least endearing, so she didn’t feel so embarrassed usually. She never really felt embarrassed around Lena. Somehow the CEO seemed to get her, and went out of her way to make her feel completely at home, not that she had to try very hard. Kara and Lena got along pretty good.

Take last night for example, they’d spent the evening laughing over wine and lasagne (her mouth started to water again) and had settled down to watch a movie. Afterward Lena had shown Kara a few of her Cosplay ideas and they had spent the rest of the evening on Pinterest looking up other idea’s. Kara had never been to Comic-Con or made her own costume, but Lena’s own shy excitement about it had made her excited for it too, and she was considering going with Lena.

It had been late when they finally pulled away from Lena’s design tablet and she had insisted Kara stay. Of course Vince and Bella were in the two other rooms, and Lena had refused to let Kara sleep on the couch, stating ‘it was for sitting not sleeping and her bed was plenty big enough, if that wasn’t an issue?’

Kara hadn’t known she could sweat, but she certainly started to, and her mouth went dry and her heart beat out a sharp rhythm, but she followed Lena obediently to her room. Kara had stood awkwardly in Lena’s room, noting the new television and the new sticker on the balcony glass door and had peered curiously outside and seen the warning ropes across the ledge. It had drawn her attention from the way her body was humming and she’d been standing over by the door rather than awkwardly in the middle of Lena’s room (eyeing her bed as though it would bite her) and clenching her hands. She felt a shiver of apprehension. She easily recalled the last time she’d been in Lena’s room, in Lena’s bed. She wondered if they would ever discuss it. Lena didn’t seem like the type to want to air her baggage, and it was clear she had some.

Her stomach churned at what it could be – she’d googled panic attacks and triggers and the reasons for them, and had not liked what she’d read. The thought of anyone hurting Lena made her blood boil.

“Here. I’ll be in the bathroom. Come in when you’re ready. I’ll get a spare toothbrush,” Lena tossed her a set of pyjamas, thankfully cotton, but they had a very familiar logo on the side and she looked up with a small smile.

“Superman pyjama’s?” She couldn’t hold her smile and she wondered how she’d not realised what a nerd her friend was.

“Supergirl actually,” Lena corrected from the bathroom and Kara started. How could she have missed that?

She got changed quickly, casting glances over her shoulder all the while in case Lena came back in. She wasn’t sure if she wanted her to or not.

“What happened to your glass?” Kara asked as she padded into the bathroom in pyjama’s with her own logo over them. It gave her mixed emotions; she didn’t much like seeing her family crest used to promote capitalism, but Lena owning a pair made her heart warm and fuzzy.

Lena was bent over the sink and Kara noticed the glass was new as well, it had a freshly peeled
“It broke,” she said as she lifted from the bowl and directed Kara to a toothbrush on the bench. It was still in a pack.

“All of it?” Kara asked sceptically, feeling something more was going on. “Are you okay?”

“Yeah. I’m fine.”

She had felt her suspicion grow when Lena quickly changed the subject. “Do you want a particular side of the bed?”

Kara shook her head and let her suspicion fade. “I normally just sleep in the middle. Where-ever,” she said with a shrug.

Lena nodded and wandered back into her room and Kara looked in the mirror and took a few deep breaths and then continued on her routine. Once she had finished she stepped out into the bedroom. Lena had a pair of thick-rimmed glasses on and Kara felt her heart screech to a halt as the CEO looked through something on her phone. Her hair was shiny and falling over her shoulders and she was wearing a faded band t-shirt.

Feeling on edge but not sure why she tried one last time to get out of having to sleep with Lena. Not sleep with, like actually sleep with. In the same bed. No touching or anything. Just… like dreams and stuff.

“Get in Kara,” Lena had responded and lifted the covers in invitation and Kara had obeyed. It took Lena a few minutes to turn her phone down and remove her glasses and the bed shifted as she shimmied down under the covers. Settled in she cast Kara a soft smile and then she looked confused. “Aren’t you going to take off your glasses?” She yawned and Kara went still. She hadn’t thought of that.

“Oh yeah,” she said and shifted nervously. “Sometimes I forget.” She carefully tilted her body and then removed her glasses, acutely aware of the eyes like Kryptonite watching her. “Night,” she said, faking a yawn and rolled away from Lena’s bright eyes, least they linger to long and find out her secret.

“Night Kara,” Lena said quietly and turned the light off and set the room into darkness. “Sweet dreams.”

Lena’s breathing evened out faster than Kara’s, and once she was sure the brunette was asleep she rolled back over and curled her hand under the pillow.

There was a stray piece of hair over Lena’s face and her fingers itched with the desire to remove it and she slowly, cautiously inched forward and brushed the tip of her finger against Lena’s cheek to move the hair.

Then she jerked her hand back as though burnt, or rather how she had seen other people react when they were burnt. Her skin tingled where she had touched Lena, and she was pretty sure some of Lena’s warmth had melted to her skin, because it was warm. Lena’s bed was as heavenly as she remembered but she was acutely aware of the brunette near her in a way that she hadn’t been last time she was with Lena in her bed. She decided it was because Lena had needed her then, needed her support, so some part of her, the part that was itching to get closer, had shut off. She almost wanted to shut it off now but there was a warm, electric feeling humming beneath her skin, the lazy energy of a sun lit river as it wound its way to the sea.
She was brought from her thoughts by Lena’s burst of laughter and as she flushed she smiled because she had been the reason for Lena’s laugh. The thought made her insides glow like she’d stored the heat and light from the sun in her cells.

“I get it Kara,” Lena said with the laughter still in her tone. “You’re my prettiest friend too.”

Kara’s cheeks went warm again but she glanced over at Lena through her glasses and saw a shy smile on Lena’s face and the glow inside her grew; golden, warm and bright.

“I’d like it if you came over more often…it’s nice having someone to cook for.”

Kara beamed and then her smile faltered. “I don’t come over for the food, but it is a bonus! I like spending time with you…”

Lena’s answering smile could have rivalled the sun. “I like spending time with you too.”

“Oh! Make a left up here and keep going,” she instructed and Lena cast her a bemused glance.

“Why’re we going to the zoo?”

Kara felt her enthusiasm drop slightly. It was a kind of dumb idea. “Have you been?” She asked hesitantly as they passed under the large archway with the ‘National City Zoo’ and the logo with the animals on it.

Lena shook her head. “No… but it doesn’t open for another,” she looked at the clock. “Three, four hours.”

Kara beamed. “Not for us,” she said and grabbed her messenger bag off the floor. “Come on!”

Lena parked the car in the empty car-park and grabbed her phone and they exited the car and walked towards the gate.

Lena looked sceptical but followed Kara towards the gate and was very surprised when there was a staff member in the grey-green colours of the zoo ready to let them inside. He had dark skin, shaggy dark hair, striking pale eyes, and looked as though he needed to chase a few more animals around the zoo, but he was quick to offer a cheeky smile and his hand. The muscles in his arms flexed as he pulled open the gate for them and the keys at his belt jingled. There was a set of work gloves peaking from his pocket and there was a silent radio hanging on the other side next to an industrial flashlight.

“Hi!” Kara beamed and bounced up to the staff member with her hand out. “You must be Leon! I’m Kara, and this is my friend Lena!”

Leon shook Kara’s hand enthusiastically and she could feel his strength in his shake, though he was firm and not crushing, and his hands were callused from hard work. He cast Lena a curious look and then was caught by her own expression and Kara knew she was pouting and pulling the puppy-eyes and he shrugged, what was one more guest, and shook Lena’s hand.

“Nice to meet you. Come on, she’s getting close.”

Kara could feel Lena’s curiosity but she didn’t say anything as Leon led them through the dimly lit pathways and towards one of the enclosures. The zoo was eerily quiet and she was glad she’d told Lena to wear something warm as she had a feeling it was quite cold. They walked for quite a while and at a swift pace and she was fairly certain Lena was warm by the time they got to their destination.
Through the darkness they could see a building with a lot of lights on and she figured that this was where they were heading.

“So. I’ve read the other releases and we talked a bit on the phone, but what is it you want us to do?”

Leon nodded and scanned his key-card on one of the doors which read ‘Staff Only’ and let them into the building. “We have a camera set up and a t.v. feed inside. You’ll have to stay there with the other keepers but when she’s settled in, if it doesn’t bother Regina too much, you can meet the cubs.”

Kara was fairly certain her mouth had fallen open in joy and she turned to see surprise turn to pleasure on Lena’s face.

Leon led them inside and they saw it was a big building, bigger than the surrounding trees would give it credit. “We call this building the Cat Cave,” Leon said as he led them further into the building. There was a large area in front of them with freezers, fridges, tables and a lot of storage with animal food and the bins had pictures on them of various carnivores. “All of our big cats are housed in this area- apart from lions-and wolves.” He directed their attention to a large map of the zoo on the wall. They were currently centred in a loop with pictures of tigers, cougars, a cat with long ears, jaguars, puma’s, what looked like the cheetah’s and some smaller cats she didn’t recognise. There was also a picture of a wolf to the side.

“The enclosures all back onto this building. We have food, storage, around there is the bedding and some of the medical supplies. Toys as well. We have more cages behind each enclosure.” He pointed out each corridor as they made their way into the main room and rattled off their supplies and a basic overview of their purpose. “And this is our favourite room,” he said and walked through a final door into a small staff room with a long table laden with food and drink, a small kitchenette, a fridge, a few chairs and couches, and more importantly, a few desks and a lot of filing cabinets and folders on the wall.

In response to Lena’s puzzled eye lift he elaborated. “The couches are heavenly,” he grinned. “Like sleeping on a cloud.”

One of the listening keepers snorted and drew their attention to where they were all crowed in a half circle around a big monitor. A large orange and black tiger was on the screen surrounded by straw and was breathing heavily on its side. “And by ‘like sleeping on a cloud’ he means you don’t feel a thing because you’re out of it.”

“Jay,” Leon said sounding scandalised. “Don’t scare our guests off becoming a keeper. He lies,” he said turning back to the two. “The couches are to die for.” He winked at them both and Kara couldn’t help but smile back it him.

“When you pull an all-nighter it doesn’t matter what surface you crash on,” Lena offered and Leon beamed at her.

“Exactly!” Then he sobered. “Not that that is something we keepers do…. No hard work for us….can’t have the young-ones deciding it’s too much for them.” He beamed again and Kara decided she liked him.

A few of the keepers chuckled and Jay nodded from where he sat and lifted his soda in greeting.

“Jay. Wolves.”

One by one the keepers introduced themselves and, she guessed, the animals they were in care of. There was Harry-short for Harriet- who looked after the Leopards with Ryan; Alexis who did Lynx’s and Leopards; Jojo and Phil, who did jaguars, Lynx’s and Leopards; Kate, who along with
Matt and Mark did the Tigers under Leon; Kevin, Amanda and Steph went where-ever they were directed. The cheetahs were taken care of by a team of Blair, Rhys, Toby and Jessie; and Anton, Emma, Mike and Lou took care of the rest of the cats and the latter two worked with Jay with the wolves and two others. (‘Yeah, they like the pussy,’ Jay had sniggered and Alexis had slugged him in the arm, hard. But it was all good natured. ‘More than you ever get, Ass,’ Jessie had replied and high-fived Kate).

“Hi”! Kara had beamed and waved. “I’m Kara! I’m with Catco. This is Lena,” she jerked her head over at Lena who smiled a greeting and ducked her head.

“Grab a seat, babe,” Steph had her arms folded and directed her head to the few chairs left. “Make yourself comfortable. We’ve a while to go yet.”

Kara wasn’t sure who she was talking to but both her and Lena took up chairs on the edge of the circle.

“So this is your surprise?” Lena asked quietly, casting a glance at the keepers.

Kara nodded. “I have to cover the story for Snapper. He wanted me out of the spotlight after—” she cut of abruptly and worried her lip and saw Lena’s moment of understanding.

“After your article on Dr Alan,” she breathed and Kara winced apologetically. Kara saw a brief flicker of guilt before Lena’s features softened and she pressed her lips together in a barely-there smile.

“It’s okay,” she said quietly and pointedly turned her attention back to the tiger birth on the screen. They hadn’t discussed it, hadn’t discussed Kara’s name on the front page calling Lex out for killing their family Dr, but Lena had sent her a message the morning of the article saying ‘I hope your Super friend is keeping an eye out for you. Stay safe.’ Kara wondered when and if they would talk about it, but decided she wouldn’t broach the subject. The ball was in Lena’s court.

The birth wasn’t as fast as Kara was expecting. It took an hour for the first cub to show itself, and then another hour and a half for the other two to grace the world with their presence. At the birth of the first one, when it lay still and unmoving as the mother turned to lick at it, Lena had grabbed at her arm until she found her hand and hadn’t released her death-grip on it until the cub had gasped and given a small, weak squeak. She was pretty sure she and Lena melted at the sound and all of the keepers were smiling at the screen and they cheered and clapped.

She had her reporter pad balanced on her lap and would occasionally jot down notes. She asked a few questions of the keepers, wondering how they saw what they were doing here, how people reacted to zoos and their breeding programs and the like. She got valuable insight to what they were thinking, and it was more emotional than press releases or statements, it seemed more real.

The keepers popped in and out, sometimes leaving for a lot of the time, and they explained they were going to their duties, but everything was being recorded so they wouldn’t miss out.

Lena interlinked their fingers and Kara cast her hand a glance and then looked back at the screen, feeling her smile but she hoped she could pull its giddiness off as the joy of the cub birth, even though it was a little bit gross and wet. Lena didn’t move her hand until they made to leave and the tips of her fingers ghosted over Kara’s palms as she pulled away and Kara grinned broadly.

Steph was elected to show them around the Zoo, and she’d grinned and poked her tongue out at Jay when he grumbled. She briefly went through the Cat Cave with them and then led them around the rest of the zoo while the keepers were seeing to the animals and the zoo staff were preparing for the
morning. They were mostly done with their jobs so all that was left was the more pleasant sides to the job, the feeding (of animals that weren’t feed in view of the public) and the cuddling—if it were safe to do so.

Lena had been on her phone for a bit of the birth, Kara hadn’t wanted to ask, but she’d seen the familiar logo of online banking and wondered what Lena had been doing with her money.

They both took photo’s as they went around (with permission) and Kara got one of Lena feeding one of the red-panda’s and wanted to post that one online but didn’t. The red-panda was more than happy to clamber into Lena’s lap and eat the fruit from her hands when offered the chance, and Lena’s smile had been…something… Kara’s heart had fluttered at the sight of it.

The animals were clearly awakening if the bird calls and hooting and general sounds roused animals made were to be any indication and the sun was ascending to its throne in the sky. Steph talked about the various animals and stories the other keepers had told her as they went and they were thoroughly entertained by her.

They ended up back at the Cat Cave by the time the Zoo was officially open and Leon allowed them access into the cages behind the enclosures. They passed through a lot of storage rooms, the meat preparation kitchen, and the large freezer and chiller duo.

Leon was careful to explain that these rooms were only used for medical uses or when introducing new animals, and that the animals were not kept in these cages. They had dens and pools and toys as well as natural foliage, fresh running water, and various man-made platforms for the cats to explore outside. They were fed inside as well, in individual cages on the inside of the building and the public were able to see these meals at certain times each day as they had various parts to their large enclosures and rotated the big cats to keep them from getting bored. They were careful to keep the animals separate if they needed it and the series of cages were simple but effective even if they were a bit cell-like with guillotine doors and individual bared rooms.

Regina and her cubs were set up in cage to the side with straw on the floor and bowls of water and food near-by— but she hadn’t touched any of that.

She was dozing quietly in the corner and had a keeper with her cooing quietly as he stroked her.

Leon was very careful to explain, in a quiet and slow voice, how they treated their animals—especially the ones in the breeding programs and in the Close Encounter programs.

Kara jotted down notes as he discussed their processes and said they liked to form bond’s with the animals, and each handler was committed to the animal’s in their care. He showed them where Kate was gently examining the cubs under the watchful eye of Mum, and explained that they did everything to ensure that the cubs imprinted on Regina rather than them, and that everything they were using was as close to her scent as possible.

She was a ‘chill’ cat though, and had been through it before, so they doubted she’d give them any trouble. Were she any other cat, and any other handler, they wouldn’t be so intrusive, but they had enough faith in her to examine the cubs with her nearby and not cause any one any distress. Her last cubs were around the world and she had raised them well with no complications and the team was familiar with how it should all work. They were prepared though, to interfere if anything wasn’t going well, and would even take the cubs if it seemed like the best option. But he didn’t think it would come to that.

He’d been hesitant about it, but had asked them if they would like to hold one and Kara had seen Lena’s eyes light up at the thought.
Naming them was interesting and the keepers had been debating all morning via radio on some good names. There were two boys and a girl. It was the girl’s name they were debating on. Henry and Aaram had been chosen for the two boys, and Steph and Jessie had giggled at Henry’s name and said something about a Swan that Kara didn’t quite catch. They were wanting to name the girl after Supergirl, which was flattering and Kara had flushed and nervously adjusted her glasses.

“What about hope, then?” Matt suggested as they went around the circle of names again and one of the cubs was gently lifted into Lena’s arms in a fluffy blanket. Leon’s phone vibrated and he glanced at the number and then excused himself down the hall.

She gazed down at it in awe, eyes soft and glowing and seemed almost hesitant to hold it. Kara couldn’t help but take a photo of it and Lena’s head lifted at the slight click her phone made.

“Nah,” Harry said. “That’s so cliché. You want something different for this special girl.”

“I want to pull a Lion King so badly right now,” Lena murmured with a smile as she looked at the cute bundle in her hands. The cub was a little wet still and its coat was a dark rusty orange and black, and it was wrinkled and had its face scrunched up but was still cute.

“Ohmygod I know,” Kara gushed out, mindful of the cubs and the snoozing mother. “My all-time favourite movie ever.”

Lena’s brow twitched and the smile on her face slid slightly.

“Just call her Supergirl and be done with it,” Jay groaned, obviously done with the disagreement. He’d been fortunate enough to send his subordinates out to take care of his animals and was lying in the Cave with a pillow over his face on the couch when they walked past earlier.

“We can’t just call her Supergirl,” Rhys was saying and they heard the clink of a stirring cup through the radio.

“Well, what’s your idea genius?”

“Elle,” Lena said suddenly and Kara went still. “You want her to embody hope but not be corny, call her Elle.”

“Why Elle?” Kate glanced up from where she was packing up her equipment.

“Elle,” Lena explained quietly and cast Kara a glance when she inhaled sharply. “The House of El of Krypton… the ‘S’… it stands for hope.” She glanced down at the cub in her hands. “Superman and Supergirl wear it because of what it represents. Hope.” Lena shrugged again and Kara felt her heart summersault, even though Lena didn’t know she and Supergirl were one.

“What about Elle? It’s the ‘S’ crest on Supergirl’s uniform. It stands for hope.” Kate asked through the radio and Leon’s strode back into the room and gave Lena a weird look.

There was a moments pause and then affirmation came across the radio.

“Elle…. I like it!”

“Much better than hope.”

“Elle it is.”

“How’d you know that?”
Kate hesitated at the final question and cast Lena a glance. She shrugged in response but Kara could feel her apprehension.

“Miss Luthor told me.” Ah, so they had known who Lena was. But they hadn’t treated her any different and Kara felt a wave of affection for them for treating her like a normal person.

There was silence again and Kara was waiting for the backlash but it never came.

“Well.” This was said by Leon. “You would know.” Lena meet his gaze squarely and he shifted his head to the cub in her arms. “Elle it is.”

With the Head of Tiger’s giving his input the decision was final and National City Zoo had three new Bengal tiger cubs to introduce to the world.

Lena looked down at the cub in surprise and then a small, pleased smile crossed her face. “Hello Elle.” Kara’s heart melted at the sight.

“Do you wanna hold?” She asked and shifted around to face Kara and the reporter could feel her grin and lowered her messenger bag to the floor. She held her arms out for the bundle and brought it close. She was always aware of her strength when faced with something so small and fragile and she cradled it gently and smiled at Elle’s little yawn and at the thrumming of her heart.

“Smile,” Lena asked and Kara’s head shot up, smile stuck on her face, and Lena took a photo.

“Do you mind if I upload this?” She asked after staring at it for a moment. She looked to Leon for confirmation and he hesitated.

“Can you wait until after the press release has gone out?”

Lena nodded immediately and after smiling at the photo, tucked it back into her pocket.

Kara handed the cub back to Kate and she returned Elle to her brother’s and mother and she gave a little squeak as she curled up next to Regina’s warmth.

“So cute,” she was nearly squealing but was mindful of where she was.

“I’ll walk you out,” Leon said, with another weird look at Lena and Kara decided it looked searching. Lena didn’t notice, she was more concerned with staring at the cubs as though she’d never seen a newborn animal. And, maybe, she hadn’t. Kara supposed she took that for granted. She’d spent a summer at the Kent’s when she was a teenager and they’d had a few babies born and she’d been captivated.

After a final glance at the four tigers they followed Leon from the Cat Cave and wandered towards the entrance gate. A few members of the public were already making their way towards the big cat enclosures and they passed them by without a glance, but that was probably because Lena was wearing casual clothes and wasn’t dressing to impress.

They were the only people going towards the exit and already there was a bit of a que to come inside and Leon hesitated and turned to Lena.

“Someone made a generous donation to the Zoo this morning… to the Big Cat Enclosures…”

Lena met his gaze squarely and tilted her head and Kara looked between the two curiously.

“Anonymous donations are meant to stay anonymous,” Lena said and shook her head a little.
“Thank you.” The sincerity in his voice was clear. Lena held his eyes for a moment before inclining her head and smiling sweetly.

“It’s been an experience. Thank you.”

He flashed them a friendly smile and was back striding through the gates and waving to the people on duty taking entry fees.

Kara shuffled closer to Lena as they walked towards her car. It had friends now, but was still clearly the most expensive one in the park.

“Thank you. Kara,” Lena said as they got closer and her fingers were brushing Kara’s as they walked and Kara kept her body still. Lena glanced at her from the corner of her eyes. “I-I’ll never forget this.”

Kara beamed at her. “Me either. It was awesome!”

Lena’s smile made her as warm as the sunshine and as they got closer to the car Lena hesitated and Kara could hear her heart-rate increase.

Gentle, warm fingers guided Kara around and she looked down into Lena’s eyes and blinked, caught in their orbit.

“Thank you,” Lena said quietly, almost a whisper, and the green of her eyes was tinged with gold in the morning light and Kara swallowed nervously. She kept still as Lena slowly leant forward and pressed a lingering kiss to the corner of her mouth and waited there a moment too long to be considered friendly. Even Kara couldn’t mistake this kiss as anything but romantic in its intention. Kara’s heart nearly flew from her mouth and it took concentrated effort to keep her feet on the ground.

Lena’s heart was doing its own little dance and she swallowed as she stepped away and there was a dusting to her cheek bones.

“Did you want to get breakfast or do you have somewhere you need to be?” She enquired, all business, but Kara could still hear the twirls her heart was doing so knew her mask was a façade.

“I-ah. N-no place to be,” she gave a little nod and was certain she was blushing something fierce but she couldn’t stop smiling and was pretty sure it was a goofy, giddy one. Lena had no comment bar a small, shy smile and as they drove back into the city they kept casting glances at each other and pulling away with a smile on their lips. It had been a wonderful morning.

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Chapter End Notes

Anyone want to be my Valentine? ;) Here's my gift to you all. Mwah! Let me know
what you thought of their not-date and almost-kiss, even if its just a bunch of letters or a squeal lol.
“Okay, so you want me to-what?” Kara blinked, confused and folded her arms over her suit.

Alex sighed and rolled her eyes. “Maggie’s invited us to play a softball game this afternoon with some of her work buddies.”

“I got that part,” Kara nodded.

“Winn, James, a few guys from work are invited as well.”

“Yup. Got that too…. But… why am I inviting Lena?” She tilted her head like a confused little puppy.

Alex shrugged, but her heart rate increased just a little and it was enough for Kara to narrow her eyes at her sister.

“Alex?” She enquired warningly.

“All right. Fine,” Alex threw her hands in the air. “Maggie want’s her there.”

“Why?” Kara was certain she’d get confusion lines (instead of frown-lines) if Alex kept this up.

“I dunno!” Alex shrugged. “She just wanted her there… wanted you to invite her,” Alex corrected with a sly smile. “So…. How’s that going? I heard you were dating.” She enquired and lifted a brow.

Kara blushed and fidgeted and shook her head. “Alex,” she whined. “We’ve been over this! I’ve been getting death threats!”

Alex was grinning broadly. “Oh, I know! It’s-“

“-It’s not funny!” Kara crossed her arms and was pretty sure she was pouting.

“Aw, don’t worry. I’m sure Lena will kiss it better…. If Supergirl doesn’t kill you first.”

Kara’s pout deepened. “It was a cute photo, okay? I didn’t think people would think we were dating.”

Alex shook her head. “Kara, Kara, Kara. You posted the photo of Lena with the cub and said ‘look at this cutie’ on twitter. She’s a celebrity, of course her followers saw it and commented.”
Kara’s hand shot out. “It’s not my fault she re-tweeted it and asked if I was referring to her or the cub.”

Alex inhaled and let it out slowly. “You were basically asking for that response.”

Kara opened her mouth to protest but Alex’s sharp look cut her off. “Fine. So I didn’t have to say it. But now people are saying Supergirl’s gonna kill me for taking her girl and that they’ll kill me if I get between the two!”

She was pouting again and folded her arms like an impertinent child.

“That’s not fair,” Alex pointed out. “Half of them think you guys are ‘hella cute’ together and want Supergirl to stay out of it.” She even did the bunnies ears, grin firmly in place between them.

“Argh!”

“That was rather loud,” J’onn rumbled as he passed the command centre. “What’s wrong?”

Alex was smirking as she told him. “Kara’s upset because people are sending her death threats and she’s in a love triangle with herself.”

“It’s not a love triangle! It’s not a love anything….” Kara shot back quickly and J’onn just looked between the two girls and sighed. He was shaking his head and muttering about teenage girls as he walked away.

“But you liiiike her.”

“Shuddup Alex!” Kara’s cheeks had a delicate flush to them.

“So,” Alex said quickly changing the subject as she saw the redness in her sister’s cheeks. “Lena. Softball. Yes?”

Kara shrugged. “I dunno. I mean, I can ask. But she’s probably busy.”

“She’ll say yes,” Alex said confidently and called over her shoulder as she walked away. “Tell her to meet us at four, and we’ll get drinks later. Losing team buys the first round.”

“But Alex!” Kara whined. “What makes you think she’ll come?”

“Of course she’ll come,” Alex shouted back. “It’s for you!”

~*~

“Holy shit,” commented one of Maggie’s work mates from the fence line and his eyes were wide.

Maggie nodded from where she was standing next in line under the shade of the trees. “Damn Little Danvers! Your girl’s got game!”

Kara was just standing in the shade with her mouth a gape and eyes wide as Lena straightened from her batting pose, bowed slightly to the applauding members of her team and jogged over to first base and then over two second and then third. The ball she had just struck was high in the air and well over the fielders heads and she dropped her bat and jogged towards first base as the occupants of first
and third raced for home.

One of the opposite members of the team, the right fielder, went bolting for the ball and Lena smirked a dangerous smirk as she passed each of her bases with time to spare. The members of her team already on the field crossed the ‘home’ base with grins on their faces and Kara blinked in surprise and almost forgot to write the two runs.

The reporter’s eyes were slightly wide and if her mouth remained open any longer it would be commercial.

“Hey, little Danvers,” Maggie nudged Kara with her shoulder. “Careful, you’ll swallow a fly.”

Kara instantly snapped her jaw shut with a click, but she couldn’t hide the blush that crossed her features.

“Where’d your girl learn how to hit like that?” Asked one of Maggie’s police colleges and Kara just shook her head.

“I-she’s not-we’re not—um… I don’t know?”

Kara was flushing and delicately re-arranged her glasses as the original speaker nodded and stepped up to bat, a bat over his shoulders cockily.

He was quick to hit and soon Lena was jogging past the home base and grinned as she slowed to a walk and reclaimed her bat with a fist-bump to a member of her team.

“Nice one Luthor!”

Lena ducked her head in acknowledgement and brushed some grass off her bat.

“Where’d that come from?” Maggie asked and held her hand up for a high-five.

Lena shrugged and she looked the part with her tight black exercise pants and her singlet, even if it did match and wasn’t team colours.

“I had a crush on the Captain,” Lena grinned, showing her teeth and shrugged coyly again. “I figured getting on the team would be a good idea.”

“Got any other tricks?” Asked another member of Maggie’s team and Lena grinned again, glancing around her to size up the area.

“Sure…” she said, considered for a moment and then proceeded to twirl the bat like it was a baton or like it were a staff and she some sort of martial art’s expert. She rolled it over her arm, across her neck and back down, bounced it off her foot and then kicked it into the air before she snatched it again. Then she spun it around again, dropped it on the ground, flicked it behind her back and into the air where she spun around and caught it, and then spun it back behind her and caught it again. She finished by swirling it between her legs and rolling it back across her wrists in a quick motion and then grabbing it with a small smile. It looked effortless and graceful, but there was rigid control to each of the movements and they were timed to perfection.

A pained noise croaked from the back of one of the men’s throats and Maggie cleared her throat and then grinned. “I see this being the start of a beautiful friendship.” She took a few steps forward and slung her arm over Lena, but Lena didn’t seem to mind even though she was usually so careful over personal boundaries. Maggie was just one of those people who managed to get through walls without any effort and made you feel like you had known her all your life. She was a cool girl.
“Tell. Me. Everything,” Maggie said and drew Lena away. “I think you are our new secret weapon. Jason’s team doesn’t stand a chance!”

“I’ll do it,” Vince said and took the pen and pad from a limp fingered Kara. He crossed off the run as Kara gazed after Lena in amazement, the glazed look in her eyes not dissimilar to the looks on the other players around her. Though it could have been more the ‘I had a crush on the captain’ rather than the awesome trick, because that was one way of coming out without saying it. (He would later discuss with Bella the news that Lena’s little reporter friend had a crush on their employer, and should they get them together? The answer was a raised brow and a departing back, but they were very cute together, so maybe he could work his magic and get them together. ‘Don’t be unprofessional, Vince.’ ‘Suit yourself. I think they’d be cute.’ So far he hadn’t come up with a solid plan, but it looked like the two were heading there without his influence so he let it be).

“Danvers,” one of the men said with hushed awe. “Your Mrs is awesome!” Kara flushed but didn’t comment and when Lena heard and turned in confusion she smiled sweetly over at the CEO before Maggie drew her back into conversation.

“Hell yeah!” Another woman agreed. “Maggie should invite you both more often!”

“We’re gonna cream them! I can’t wait to rub my victory beer in Jase’s broken little face,” this was said by the last woman across the home base and she was grinning, hair wild behind her. “This is gonna be great!”

Four hours later and Maggie was lifting a beer in toast while a surly looking white guy sulked beside her.

“To victory!” She crowed and the group of winners laughed and cheered and lifted their glasses while the losing team groaned and shook their heads good-naturedly. The only one who seemed put-out by the ass-kicking they got was Jason, who looked like he’d swallowed a lemon when he bought Maggie her beer.

“To victory!” Echoed her team and a few drops of beer went spilling down the side of glasses at the movement.

“To our new friend, Lena!” Maggie singled Lena out from where she was leaning against the bar with Kara at her side. She inclined her head a little and her expression changed from startled to pleased as the group, the winners, echoed the toast.

“Lena!”

“To softball!”

“Softball!”

“To friendship!” Maggie was beaming, still running on her high from winning, in no small part due to Lena’s impressive skills on the field.

“To friendship!” Echoed the rest of the players, and all were involved now, even the losing team, all but Jason.

“To kicking Jason’s teams ass!” There was cheering and some mild, exaggerated groans from Jason’s team.

“All right! Drink responsibly. Bottoms up!” Maggie shouted and then downed her beer in a very impressive display. Around her, her colleges were doing the same and when they finished they
slammed their drinks down on the tables and whooped. A few high-fived each other again and others wandered back to the bar for another drink.

“You were pretty awesome out there,” Kara began and Lena turned to her, wondering if this is what had been occupying the reporter’s mind for much of the afternoon.

“Thankyou?” She hedged and gestured for the bar-tender and cast a glance to Vince in question. “Drink?”

The body-guard hesitated, glanced around at the buoyant police officers, who were still wearing their departmental t-shirts reading NCPD, and then shook his head. Lena nodded in acceptance and looked at Kara’s lemon, lime and bitters. It was half empty. “Want another one? Or anything stronger?”

Kara shook her head. “I don’t drink. Besides,” she smiled winningly. “Someone has to keep an eye on Maggie.”

Lena chanced a glance behind her to see Maggie already trash-talking at the pool table. “I think your sister has that covered.” Alex was standing near the officer with a drink in her hand and an amused smile on her lips.

“Are they dating?” She enquired as she turned back to Kara and browsed the selection of wines, beers, spirits, and pre-mixed drinks.

Kara nodded and smiled. “Yeah… for about a month now. Alex’s so mushy it’s almost disgusting.”

“They’re sweet,” Lena offered and dug her wallet out, and pulled out a card as the bar-tender came over.

“Hey. What can I get for you?” She asked and she cast the group at the pool table an amused glance when there was a loud cheer and laughter and a muted, ‘Fuck you, Maggie.’

“They come here often?” Lena asked and the bar-tender nodded.

“Every second Friday night. They get a bit loud but they always have watchdogs and they pay for any damage.” She shrugged. “Besides, watching newcomers try to drink Maggie under the table is always fun to watch. What can I get you? Food or drink?”

Kara’s stomach rumbled and she blushed under the dual amused glances Lena and the bar-keep tossed her way.


Kara blinked for a moment in shock and then shook her head slightly. “Oh. Um. I’m not- you don’t. I can-“

“Five bowls of chips and three wedges please,” Lena turned back to the bar tender who was jotting everything down. Kara just blinked and went quiet as Lena did her thing. She was channelling the CEO right now, even as she was dressed down in her softball gear. The bar-tender either recognised her or recognised her authority and had whipped out a pad and pen the moment she started to speak. “And two lemon, lime and bitters. Thank you. And a ginger beer.” Vince shifted from the counter and cast Lena a glance but went back to watching the crowd.
“Right, so that’s three sea-food platters, five meat platters, three wedges, five bowls of chips, two bitters, a ginger beer, and a five-hundred dollar tab.”

Lena nodded, card dangling between slender fingers. Kara was watching as she rolled it between the digits.

“Did you want that taken off the tab or added to it?”

“Added. Please.”

The bar-keep nodded and rung the number on the till and Kara blinked at the amount but didn’t say anything, fearing that would embarrass Lena, herself, or would lead to a disagreement.

Lena didn’t even flinch as she paid the fee and smiled at the bar-tender as she said she’d give this to the kitchen and be right back to make their drinks.

“You didn’t have to do that,” Kara said quietly and her voice was soft but her blue eyes were intense with some sort of emotion Lena couldn’t name.

She smiled, there was an undercurrent of bitterness to it. “No one makes me do something I don’t want to do. Not anymore,” she added almost darkly and there was a shadow in her bright green eyes.

“Thank you,” Kara said sincerely and looked over at the officers and Maggie and Alex high-fiving as she sunk a few balls. “In case they don’t realise or forget.”

Lena smiled genuinely now and ducked her head and accepted the ginger-beer the bar-tender passed over the counter.

“Vince,” she slid it down the bar and the body-guard caught it on reflex and glance down at it and back to Lena, surprise on his features. She met his gaze for a moment and he inclined his head in thanks and tore the cap off in a smooth movement.

“Get what you want all night,” Lena said and he nodded in agreement and took happy sip of the bubbly, amber liquid.

“Here.” She put the two lemon, lime and bitters on the counter. “Bar tab for the NCPD and your food will be about fifteen, twenty minutes.” Kara’s stomach announced itself again and Lena bit her lip to hide her giggle as Kara flushed and quickly turned away, snagging her drink. The bar-tender just laughed as she walked away.

“Wanna play pool?” Kara asked and a sly smile crossed Lena’s features.

“You don’t want to play against me,” she said and smirked and Kara gazed at her a moment before nodding.

“You good?”

Lena’s smile widened. “One of the perks of having an-above average intellect and no friends.” She offered as she moved over to one of the few empty tables on their side of the bar. The NCPD crowd seemed to have claimed this side of the bar for themselves and the other regulars were sticking to the other side, but were calling greetings, or lifting their glasses in hello.

Kara slid onto the seat opposite her. “I’m learning lots of new things about you today,” she said and there was a light dusting to her cheeks and she fiddled with her hands a moment. “I, ah, I l-like it.”
She swallowed nervously and flushed all the harder but Lena’s pleased smile was enough to chase her embarrassment away.

“I like it too,” Lena confessed quietly, cheeks slightly pink and she ducked her head to her drink as Kara flushed with pleasure. She could hear Lena’s heart thumping with nerves.

“So… you played softball in school?” She was rolling her fingers, a nervous habit she had yet to break, and as she’d had it since she was a child on Krypton, she doubted she’d be rid of it on Earth.

Lena pulled away from her straw and her green eyes were contemplative as she took Kara in. Kara felt the power of them, so like Kryptonite, draw her in and hold her still.

“Yes,” Lena smiled and Kara felt herself fall further into her eyes. “I had a crush on the captain and I didn’t just want to be a nerd.” Lena ducked her head into her shoulder a little. “So I joined the team and learnt how to play.” She sat back with a sigh and shook her head. “I was trying to impress her.”

Kara choked on her drink. “H-her?” She swallowed as Lena’s fond smile faded and she looked over at Kara with a slight furrow to her brow. She hadn’t expected Lena to be so open with it, so upfront about it.

“Is that an issue?”

Kara shook her head frantically and was bright red. “No-ope! No, of course not! I’m- I mean.. Alex and Maggie,” she waved her hand in her sisters general direction. “That’s cool. I was just, um, surprised. Yup.” She gave a little nod. “Surprised.”

She swallowed again and nervously adjusted her glasses. Her heart was hammering in her chest, but was also doing cartwheels of delight. “So… you’re, um, gay?”

Lena was a little defensive now, she could see the walls in her eyes drawing closed like great shutters over the life they held within, and Kara was desperate to get that light back.

“I didn’t realise it would be an issue,” she said softly, almost sorrowfully and took her glass in her hands but didn’t drink it.

“No!” Kara’s shout was a little loud and drew a few curious looks but Kara ignored them and her hand shot out to grab Lena’s as it drew away.

Lena inhaled sharply, heart stumbling and then accelerating and Kara quickly snatched her hand back.

“No. It’s not an issue,” she said firmly. “I was just surprised. You’ve never-“

“It isn’t something I shout from rooftops, Kara,” Lena said carefully. “While I am not ashamed of my sexuality I find it…difficult to…find companionship….due to my last name, mostly. I’ve had to deal with people after my money and name since I was adopted, and I’ll be the first to admit I have trust issues…”

Lena looked down and was rolling one of the rings on her hands, a nervous habit Kara had noticed once before, but it seemed she controlled that habit when she was CEO. It made her heart warm that Lena trusted her enough to tell her this and to let her guard down around her.

“We all have baggage,” Kara offered and shrugged. She certainly did. An entire cultures worth. But what was a little hand luggage? She said so and delighted in the sharp, startled laugh it drew from Lena’s lips, almost against her will.
“To hand luggage,” she said with the laugh still present in her laugh and lifted her glass in a toast.

Kara grinned and clinked her bitters with Lena’s as though it were expensive champagne or something.

She was itching to ask but didn’t want to ruin the laughter in Lena’s eyes.

“NDA’s,” Lena said after a moment of silence between the two. “When I first-Mother…” she trailed off. “Once mother realised-“ she cut herself off and shook her head. “My partners sign NDA’s so tight that one word and my lawyers will skin them.” She pressed her lips together and her eyes darkened, not in anger or in pain, but with something else. “It doesn’t make much for a good start but,” she shrugged. “It’s part of the business. I’m owned by L-Corp and as such need to be protected as an asset. Can we talk about something else?”

Kara was only too happy to move the conversation away from dangerous territory, and to do something to bring the light back to Lena’s eyes.

“So, you joined the softball team for a girl… did you get her?” She asked teasingly, but there was some part of her that really, really wanted to know. The answering Luthor smile Lena gave made a shiver run down her back, she told herself it was fear, fear for whoever that smile had been directed at in the past. She was lying to herself.

“Mh,” Lena gave a non-committal hum. “What about you? Anyone special in your life?” It was odd that they’d been friends for months now and were just learning this about each other.

“What? Pffft. Me? No, no way! To, um far too busy! Yup!” She needlessly adjusted her glasses and peeked through her lashes over at Lena, who was hiding her smile in her glass.

“Good,” Lena murmured, to her-self and Kara felt her world screech to a halt.

“Huh? Good?”

Lena’s heart summersaulted. Kara shouldn’t have heard the word whispered into bitters but due to her super hearing she had.

“I mean,” Lena blushed and swallowed. “Good that I don’t have to feel guilty for taking your time from someone else.”

Kara blushed to match Lena while inwardly her heart was dancing.

“Y-yeah… you get me all to yourself!” She blurted out and then went even redder but Lena’s heart flickered and her eyes darkened with something decidedly not dark and Kara’s heart thumped in her chest.

“Good,” Lena said firmly, quietly.

Kara nodded. “Yeahp. Yup. Good. Good. That’s, ah, that’s good.”

Lena shook her head fondly and took another sip of her drink and her eyes shifted to something over Kara’s head and she smiled.

“I have a sea-food platter and a wedges,” said the bar-keep as she came up to the table. “Where do you want the food?”

“Leave those two here,” Lena instructed and shifted their drinks to make space as Kara’s belly
growled at the smells. Kara dove for a wedge, drizzled in cheese and bacon and dipped it in the sour-cream before it was on the table a second. “And divide the rest to the other tables… unless you want a meat platter as well?”

Kara hesitated, wedge part-way to her mouth and Lena sighed and shook her head fondly again. “And a meat platter here. Thank you,” she said and the bar-keep nodded and left the two plates on the table. “Be right back.”

“Help yourself,” Lena directed this to Vince, who was still nursing his ginger-beer and was eyeing the sea-food platter with greedy eyes.

He immediately pushed off the wall and snatched a scallop wrapped in bacon and groaned in delight.

Lena eyed the platter a moment and picked what looked like a deep-fried prawn and lifted it delicately to her mouth. Kara watched the shrimp’s journey with wide eyes and her mouth went dry as Lena closed her eyes in delight and she sighed in pleasure.

“Thanks,” Vince said and Lena’s eyes flew open and she nodded to him and licked the drop of sauce from her lips. Kara swallowed and quickly averted her eyes as Lena blinked over at her.

“Sweet!” Came a call from over by the pool table and they looked over to see another bar-tender handing over some fries and a meat platter. “Thanks whoever!” The players descended on the platter and fries like rabid wolves and the noise in the bar dimmed quite suddenly.

“So, you’re above average intelligence, hm?” Kara asked, tearing her attention from Lena’s lips and scrambled for a subject for conversation, otherwise she’d be caught just staring at Lena.

Lena smiled and nodded. “Only a little,” she said humbly and Kara snorted.

“I doubt that,” she said as she shoved some more wedges into her mouth. Lena’s brow tightened as she watched the steam on them ribbon into the air.

“Aren’t they hot?” She enquired, amused and Kara paused.

“Yup!” She said decidedly and quickly picked up her nearly empty bitters and downed it. “Better.”

“Did you want another one?” She asked and pointed to Lena’s almost finished glass.

Lena nodded and Kara almost ran from the table, Lena’s curious green eyes following her.

She leant forward and picked a wedge, and had to roll it around her fingers as its heat was immediately known. She left it on the edge of the plate closest to her and frowned over at the reporter standing meekly at the bar, looking for all the world like a teenager trying to buy alcohol and get away with it. Something prickled the back of her mind, but as she tried to grab the thought, it was washed away, helped by the presence of a dark haired police officer.

“I think I might have to keep you, Little Luthor,” Maggie announced as she pulled up a chair and propped her chin on her arm and stared at Lena. Lena looked startled at the nick name. Alex cast a slightly hurt look to her girlfriend and glanced at Lena before looking back at Maggie and her girlfriend winked at her. Understanding, Alex relaxed and settled back to watch how this would play out.

“Um, excuse you, but she’s mine.” This was from Kara, slightly frosty as she glared at Maggie leaning towards Lena and looking adoringly at her. “And you have Alex.”
Alex took another seat and just looked between the two and then helped herself to a piece of pork from the meat platter Kara had balanced on her arm as she carried the two bitters in her hands.

“I know,” Maggie said winningly and took the platter from Kara’s arms before it could fall. “But your girlfriend is awesome!”

Kara blushed as she placed her bitters on the table. “She’s not my girlfriend,” she muttered and slid onto her seat.

“But you just said she was yours?” Maggie said with the innocence of a child caught surrounded by cookie crumbs.

Kara stumbled and stuttered and turned as red as her cape as she stammered out how she meant Lena was her friend and not Maggie’s, not that she had to be Lena’s only friend, but she was her best friend, and while she didn’t hold the monopoly on who Lena was able to be friends with, she was Lena’s friend first and it wasn’t her decision who Lena decided to be friends with and it was cool that Maggie saw how awesome Lena was and wanted to be her friend but she was Kara’s first but it wasn’t like she didn’t want Lena to have other friends or hang out with other people or anything but-

Lena had to halt Kara’s rambling by putting her hand on Kara’s arm and Kara drew to a halt and stared down at Lena’s pale and graceful hand on her arm before following it up to Lena’s eyes. “Kara.” They were a bright, eye-catching green and were glowing with…something. “You’ll always be my first friend in National City, Kara,” she said and her fingers lightly ran up and down Kara’s skin where they were touching and Kara looked at her with wide eyes. She glanced over at Maggie.

Alex was trying to hide her smile but Maggie wasn’t. The detective was smirking like the cat that had the cream and her dark eyes were delighted.

“I wouldn’t be opposed to having a… new friend,” she tried out the word and then smiled at the detective. “I hear you also consider yourself a pro pool player… fancy a game? I don’t get to play much.”

Maggie grinned and leant forward. “Oh, you’re on, Little Luthor.”

Lena frowned at the name a little as she rose to her feet. “Little? I can’t be more than three years younger than you-how old are you?”

Maggie’s smile didn’t slip. “Didn’t you know it’s rude to ask a Lady her age?”

A snort would never pass Lena’s lips in public but the sound she made was close. “I don’t see a Lady.”

Maggie chuckled and slung an arm around Lena’s shoulders. “Oh, I am defiantly keeping you!”

“All right boys!” The detective shouted as she got closer to the pool table. “Next game is me n Little Luthor! Girl thinks she’s got what it takes!”

There were chuckles and nods of agreement and Kara and Alex wandered over, the former with her bowl of wedges, and the latter carrying their drinks.

“Think she can beat Maggie?” Alex asked as they took up position around one of the pool tables, the one that looked like the game that was almost done.

Kara nodded. “She said she was good.”
Alex sniggered. “If she wins I’ll never hear the end of it.”

“Shall we make this a little more exciting?” Maggie enquired with a smirk and a sly glance over at Kara. Lena followed her gaze and the reporter tried to wave and ended up nearly losing her bowl of wedges to the wooden floor. Alex laughed and slapped her arm and Kara glared at her before looking back at Lena and Maggie.

“Sure,” Lena hedged and eyed the detective suspiciously. “What did you have in mind?”

“Loser has to kiss the girl we came with,” Maggie said suddenly and Lena’s smile faltered. There was a choking sound.

She glanced back at the Danvers sisters and hesitated.

“Unless, of course, you aren’t game enough?” Maggie suggested, the innocence in her voice betrayed by the smirk on her face.

Lena hesitated again, cast Maggie a glance and then looked back at Kara and Alex. Alex was patting Kara on the back as the blonde coughed and spluttered and went red.

“I feel like you are getting the better part of the deal,” Lena said, trying to buy herself some time, and ran her eyes over the pool table. “I don’t really play.”

“Nice try,” Maggie smirked and folded her arms. “Yes or no? If you aren’t game, we can have the loser have to down, say, six shots?”

Lena’s lip twitched and she glanced back at Kara, who was recovering and was looking over at the two with wide eyes and Alex just looked amused.

“Deal,” she said strongly and turned back to Maggie. Maggie raised a brow and her smile widened, impressed.

“Is there a time limit?”

“Thirty seconds.”

“Ten.” Lena countered, heart hammering.

“Twenty.”

“Fifteen,” Lena said firmly and Maggie nodded.

“Tongue for five of those seconds.”

Lena hesitated again and then gave a begrudging nod. “Deal.”

“Deal,” Maggie accepted her hand and they shook on it.

“Excellent!” She beamed and turned back to the pool table.

“All right!” She shouted to the group.

“Me n Little Luthor have a bet going. Loser has to kiss one of the Danvers.” There was cheering and laughter and Alex and Kara went red and blinked back at the eyes staring at them. Alex folded her arms defensively at the eyes and Kara looked down at her nearly empty bowl of wedges.
“Tongue for five of fifteen seconds,” Maggie added and there was wolf-whistling and general cheering.

She clapped her hands excitedly and accepted a cue stick and checked its size. Lena was already over at the rack and was looking some over. They were in relatively good condition for being a part of a bar set.

One of the former players was already putting the balls in place and Lena looked the table over.

“I’ll let you go first,” Maggie offered smugly. “Since you don’t play.” Lena arched a brow and cast her a glance.

“Are you sure?” She asked demurely and Maggie nodded.

“Gotta give you a chance,” she said and leant against the table cockily.

Lena eyed the table again and lined up the white ball. As she leant forward to take her shot she let her smile cross her face and locked eyes with Maggie. “You’re gonna regret that,” she said and her muscles coiled and released and the white ball went flying forward. It collided with the coloured balls. They scattered like ants in the rain, with an accompanying crack like thunder and several of the balls were sunk immediately.

Maggie blinked as Lena took up position and proceeded to choose her set-full colours.

“Don’t play pool my ass,” Maggie said as Lena sunk her first shot quickly.

The Luthor grinned. “Not anymore, I said.”

“You got hustled!” Laughed one of Maggie’s team mates and she gaped.

“Yeah. Guess I did.” She grinned again. “Game on, Little Luthor!”

Lena smiled at her and lined up her next shot. “Game on.”

Lena won, naturally, and she was surprisingly demure about it, merely shrugging it off to a lot of hours playing at home basically because she had no friends. Maggie had apparently decided to adopt her as soon as she won, and Maggie’s co-workers all seemed fond of Lena as well, which was awesome. But… because she won, she didn’t have to kiss Kara. Not that Kara was disappointed about that, no siree. But that meant she had to watch her sister and her sisters girlfriend make out for a bit amidst cheers and cat-calling.

It would have been better for her and Lena to make-out. Not for any reason other than to spare her eyes, of course. Still, Alex pulled back eventually with a dazed look and a goofy grin and the joy in her eyes was almost worth Kara having to bleach her brain to rid herself of the image. She did not need to see her sister make-out with her girlfriend.

She was actually surprised Alex allowed it, being a ‘Baby Gay’ as Maggie called her. Dating the detective had certainly brought her sister out of her shell, not that she was in one to begin with, but she was happier now, and cared less what people thought of her. It was probably in part Maggie, as well as learning some things about herself.

David drove her home. Lena insisted. And she sat in the back of the car next to Lena while Vince looked between them and they navigated the mostly quiet streets to her apartment. Lena wouldn’t hear of her ‘getting an Uber’ (read: flying home), so she was now in relatively cramped conditions next to the woman she may have been crushing on after she admitted that she was gay, or bi, or
whatever. That she was in to chicks, or maybe it had just been that one chick…. Hm. She’d have to ask Lena about it at some stage, but she would need to be sneaky.

Some part of her knew getting involved with a Luthor of all people was dangerous, but the other part didn’t care and wanted to feel what Lena made her feel, and was desperate to know if she felt the same way… Or could be convinced through elaborate plan to feel the same- Alex was secretly a rom-com nut and Kara had plenty of resource material to choose from if Lena was open to the idea of maybe, sort of, dating Kara.

It didn’t take very long until they arrived at her apartment block and she hesitated for a moment as the car idled.

“Thank you for coming,” she said and quickly darted forward to brush her lips on Lena’s cheek. Lena flushed immediately, but not as much as Kara did, and she nearly tripped as she stumbled from the SUV and onto the pavement. She left a small crater in the inside of the gutter and hoped no one would notice it.

“Bye!”

“Goodbye, Kara,” Lena chuckled, voice dark and rich. The sound made her stomach flutter.

They waited until she was inside the building before David pulled away from the curb and she waved goodbye through the bared window on the first flight of stairs, even though they couldn’t see her.

When she got to her apartment door she hesitated and then approached it cautiously. Nothing seemed out of the ordinary, but her senses were telling her something was amiss.

She cautiously, slowly, unlocked her door and peered inside and then blinked at the occupant at her dining table.

“Hello Kara.”

xxxxXxxxxXxxxx

Chapter End Notes

I don't know anything about softball, so yeah.
Chapter Summary

In honour of my 1000th Kudos, it's a few days early. Enjoy. Also... guess who gets a kiss next chapter? ;)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Wait, so...what?” Kara glanced over at J’onn and Alex momentarily in betrayal, and then looked at her adoptive mother again.

“Someone has been exposed to Kryptonite,” she said patiently and Kara nodded.

“They also somehow appear to be regenerating under its radiation…at an incredible rate.”

“Got that as well. But that doesn’t explain why I wasn’t asked to go with you,” this she directed to her sister, who cast a glance to J’onn.

“I know it can hurt me, but it’s Eliza,” she turned back to her earth mum. “It’s mum! I’d always come to save you, you have to know that?”

Sensing her sisters hurt Alex moved forward. “We know, Kara. But like we said, nothing indicates this is anything more than a coincidence.”

“What we are more concerned with is that someone has Kryptonite, and we don’t know who, and we don’t know what they know about it.” J’onn rumbled and arranged his form against the wall.

They were in one of the DEO meeting rooms, J’onn, Kara, Alex, Eliza, and Winn had the laptop plugged into some of the DEO technology. He had taken his field kit with him, but hadn’t been able to break the fire-walls on the computer, so J’onn had requested Eliza take a trip to National City to see her daughters. She had readily agreed and had driven in the night before and ended up staying with Kara. Normally she would get a hotel, or even stay with Alex, with the latter taking the couch, but seeing as she was dating Maggie, Eliza hadn’t wanted to interrupt and Alex had given her, her key to Kara’s apartment.

“I don’t think they know who I am, or at least, not who you are to me,” Eliza said, looking over at Kara with a smile.

“I asked Eliza here so we could protect her, if necessary, and also to see if we can trace this doctor and their patient using our technology.”

Kara looked over at J’onn and sighed. “Fine. Okay,” she lifted her hands in the air.

“Tell me everything,” she demanded of Eliza, though not without kindness.
Eliza inhaled and then sighed, obviously prepared to recount the events again.

“I received a laptop and a letter a few weeks ago,” she began.

“What date, if you can remember,” Alex asked and jotted down the response.

“They had paid my request for a research grant, I found out.”

“How?” Alex enquired, pen poised.

Eliza shot her daughter an exasperated look. “I applied for a research grant and it was declined. Two weeks later I get the amount in full, anonymously. Then I receive the letter and the laptop. They don’t use names, but merely say they are a doctor and are very interested in my work, and paid my research grant as a gesture of good will, but didn’t expect me to help- you know what,” Eliza said and pulled a folder out of her bag. “Read it.”

She tossed the folder onto the desk. “It’s a print out of every report they sent me, as well as the original letter.” She shrugged at Winn’s curious glance. “I like seeing it on paper.”

Kara was first to the letter and turned it over to look at it. “No prints apart from yours,” she said to Eliza and moved it around. “I smell latex and rubber….gloves,” she added and looked the piece over.

“What did it come in?” Alex asked.

“Fed-Ex.”

“Alright, we’ll see if we can track that, but I don’t know.”

“Nothing else to see. Just a bit of dust. No hair, no prints. Whoever sent this didn’t want to be found,” Kara offered as she turned the letter back over. “Ordinary paper and default font and layout. It’s pretty generic.”

“Read it out?” Winn asked from where he had the laptop, admittedly older model, connected to a mini-generator looking thing and to the power.

Kara cleared her throat.

‘Dear Dr. Danvers,

I normally wouldn’t use such cloak and dagger methods but I hope that you will help me. I paid your research grant (#4906752D.E.Danvers) in the hope that it will at least give me a minute of your time, though I do not expect it. Feel free to cast aside this letter and laptop.

I have a human patient with the most curious mutations. They have been exposed to some sort of radiation in Metropolis, but unlike normal radiation, this radiation regenerates their cells at a rate that should be impossible. As one of the leading scientists in your field I thought you could offer some insight.

On the computer are the lab reports I have so far, as well as additional observations and tests. There is also communication software, in case you would like to share your thoughts with me.

Again, I apologise for the deception, but it would be safer for everyone involved if you did not learn my name, or my patients.

Regards,’
Kara lowered the letter with a crease between her brows.

“So, I looked at the laptop.” Eliza said with a shrug. “It seemed the least I could do, even though I was apprehensive about it. It had no password, just normal lab tech programs and files, and a communication program.”

“I was able to find a previous owner for it,” Winn said as he worked away at the laptop, various lines of code on the screen. “A Michele Baton from Metropolis. She sold the laptop to a pawn shop. They sold it to a guy called Zachery Augustous Hamilton… But it was stolen in a break in at his place. I checked them both out… they have no background in any medical, science, or engineering field. He’s retired and she’s a florist.”

J’onn grunted in annoyance.

“Did you try asking who they were?”

Eliza shook her head. “Yes, but they didn’t answer and changed the subject. They only seemed interested in my mind… what I thought of the patient.”

“We tried tracking the other username, but it was only made the day before they talked to Eliza, and every one since has been a new email and a new account. Impossible to trace.”

“IP?” Kara asked rather desperately.

Winn shook his head. “Not a chance. As old as it looks, there is some serious modifications on the inside. Who-ever sent this knew what they were doing, or someone did. This tech is simple but brilliant.” Winn was grinning now, eyes alight at the masterful technology. “It took me a while to figure it out, but it basically sends any search from the device back to it, and diverts it from there…. Its like a boomerang of sorts, you send it out, it comes right back. It’s awesome…”

“Yes, thank you Agent Schott,” J’onn rumbled and the agent swallowed and went back to his work.

“Any difference in time zones we could use as a lead?” He enquired after a moment’s thought.

“I thought of that,” Alex said and shook her head. “When Winn gave me the transcripts I looked at that, they alter with no discerning pattern. I even tried to find a speech pattern, but that came up empty. Only who-ever it is uses precise language, evidence of a higher education, according to Dr. Kellin.”

“I haven’t talked to them since,” Eliza offered as the room descended into silence. “They must be wondering where I am. Usually I’d respond immediately, but not since they delivered the Kryptonite.”

Kara perked up. “We could track it’s radioactive signature.”

Alex shook her head and Kara slumped again. “No, it came in a lead lined box.”

“So… if they’re waiting for you to comment, then maybe we can use that to our advantage. What if we track them while they are online and talking to Dr Danvers?” Winn asked and looked for approval.

“We can try.” J’onn nodded.

“Or, we could just ask them what they know and what they plan on doing with their information,” Kara asked and then shrugged under the looks shot her way. “It can’t hurt to ask.”
“Right,” Alex said and then looked at her mum. “Are you okay with talking to them again?”

Eliza’s eyes glinted. “I’m fine,” she said firmly. “But if they think they can hurt my daughter they have another thing coming.”

Kara beamed.

It didn’t take them very long to set it up. Winn had one of the private DEO servers connected to the laptop and Eliza sat in front of it. They’d sent of a request to talk as soon as the decision to talk to the Dr. had been made, and now they waited. Supergirl managed to stop a robbery, help out with a traffic collision on the highway, and get to the little food truck in Chicago that Alex loved. Now they were just sitting around and waiting for a friend request to come through while the empty lunch wrappers sat around them.

A beep drew their attention and they crowded forward around the device.

‘Rache4L1es87’ wants to message you! Said the little notification and Eliza clicked to accept the request.

There was no picture, or bio, or anything on the profile and the only sign of life was the little green icon signalling they were online.

“Wait for them to speak,” J’onn suggested and they waited. It took three minutes for them to comment.

Rache4L1es87: Enjoying the change of scenery?

The group in the DEO went stiff as Winn tapped away on his computer trying to connect to the other user’s.

DrDanvers56: What makes you think I’m not at home?

It took a while for a response.

Rache4L1es87: I’d tell you it was an address change, but that might frighten you. You normally are...enthusiastic...when responding. I grew...concerned...over your absence, especially with regards to the package I sent you. I hope you are well, Dr.

J’onn’s face went red. “Are they hacking us?” He demanded of Winn and he shook his head quickly.

“No! At least, nothing I can find. Wait.....” he cast a suspicious glance at the laptop. It looked innocent as it sat there whirling away.

“End the conversation! Now!” He demanded and launched himself across the desk to try reach the computer. He ended up tangled in his own cords and desk chair, but Alex was quick to unplug everything and Eliza exited the app and started the shut-down process immediately.


The response came back immediately. ‘Nothing to report, Sir. All clear.’

“Vasquez?”

‘All clear here, Sir.’
The computer powered-down and unplugged allowed them to relax a hair.

“What is it, Winn?”

“I didn’t want to take it apart, just in case,” Winn said and his eyes were narrowed on the laptop. “But when I said there had to be some modifications to it to make it run so well, I was serious. Maybe they added a GPS to it?” He shook his head. “I’ll take it apart now, but I’ll do it in one of the secure rooms. No signal in or out. It will take me,” he glanced at his watch, “about an hour, so meet back here say, half three?”

There were nods of agreement.

“I’m gonna go fly around, just in case,” Kara said and launched herself to her feet, eager to be moving to find the potential threat.

She was up and out of the DEO before anyone else had risen from their chairs and sighed as she soared into the sky. Her phone vibrated in her boot and she dug it out and glanced at the name. ‘Lena Luthor.’

Her first response was to smile but her second was to frown. She had her Supergirl sim in, which meant Lena wanted Supergirl.

She dialled the number without even looking at the message as she flew towards the temporary L-Corp offices, a building downtown renovated to suit L-Corp’s needs.

“Miss Luthor! Are you okay?” She asked the CEO as she flew above the buildings. It took her a moment to reply and in those precious seconds she envisioned all sorts of scenarios.

‘Supergirl? What is it? I’m fine.’ She sounded confused, and a little amused when she answered.

Kara floated to a halt. “You text me. I thought you could be in trouble.”

‘I’m fine.’ Lena said, chuckle in her voice. ‘Did you not read it?’

Kara let her silence speak for her and was rewarded with a soft laugh. But it wasn’t at her, so that made it okay.

‘That’s sweet of you.’ Lena said and Kara felt her chest inhale with pride. ‘I only text because N.C. Zoo want’s to present their cub to you and asked me to pass the message on.’ It had been big news; National City Zoo naming one of their cubs after their caped protector, but the Zoo hadn’t said as to the origin of the name, and were waiting until the cubs were a week old to present them officially to the world. The press and public had figured out that the girl was named for Supergirl, but couldn’t figure out why Elle was her name. The Zoo was silent on it for the moment.

“Really?!” Kara nearly squealed at the thought.

‘Yes. Really. Shall I tell them you’ll be there?’

“Yes!” Kara beamed into the sky and then a thought struck her. “Will you be?”

There was a moments pause. ‘I...hadn’t planned it.’ Lena said cautiously.

‘I’d like you to be. It was your idea,’ Kara responded immediately and then winced. There was a long moment of silence and Kara counted every second of them, waiting with baited breath for Lena’s response.
‘How do you know that?’ There was a suspicious tone to her words and Kara swallowed and scrambled. She could feel her brain firing as she thought of an answer.

“Twitter,” she blurted and could hear Lena’s confusion. “I saw the photo of you on Twitter,” she elaborated, already liking this not-entirely-true-truth. “Kara Danvers doesn’t know what my crest means….I didn’t know you knew either?” Hm, she’d have to look into that. What else did Lena know about her Super-family that she didn’t know she knew.

‘Lex had impressive files on Superman,’ Lena responded eventually. ‘Every quote he could get from your cousin. Kal El mentioned what the ‘S’ stood for…. In an interview with Lois Lane, I believe?’

Ah, that explained it. But she really needed to see these files that Lex had, maybe Lena would tell or show Kara.

“Oh, yeah. I read that one as well…so will you come?”

‘Okay.’ Lena replied and Kara couldn’t hide her smile.

“Okay! Cool!” She was reluctant to hang up and evidently Lena was too, for a few moments later she asked, ‘So, you stalk me on Twitter?’

Kara inhaled sharply and spluttered out a denial.

Lena just laughed. ‘Denial isn’t just a river in Africa, Supergirl. So you have a Twitter account, I should follow you.’

Kara hummed, “Um, yeah? Kinda.”

‘Ah, your secret identity then.’ Lena said.

“Yeah.”

‘You should get an official Supergirl one.’ There was a creaking sound as though Lena had moved in her chair.

“I’m not sure what I’d post…”

‘Up to you,’ Lena said and there was the clicking of a pen. ‘Did you need anything else?’

Kara shook her head before realising that duh, Lena couldn’t see her. “No, thanks. I’ll ah, I’ll let you get back to work.”

‘Thank you. Oh, and ‘One call away’? Really?’

Kara just laughed. So she may have programmed that song as her ring-tone when she added her phone number to Lena’s.

“It’s a good song,” she laughed. “And Superman’s got nothing on me!”

Lena just laughed. ‘I’ll see you at the Zoo. Goodbye.’

“Bye!”

The warm sound of Lena’s laughter filled her and she did a cartwheel in the sky before heading back to the DEO. She’d have time to patrol the city before Winn was ready for them.
“Okay, so I found this in the laptop.” Winn said as he held up a small chip the size of a fingernail. “GPS locator. It doesn’t work while it’s not connected to the laptop, the computer has to come online for it to activate so it’s safe like this.”

Eliza had gone a little pale and Alex’s hands were clenched into fists.

“What for? What could they have to gain?” She was mad, very mad, spitting the words out through clenched teeth. But it was out of fear for her mother. Her mum had been talking to this stalker psycho for weeks, well, like, ten days, but still.

“If you’re sure it’s secure, maybe you can ask them?”

Winn nodded to the Director. “There was nothing else there, and it’s not even a good GPS tracker, its very basic. Would give the general city, nothing specific.”

“Let’s try again then,” Eliza said and sat down at the computer. It booted quickly enough and she logged on to her communication app. The user Rache4L1es87 had gone inactive and any attempts at tracing the name would be like finding a needle in a group of needles.

The request for a friend was almost instantaneous. ‘Unecatchpasmoi’ wants to be your friend.

“Unecatchpasmoi?” Alex muttered as she say the user name.

Eliza accepted the request and the message was instantaneous.

Unecatchpasmoi: Was that necessary, Dr? I hold no ill intention towards you. Are you enjoying the weather? The news says it’s a wonderful day in National City.

DrDanvers56: You say that, but then you go and track my location. Very stalkery.

“Kara,” Eliza sighed and took the keyboard back. Kara just shrugged. She had to get that in there.

Unecatchpasmoi: Stalkery? Not a word common in your vocabulary. Perhaps more suited to your youngest daughter? The oldest seems to mature for such words.

Kara tensed. Alex growled and J’onn straightened, fists tightening at his sides.

Unecatchpasmoi: Wait, that came across wrong. I truly mean you and your family no harm. I just need to remain anonymous. For your safety and mine.

DrDanvers56: Then why don’t you tell me your name? Or show me your face?

Unecatchpasmoi is typing…

Unecatchpasmoi is typing…

Unecatchpasmoi is typing…

Unecatchpasmoi requests video call.

“Turn your camera off,” J’onn instructed and Eliza looked around.

“I don’t think there is an off button, it’s an old sever. Typing and calling, nothing like Skype or anything.”
“What if you put something over the camera?” Alex asked.

“Right. Post it sticker?”

Kara handed over the post it stickers and Eliza gently placed them over the camera. It wasn’t good but it would work for now.

She took a deep breath. “Ready?” She looked around and saw the steely determination in the eyes of the people around her.

DrDanvers56 requests video call...

The response was immediate and the screen extended to show a grainy picture of a person with a motorcycle helmet on. A generic black one. They were against a concrete wall with nothing on it and there was the sound of music in the background. Some new beat from the radio.

‘I considered making you sweat but thought better of it….what is that, a piece of paper? No, hm, post-it note?’ They sounded amused, even through the voice modifier they were using.

‘Fair enough. Trust goes both way’s I suppose. Now, Dr. Why haven’t you contacted me earlier?’ They sounded a little upset about it. ‘I was certain after my last delivery you would be jumping to speak to me. Unless…’ The head tilted and then, ‘Curious radioactive rock, wasn’t it?’

“Do you know what it is?” Eliza asked calmly, and held a hand to silence her companions as they looked like they were to speak.

‘Do you?’

“Probably more than you do,” Eliza shot back. A dark chuckle was twisted by the crackling of the connection and the voice modification.

‘Touché, Dr. You are more knowledgeable than I first thought. I am pleased I contacted you.’

“Who are you? What do you want? Who is your patient? How did you get the Krypto-“

‘Kryptonite?’

The occupants of the room stiffened and the head turned a little on the screen, as though seeing them.

‘Show me your companions Dr, and I will speak freely. Perhaps they can be of assistance.’

Eliza looked around the room and saw each of them nod, Kara, Alex and J’onn. Winn would be out of sight, still trying to find the stalker person through the internet.

She took a moment and then removed the sticky note from the camera.

A sharp inhale came from the helmet.

‘Impressive company you keep, Dr.’ The head moved slowly, surely, pointedly gazing at each of the figures around Eliza. ‘Now, what have you determined from the sample I sent you?’
“Ah ah,” J’onn shook his head. “You answer my questions first.”

‘Hmm, no.’

“You need answers,” Alex said desperately.

‘Yes. But I am just as capable of finding them from other scientists. Dr Monroe recently published a truly brilliant piece on Genetic Engineering. I am certain he could help me.’

“You contacted me for a reason,” Eliza said strongly.

‘Yes. I was unaware of your access to the Kryptonian and I apologise for any stress it has caused you. I truly do just want some answers.’

“Are they for yourself of for someone else?” Kara asked suddenly and the helmet turned to face her.

The seconds stretched and then they spoke. ‘A moment.’ The camera went blank and they could hear footsteps echoing on what sounded like a concrete floor.

“Hey, come back!”

It took a few minutes, and they could hear jostling and the scruff of fabric on fabric and the clattering chime of a metal object. The camera blinked awake a moment later. They were back against the wall with a laptop on their knees.

‘You are correct, Supergirl.’ The helmet said and they lifted their arm to show pale blank skin, a black jersey rolled up to their elbow.

‘I need answers for myself.’ They lifted a scalpel, hesitated a long moment staring down at their arm, before taking a deep breath and drawing it down their skin. A trail of blood bloomed after the silver scalpel and the sharp inhale of pain wasn’t missed.

They lowered the scalpel, still dripping with blood and then brought up a very familiar green shard. Kryptonite. They held it up to show the captivated members of the DEO and Eliza, and then ran it across their arm. Then they used a cloth to wipe the trail of blood. There was no mark. The skin was as unblemished as it had been before they had run the scalpel over it.

“Incredible,” Eliza breathed and they nodded their head and let their sleeve back down.

‘I was in Metropolis when Lex Luthor and Superman were at the height of their feud. I…came away from the fight with this,’ they held up the shard, ‘and those regenerative abilities.’

“Tell me where you are, and we can help you!” Kara said earnestly, leaning forward to speak to the helmet.

“I don’t trust you. I have seen enough movies to know I shouldn’t get into a government van. I have little desire to become a lab rat.”

“We have more resources-“

‘And cages,’ the helmet interrupted. ‘I only contacted Dr Danvers because I thought she-you, could help me figure out what was happening. You are one of the leading bio-engineers in the world and I thought you could help me. I didn’t know you knew what Kryptonite was, otherwise I would never have approached you. I apologise. Goodbye.’

“Wait,” Eliza called out and the helmet hovered with an arm out stretched to the laptop. “I do want to
“Can we arrange something?”

The helmet hesitated.

“How can I trust you?”

“How can we trust you?” Eliza responded. “You won’t give us a name, you have radioactive rock from an alien planet, and you had a tracker in the laptop you sent me.”

“That was to make sure that if you got rid of it, I could retrieve it. I didn’t want my results ending in the wrong hands.”

There was a pause.

“You know where we are?” Alex asked suspiciously. The helmet turned to her.

‘Of course. The GPS is accurate to one hundred feet. I’m sure you only found the decoy. Do not worry. I don’t really care where you are. I just want my property returned to me.’

“So now you know our location as well? How can we trust you?”

‘If I arrange a meeting you will be followed,’ the helmeted gaze looked to the Superhero. ‘I don’t want to be found. Goodbye.’

The screen went blank and Unecatchpasmoi went offline. A refresh later and the account had turned inactive.

“Great,” Alex groaned and looked beseechingly at Winn. “Are you sure you can’t trace them?”

Winn shook his head, still in shock.

J’onn’s voice was like a low rumble of thunder. “I thought,” he said slowly, carefully, holding back his rage, “you said it was clear of any tracking technology.”

Winn was pale in the ceiling light, maybe because he could have just lead an unknown person to their location, or because of J’onn’s anger. He shook his head. “If what they said is correct then… It’s technology we don’t even have.” He shrugged helplessly. “I’ll go over every component again…. But I don’t know where it was hidden.”

J’onn appraised him for a moment. “Do it with Hill,” he commanded and Winn ducked his head a little, accepting the command for what it was, a rebuke.

“I don’t want you going out alone, Eliza,” J’onn said as Winn packed up his gear. “Can we give you protection or-“

“I’ll continue staying with Kara, thank you,” Eliza interrupted, politely but with steel in her tone and J’onn inhaled but nodded in agreement.

“Alright. But… please be careful… no unnecessary risks.” He smiled. “We don’t want to lose you.”

Eliza met his gaze a moment and nodded. “They don’t seem to want to hurt me, but I will be careful. I’ll be staying with Supergirl,” she added and smiled at her daughter and Kara beamed. “How much danger could I be in?”
Chapter End Notes

150k and we are starting our ascent to the final confrontation! and of course starting to tie some plot lines together. Also.... I started another fic.... oops. Read it on Tumblr: El Mayarah.:D Annnnnndddd expect to see another smaller fic coming as well. Too many ideas :D
Part Thirty-One

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Lena took a steadying breath as she waited outside Kara’s apartment and took a moment to shake off her work persona and adopt her more personal one. She had barely knocked on the door when it was opened by a beaming Kara Danvers. Her traitorous heart fluttered at the smile on Kara’s face and danced as she saw the light blush grace her features. Clearly she remembered the last time they had met and Lena had kind-of kissed her on the cheek. Kara’s blush gave her strength and she smiled warmly in response.

“Lena! Hey!” One of her favourite things about Kara was her joy, the light she drew from the world and reflected ten-fold, whether it was to the mailman or to the cashier, or even to aggressive paparazzi.

“Hey,” she said softly and bit her lip a moment before offering Kara her bags. “It’s not home-made, I’m afraid,” she said apologetically as Kara took the bags of cheesecake and ice-cream and…

“Ooooh, are those donuts?” Kara’s eyes had zeroed in on the familiar brown paper bag from her favourite bakery.

Lena nodded. “Yes. I know they’re your favourites.” She lifted a bottle of wine as well.

Kara lifted her head and beamed at her and Lena felt her heart stumble at the warmth in her smile. Kara’s lips tilted even further, if that were even possible, as though she knew that Lena’s heart was pounding against the walls of her chest like some sort of mini King Kong.

Her eyes were warm and oh-so blue and bright, like the ocean on a beautiful day; varying shades of blue and glinting like gems.

“Are you going to invite your guest in? I raised you better than that, Kara Danvers!” A voice came from inside the loft and Lena started a moment before looking over Kara’s shoulder. For a moment she had forgotten that she and Kara weren’t alone, and by the way Kara was blushing, so had she.

An elder woman was standing in the kitchen and had just shut the door to a pale green fridge freezer and was arching a brow at Kara. She had long blonde hair, blues eyes, a soft chin and a quick smile.

“Um… right! Come in!” Kara gestured and stepped to the side to let Lena in and Lena smiled at her a moment before stepping into the apartment. She hadn’t been to Kara’s apartment very often and was always startled with how warm and homely it felt. Further inside two brown heads were close together on the couch and watching some campy looking television show. Kara took the chilled items and stored them in her fridge and returned for the wine. Lena handed it over as the woman, obviously Kara’s mother, finished stirring something and smiled over at her.

“Hello! I’m Eliza,” Eliza said as she came forward and with a tea-towel over her shoulder. “It’s nice to meet you!”

“Dr. Danvers,” Lena’s manners kicked in and she held her hand out to shake.

Eliza scoffed and took her hand happily. “None of that! A friend of Kara’s is a friend of the
family’s,” she said and her shake conveyed the warmth in her eyes. “Eliza, please.”

“Lena,” Lena said quietly, feeling a smile cross her face almost unbidden and she wondered for a moment if this woman was where Kara got some of her strength from. She was warm and strong, whereas Lena was used to one or the other, usually combining into cold strength, like steel or even diamond.

“Kara’s told me a lot about you.”

Lena instantly felt a prickle of unease creep its way down her spine.

There was a loud screech and Lena quickly looked past Eliza and to the table where it looked like Kara had tripped over a chair and was sheepishly holding it and blushing. She was placing the wine on the table and fiddled with the cutlery a moment as she cast glances at Lena and her mother.

Eliza just sighed and then looked back at Lena.

“All good things, I promise,” she added and Lena felt her unease fade. It was hard not to feel at ease with the warmth in the apartment.

Smiling Lena looked over at the couch a moment before looking back at Eliza. “Thank you for inviting me,” she said politely, unsure of where to stand or what to do. “Can I help with anything?” She added, feeling stronger in her role. She could work, but she didn’t like to make idle conversation with strangers, not unless she wanted to tell Kara’s mother exactly how she felt about her daughter.

“No problem,” Eliza said cheerfully and walked back towards the small kitchen. “As I said, any friend of Kara’s is a friend of ours and always welcome. You don’t need to do anything, just sit until dinner is ready.”

She commanded the kitchen in the way that Lena did a boardroom and the CEO was impressed.

“Hey,” Kara said softly and Lena blinked to see her friend right in front of her.

“Hey,” she felt her own smile rising unbidden to her lips as it always did when she was around Kara.

“Hey Little Luthor!”

Lena tilted her head to see a familiar face peaking up from behind the sofa.

“Long time no see! You’re coming to this week’s game, right?”

“Hello Detective,” Lena said and strode further into the room. She at least knew Alex and Maggie as well as Kara, even if Kara had told her enough stories about her mother for her to almost know her. “And still with the nickname?”

Maggie beamed, dimples out in full force and slung her arm across the back of the sofa, hand near Alex’s head. “Course,” she beamed. “So, you’re coming to next week’s game, right?” Alex and her were almost snuggled together on the couch with an almost empty bowl of chips in front of them.

Lena sat on the corner of the second sofa and looked over at the detective and shrugged. “I’ll have to see if I can clear my schedule,” she replied neutrally and Maggie scoffed and lifted her beer to her mouth.

“See that you do! I want Jase to buy me another beer,” she said gleefully.

“Want anything to drink?” Kara asked as she hovered awkwardly between the kitchen and the
couch, torn between joining her sister, her sisters girlfriend and her friend, or staying and helping her mum.

Lena shook her head softly.

“Yup,” Alex lifted her empty bottle above her head in silent request and Kara padded across the room to take the empty bottle.

“Maggie, you good?”

“Yup,” the detective said, popping the ‘p’ sound. “I’m good,” she said and shifted on the couch closer to Alex.

The Agent cast her a startled, pleased look and then sort of glanced around to make sure it were okay before leaning back into her girlfriend.

Kara trotted to the kitchen and returned a few moments later with another beer.

She passed it to Alex and then flopped down on the sofa next to Lena.

“How’s your week been? I haven’t seen you since we-um, yeah…since I saw you last….” Kara nervously adjusted her glasses and Lena caught her shy smile and smiled sweetly back.


Kara, who had tensed at the ‘death threats’, adjusted her glasses again. “Did you? What-um, what did you talk about? You didn’t threaten her again, did you?” She asked with a smile.

Alex stiffened and shot Kara a glare as Lena shook her head fondly.

“No, our conversation was amicable. I promise… and I didn’t threaten her,” Lena corrected after a moment’s thought. “I just made her aware of my feelings on a matter and the consequences of it.” Lena blinked from her memory and smiled over at Kara. “We reached an agreement.”

Kara nodded and brushed some hair behind her ear. “So, um what did you talk about?”

“You know the cub we held? Elle?”

Kara nodded and Alex looked at her sharply but took a slow, steady sip of her beer, eyes piercing. Maggie had obviously sensed something but was keeping quiet, eyes watchful.

“Well… N.C. Zoo contacted me asking if I could contact Supergirl… they wanted to present the cub to her at their revealing ceremony tomorrow. She gave me her number once and I rang her and asked.”

“So… are you going?” Kara asked after a moments thought. “Naming her was your idea,” she held the ridge of her glasses a moment as though to move them again and wet her lips.

“Yes,” Lena said and tilted her head. “I thought she would have told you? Seeing as you were the reporter for the event. Isn’t Catco sending you to the ceremony?”

Kara nodded and smiled weakly. “R-ight. Yup, I am going to the ceremony. To report. Yeah…”

Lena tilted her head curiously at Kara and was going to respond, something about how she thought Kara would have already known all this, seeing as she talked to the hero and was the reporter for the
“Dinner’s ready,” Eliza interrupted and there was a stampede towards the table. Alex and Maggie fighting each other playfully on the way. Alex nearly lost her beer. Kara was surprisingly first to the table, entering the squabble and coming out of it remarkably quickly and without any sign of struggle. Something pricked the back of Lena’s brain, just a thought, something about how wrestling Kara was always unfair because she won every time. Shaking it off she rose gracefully and walked calmly to the table as though to show the children how an adult aught act.

Eliza had done well. There was a roast steaming in the centre of the table on a wooden board. There was also tongs for the roast vegetables and a pitcher of gravy and a salad that admittedly looked amazing, and there was garlic bread being handed around the table. Alex had lost the fight to the table and as such had to get the drinks and brought over a bottle of juice and had to pop open the wine, for Lena and Eliza who wanted it. Kara had agreed to try some.

Maggie was already helping herself to the pork and was passing some more out to the plates offered her. Kara was at the other end spooning some salad onto a plate and that was how it went; plates being passed around and food being piled on to it.

“I’d forgotten how much you eat,” Eliza commented as she settled in for her meal and Lena glanced up and over at Kara’s plate. Instead of blushing, as she had caught a few times when Kara was ashamed of her appetite, she was smiling and poked her tongue out playfully at her mother.

“Better than a dog, this one,” Alex commented to Maggie and Kara scrunched her face at her sister as she smiled fondly at her. Maggie just laughed softly.

“I don’t know,” Lena commented, feeling like she ought to defend Kara, even though the jibe wasn’t said hurtfully. “Blonde, loyal, playful, happy….pouts when you leave… She’s definitely a puppy,” Kara blinked at her and Eliza paused with a potato part way to her mouth.

“Probably a lab,” Lena added as she saw that Kara had already devoured her two pieces of garlic bread and was working on her potatoes and carrot. “You have the appetite,” she smiled fondly, hoping to take any bite from her words. Kara just smiled across the table at her and continued to eat.

“Do you like dogs, Little Luthor?” Maggie asked and Lena tore her eyes from Kara’s to see a sly smile on Maggies features. She couldn’t quite place the ‘why’ of it, but knew it had something to do with her and Kara. For some reason a radar suddenly popped into her head, like one of those old ones you’d see in military boats, with the green lines and black empty space.

“Yes,” Lena replied after a moment. “Lex-“ she began and then halted and swallowed and glanced at the table a moment, silently cursing herself for reminding herself, and everyone at the table just who she was. There was a moment of silence and she rallied. She would not be ashamed. Her brothers crimes were not her own.

“We-ah, we had dogs growing up…” she trailed off awkwardly. “Albert was mine.” She would usually blush at her dogs name, she had been young when she had named him, and she may or may not have named him after Albert Einstein…. He had been a gift from Lex for her tenth birthday, and was a reward for her SAT scores being in the top percentile. She was a Luthor, intelligence was once synonymous with the name, instead of being crazy and evil, and the SAT tests had been a fun challenge for her at age ten. Lex had, of course scored higher than she had, but he had tutored her in the months leading up to her taking the tests and he had been so proud of her and had brought her a puppy as a present. Her mother couldn’t say no to that, not if it was her darling boy’s idea.

“We had this mutt,” Maggie said drawing Lena from her thoughts. “Called her Mavis. Was a runty
thing. Would bark like crazy whenever anyone came up the street.” She shook her head fondly as she speared her piece of pork on her fork. “Did you have pets?” This was directed at Alex, and then at Kara.

“I had a cat,” Alex said and Kara shook her head.

The conversation was mostly light as the dinner progressed and compliments for the food were passed around and then Lena innocently enquired as to why Doctor Danvers was in town.

Alex, Kara, and Eliza stiffened, enough so that even Maggie, who was in the bathroom at the time, came back and noticed it.

“I had a, ah, work thing,” Eliza said eventually.

Lena took a sip of wine. “And you’re in the bio-engineering field, right? What made you choose that one?”

Eliza relaxed a little and started to explain her fascination with genetics and how they could be manipulated.

“What do you think about Meta-humans, I think they are called? Human’s with powers?” Lena asked as she lifted a carrot to her lips. “From a scientists point of view I find them fascinating.”

Eliza looked at her searchingly but nodded slowly. “Scientifically speaking it is incredible how the body changes itself to adapt, to develop extraordinary abilities…but there are dangers with it.”

Lena nodded in agreement. “Society needs to be careful of anyone with superhuman abilities,” she said and a familiar ‘s’ crest popped into her mind.

“What do you think about aliens?” Eliza asked and it was a loaded question. She knew exactly who was sitting at her daughters table.

Lena lowered her cutlery, aware of everyone’s eyes on her, especially a pair of blue ones.

“Alien’s or the Super’s?”

“Both,” Eliza said squarely. “And not a bullshit answer.”

Lena exhaled but tilted her head to the side as Alex shot her mother a wide-eyed warning look.

“I think that society has to view these…beings,” she said delicately, “as having the potential to be the threats that they can be. These be…”

“People,” Kara interrupted, and there was something hidden in her voice, something hurt. Lena looked at her a moment searching, trying to find what it was.

“People,” she said finally, keeping her eyes on Kara’s. “Have extraordinary abilities that place them on another tier to humans.” When she was always talking about this there was always a mantra running through the back of her mind ‘don’t sound like Lex, don’t sound like Lex’ even if what she was saying was reasonable. She was always afraid people would hear her but hear Lex’s words and intonation when she spoke. It was a subconscious fear, perhaps, but one that kept her from engaging in proper discussions with Kara and Supergirl about her fear of aliens, she didn’t want to come across as another ‘xenophobic Luthor.’

“I think we need to be able to protect ourselves, and contain these threats if they arise,’” she finished
and turned back to Eliza and lifted her brow. “There were reports of a man in Moscow that could walk through walls…and a girl in Egypt that can ‘see’ the future…. And I am not saying that they would or will use their gift’s for nefarious purposes but there is nothing to stop that man walking into a bank, or into someone’s home, and nothing to stop that girl from seeing economic trends or race winners or the lottery numbers.”

“They can’t help being what they are,” Kara said almost desperately and Lena felt a shiver of unease. Alex and Maggie had long stopped eating and were watching and Eliza’s eyes hadn’t left Lena since she first asked her question.

“I know,” Lena said strongly, hoping that her and Kara’s friendship was solid enough for her to speak without judgement and repercussion. “That’s why I’m not saying that they should be locked up or monitored or put on lists… at least not until after they have committed a crime. I don’t believe in pre-mature punishment.”

“What about the Kryptonian’s?” Eliza asked and if Lena weren’t so sure her greeting and offer of friendship were genuine she would have thought the woman was trying to sabotage her friendship with Kara, or expose her for her supposed anti-alien sentiments.

Knowing she had to step carefully she chose her words with caution. She knew Alex worked with Supergirl, and Kara spoke with her, and Eliza apparently knew her as well, at least in passing.

“What about them?” She asked, wanting Eliza to spell out exactly what sort of response she was expecting Lena to make. The young Luthor had practice at it, and had learnt early on that if you played dumb the other person would eventually word their question in such a way that the answer they expected from you was obvious.

“Do you think we should have weapons for them? Or prisons for them?”

Lena flicked a glance to Kara and then back to Eliza. The Dr. certainly wasn’t beating around the bush.

“Yes,” Lena said after a moment’s thought. Kara let out a soft little gasp and instantly drew Lena’s attention and she looked concernedly over at her friend. Alex shifted uncomfortably at the table and Eliza drew in on herself and Lena got the feeling she was closing down on her, turning her warmth back to polite distance. Lena found she missed it a little. It was nice.

“Don’t misunderstand me,” she said quickly to Kara, a soft plea to her voice. “I think that they don’t wish any harm on humans, at least for the moment, but they aren’t the only ones out there with their abilities. I’d only want to see weapons turned on them, on anyone,” she added and emphasised, “if there were no other choice.”

Kara fiddled with the table cloth and lowered her eyes. “Yeah… I guess…” No one else said anything and the silence grew until it was booming like thunder in the room. Lena wanted her cell to go off with an emergency so she could leave.

To her surprise it started to ring and she excused herself from the table and walked to the bathroom to answer it. “Sorry….. I have to take this…”

Inside the bathroom she saw the number and smiled and lifted it to her ear.

“Yes?”

‘We are ready,’ her caller responded and Lena smiled and saw her reflection in the mirror. She looked a little crazed if she were being honest with herself, a Luthor smile on her lips.
“Good. Move ahead with the plan.”

‘Okay. We’ll call when it’s done.’

Lena hung up and stared at her screen saver, the picture of her holding the cute cub, until it faded to black. She had work to do and the phone call was the perfect opportunity to leave what was becoming a stifling environment.

She slid her phone back into her pocket after calling David and wandered back into the lounge. Maggie was at the sink rinsing dishes while Alex was over having a hissed conversation with Eliza and Kara. They hushed and silenced as she got closer and she felt a prickle of ire, she would rather people told her what they thought about her to her face, but usually no one had the ovaries to do so.

“I’m sorry, it’s important… I have to go,” she said quietly and cast Kara a soft glance and when she didn’t move she walked over to the door, feeling her stomach churn and her heart feel heavy.

She gathered her bag in awkward silence and opened the door.

“See ya Little L!” Maggie called from the kitchen, not caring for the awkward silence any more.

Lena smiled genuinely over at the Detective. “Bye Detective.” She let her eyes cast over the other three. Eliza was watching her go with a blank expression and Alex was nudging her sister. Kara hadn’t looked at her since she’d looked down at her plate and Lena sighed softly.

Another friend lost. She should have just kept her mouth closed and agreed with everything Kara did. But then, a traitorous voice in her whispered, you wouldn’t be being true to yourself. It sounded suspiciously like Lex and she mentally swore at it to shut up.

She called goodbye over her shoulder as she left, years of charm groomed into her since adoption, and let the door close behind her. She would not cry, even as her throat went tight and her eyes turned glassy. She started to walk towards the exit, checking her phone to see David’s text telling her he was waiting outside.

“Um, hey.” Lena started and turned to see Kara sheepishly in the doorway. Her features were a mix of emotions; chastened, sheepish, apologetic, defiant, hurt, caring. It was very hard to determine which one was currently ruling the reporter’s heart.

“Um, sorry for back there…. Um,” Kara adjusted her glasses and then lowered her hands and found her fingers together, not looking at Lena.

“Um, Mum, um, she…she knows um, Superman?” Kara’s voice lifted at the end and Lena tilted her head to the side. “Um, they, um, Eliza and Jeremiah helped him learn about his, um, powers and stuff…. So she’s like, kinda protective of them so…..”

“So she doesn’t want a Luthor around her daughter?” Lena asked bitterly, jaw tight and finally Kara’s head shot up.

“No!” She said and shook her head, eyes wide with earnest. “No, not that! It’s just, um, she wanted to…” Kara trailed off, she couldn’t really justify what her mother had done. She had picked a fight, there was no better word for it, and Lena had rode into the battle with no choice. At least she had managed to convey her thoughts on the matter, but she didn’t think they were as eloquent as she would have liked.

“It’s okay, Kara,” she said quietly, savouring the way it felt saying Kara’s name and wondered if that would be the last time she’d be able to, if this was the end of their friendship. At least she was
following her out, her old so-called ‘friends’ had just shut her out completely ignored her texts, walked away from her in person, until she realised they didn’t want her around.

“No, it’s not,” Kara said firmly and reached out hesitantly to wipe a tear from Lena’s cheek. She hadn’t even realised she’d started to cry. Kara meant a lot to her obviously, more than maybe she was willing to admit and the thought of not having her around or being around her made her feel heavy and sick.

Kara’s fingers were warm and gentle on her skin and lingered there a moment. She stepped closer and hesitantly lifted her arms. “You’re crying,” she said softly as though the thought were something unbearable.

“I’m just being silly,” Lena said and wiped her cheeks herself. “This isn’t the first friendship that’s ended because of my last name…”

Kara’s eyes widened and she blinked in surprise, the expression would have made Lena laugh, but her heart was too heavy for it.

“What? No, no! We aren’t breaking up!” She said strongly and then blushed and fiddled with the seam of her shirt. “I mean, we, um, we aren’t not being friends now? Um, we are still friends,” she said and then nodded firmly. “Right?” She added after a moment’s hesitation and looked beseechingly at Lena, all the Labrador puppy Lena had called her earlier in the evening.

“Yes, Kara,” Lena replied, warmth entering her heart. “We’re still frien-omhp!”

Kara stepped back from her impromptu hug with a sheepish smile and a blush to her cheeks. “Ooops, sorry,” she said and shifted on her feet nervously, looking at Lena from under her lashes.

“I don’t mind a hug, Kara,” Lena said and was pretty sure her heart was hammering. “Just some warning would be-omph,” she grunted as Kara hit her again and she felt her tense and move to pull away and grabbed her arms and held her there. After a moment she let her arms wind around Kara and let herself be held. “Warn me next time,” she said and there was laughter in her voice.

“Mhkay,” Kara murmured and her heart nearly leapt out of her chest. She could feel the blonde’s breath on her neck. She shivered and Kara pulled her tighter, nuzzled in further, and maybe she wasn’t a puppy, maybe she was a kitten. It was the best hug she had ever had. Kara was warm and soft and hard and smelt like sunshine and something fruity, her shampoo maybe? And Lena felt safe, oddly enough, in Kara’s embrace and her heart eventually settled, but thumped louder than before. She wondered if Kara could feel it, and the thought made her warm all over.

“I’m sorry for what my-Eliza said,” Kara said quietly and Lena rested her head on Kara’s shoulder. She was taller than her without her heels on, but she found she didn’t mind the height difference so much. Kara was perfect.

“I’m used to it,” Lena said softly. “I shouldn’t have risen to the bait.”

Kara’s arms tightened and she didn’t feel trapped, she felt safe. “You shouldn’t be,” her chin moved a little as she spoke and Lena pressed into the hug a little more. Kara was firmer than she thought and she wondered what kind of exercise routine the blonde did.

“Eliza still shouldn’t have said what she did,” Kara said and Lena felt her head tilt and her heart accelerated as she felt warm and soft lips resting against her pulse point. She was fairly certain Kara could hear it now, it was all Lena could hear anyway, the roaring of her blood in her veins as it tried to get closer to Kara.
“Don’t be mad at her, okay?” Lena requested and found she couldn’t feel anything but love and affection for the world while she was held in Kara’s light. “She’s right to be cautious… I would be.”

“But you’re not, though,” Kara said and her lips brushed Lena’s skin as she spoke and she swallowed harshly. “You’re kind and warm and gentle and sweet…. Nothing like, like…” she trailed off and sighed softly.

Lena didn’t want to argue, or bring up anything that could make Kara pull away so she bit her tongue.

Her phone vibrated again and she lifted it above Kara’s shoulders to read it. It was David, wondering if she was okay, and she could picture her driver reaching for the gun in his glove box and getting ready to storm the building looking for her.

“I have to go,” she said as she reluctantly moved away from Kara. Her hear swelled when Kara’s grip tightened and she moved with her.

“No,” the reporter groaned and the sound made Lena’s inside flip and a bolt of electricity shot through her body. “Stay,” she demanded and Lena could hear the pout in her voice.

“I can’t,” she said and pulled back and Kara let her go reluctantly and sure enough, there was a very impressive pout on her features when Lena glance up at her.

“Enjoy the rest of your time with your family,” she said sweetly and faltered. Kara’s eyes had been caught on her lips and Lena’s mouth went dry as they flicked from her lips to her eyes, danced across her face as though unable to meet them, and then went back to her lips. Lena’s breath hitched and she wet her lips. Kara’s eyes darkened. Lena’s pulse thundered in her ears.

Lena hesitated a moment, eyes searching Kara’s features for something and when the blonde finally looked up she saw her eyes and made a decision. She leant forward slowly, giving Kara plenty of warning, and kissed her gently, ever, ever so gently on the mouth. Kara’s eyes fluttered closed and she sighed, sighed like she had just sat down after a long day, sighed like she’d just had a warm drink after being in the snow, and sighed after stepping into a warm shower after the rain. Kara had sighed like she’d come home.

At least, that’s what she wanted to happen, and pictured happening later in her room before she went to sleep, but in reality Lena was a coward. Instead of kissing Kara as she so desperately wanted, she left a soft and gentle kiss to her cheek and lingered there a moment before pulling away and smiling softly.

Kara was blushing in the faint light in the hallway and her fingers toyed with the hem of her shirt and she looked at Lena from under her lashes and through the thick lenses of her glasses.

“I’ll see you later, Kara,” Lena said softly and smiled sweetly before turning and walking away, cursing herself for her cowardice.

Kara deserved better.
The muse has kicked in, so you get this one a little early. Also.... what, did you think it was a real kiss? O_o :D Not yet lovlies, not yet. It will be worth the wait. We are getting there. Enjoy!
There was already a large crowd at the Cat Cave and Lena and her two guards easily navigated the crowds and moved around to the side where they would get a good view but not be in the way. It was mostly children near-by, one of the local schools had timed their annual trip to the zoo perfectly and would get to see the cubs for the first time since their birth. There were also adults here, mostly reporters or people wanting to see Supergirl.

After she had spoken with Supergirl she had contacted the Zoo and told them they would both be attending and the Zoo had gone ahead with their presentation ceremony. She wondered if it would be like the Lion King, with Leon holding the cubs up like the monkey did to Simba, and the people would clap and cheer. It was an amusing mental image to consider as she avoided the press and public. Truthfully her mind was elsewhere and she was thankful for her impressive intellect that allowed her to focus on more than one thing in its entirety.

First; she had nearly kissed Kara. She was too much of a coward to go through with it and wondered if she would ever have the heart to do so, but doubted it. She was running the numbers and didn’t have enough data to confirm if her feelings were reciprocated. Aware that she had three options; one being, to kiss Kara or do something of the sort to pronounce her affection and desire to date her and risk her rejection and the subsequent deterioration of their friendship. Two: be content as ‘just friends’ and try to ‘contain the gay’ and be happy for Kara if she found someone else. She wasn’t entirely fussed on option two; she was a Luthor, she went after what she wanted, she liked having answers, so the ‘what if’ of it would probably drive her to an early grave. The third option was to collect more data and base her next action off of it, so…. That required delving into Kara’s dating history a little and seeing what she was up against. If she didn’t have a chance then she’d save herself a lot of trouble, but if she did….. Option three it was!

Secondly; she was anxious about her…guest for the evening, and knew she would have to ditch her body guards as she didn’t want them involved. She had been apprehensive about asking her old guard Haz for help, but she had run out of options. He was former military, retired now, but had once been the loyal Luthor guard before Lex had gone on his anti-alien crusade. Haz hadn’t been able to stomach staying, but had been apologetic when he farewelled Lena, and had vowed to always be a call away. So, she had called him and basically asked him to kidnap someone for her...it would be interesting. He had been surprising about it, waiting for her to explain before jumping to conclusions, and had eventually agreed and had asked for a few days.

He text her off a burner phone when he was in town and he and some trusted friends set everything up. All she had to do was wait for their call. It would happen today, and she was very nervous about it. If anything went wrong she would probably go to jail for it, but….she needed it to go right. It had seemed like the best option for her as she did want help.

Initially she had been…. hesitant about approaching Dr. Danvers, especially as she was Kara’s mother, but Eliza was one of the leading scientists in the world, and if anyone could help her figure out what was happening to her, then it was Eliza. Her preliminary thoughts on the Dr had been correct and they had shared many insightful discussions into her DNA abnormality’s via the laptop she had sent her. And she hadn’t meant to come across as a stalker when she realised the doctor was in National City, but she’d, had a headache and wanted some answers.
Realising that Eliza had access to Supergirl and knew what Kryptonite was had been…enlightening, and she wondered what Eliza had shared with her daughter… it seemed that Kara was the only one not in the family business of working with aliens. Perhaps she should ask her what she knew as well, rather than just assuming Supergirl would try to keep her safe by not telling her anything. While the thought held merit she did not want to get Kara more involved than she already was by association… she couldn’t bare it if Kara was hurt because of her. So maybe she shouldn’t speak with Kara.

On that thought she at least knew not to let the DEO in on her latest secret… she didn’t know how they would react to a Luthor, of all people, having powers apparently drawn from Kryptonite, but she would place one of her many bloated bank accounts on as a bet for it not going down well. Probably like L-Corp Tower. Which had led her to her latest problem. Eliza Danvers was a very desirable resource, at least with the little…development… that Lena was experiencing, and she wanted her. She didn’t have the time to go to Midvale, and truthfully the journey would raise eyebrows and she doubted she’d be able to get away with it without raising questions. She could, of course, speak with Eliza via the phone or email or text or even another letter, but that would mean she risked exposing herself before she was ready and didn’t have a way to make sure Eliza ‘forgot’ who the patient was.

So, really, the only option was to discuss it face-to-face and have a drug with her to ensure Eliza didn’t remember if things didn’t go well. She may have gone over-board with the kidnapping, but, hey, no one would know who she was, and Eliza wouldn’t remember either, if it didn’t go well. It wouldn’t be the first time she had broken the law and lied to get around the consequences…

Still. Eliza had seemed interested in meeting her, especially once she saw what happened to her under the effects of the radiation, so maybe she’d be okay with the kidnapping. Maybe. Probably not.

And….. maybe cutting herself hadn’t been the best option…she had spent much of the night with hands in socks and her head forced back on a pillow with music blaring in her ears least she return to old habits, but she had wanted to show the Dr she was serious, and did need her help.

“Penny for your thoughts?”

Lena started and glanced over at Supergirl and smiled at her. “Not worth all that much, I’m afraid,” she said and ran her eyes over the crowd before giving her full attention to the Super. She seemed happier than usual, like she were glowing on the inside and radiating it outside and Lena arched a brow.

“You look happy,” she commented, an observation, nothing more. Supergirl beamed and the brightness of her smile triggered something at the back of her mind.

“Yup!” She said, popping the ‘p’ enthusiastically and Lena lifted her brow again.

“Care to share?”

Supergirl grinned and shook her head enthusiastically. “Nope.”

“Well…. Alright then,” Lena shrugged and glanced over at the podium where the Zoo’s director would soon speak.

“But really,” the Super said and floated down to stand next to her. “You seem…preoccupied… Something on your mind?” She hesitated and tilted her head. “Or maybe…someone?”

Lena cast her a glance and then looked at Vince who was standing nearby with his eyes on the
crowd, no doubt he was listening. He had an unhealthy interest in her dating life for an employee. Of course, he had said it was in case any of her psycho ex’s decided to come after her and he needed to be prepared. Lena didn’t call him out on the lie.

“Perhaps,” she said, seeing the hero was waiting for an answer.

“Ohoooh, do tell,” Supergirl cooed, features animated and Lena felt a slight thrill at having this powerful beings complete attention. “I won’t tell anyone!” She even held her finger to her lips and then mimed locking them and tossing the key over her shoulder. It was such a human thing to do that Lena could fight her smile.

She shook her head. “Quid pro quo, Supergirl. What’s on your mind?”

The hero frowned playfully at her, and they were the same height with Lena’s heels.

Lena’s shrug wasn’t even apologetic.

“Is it a girl? It’s a girl isn’t it,” Supergirl continued conspiratorially and Lena arched a brow.

“What makes you think it’s a girl?” Her tone wasn’t particularly icy or accusing, just curious, and she was rewarded with uncharacteristic nerves from the hero.

“Well, um, I—you, um, you were at um, that Pride Rally? I just figured…sorry…. That was very short sighted of me…”

“Considering you can see through walls you are bound to miss something,” Lena offered, feeling bad for how upset the hero looked. She looked like a child that had just had its fluffy toy taken from it.”….And yessss……. a girl.” She felt her smile come back in full force as she thought of Kara. The Kryptonian had a curious display of expressions on her features at that news, one was what Lena could only describe as elation, but it was quickly swallowed by despair.

“Nice,” she said eventually, looking slightly lost, and turned her head to where the Zoo officials were getting ready. Lena’s brow furrowed and she tried to see past the ‘S’ to what the Super was feeling, but couldn’t see much past the famous crest. She lifted off the ground and Lena followed her gaze to see officials gesturing for the hero. “See you later,” Supergirl said as she rose into the air and floated over the heads of the gathered children, offering her hand for some high-fives.

She paused a moment and then zoomed back to Lena. Lena took a step forward to meet her and raised a brow as she tilted her head up to her. “Yes?”

“Quick question…. Should I pull a Lion King?”

Lena blinked. Huh. It was an abrupt change from how upset she had looked just moments earlier.

“Like, the Lion King is like one of my favourite movies and I totally lifted my sist…er, um, should I lift the cub like they do in the Lion King?”

Oh. She felt a smile curl her lips. Kara had wanted to do the same thing, she could tell, when she had held the cub the first time. The movie was truly the bane of all animals everywhere, especially with millennials, you couldn’t run from your childhood.

“I think that would be funny…..are you gonna sing the theme-song as well?” She asked innocently.

Bright blue eyes widened, evidently she hadn’t thought of that. “Wait and see!” She called and then zoomed back to land next to the officials. Lena had a feeling that that particular part of her day would
be all over the world by the time she finished work this evening, the hero returning to say a few quick words to the Luthor… her PR Team would need to speak with her.

The cubs were much cuter now their fur had grown a little and they weren’t so wet and wrinkly and the ceremony went how Lena expected. They talked about their breeding program, thanked everyone for their continued support, hoped they’d continue to support them in the future, and thanked Supergirl for being there today to present the cubs.

Then they presented them, well, Leon and Kate did with Henry and Aaram, and Lena finally understood the Swan reference when Kate said, “Because we are Regal Believers in what this little guy can do for Tiger’s everywhere, his name is Henry.” She had lifted the cub up and everyone cooed and clapped appropriately. They did the same with Aaram, though Leon didn’t have anything extra to say and then it was Supergirl’s turn.

It was the moment everyone had been waiting for and she was grinning down at the cub as though trying to contain her squeal.

The Zoo Chairman was dressed in his best and went on about how they wanted to name their new girl cub after the hero but couldn’t find the right now, and how she would hopefully contribute to their breeding programme and give back to tigers everywhere. They wanted her to be hope for the Tiger population and yahdie yah. To be honest it was the same sort of speech Lena would be expected to make at a gala; thanking people for their money, asking people for their money now, and then ensuring they would get their money in the future, it just had cute cubs as the main event.

“And now Supergirl will present her to you!” He held the microphone up to the Super’s face and evidently she hadn’t expected that but she blinked and rallied.

“Um, okay. Hi everyone! I’d wave but I’ve got this little ball of fluff in my hands so, um, hi! Thank you all for coming today! It’s really important we try and protect the animals and environments we have left.” Supergirl looked down at the little cub in her arm and then looked back at the audience. Eyes and cameras were following her.

“My last name is Zor-El… El being the House of my father… Kal…my cousin… has told you that it stands for hope…. It does, but only because that is the closest word, in all of your languages, that comes close.” Supergirl paused and she looked out over the crowd and later the reporters would comment on how her eyes darkened with the shadows of her past or something, very Rita Skeeter like.

“El Mayarah is the phrase of our house, like ‘Winter is coming’ or something,” the super smiled as the crowd chuckled at the Game of Thrones reference. “It means stronger together…. But its actual translation is roughly, together we can achieve life, again, there is no Earth word that can explain what El Mayarah truly means. It is a mix of things, a mix of emotions, but it is that feeling of accomplishment, or that feeling when there is new life,” she looked down at the cub in her arms. “It’s climbing the corporate ladder,” she said as she lifted her head again.

“It’s helping people, it’s even failing…because you know you tried your best, and you will try again and you will learn. El Mayarah is life. It’s winning and failing, living and dying, but it goes on. It is standing together and knowing you aren’t alone, because no one can go alone, nothing that lives can live separate. That is what El Mayarah is, the hope for all that is in Life.”

She looked down at the cub again. “I suppose that is truly fitting for this girls name. Life is a circle,” there was a wry smile to her lips as she looked over at Lena.

“Everyone,” Supergirl said and adjusted the cub and someone near Lena murmured, ‘Oh my gawd!
She’s going to pull a Lion King! Ahhhh!” Her friends giggled.

“Meet Elle!” And she lifted the cub out in front of her, just like hundreds, if not hundreds of thousands of humans had done to their pets before her, just like the Lion King.

The crowd cheered and whooped and clapped and Lena chuckled and shook her head when the hero caught her eyes. She gave a modest shrug, as though she likely hadn’t planned it from the start, and went back to grinning at the public of National City.

She handed the cub back to the officials and as she passed the microphone they could hear her humming a familiar tune.

A group of girls in front of Lena were singing the start to the ‘Circle of life’ softly to themselves, giggling all the while at their admittedly poor attempts at the unfamiliar language- it was mostly just mumbled words but when it turned English they gained traction. Supergirl’s head shot up.

“Yeah! Like that!” She said and bounced over to them. They were a little startled but at the hero’s encouragement kept singing, only stronger this time, and with the hero joining in.

Supergirl could sing, who would have known, but only the people around her could hear it. “...more to do than can ever be done...!”

Lena watched in amused amazement as the crowd slowly started to sing it, and the theme song gained traction.

“Come on, Miss Luthor!” The Super beamed as she bounced up to her. “Sing a little!”

Lena shook her head. “I don’t sing, Supergirl. Sorry,” she shrugged, not sounding apologetic in the slightest.

“Aw, come on,” Supergirl was pouting and it was oddly familiar but she couldn’t place it.

“I really don’t sing,” Lena protested and the Super slung an arm around her shoulders as the crowd got louder. Phones were out and people were smiling.

“I’ll get a twitter,” Supergirl said quickly and Lena cast her a quick glance and a brow raise. The Super beamed back at her encouragingly and she sighed.

“But the sun rolling high,” she sang softly and was rewarded with the sun in the shape of the Super’s face. “Through the sapphire sky,” the Super lifted her pitch sweetly to harmonise with Lena, and was beaming at her. They weren’t loud, not enough that anyone would be able to pick up on their voices, but they were loud enough anyone watching could tell they were actually singing, and not just lip-sinking.

“Each great and small... on the endless round...” Their voices fit together... better than well, actually, not that anyone but her and the Super could hear her singing. She didn’t sing. Period.

“Then the circle of life!” Boomed the crowed. “And it moves us allll!”

Lena had a sudden thought and dug her phone from her pocket and quickly put it on video. Supergirl was dancing through the crowd and singing next to random members of the public before moving on to the next one. It was... powerful... the entire crowd was singing, at least the ones who knew the words were. It was kinda awesome.
Lena stopped singing to video the crowd a little and then turned it back to selfie mode and suddenly the Super was behind her, grinning into the camera and waving.

Lena ended the video and took a moment to upload it to her social media. She didn’t tag it with anything, just let it be, and then exited out of the app.

“I want to see an official Supergirl account by sundown,” she said softly to the hero next to her and Supergirl sighed but nodded.

“Alright, I can do that. I’ll follow you,” she said, suddenly animated and beamed.

“Don’t you anyway?” Lena enquired and lifted a perfect brow and the Super just grinned at her.

“Yup!”

“Well… wonderful to know I have your attention whenever I want it.” She didn’t intend to come across quite so flirty and clearly the Super hadn’t been on the other end of her attempts at it, because she blushed a moment and gaped like a fish.

Then her eyes narrowed. “I know what you’re doing.”

Lena just tilted her head and smirked. Her phone vibrated and she dug it out of her pocket to check the notification and stared a little at the message banner before putting it back.

“Duty calls,” she nodded to the Super and started to walk away.

“Oh hey! Miss Luthor!”

Lena paused and turned. “You’re pretty awesome!” Supergirl shouted and then cast a glance around at her audience and floated to the CEO. “I mean….I uhm, think you’re pretty cool… ya know, as a friend?”

She seemed sheepish and shy and Lena felt something in her chest stutter but ignored it.

“That’s nice… I don’t really have friends…” she said absently, mind returning to her only friend and she felt a smile break out across her face.

“Friend’s then?” Supergirl asked, eyes wide and earnest and so like a puppy.

Lena considered her a moment and then turned again. “I didn’t realise we were that close.” Bella and Vince fell into step around her.

“I’m growing on you,” beamed the hero, clearly taking some other que than her verbal one. “Admit it.”

“Like a fungus,” Lena intoned dryly, barely fighting her smile. She did enjoy banter, even if she were the only one who knew it, like when she talked with Clark Kent.

“You should probably get that checked out!” Supergirl said and floated along above her with a scrunched expression before grinning back at her.

Lena chuckled dryly. “How about an associate?”

The hero shook her head. “Nope, we passed that stage a while ago.” That caught Lena’s attention.

“Exactly how many stages does our relationship have?” She enquired and was rewarded with the
hero faltering a little. “Have you planned it all out? A Luthor and a Super?”

Lena was actually curious now. While she did trust the hero and would help her with her ‘protecting the city and the world’ goals, she didn’t really consider her a friend. They didn’t know each other well enough, and some part of her was reminded of Lex and Superman, and didn’t want that to happen with her and the Super.

Supergirl floated to the ground and walked alongside her.

“Welll….. no, but I think you’re a pretty cool girl…and I’d like to be your friend…. If you wanted….”

Lena thought a moment as she strode away. “Alright,” she said eventually. “Friends then,” she said and the hero beamed.

“Awesome!” She floated into the sky. “Bye friend!” She called and Lena watched her go bemused.

Guess I have two friends in National City, she thought to herself as she made her way to her car. A Luthor and a Super, who would have guessed it.

~*~

Eliza Danvers let out a growl of exasperation as she pulled onto the side of the road and stared for a moment at the disappearing cars and flicked her hazard indicators on. Of course she gets a flat tire five miles from the fuel and service station she had just stopped at. Why couldn’t it have happened earlier.

Sighing she got from the car and slammed the door, perhaps with a little more force than necessary, and walked around to the side to inspect the damage. It was on the shoulder side of the car, close to where the road turned to gravel and poorly mowed grass and then shifted into paddocks and livestock. The tire was sad, deflated and wrinkled like the face of a cliff and she sighed and kicked it for good measure. It coughed a little and she heard the wiz of air and then it went quiet again.

Grumbling about how of course the weekend from hell couldn’t get any worse she walked to the back of the jeep and shoved some of her bags out of the way and onto the ground. It took her a few minutes to get her spare tire out and she leant it against the back of the vehicle by the rear-lights. She was digging for her jack and the tire-change kit when she heard a vehicle pull up behind her.

She cast it a glance and saw it was green four door, one of those small economic cars you expected old people to drive, and she wasn’t surprised when an elderly man, probably a decade or so older than her by the looks of him, got out of the car and ambled over to her. He was a little slow and a bit unsteady but he looked determined, even as he was bent by age.

He was balding with a white crown of finely cropped hair and wiry muscle covering his frame. He looked like he’d spent his life outdoors and his eyes were a cloudy, pale blue but he had a cheeky, boyish smile.

“Are you alright there?” He asked and she could see some sort of military tattoos on his arms.

“I’m fine. Just a flat tire,” Eliza replied.

“She need a hand, Pop?” Called another voice and Eliza turned to see a younger man, about Alex’s age get out of the back of the vehicle. He too had military insignia branded to his skin and had a
short, sharp haircut and shadows in his eyes.

“Think she’s got a flat, Jase. Wanna give her a hand?”

The young man jogged over, gravel crunching beneath his boots and he had a quick, charming smile.

“Yessir,” he said respectfully and grabbed the tire immediately.

“You really don’t need to,” Eliza started to protest but the older man smiled gently at her and the young man, Jase, was already looking at the tire.

“Oh of course we do,” the old man said and turned back to the car.

“Heath! Mind cracking open the thermos! It’s time for tea!”

The front passenger door opened and a short, portly older woman got out and glared over the door at him.

“You just had one!”

“It’s time for another!” He protested and turned back to Eliza. “My wife thinks I need to cut back;” he told her as Jase ducked around to grab the tool kit and went back to the front tire.

“Zachery, she says,” the old man continued in a high, and grumbling voice, clearly trying to imitate his wife. “You don’t need another tea! You just want a biscuit!” He paused and then grinned at Eliza and she cast Jase a glance to see he was working quickly on the tire and had the jack up under the car already.

“I tell her it’s good for me health,” the man, Zachery, she guessed, said.

“Oh, where are my manners!” He said suddenly, as though he had forgotten. “Zachery Augustus Hamilton. Nice to meet you!” He held out his hand and flashed her a grin that would have once made women swoon, she was sure of it.

“Eliza,” she replied and shook his hand. He had a strong and firm shake, but didn’t try and squeeze her hand.

Back at the car the old woman had opened the boot and had disappeared under it and she ducked around. “How do you have your tea, dear?” She shouted and Zachery frowned.

“What?” He hollered back at her. “Speak up woman!”

“How does she have her tea?!”

Eliza had heard her the first time but wasn’t particularly thirsty.

“It’s fine,” she told Zachery. “I’m okay, really.”

“Nonsense,” he scoffed, as though not wanting tea was blasphemous. “How do you take your tea?”

“Milk, one sugar,” Eliza sighed and he shouted it back at his wife.

“Okay!” She shouted back and vanished behind the car.

“You really don’t have to do this,” she said and felt her heart warm at the kindness of strangers.
“It’s no problem,” he said, “None at all. We were passing through.”

They made polite talk for the next few minutes while Jase saw to the tire and his wife brought over the tea.

A few motorists slowed down to be certain they were alright and Zachery waved them on, telling them his grandson was sorting the tire out but thank you and have a safe drive.

Eliza’s tea was warm and she sipped it easily as the old couple told her all about their lives. Zachery and Heather met while he was on leave from the military and fell in love and when he retired he married her. Of course, before they got married they’d had some…fun… while he was back in the States and when he came back from his tour she presented him with a daughter…. So he married her a few years later and the rest was history! Her son was Jason, the young man who was currently sliding the flat tire off the car, and he waved a little when Zach barked at him to wave hello.

They were coming back from National City after visiting an old family friend.

Eliza yawned and took another sip of tea to try and stay awake. Suddenly she felt exhausted and figured the drive and stressful weekend were starting to get to her.

Zachery took a careful sip of his tea and watched her carefully. “Are you alright?”

Eliza yawned again as she thought about how tired she suddenly was. “I’m- I’m fine… “ She yawned again. “Just tired. It’s been a long week,” she smiled and blinked sleepily at the strangers.

“Tire’s done,” Jase said as he walked around to the back of the car with the flat in his arms.

“Are we ready to go?” He enquired, casting Eliza a glance and then looking back at his grandfather.

Eliza slumped against the car and blinked sleepily.

Zachery suddenly straightened and the air about him seemed to swell with authority and he didn’t look like a frail old man anymore.

“Drugs kicked in,” he said and tossed his tea out to the roadside. “Get her in the car.”

Eliza heard the words trickle into her brain as Jason left the tire and grabbed her. She tried to force her body to co-operate but it refused to do so and she was limp in his arms as he walked her back to the car and settled her inside. He buckled her in as her head lolled and she tried to get her cell phone from her pocket. He got to it first and smiled at her. “Can’t have you calling for help,” he said and his face was blurry and his words were distant. “There’s someone who wants to meet you, Dr Danvers.”

Eliza fought against her rising panic and the drugs in her system as he gently laid a blanket over her and shut the door. She fumbled for the door handle only to find it locked, probably with the child proof lock, and as her hands felt heavy she let them drop to the top of the blanket.

She hadn’t said her last name, and she hadn’t said she was a Dr. Oh, shit, she thought to herself as her vision went black and her head rolled forward.

Eliza came too slowly, dimly aware of the music playing and the rumble of the car beneath her. She grunted and tried to lift her head but it was heavy and it was easier for her to rest it on her chest. The area there was damp, evidence she’d been out for a while, and had been drooling.

The song ended and the radio hosts started talking about the current top news story in National City; Lena Luthor and Supergirl evidently being friends. Eliza listened even as she tried to look about her
and get in control of her body. She recognised the signs on the highway and blinked confused, she was being returned to National City. She forced her head to the side so that she could try to see through to the front of the car and peered at the clock.

It was six thirty, so she should have made it home by now and would have sent a text off to Alex to let her know she arrived safely- it was a habit she had given to her children and she did the same, especially after the weekend. So she figured Alex hadn’t gotten her text and was out looking for her, or at least aware she was missing. Soon she’d have Kara out looking as well, so she just had to be patient and wait.

“ah, so you’ve finally woken up! Had us worried there for a moment,” Zachery, if that was his real name, said as he glanced back in the mirror and saw her.

“Sorry about all this,” he said and waved his hand around vaguely, but Eliza could guess what he meant. “It’s nothing personal.”

“Iss ffffells pessnal,” Eliza grunted out, through an unmoving mouth and lips.

“Hm?” Zachery asked and cast her another glance in the mirror. “It is just business, but if you coop- operate you’ll make this easier on yourself.”

“We have a few rules,” Jason said and turned around to look at her as Zachery drove.

“Mostly, we just need to keep you with us, alive and mostly intact, until we get to our destination… how pleasant the journey is, is up to you,” he flashed her a boyish smile but she wasn’t charmed by it.

“We don’t want to draw attention to ourselves, or you, and we certainly don’t want you screaming for help or any such nonsense.” He turned back and grabbed something out of the glove box and showed her it. It was a hand gun.

“This is a tranquiliser… I don’t want to use it, carrying people around gets noticed, but I will use it if I have to,” his amused eyes grew serious again. “I also have the real thing. Don’t give me cause to use it.”

Zachery took the off ramp into the city and Eliza looked out the window to see where they were, just in case.

“Second,” Jase continued. “Please don’t talk. We know you have a….friend…. with special talents that has interest in your safety and return, and we don’t want her to find us.”

“We’ll give you instructions and you follow them and everybody’s happy, okay? Just nod in agreement for now. The drugs might take a while to leave your system. Are you thirsty?”

Eliza was willing to kill for a drink but she kept her gaze measured and stared him down.

“Suit yourself,” he said and shrugged, turning back to face the front.

“Take-out?” He enquired of Zach and the elder man nodded.

“McDonald’s?”

“Sure, we have plenty of time.”

They drove a few blocks and then Zachery pulled into the drive through.
“If you call for help, or do anything to indicate you aren’t with us willingly, I swear,” Jase emphasised. “You’ll regret it.”

As much as Eliza may have wanted to protest or shout for help or do anything to show she had been kidnapped her body was unmoving and her mouth struggled to form words.

“Burger or wrap?” Zachery asked as he guided the car to a halt. There was a long line to wait, but they had time.

“Burger, duh,” Jase said. “Oooh, I feel like a sundae as well. You hungry, Dr?” He enquired and Eliza glared at him.

“Yes or no. Nod or shake- yes?”

Eliza had nodded.

“Burger combo?” Eliza nodded again.

“Beef or chicken? Fish? Right-o, beef it is.” He asked her what burger she’d like, and she just agreed with the first one, and he went with Coke for the drink.

“Now, are you a chocolate fan, Dr? I mean, I personally hate it on a sundae, its too rich, but this old man loves it,” he jabbed his thumb at Zachery who shot him a look but put the car into gear and inched forward. “Don’t know why,” Jase continued but the way he spoke now wasn’t with familiar affection, it was respectful sure, but not loving. So maybe they weren’t related.

They pulled up next in line and Zachery grew serious again. “Don’t make a move you’ll regret, Dr,” he warned and Eliza nodded. She couldn’t make her body move even if she wanted to, she was just getting control of her hands and arms, but her legs were still immobile. She would then have to open the door, but that was child-locked from the outside, so she wasn’t getting out. She could scream for help, but she could sense the danger in the men in front of her, the calm and collected way they spoke about killing and knew they would likely go through with their promise of her regretting moving.

She kept quiet. She kept quiet as Zachery ordered for the three of them, getting another combo for some reason. She kept quiet as he drove forward and paid. And she kept quiet as their food was handed to them and the slightly frazzled drive-through staff sent them on their way.

The heavy scent of take-out made her stomach grumble and Jase was already trying to cram as many fresh fries into his mouth as possible and he groaned in delight.

“Your vehicle has had it’s tire replaced and will be left outside your house in Midvale,” Zachery said as they continued through the streets. “Your cell-phone will be left in the glove box. We sent a message to your daughter. Sorry.”

Eliza felt her heart sink. Alex wasn’t looking for her, neither was Kara. These people could do whatever they wanted to her and no one would even know where to start looking. It was a terrifying thought.

Her body as starting to awaken from its forced slumber and she started to curl her fingers and toes in an attempt to get them moving faster.

They wound their way through the city and Jase tapped his fingers on his jeans to one of the new songs and they drove and she could hear what sounded like an airfield getting closer. She was right and they soon pulled the National City Airport. Zachery scanned an ID and entered a pass-code and
soon they were driving along the airfield and into a private hanger. It wasn’t very loud inside the hanger but she knew that even if she did scream and Kara was listening for her, she’d be hard pressed to hear her over the sound of a busy airport.

Jase got out and jogged over to the doors to shut them and left a partial gap. Zachery turned to Eliza. “Please don’t scream or beg or try to run away. Our employer will be here soon. Then you will be free to go.”

He hesitated and then looked at her. “You can talk now, but…silence is golden.”

Eliza swallowed and tore the blanket off her, it was getting hot under it.

As she unbuckled her belt with fumbling fingers Zachery opened her door and took a few steps back and then went to the rear of the car and opened the boot. As she got out on unsteady legs Jase and Zach got out a camping chair and table set and started to set it up.

She braced herself against the car and looked around. The hanger was empty, but it had all of the equipment to maintain and take care of a small private plane.

“Here. Sit,” Jase instructed and went back to the front of the car to get her combo.

Eliza obeyed, tottering a little and stumbling but she eventually collapsed on the chair. Jase tossed her burger and fries combo on the table and took a sip of his drink.

“It’s not drugged this time, promise,” he said and leant against the car. “She on her way?” He enquired and Zachery nodded.

Eliza was hesitant but very thirsty and she had seen the staff hand her drink over and had not seen Jase or Zach put anything in it, so she carefully drew it forward.

It was the most delicious thing she had ever drunk and she quickly sipped a good half of it in less than half a minute. Then she turned to the burger. Even cold it was amazing and she ate quickly but neatly. Zach was on his phone and making his way through his own combo and Jase had taken out his guns and started to clean one, keeping the other in reach of him and almost daring Eliza to lunge for it with his eyes. She did not. She had a feeling he would get to it before she did and would likely make her suffer for it.

They had been waiting about half an hour when there was a different rumble to the sounds of the aeroplanes and Jase took out his gun and straightened from where he’d been lounging on a chair.

Zachery looked at his watch and grunted. “Right on time. Atta girl,” he said and a motor-bike drove in through the small gap in the door and across the empty concrete towards them.

Jase was still wary and kept his eyes on the stranger but did move from his position even as the bike came to a halt and the rider clicked the stand up. The purr of the engine echoed in the empty hanger a moment and the silence seemed odd.

“Haz, you know how I feel about guns.” To Eliza’s shock a female voice came out of the helmet and she lifted her hands to unbuckle it.

Zachery shrugged and Jase clicked his safety back on and tucked the gun back into his holster.

“It’s better to be prepared, aint it?” he protested and crossed his arms.

The woman removed her helmet and Eliza gasped as she saw the raven locks and bright green eyes
of a very familiar person.

“I apologise for meeting like this,” Lena Luthor began and rested her helmet on her handle bars. Eliza was irate.

“How dare you-“ she began rising to her feet and ignoring the warning look Zachery shot her.

“Quite easily, I assure you, Dr,” Lena said and unzipped her jacket a little. “It was truly no trouble. When we leave I suggest you look into your personal security, if only to save your daughters any stress.”

“What the fuck is this?” Eliza demanded and ignored the potential threat to her children. “You kidnapped me!”

“I needed to speak with you and this seemed the easiest way to go about it… especially as your… association with Supergirl and the DEO.”

“You-“ Eliza suddenly realised. “You’re the one who sent me the letter and the kryptonite and everything….”

Lena nodded. “I could hardly come forward as myself…. Imagine the outcry,” Lena said bitterly. “A Luthor with supernatural abilities affected by the only known substance to harm the Super’s…. I’d be thrown in jail or worse….”

Lena trailed off and sighed. “I- I just need some answers and Kara said you helped Superman… so I thought that maybe you could help me.”

Eliza swallowed her rage at how lost the young Luthor looked, but kept her guard up and narrowed her eyes in suspicion.

“What else can you do?”

Lena looked over at Zachery and he nodded and straightened and walked away, gesturing for Jase to follow him. Their departing footsteps were offset by the sound of music starting to play from Jase’s phone.

Turning back to Eliza Lena cocked her head to the side. “Before we get into that I need to know where you stand. If you choose not to help me your memory will be erased and you will be returned home. Unharmed. I promise. But if you do choose to help me I will grant you access to my full medical files, my resources as CEO and as a Luthor, and of course, I will pay you for your work… but you will need to keep quiet about it. I-“ Lena hesitated and swallowed. “I don’t want anyone else to know….at least unless I tell them… and you can’t tell Kara,” Lena said and lifted her head, eyes suddenly intense. “She’ll want Supergirl to help me and I-can’t,” Lena said finally. “I can’t.”

Eliza was silent a moment before nodding slowly. “Just….” Lena’s head rose and she tilted her head curiously. “Answer me one question… no, make that two…”

“Of course,” Lena said agreeably.

“What do you feel for Kara?” It was a sudden question, obviously unexpected by the way Lena’s eyes widened and she blinked in surprise.

“Kara?” A smile curled Lena’s lips, unbidden and her eyes warmed. “Your Kara? Kara-Kara?”

“Yes,” Eliza answered, but she could see Lena’s answer in her eyes, it was written all over her face.
“I care very deeply for Kara,” Lena said softly, shyly, carefully. And she was smiling gently. “She is…. The kindest and bravest and sweetest soul I have ever met and every moment spent with her is a moment not wasted. She’s,” Lena smiled and shook her head. “There aren’t enough words to describe Kara. Her heart is just,” Lena lifted her hands as though the size were immeasurable. “Kara is a light…. One I never want to see dimmed and out of my life.” Lena blinked a moment and then turned serious again.

“And your second question?”

“Supergirl,” Eliza said and watched for the display of emotion across Lena’s features. “What are your intentions towards Supergirl?”

She was surprised, obviously but then her eyes narrowed and she sighed. “This again? Perhaps I didn’t make myself very clear last night,” she said firmly. “But my thoughts on all aliens are neither here nor there. I admit that I am afraid of the abilities of many of them, and so I should be. So should we all, of beings with that much power. But,” Lena emphasised and her eyes were flashing and it reminded Eliza of Kryptonite. “I don’t want to see anyone harmed or killed or imprisoned or, worse, just because of their biology.” Lena took a steadying breath. “I want humanity to have weapons and even prisons to defend against and contain such threats….. but… only once they become threats.”

Lena locked her eyes on Eliza’s. “As long as Supergirl, and Superman,” she added. “Continue to view protecting earth and its inhabitants as their duty they’ll receive no opposition from me. I do just want to help. I always have.”

Eliza sighed and took a moment to think it through. By her words she had realised that Lena didn’t yet know who Kara was, but she still seemed very defensive of her, so it was doubtful Lena was willing to hurt Kara. But, she was willing to go to war with the Super’s, and she was a Luthor, but only if they did something to hurt humanity… which, was fair. Fairer than she had expected from someone with the last name of Luthor.

“I am actually growing fond of Supergirl,” Lena said, and looked startled she had said it but she kept her gaze clear and Eliza didn’t sense any deception.

“I,” Lena sighed and rubbed her face tiredly. “I’m just tired…. Can we just… can you just view me as a patient and help me? Without our…. My,” she said slowly, “family name getting involved? I do need your help, you are one of the best in the world… and I don’t really want to go to another Dr with Kryptonite. Just in case.”

Eliza sat in silence for a moment and thought it through before lifting her eyes. Lena looked uncharacteristically nervous as she waited for an answer.

“Two conditions,” Eliza said eventually and Lena straightened. She was furious, there was no doubt about that, if she could breathe fire she was certain the hanger would be in flames but… Lena looked so lost and desperate and she wondered if anyone had ever helped the young Luthor out, just because they could. She had been following her a little, especially once Kara started to interact with her, and may have also followed her on social media, just in case. Kara had also talked about her…. Talked about her a lot and she was always smiling when she did so. So there was something there… something more than friendship maybe, or at least on Kara’s end, even if she didn’t know it.

Lena didn’t seem like her brother so perhaps she did just want to help. And… she didn’t seem like she had hostile intentions, kidnapping aside, but they had treated her well.

“First. I want to know all you have on Superman, Supergirl, and Krypton… all of it. Every last word and rock. I want what Lex had.”
Lena nodded slowly. “I can give you access to what I have, but I don’t even know where Lex kept all of his.”

“Fair. Second,” Eliza said and her tone grew serious and she could feel her protective instincts rising to the surface. “If I find anything I don’t like, any weapons or information that you can use to hurt the Super’s… I walk…. I won’t talk… but I walk.”


Eliza blinked. “You know who he is?”

Lena scoffed. “Of course I do. I do enjoy teasing him with it whenever he asks for an interview.” Lena grinned, a definite Luthor grin. “I don’t think he’s figured it out yet.”

Eliza didn’t have much to say on that, her thoughts on Clark Kent were…. Tinged with bitterness over how he abandoned Kara.

“Also….,” She waited until she had Lena’s full attention and her features turned serious again. “If I think you have any intention of harming anyone, human or alien or animal, I walk…. And I talk. I’ll tell J’onn and the DEO and Alex. Heck, I’ll even tell the media.”

Lena’s eyes had narrowed at the threat but she kept her features carefully blank. Her eyes seemed searching, but Eliza was fairly certain the only thing she was giving off was a protective vibe.

“Do we have a deal, Dr?” She asked eventually, straightening regally.

“Do we?” Eliza countered and Lena inclined her head.

“Yes.” She held out her hand to shake on it. “Where would you like to start?”

Eliza shook her hand and then frowned. “I’d like to get home, first of all. And I want all of your notes and research,” she said.

“Would you object to relocating to National City for the moment? My responsibilities keep me here. I would take care of the arrangements, of course.”

Eliza thought for a moment. “Give me a few days and then I’ll move here until we are finished.”

Lena nodded in agreement and cast a glance down to Zach and Jase before looking back at Eliza.

“So, apart from regeneration under Kryptonite, what else can you do?” Eliza’s eyes were sparkling with interest and Lena felt her own scientific mind rise and fought a smile.

“Let’s find out,” she smiled.

“Oh, and don’t think I’ve forgotten the kidnapping, by the way,” Eliza’s voice was sharp and Lena ducked her head, apologetic and chastened.

“I am sorry about that. I just needed to make sure you wouldn’t be followed or tell anyone,” Lena said sincerely.

“What makes you think I wouldn’t just tell you what you wanted to hear?”

Suddenly Lena grinned, and it was a Luthor grin. “Let’s leave that for the moment, Dr Danvers. I’m sure you’re tired. I’ll have Zach take you to a hotel?”
Eliza sighed, resigned. “Fine, but I’ll be seeing you tomorrow.”

Lena ducked her head. “I have no plans for the weekend. I’ll show you everything I have and then arrange for you to be taken home. Would you prefer to fly or drive or be driven?”

“Fly,” Eliza answered. She wanted to get home as soon as possible so she could organise her absence and temporary relocation to National City. She had actually been considering making the move permanent as her daughters were both here and she would like to see them more often, this little trial would be a good test to see how she liked the city… plus she could keep an eye on Lena Luthor.

She hadn’t forgotten the way Kara had acted once she had seen Lena off last night. Didn’t miss the goofy, happy smile, or the way she virtually floated above the ground. Alex had to warn Kara that Maggie was still here for her youngest daughter to come back to herself and settle on the floorboards, but she had been grinning and dopey and happy all night, so they had figured something had happened, and she figured it was because of the woman who smiled when she spoke her daughters name.

Lena Luthor wouldn’t have been Eliza’s first choice for Kara, but…. The CEO seemed smitten and her daughter certainly talked enough about Lena for her to realise that her youngest felt something for the CEO. She just hoped that if and when Lena found out about Kara and Supergirl that her affection and love for her would be enough to see them through the tough times on the horizon.

Chapter End Notes

What, did you think it was going to be that easy? Sorry ya'll, but you have a bit to wait for a kiss. But after that you get angst....so maybe you don't want that kiss? Hm, decisions decisions. Oh, and look how long it is! Like, Super (ha) long!

Now.... on to Lena's actions this chapter. Yes, she did just arrange to Kidnap Dr Danvers. She's getting desperate, and well, she's scared. There is no one in her corner, and she knows it, and she knows the moment she steps into the DEO she's likely not going to leave any time soon. (She will talk about it with Eliza) And she wants her expertise. Plus, she had fully planned on erasing her memory and having her returned home if she said no. (Again, discussed soon :D)

As always, enjoy! And I do love seeing your comments :) 

Actually, where is everyone from? I'll admit I am growing curious about my readers. So, I am in my early twenties and I live in New Zealand. I love to travel, read and write (100% fanfic's now days) I've recently decided to Cosplay (Nightengale Armour from Skyrim if anyone's curious). I have three cats; one is a little shit, the youngest has undergarment kinks, and the oldest is a grumpy old grandma. I first got into really writing/reading fan-fiction due to Swan Queen (if you read, let me know what your fave fic's are!) and I don't think there isn't anything I wouldn't do for Lana. I'd sell my soul. Also, a huge Yuri on Ice fan, if you haven't watched I 100% recommend. It's beautiful. And the relationship between Roy and Riza from Full Metal Alchemist gives me so
many feels. I also like food and baking. Probably too much, but lets be real, chocolate is amazing.
'Come in Supergirl,’ Alex said in her ear and Kara grunted in acknowledgement as she threw a punch at the newest alien threat to National City.

A group of D’atherian’s. The one before her was seven, eight feet of wiry muscle and was the largest she’d ever seen. It was scaled like a snake and loped along on two legs, unnatural but with an animalistic grace. If Kara had to describe it she would say it was like a human dinosaur hybrid, with snakelike skin and black, fathomless eyes. It had poisonous claws, capable of shutting the human body down if they got so much as a scratch, and were sharper than steel. They were less sentient than other races, and were often hired muscle. This one had been in the middle of robbing a bank with it’s Clan when Supergirl had interrupted.

‘Mum’s moving here. Did you know?’

“I’m a little busy at the moment, Alex,” Kara said as she dodged to avoid a sweeping attack that would have sent her to the opposite wall had it hit her. She darted towards the ceiling and then something collided with her and she went tumbling to the marble floor with a crash.

Groaning she looked up to see another one standing over her, lifting its great paw/hand and thrusting it towards her head as its body morphed back into its black scales. She’d forgotten they were able to turn their skins into their background, it was why they made such excellent guard dogs, you didn’t even know they were there until you were dead.

Cursing she dove out of the way and rolled to her feet. “How many of you are there!?” She whined and quickly spun to catch another one and let out her frustrations on his face. He let out a screeching hiss of pain and stumble back.

‘I know… it’s just…. It’s a bit sudden, don’t you think?’ Alex continued and she could hear her moving in her seat, hear the whirl of the engine beneath her as the DEO sent agents to back Supergirl up.

“She’s been talking about it for a while,” Kara offered as she shot into the air and fired her heat vision at one of the aliens. It hit it and it fell to the ground smoking and groaning, but not grievously injured. Kara flew at one of the pillars holding the bank up and used her momentum to guide her around it and then slammed her feet into the oncoming D’artherian. Alex hummed, perhaps in agreement, as the D’artherian hissed in furry and pain and stumbled back to the earth and glared up at her. A pair of them were already dragging bags of gold from the vault and Kara intercepted them, punching left and right and taking a few blows herself as she fought them.

‘ETA Thirty seconds,’ Alex said and she could hear the roar of the vehicles as they approached the bank.

“If it makes you feel better, at least she’ll be here where we can keep an eye on her,” Kara said as she flew in to engage with one, hand to claw/paw. They were very strong, and she felt her muscles strain at the pressure but she held fast and kicked out with her feet. It was like kicking steel in the training room under the Kryptonite emitters, nothing gave, expect her leg began to ache.
Growling she focused her eyes and fired her vision directly into its chest. Howling it released her and she took the brief respite to grab and throw it into the ground, leaving it to rest in a sizeable crater.

The thudding of boots and the spitting of guns announced the arrival of her backup and with the DEO’s help, Supergirl soon had the aliens in custody. The bank director was torn between being thankful for her arrival and the subsequent safety of her bank and the riches inside, and furious at the mess their duel had left behind. Kara quickly left the scene, trusting the DEO would take care of the legal matters and rebuild. She was fine, powers still operating, so Alex was fine to let her go home.

She pondered her role as she soared through the air. She mostly just showed up, beat things up, contained them until the DEO arrived, and then left. Her sister and her colleagues took care of the financial mess she tended to leave in her wake, and saw to the imprisonment and debriefing of the aliens. Heck, they even went to court when called for, for the human trials. It was difficult, Kara reflected, being a bad-guy in National City. Kara could see and hear and stop everything that she wanted to, no suspect ever had a chance… it was rather unfair of her. Still, she helped a lot of people and she didn’t have to clean up the mess or foot the bill, which was nice. She wasn’t really held accountable, not really. The only reason she got away with it was because she was Super human, an alien, and the humans loved her, for the most part anyway.

She returned to her apartment and was quick to get changed. Lena was coming to see her soon. The thought made her smile and she was still smiling as she stepped into the shower, showered, dried and got changed.

Hearing Lena’s heartbeat got closer, which was not creepy, she just knew the heartbeats of the people she knew well and could pick them out, Lena’s just happened to be one of them, she put down her brush and checked her reflection in the mirror. Hair? Check. It was in a ponytail. Glasses? Check, she thought as she adjusted them on her nose. Clothes? She glanced down to see casual black jeans and a long sleeved blouse covered by a cardigan. Check.

Smiling at herself she paused and then looked intently in the mirror.

Knowing she had a while until Lena text her she opened her drawer and grabbed one of her rarely used tubes of lip gloss and gently coated her lips. Her phone buzzed and she knew it was Lena and she was grinning as she snatched her phone, her messenger bag, and her keys. She locked the door behind her and happily jogged down the hall and towards the stairs. She could take the elevator, but running was faster.

She may have relied on her super athletic skills to get to the ground floor faster than usual, but she wasn’t about to tell Alex that.

Almost flying through her apartment building door she came to a halt as she arrived at the top of the steps.

Lena was leaning casually against a familiar black motorcycle with her eyes on her phone. Her helmet was on her seat with another one next to it and she lifted her eyes when she heard the door shut behind Kara. Kara instantly felt her breath leave her at Lena’s welcoming smile and the warmth in her eyes.

“Kara,” she smiled and straightened and Kara blankly walked down the steps. The large SUV David had taken to driving since the threats on Lena’s life was parked in the loading Zone and Vince waved cheerfully from the front seat.

Kara waved back and then looked at Lena.
“Lena! Hey… um…,” Kara scratched her head and looked Lena over.

The breeze was tickling strands of her long, dark hair and drawing it across her face and she brushed it back and smiled warmly as Kara got closer. Her motorcycle jacket looked like it was the one that Mr. Mallory had given to her and she could see a shirt collar peeking out from under it. She was wearing black jeans and had new boots on as well.

“Up for a ride?” Lena asked and offered her a helmet. Kara blinked at it a moment, still trying to recover from seeing Lena in leather and hesitantly took it. She cast a glance at the SUV behind them, waiting patiently.

“I had to compromise,” Lena said, laugh entering her voice. “Vince wasn’t happy that I-“ she cut off abruptly and looked at something over Kara’s shoulder. “He doesn’t want me out by myself. I wanted to ride… so we compromised.”

Kara examined the inside of the helmet and saw it was hardly worn and then looked back at Lena.

“Bella’s out there as well…. Just in case I decided to break the speed limit,” Lena said sourly, as though she had quite intended to do that and wasn’t pleased she’d have a baby-sitter for it.

Kara frowned at her and she sighed.

“I know it sounds spoiled and bratty, especially as I hired them to protect me, but sometimes I want my own space.”

Kara just gave her a look and took the helmet and jammed it on her head. It fit well, and she could hear her blood rushing in her ears, and it sounded like the ebb and rise of the ocean. Lena was trying to hold back her smile and bit her lip and then reached out to help Kara tighten the straps. She blinked up at the Luthor as she opened the visor so she could see.

“There. You look cute,” Lena commented with a shy smile and then hurriedly turned back to her helmet. She put it on and tied the straps before pulling her gloves on.

“Where are we going?” Kara asked and Lena shook her head.

“You said it was important,” Kara pointed out as Lena straddled the bike and lifted the stand up. She turned it on with the press of a button and it rumbled into life, purring quietly in idle.

“It is,” Lena said and her face was a bit scrunched up by the foam on the inside of the helmet. “You’ll see when we get there.”

Kara sighed and eyed the bike a moment.

“It’ll be fine, Kara,” Lena said gently, green eyes concerned. “I’ll keep you safe.”

Kara knew it would be fine, she was Supergirl, of course it would be. What she didn’t want to tell Lena was that she was more apprehensive about being pressed up against Lena and with her arms around her than she was of the motorbike.

“Okay…” she said quietly, more to herself than anything, but Lena heard it and the resulting smile made Kara’s heart twist.

Swallowing, and glad no one could see how nervous she was, she put down her visor and hesitantly got on to the bike behind Lena.
“You’ll have to come closer, Kara,” Lena said as she straightened and talked over her shoulder.

Kara hesitantly eased forward and swore she could feel the heat from the brunette in front of her burning through their jeans. She swallowed again, mouth suddenly dry.

“You can hold me,” Lena said, sounding amused, but Kara could hear the way her heart was thumping wildly.

Kara inched forward until she was pressed against Lena and was half thankful she had her bag between them, and half disappointed.

“Um, can you move your bag. Please?” Lena asked and cleared her throat and Kara could hear the blood rush through her body at the request.

“Su-re,” she stammered and quickly shifted her bag so it was at her side and not between them. It probably was a bit big for that. After all, it did contain her Super suit.

She took a moment to adjust the straps so it was firm against her body and wouldn’t be pulled by the wand then slowly slid her arms around Lena. She wasn’t sure whose heart was beating the loudest, her’s had quickened to match Lena’s.

“Ready?” Lena asked, and the question made Kara’s heart twirl with how breathless Lena sounded.

She nodded and when she realised Lena couldn’t see her, she lifted her hand up in a thumbs up gesture.

Lena patted her hand, pulled her visor down, and then shifted on the bike and Kara lifted her legs up. Lena braced them a moment and Kara caught her turning her head to check for traffic before they were gunning it out into the street.

Kara reflectively tightened her grip and Lena took her hands of the handles a moment to squeeze her hand before returning it to the steering. Kara just held her tighter and was thankful that Lena seemed confident enough to drive with one hand even though it was very dangerous.

Lena obeyed the road rules perfectly, ducking in and out of traffic with the ease of a pro and Kara felt some of her tension ease. Lena knew what she was doing, that would lessen the chance of her getting hurt. She was the model driver at least until she hit the motorway heading out of town. Kara could feel the body in front of her gearing up and felt her heart flutter in excitement, but Lena waited until they were gliding along the highway, David and Vince shadowing them, before she turned her head and shouted into the wind.

“Do you want to go faster?”

Kara heard her easily, and knew what Lena wanted, so she tightened her grip and offered Lena a thumbs up again.

She heard Lena’s heart trip over itself and felt the movement in her body before the bike rumbled and roared forward, tearing forward like a horse from the gate.

Wind lashed at them as they shot along the highway and Kara just hoped that there were no police or police cameras otherwise Lena would get into trouble. The pavement flew by beneath them as Lena wove in and out of cars and out of no-where another bike caught up to them.

Lena cast the driver a glance before sighing, but Kara was quick to use her x-ray vision just in case the rider was a threat. It was Bella and she could see the woman’s grin through her visor and then
she was shooting ahead, lifting the bike on to two wheels.

Lena laughed and it was beautiful and she zoomed up behind the body guard and then wound around her and further down the highway. After a few moments of excessive speed, and Kara was Supergirl, she knew what speed was a good and safe speed, Lena relaxed off the throttle and gradually slowed them down.

It was almost effortless the way she guided them between the cars and it felt like they were hardly moving at all and then she sudden eased off completely and gently squeezed the breaks. It took Bella a moment to match them but when she did the two bikes were going an acceptable speed as they rounded the corner and a patrol car eased up onto the motorway.

Kara released a breath she didn’t realise she’d been holding and thanked Rao that Lena had slowed down when she did, otherwise they may have been in a police chase because she had a feeling that Lena wasn’t about to stop. Supergirl had been called for a few police chases, especially when it looked like it could get ugly, ugly being someone dying or getting grievously injured, so she did not want Alex ringing her and asking her to go stop a motorcycle on the highway. Awkward. She wasn’t sure how she would explain that one to her sister.

They followed the motorway for a while, Kara just content to hold on to Lena and Lena just happy to be out on the road, and then they took an off ramp into a small town, if you could call it that. It was basically just a diner, truck stop, petrol and service station, and a little corner dairy.

Lena took the main road through town and then wound her way towards the countryside, away from the massive highway.

They drove for another half hour or so before Lena took another road, or more like a gravel driveway, towards a building with big fences around it and danger signs pined to the wire.

Kara felt anxiously uncurl in her belly. Why was Lena bringing her to a gun range? Bella drove in beside them so that the dirt wouldn’t be in her face and the two bikes drove slowly up to the parking. There was only one vehicle in the car park, a large four-door ute that screamed ‘American’ and the sign on the door said closed, so did the one back down at the driveway where the shooting range logo and sign was.

Lena glided them to a halt and turned the bike off and kicked the stand down before settling and removing her gloves. Kara was quick to get off the seat, even as the dust kicked up from their tires waved its way across the gravel.

“A shooting range?” She asked bemused as Lena swung her leg over the side. Bella slid to a stop on the gravel and dismounted and started to stretch.

“Yeah,” the CEO replied and pulled her helmet free. She took a moment to roughen her hair and had Kara’s complete attention from the moment she shook it free to the moment she paused, fingers still curled in her long, thick, dark hair, to look at her curiously.

Kara flushed and tore her eyes off the vision that was Lena Luthor with tussled hair and a breathless smile and glowing eyes and leather.

Vince and David pulled in behind them a few minutes later as the three stretched and Kara fought the urge to ask what they were doing here.

After a moment’s thought Lena spoke. “I don’t like guns,” she said suddenly eyes on her interlocked fingers as she rested her weight against one of the pillars near the front door. The sign still said it was
closed, but Kara could hear a heat-beat and soft music inside so she knew someone was here.

David took a large case from the back of the SUV and carried it across the gravel and he looked like something out of a film, dark glasses and clothes and carrying a silver case. It looked like it could have held drugs or money or diamonds or some bio-weapon.

Kara fought the urge to lower her glasses and examine it, she didn’t want to risk Lena catching her do that. The Luthor was smart, genius actually, and would soon be able to figure her secret out, especially if she gave her such a large hint.

Lena pressed her lips together in a slight smile and walked towards the door. She was shorter without her heels on, but only by a little as she was wearing boots that had probably been designed for the runway and cost more than Kara’s weekly wage.

The door opened easily and Bella slid in first and went back into ‘work mode;’ scanning the scene for any potential threats. The amount of guns inside would have made Alex drool. There were big guns, little guns, guns you expected someone with a serious grudge to have, and guns that you could hide easily in a purse. Some were showcased on the wall and others were on stands all around the room. At the top of the wall there were animal heads and skins and trophy pictures and even targets with holes near or on the middle. There were display cases and security doors and holsters and cleaning and maintenance kits and even scopes, barrels and silencers. To the far end there was brand hunting gear; clothes, boots, glasses.

There was a beefy older white guy at the counter and he had a large rifle on the counter and was rubbing it down with a cloth and some oil and it was sharp to Kara’s nose.

He ran his eyes over them all before nodding in greeting and reaching down under the counter. There was a click and a door rolled open with a thud and Lena nodded politely and headed straight for it. Kara cast him a glance, imprinting him to memory, just in case, and followed Lena in confusion.

Lena led the way as though she had walked it many times and soon they were arriving at the indoor shooting range of the complex. Instead of heading to the front where glass and steel dividers kept the shooters apart from each other, with benches in front of them for ammunition and weapons, and a hook for earmuff’s, Lena flicked a few buttons and pressed a few keys and then they were inside. Inside the actual range where the targets were. It was a long and blank space with a few shots in the walls on either side but a great many holes down the end and it looked like it was repaired or replaced frequently.

David set the case down and wandered over to the wall, sticking behind the two, just in case. Bella and Vince stood with him and watched.

Lena looked down at the case a moment and then lifted her gaze with a sigh.

“Kara. I-” she hesitated and shook her head. “I don’t like guns,” she said softly and then gave a soft shrug. “I know how that sounds, being who I am and where we are but-“

“I get it,” Kara interrupted wanting to do something to make the shadows in Lena’s eyes fade. “I don’t like guns either.”

Lena smiled at her, a brief pressing of her lips, nothing like her true smile, and then her features turned serious. Kara studied the curves of her jaw and the contours of her lips as she added, “I hate guns. I hate designing them and I especially hate using them…. That being said,” she said firmly. “I am aware of their importance, to both this country and the world, and know how vital they are.”
Kara blinked, she had never figured a Luthor for a being anti-weapons, but she was wondering what Lena was getting at.

“I-,” Lena cut herself off abruptly and sighed, pinching the bridge of her nose. “I don’t design guns,” she said softly. “Not anymore. They’re always pure theory….until their not… and I don’t want to be responsible for something that is designed to kill.”

Kara didn’t know if she liked where this was heading and tensed, ready for anything.

“I-,” Lena paused again and her jaw rippled and she took a moment to draw her thoughts. Kara was just ready for her to blurt it out, she couldn’t take the tension any more.

“I don’t believe that they are good or bad, not really…intention is everything after all,” she was gazing over Kara’s shoulder to the wall as she added, “it’s how you use them that matters…that is the judge of what is and is not just…”

“Lena,” Kara said softly and gently reached out her hand to touch Lena’s when she went quiet for a long moment. The CEO started as though she had forgotten where she was and that she was not alone.

“I don’t, not anymore,” she said and shook herself. But… I need you to be safe.”

Kara blinked. It sounded like….

Lena bent down and pressed her print to the case and the lid clicked open and she lifted it to reveal a small hand gun and a magazine of glowing blue bullets. If she were to name the colour she would call it electric, a blue as blue as the ocean but glowing like the moon.

“I-forgive me if I have over-stepped,” Lena said carefully, and wrung her hands together as Kara stared down at the gun nestled between foam. “I-,” Lena huffed and took a deep breath. “You matter to me, Kara.” Lena began nervously and Kara finally tore her eyes from the gun to look at the visibly apprehensive CEO. “I care for you a great deal and I-,” she cut herself off with a low growl and ran her fingers through her hair and shook her head a little, pressing her curled fingers flat against her scalp.

Kara was still mute in shock.

“I care about you,” Lena said quickly, as though she could force the confession out, or limit its magnitude. “A lot. And I want you to stay safe. To be safe,” she said and her hands were moving at chest level, speaking a language of their own. “I know you aren’t mine, or, or I have any right to do this but- I want you to be safe and you aren’t safe. Not with who you associate with.”

Lena suddenly pulled out her phone and tapped the password in. “Your and Supergirl’s association has not gone unnoticed,” she said hurriedly, clearly hoping to get her reasons out in the open as fast as possible. “I can show you comments on social media where it has been noticed, idle thoughts where people have wondered about your friendship, and if I can find it so can Supergirl’s enemies!”

Lena lowered the phone and her bright green eyes were darkened with loss. “I don’t want anything to happen to you… so I-um.. I built a gun?” She trailed off awkwardly and swallowed as Kara blinked and tried to understand what, exactly, had just happened.

“You,” she began and exhaled, loudly. “You made me a gun?”

Lena nodded, and then crouched down to pick it up and as she stood she held it out to Kara.
Kara didn’t take it. Lena hesitated and pulled it closer to her and then proceeded to list its specks and
technology and everything about it while Kara just stared blankly at Lena.

“It kills aliens?” Kara asked and that was what she was getting from all of this. Lena had designed a
gun to kill aliens.

Lena hesitated and Kara felt her heart sink.

“Y-es,” she hedged. “But only with excessive firing. I designed it to stop aliens…any alien…” Lena
trailed off and looked a little nervous. “I designed it to only stop any attacker, human or alien, and
there are two settings. If you press for rapid fire it will be a half shot, minimal damage. It will bring
down any human in a heart-beat when you change the setting…if you press and hold then…it will
stun any other life form…. The longer you hold it, the more deadly the shot.”

Kara was still trying to wrap her mind around it. “You made me a gun, Lena,” she hissed, eyes wide.
“That can kill aliens! What happens if this falls into the wrong hands? Or, or is copied or something?
What then?”

Lena was calm now, oddly in control and it made Kara think of the CEO Lena Luthor, the one used
to defending her technology and her words.

“It has a biometric scanner in the grip,” she said clearly, eyes drilling into Kara’s. “If you agree to
take it I will scan your prints and it will only work for you.”

“That could be hacked,” Kara pointed out, wanting to focus more on protecting everyone else rather
than her thoughts on Lena making her a gun.

Lena shook her head. “No. It can’t be. Any attempts will trigger its self-destruct, as well any attempt
at opening it up, or removing the bullets. I wanted you to be sure of that.”

Kara hesitated and glanced down at the gun again.

“So I’m the only one that can fire it? And it will blow up if anyone tries to tamper with it?” Lena
nodded on both counts.

“I know that I have no place in making something like this, especially after-“ she cut herself off and
continued. “But I wanted to feel reassured that if one of Supergirl’s enemies tried to come after you,
you would be safe. She can’t protect you all the time and I-“

“You thought you could?” Kara interrupted but it wasn’t done in malice, if anything there was a
warmth in her chest.

Lena had taken a great risk, designing an alien stunning gun that had the potential to kill them, but
she had done so, ignoring the risks of her company and reputation if it got out. L-Corp would be
called out and Lena called a liar and all the work she had done to try and re-write her family name
would be lost, and she had risked it for her, for Kara Danvers. She had also known how Kara felt
about it and had made sure it couldn’t be duplicated or hacked, which made Kara feel better.

Lena was trying to protect her, she didn’t know she was fully capable of protecting herself, but she
had done so the only way she knew how.

“I-I don’t want you to stop doing what you love,” Lena said, and her eyes caught and held Kara’s
and it seemed like there was some other message in the depths of them. “But I want you to be safe
while you do it…. And this was all I knew how…. I’m sorry if I overstepped but you mean so much
to-“
Kara stepped forward and pulled Lena into an embrace and after a moment of surprise Lena returned the hug. She sighed and relaxed into Kara and Kara felt her press into the hug and could hear her own blood pressing forward, trying to get closer to Lena. Lena leant her head against Kara’s collar and curled into the embrace and Kara tightened her hold. She was tingling all over and was fairly certain she was blushing something chronic when she finally pulled way.

Lena met her eyes a moment, the green in them guarded. “You don’t mind?”

Kara smiled at her and hesitantly reached up and let her fingers hover above Lena’s cheek. Her blood sang at the close proximity and she swore she could feel Lena’s warmth sink in her fingertips and radiate inward. Lena shifted her head, just slightly and faltered and the tips Kara’s fingers touched the warm and soft flesh of the CEO’s cheek.

“When I went to college Eliza gave us pepper-spray,” Kara said, a fond smile playing on her lips and she let her fingers edge closer until the tips of them were light against Lena’s flesh. “It was powerful enough to bring down a bear, or so she said,” she added with a little laugh. “She was trying to protect me… just like you are….” And from Lena’s point of view she was trying to keep her safe, if a little misguided and unnecessary, but the intention to protect her, Kara, was there, and that was worth so much more than Lena could ever know. She wanted her to go out and do the things she wanted to, to help ‘Supergirl’ and write and find out the truth, but she wanted her to be safe while she did it. It was different than James and Winn and even Mon-El, who wanted to keep her safe by keeping her away from the things she cared for, or wanted to do. Lena trusted her to be safe, but wanted to help her.

Seeing no opposition in Lena’s eyes she gently ran her thumb across the sooo smooth and soft skin of Lena’s face.

Lena’s eyes fluttered closed and she pressed ever so slightly into the touch, heart racing.

Kara wet her lips and concentrated on imprinting the feel of Lena’s skin under her to her memory. It would remain selfishly guarded in the chest of her cherished memories, alongside the ones of Krypton, her parents, Alex, Eliza and Jeremiah, her friends, and of course, all the other memories she had of Lena.

“Thank you,” her voice was barely above a whisper and was more her breath falling over Lena’s lips than her words. Lena inhaled sharply and Kara inched forward a moment as though pulled by her breath closer to her lips. She hesitated, lips a few inches out from Lena’s and could hear the brunettes pulse in the chambers of her chest.

“Have you ever fired a gun before?” Lena asked and took a steadying breath and stepped back. Kara instantly missed the warmth beneath her fingers but she shook her head. Kara Danvers didn’t know guns, Supergirl did, but not Kara Danvers.

“I’ve asked David to show you the basics, if that’s okay?” Lena was still hesitant, as though she were over-stepping and Kara felt her heart go out to her. She seemed smaller and more vulnerable but earnest and eager to keep her safe and happy, and she wondered why no one else had never seen the light that the youngest Luthor had within in, just trying to break free.

But then she answered her own question. No-one saw past the Luthor name, and no-one took the time to get to know Lena, rather than Miss Luthor, CEO of L-Corp, and sister to Lex Luthor, alien hater. She nodded in response and adjusted her glasses nervously.

Lena crouched down and put the gun back in its case and clicked it shut. “If you are feeling confident enough I’ll key it to your prints later,” she said as she rose to her feet and smiled at Kara.
She was warm, Kara thought as she followed Lena back across the room and out of it, but she didn’t seem to know it. In fact Lena seemed fairly certain she was a true Luthor, for all that she postured about trying to change the world for the better and repay society for what her brother had done. She didn’t believe in herself, in her own goodness, no matter how she tried to distance herself from her last name. Kara steeled her shoulders as she passed through the doorway. She’d show Lena her own light if it was the last thing she did.

Chapter End Notes

It's a little early for JHeda and GraceSophia. Feel better, and study hard. Anddd...... now I have to write double to keep ahead :D 166K so far. Come talk about it if you want too :D Mwah!
“Welcome home!” The group of Alex, Kara, Maggie, James, Winn, J’onn, and Mon El cheered Eliza as she looked back at them. She raised her own glass in response and they all clinked glasses to celebrate the Dr’s move to National City.

Alex was still suspicious about it, or at least wary and wondering why it had happened so soon.

“I wanted it to be a surprise, Alex,” Eliza sighed and looked at her daughter fondly. Alex still wasn’t convinced.

“You should have said something! We would have helped you move,” she said and gestured between her and Kara, who was enjoying the peanuts offered by the bar and Kara nodded in agreement.

“But that would have ruined the surprise,” Eliza protested and took a sip of her beer. “Besides… I have it all sorted.”

“You’ll have to have a house warming,” Maggie suggested and picked a chip off the bowl just placed in front of her.

“Yeah!” Kara said animated. “It’s sssooooo flash!”

Eliza just smiled and shook her head. “I’m being set up while I work on this job,” she explained at Alex’s curious look. Her older daughter hadn’t seen her new apartment yet, but Kara had flown past and had nearly drooled at its luxury. It was as nice as Lena’s one.

“You haven’t said what that is,” Alex pointed out and lifted her beer to her lips.

“And I can’t,” Eliza shook her head. “Confidentiality.”

Her daughters pouted. “Can you at least give me a hint as to what you are working on?” Alex asked, slightly envious if she were to be honest. Her mother was one of the best in the world, so was her dad, and if she was personally asked to contribute to a project, and put up in a five-star apartment complex for the duration of it, then it was probably very important.

Eliza thought for a moment and tilted her head. “No,” she shook her head. “Sorry.”

Alex grunted and took a sip of her beer. “Best tell me as soon as you can,” she said and then eyed the bowl of chips.

“Are we gonna order or not?”

Their night was full of laughter and a lot of teasing and friendly ribbing and when it came time for them to go their separate ways Kara offered to ride home with her adoptive mother. Eliza kept casting her glances as she gazed out the window and she wondered what her daughter wanted to speak to her about.

They paid the Uber driver and were let into the apartment building. Kara was right when she had
said it was nice. It was. Very nice, and in the heart of the CBD.

The security smiled politely as they walked in and to the elevator and Kara was rolling her fingers nervously and fidgeting. It was one of her youngest daughters more endearing traits and was a habit she’d had long before she got to Earth.

She swiped her entry card into her apartment and flicked on the lights.

“Wow,” Kara breathed as she took in the wooden floors, high ceiling, modern kitchen and living space, and the large glass windows that even had a small balcony.

Eliza left her bag and keys by the door and wandered into the kitchen and got a glass from the cupboard.

“Did you want a drink?” She asked and Kara shook her head and sat on one of the bar stools at the island while Eliza filled her glass with chilled water from the fridge.

Eliza leant against the island while Kara stared down at her fingers and waited for her to speak. When it became obvious that she wasn’t going to she opened the conversation.

“You remind me of Alex,” she said softly and Kara’s head snapped up. “When she tried to tell Jeremiah and I she traded her bike for a parrot for you, so you could teach it Kryptonese.”

Kara couldn’t help but smile at the memory. She hadn’t been on Earth very long then, and was feeling lonely and abandoned and Alex, her sweet and protective sister, had traded the bicycle she’d been wanting for months (apparently) to a kid at school for a parrot so Kara would have some company while she was at school. Eliza and Jeremiah hadn’t been impressed and had spoken with the parents of the other kid and exchanged the bike back, but had compromised and cut back their hours at work so that Kara would have some company. They had then taken family trips, fortnightly, to museums or art galleries or the cinema or even the countryside, just so Kara felt included and could learn. Those times were some of her favourite memories, even as they were almost crushed by the weight of her memories of Krypton.

“Just come out and say it. It'll be okay,” she said gently and Kara sighed.

Then she straightened, bracing her shoulders and lifting her gaze to Eliza’s.

“The way you treated Lena,” she began, hesitating before rallying and Eliza internally sighed. So that was what this was about. “That wasn’t…. she’s my friend,” Kara said firmly and gave a little nod. “And I want her to feel welcomed and included and you just… you attacked her, Eliza.”

Carefully Eliza placed her glass on the bench and looked down into Kara’s eyes. There was confusion there, love, but also determination and even through the glasses her daughter looked like her moniker.

“She’s a Luthor,” Eliza began and lifted her hand to cut Kara off when she opened her mouth to protest, frown furrowing her brow.

“Whether you like it or not, she is,” Eliza emphasised and sighed. “She was raised in an environment where aliens were viewed as a threat, or at least, became viewed as a threat. Her brother tried to kill your cousin, and nearly succeeded, and killed a lot of people in his crusade.”

“Lena isn’t like Lex,” Kara defended firmly.

“No,” Eliza cut back. “She’s even more dangerous.” Eliza huffed and shook her head at herself for
her little slip and then rallied. She couldn’t tell Kara why she was more dangerous or at least not the real reason, but she could tell her another reason.

Kara bristled at the accusation and then blinked confused and opened her mouth again.

“Because she has the power to break you, Kara. Not Supergirl, but you, Kara Zor-El Danvers.”

Eliza leant forward over the bench and offered her daughter her hand.

“You care about her, as much as any of your friends, and that is what makes her so dangerous. You are an alien, and she is a Luthor. Not only that, but you are a Super.”

Kara took her hand, almost absently. “I trust her! She’s my friend,” she replied and looked searchingly at her Earth mother. “She doesn’t want to hurt me!”

“If you truly trusted her, you would have told her who you are,” Eliza said gently and Kara didn’t have a response for that. Everyone who knew were either family, associated with Kal like James, or Winn, who she counted as her best friend for years. Truthfully she was starting to want to tell Lena who she was, or at least hint that she wasn’t technically human, just to test the waters, but had been too afraid.

“And I don’t think she wants to hurt Kara Danvers… Catco’s baby reporter… but you aren’t just Kara Danvers…. And I had to know where she stood.” Eliza hesitated and squeezed Kara’s hand. “I wanted you to see where she stood.” Kara tore her hand back. It stung, but she didn’t let that show. Her daughter’s eyes were wide with hurt.

“What does that mean?” Her voice was harsher than normal and her lip was quivering, in rage or with tears Eliza didn’t know.

“You care about her,” Eliza said and choose not to mention just how deeply she thought Kara cared for Lena. “That makes you blind to her faults.”

Kara’s jaw moved but she had no words.

“Have you talked about her alien views with her? As you or as Supergirl?”

Kara hesitated and shook her head and Eliza nodded slowly. “Why is that?” She asked gently and Kara’s shoulders slumped.

“She doesn’t—I mean, it’s not that she- she wants…. Kara trailed off and sighed, curling in on herself. “We haven’t really talked about it,” she confessed quietly. “I’m… to afraid to bring it up.”

Eliza slowly reached forward and took Kara’s hand again and held them gently, reassuringly. “Why?” Her voice was still gentle and a tear fell from Kara’s eyes.

“Because I don’t want her to reject me.” Her voice cracked and she swallowed. “What if she—I couldn’t bear it if—“

Kara sniffed and wiped at her eyes with her free hand and the hand in Eliza’s hold tightened to the point it was borderline painful.

“Oh, honey,” Eliza said softly and pulled away and caught Kara’s wounded look before she rounded the bench to come next to her.

“Come here,” she instructed and Kara fell into her embrace and let a few more tears fall and Eliza ran
her hand up and down Kara’s back.

“If and when you choose to tell her… she’d be an idiot to stop being your friend….” She waited until Kara choked a laugh and pulled back to smile at her through her tears. “And from what you’ve told me…. Lena Luthor is no idiot.”

Kara’s watery smile grew as it tended to do, Eliza had noticed, when she was talking about the youngest Luthor. Then it turned serious. “Okay…. Thanks…. But please don’t attack her like that again…” she lifted her hand to her glasses and suddenly looked like a sheepish child. “I-I want her to feel safe with me…”

Suddenly her cell started to ring and she glanced at it a moment before her eyes narrowed. “That’s Lena…” she said and quickly dug it from her pocket.

The gentle smile that rose to unbidden to her lips as she saw the caller ID confirmed Eliza’s suspicions. Her daughter had, at the very least, a crush. Eliza felt her heart pang and wondered if her daughter even knew.

“Miss Luthor,” she said and Eliza witnessed Kara change from bright and sunny Kara Danvers into the city’s fearless protector. “Is everything alright?”

Kara nodded to what she was hearing but her brows tightening in confusion. “Are you sure? I can-yeah, okay. Sure. See you soon.” She hung up and stared at her phone pensive and then shook herself.

“Lena want’s to talk to Supergirl,” she said and then looked at Eliza and bit her lip nervously. “Um… will you be okay here?”

Eliza had known Kara for over a dozen years, and recognised the look in her eyes, the one that said ‘I want that last pot-sticker,’ or ‘I’m craving ice-cream,’ or when she finally adjusted to her strength, ‘I need a hug.’ It was a look similar now, beneath the glasses and ponytail and nervous smile, it said pot-stickers, ice-cream, Alex and her family, it was a look that said, ‘I want to go home.’

Smiling gently she nodded and squeezed her daughters hand and let her go. “Go,” she instructed and Kara beamed at her and was gone, the only sign of her absence was the fluttering curtains by the balcony.

Sighing Eliza walked over to the balcony and gazed out into the night and wondered what she was going to do with her daughter and Lena Luthor. She hadn’t lied. Lena was far more deadly than Lex when it came to Kara. Kara kept her heart on her sleeve for the world to share, and most of the world returned the pieces of it with a fraction of themselves, and it only grew and grew and grew. But Kara had never given her heart to someone, not in its entirety, and Eliza worried into the night what ruin Lena Luthor could bring if she wasn’t careful with Kara’s heart.

Chapter End Notes

It's a little shorter than usual, but let's be real. You had an 8k earlier, so this makes up for it :D
Part Thirty - Five

Lena paused where she was reviewing L-Corp’s latest numbers and glanced up at the television. It was playing a movie in the background after she’d been catching up on the local news and it caught her attention. She was easily able to recognise Professor X, and Hugh Jackman as the Wolverine, she didn’t know anyone who wasn’t aware of the iconic roles. It was an X-Men film, one of them, honestly she’d only seen them once, with Lex, a long time ago so she wasn’t sure which one was currently playing. But she remembered the basic premise. Magneto = bad, and Charles = good. But… she understood it wasn’t as black and white as that.

She watched a little further as she considered the similarities between the Mutants in film and the aliens in real-life. Mutants and aliens stood apart of humans, and even the ones that were able to blend in felt alienated by the humans. Some wanted peace, but others sought more violent paths. She supposed it came down to the person and she tilted her head in thought. Eyes narrowed she reached for the remote, turned the volume up and restarted the movie. She watched the first and second, and was part way through the third when she decided to do something she should have done months ago. She called Supergirl.

It took the caped hero a moment to answer and in that time Lena wandered to her fridge and grabbed a bottle of water.

“Miss Luthor. Is everything alright?”

“Yes. Everything’s fine. I’m sorry for the late hour,” she nudged the door shut with her hip and wandered back to the television and turned it off.

‘Are you sure? I can-?’ The Super sounded concerned.

“I just wanted to speak with you—if you weren’t busy. Nothing’s wrong.” She powered down her tablet and flicked it closed as she wandered towards her room. “I’m home at the moment, if you have the time.”

Supergirl didn’t even hesitate.

“Okay. I’ll see you soon.”

‘See you soon,’ came the reply and she turned the kitchen lights out as she left the room. The motion-sensor lights clicked on as she walked down the hallway to her room and she eased the door open.

She gave her room a customary scan and then shrugged and walked over to the balcony. She hesitated a bit out from it and then narrowed her eyes. She slowly lifted her hand, and with her eyes narrowed in concentration, made a sweeping motion with it, as though ordering the door to roll back by its self. Nothing happened and she sighed and shook her head before taking a deep breath and trying again.

Closing her eyes she picture the door. She knew her room, knew the door and what it was made from. She could picture the glass, unmarked and new, and the metal frame that held it together. She knew the exact chemical components for each, could make it in her sleep, and envisioned the door releasing and then rolling back. She swiped her hand across the front of her, palm facing the wall and the direction she wanted the door to roll.
There was an odd sensation in her body, a warm fire that burnt and hurt but she ignored it and made the swiping movement again. The fire built until it was some sort of pressure, like she were adjusting to the difference in altitude, when your head goes all heavy and funny, and then there was a pop in the pressure and the fire flashed out.

The pain was instantaneous and she fought her nausea to stumble backwards onto her bed and place her head in her hands, breathing harshly and deeply, trying to calm her stomach. Her head was roaring in her ears, a headache she hadn’t experienced in a while, not since her headaches first started, but it was an empty pain, like something was missing.

She uncapped her water bottle with trembling fingers and tilted her head back and let the cool liquid ease its way down her throat. Sighing she finally opened her eyes and blinked before allowing a satisfied Luthor smile to cross her lips.

The door was open, open a few inches maybe, but it was open.

She was grinning at the door when Supergirl touched down and walked towards her.

“Miss Luthor,” the Super smiled and Lena rose to her feet.

“Supergirl,” she offered in greeting and the Super placed her hands on her hip in her classic superhero pose.

“You wanted to talk?” She enquired and there was something to her tone, something that Lena was starting to notice when the Super spoke with or interacted with her. When they first met she had been strong, and distant, clear and cold, trying to put space between them or maybe, and more likely, come across as the Super she was. Lena knew she could be intimidating, and with her last name and Superman and Lex’s history, she was right to be wary, even though it did hurt a little. But now though the Super spoke to her with…affection and respect, and didn’t try to distance her-self very much. She seemed much more natural in Lena’s presence and the thought did please her.

“Yes,” Lena said and walked past the hero to her balcony where the glass had finally been replaced. “Though I’m not sure where to start.”

Supergirl blinked and then she was leaning against the same balcony as Lena, staring out over the city she protected.

“Um, okay… did you want to start with why now? Or what brought this on?” She suggested and Lena caught the curious look she shot her from the corner of her eye.

“I see you got an official Twitter,” Lena smiled and the hero shot her a look but went along with her deflection.

“Yeah…. I have, like, four-million followers already.”

“I know,” Lena replied and Supergirl crossed her arms and raised her brows playfully.

“Been keeping an eye on me?” It was an unnecessary comment.

Lena had tweeted a welcome to the Super (like many others as soon as the account TheRealSupergirl was verified) and warned her, playfully, that her followers might get rabid. Supergirl had responded with a tweet about how maybe she could use the doctor Lena was using for her fungal infection if she was bitten and needed a rabies shot. Lena had burst out laughing on the way to work and had watched in amusement as her followers and Supergirl’s immediately started tearing the hero’s reply to pieces and speculating on it. Though the questions directed at her about her sexual health and or
dating life (with Supergirl?) were a little intrusive. It took two minutes for Supergirl to reply.

@TheRealSupergirl:

OMG I am so sorry @LenaLuthor I did NOT mean it like that! I was just referring to your comment earlier at the Zoo. I am so, so sorry.

And another one:

@TheRealSupergirl:

Also, guys. Lena doesn’t have thrush. It was a private conversation we had. It’s out of context!

And another one:

@TheRealSupergirl:

@Justaboredemo: What, NO! We aren’t dating! We haven’t even kissed or anything!

And another:

@TheRealSupergirl:

@TheCatGrant: No, Miss Grant! I swear I didn’t mean it like that! We were just talking at the Zoo. We aren’t dating. Again, @LenaLuthor: I’m so sorry.

And another. Supergirl didn’t seem to be able to help herself and Lena just watched as her notification’s skyrocketed. It was actually a source of amusement for the CEO. Usually her notifications were full of death-threats or people being unnecessarily cruel even with the filters on, so having the hero stumble around on her first foray into social media to try and protect her was amusing.

@TheRealSupergirl:

@HaroldtheGay: What, no! I didn’t say that! She’s really pretty but we aren’t like a thing! I think love is love. Love who you want!

@TheRealSupergirl:

@heyleethomass: I don’t know! Why are you asking me that! Ask her if she’s single!

@TheRealSupergirl: Okay, some of these tweets are repulsive. How, why would you even?!

@TheRealSupergirl:

@maximuskeen: That is disgusting…and very degrading. How dare you refer to women like that?
@TheRealSupergirl: I’m not sleeping with Lena Luthor!

There was a few minutes where there was no reply from the Hero and Lena took a moment to fire off her own tweet.

@LenaLuthor: @TheRealSupergirl: There is a quality filter in your account settings. You may want to turn it on. Just a suggestion.

Her notifications had come pouring in but Lena had ignored them in favour of the meeting with her lawyers and had been in there for several hours before she was able to check her phone again.

Her notifications had doubled, so had her followers, and she scrolled through the most liked and re-tweeted tweets on her dashboard.

@TheRealSupergirl:

@LenaLuthor: Thanks. Found it now. Phew. #nopornonthisTwitter (it was trending, so was #Supergirlisadorkable and #WelcomeSG, to welcome the Super to Twitter.)

@TheRealSupergirl: Okay… you guys made me break my phone.

There was a grainy photo of a broken-crushed- cell-phone on her time-line

She answered a few more tweets, stumbling around awkwardly trying to explain and also defend Lena. She had to confess she found Lena pretty and would date her, then had to backtrack and say it wasn’t like a thing and then had to keep defending herself. One of the minor celeb’s in the city started a trend #Supergirlsdiggingahole.

Supergirl told them what Lena and her had discussed at the park and that had set off a whole new attempt at a Twitter trend (#SupergirlxLena is #relationshipgoals) and also calls that they were flirting, and they should totally date because that was so hot. It was a bit of a mess, amusing yes, but still a mess. Supergirl was trying, valiantly, to defend herself and Lena but she was just digging herself a deeper hole. Lena paused as she got into her car and then sent off her own Tweet, ignoring the people asking if she and Supergirl were dating, and would she consider it, and did she have thrush.

@LenaLuthor:

@TheRealSupergirl: Would you like a shovel? #supergirlisadorkable

Her followers lost their shit, which was cute, her notifications were over run with people screaming and crying and saying they would be the cutest couple, like Romeo and Juliet. Supergirl replied a few moments later. Of course there were the usual comments about how that was a threat and Supergirl should stay away from the bad Luthor and how she should be arrested, or worse, for threatening Supergirl.
@TheRealSupergirl:

@LenaLuthor: You have no idea. <3 #Myhero

That got its own garbled response that Lena ignored.

@HomeDepotNC:

@LenaLuthor: @TheRealSupergirl: We have a large range of shovels to suit all needs. I’m sure we can help National City’s resident hero with any hardware supplies she requires.

Lena had laughed out-loud and had instant re-tweeted the comment. Vince just shot her a knowing look, as he was on his phone as well and no doubt following the conversation on Twitter

@LenaLuthor:

@TheRealSupergirl: See, @HomeDepotNC: Home Depot has your back. Do you think NCDC would mind if you decided to dig in the park? Otherwise there are sections going in Stone Oak Heights. We could Crowdfund that. @Followers: What do you think? Crowdfund a section so Supergirl can go dig herself a hole?

So maybe she really, really shouldn’t have said what she did, but she was laughing to herself as she scrolled through her tweets, and it was nice to see people just sitting back and laughing, rather than jeering at her. People were being, well, not kind exactly, but they weren’t calling her a xenophobe or telling her all Luthor’s should die or anything like that. Her conversation with the Super was actually making her happy, and it was an odd experience. A Super making a Luthor happy, making her laugh.

@TheRealSupergirl:

@LenaLuthor: Very funny Miss Luthor. ;p

@HomeDepotNC: Thank you for the offer, but it’s not necessary.

@NCDC: @LenaLuthor’s joking. I’m not going to dig myself a hole in the park.

@PandaBanana:

@TheRealSupergirl: Thts b couz u al redy hav lol #supergirlisadorable #supergirlisdiggingahole #itscute

Lena laughed again and was certain she was smiling at her cell as they pulled up at her apartment and Bella and Vince guided her from the car. She didn’t see or hear the paparazzi outside as she was too engrossed in her cell and her Twitter account.

@LenaLuthor:
@TheRealSupergirl: I can’t imagine what you’re reading right now…screenshot some of your favourites and send them to me?

She rode the elevator to her apartment still engrossed in her Twitter notifications and she replied to a few polite ones.

@TheRealSupergirl:

@LenaLuthor: I blame you for this!

There was an accompanying screenshot of what was trending, and three of the top trends were about the caped hero. #Supergirlisadorable #supergirlisdiggingahole #WelcomeSG

#CrowdfundSupergirl was also gaining traction and Lena looked at it a moment before scrolling through the tweets to see what it was about.

She waited until she was in her room and then dove for her laptop. Her phone was still open to Twitter so it continued giving her notifications as she did a quick Google search. She tapped away for a few moments, had a read, laughed out-loud and then clicked pledge.

She then turned her camera on to selfie mode and moved around trying to get a good angle. She eventually decided to go out onto her balcony and had the city as her backdrop. She let her laptop sit on the coffee table and then, checked her makeup and hair and pressed record.

“Welcome to Twitter, Supergirl,” she said and gave a little wave. “And look what I found,” she said and turned her camera to face her laptop where an open page was to ‘KickStart Supergirl getting a hole’. They were aiming for two-hundred thousand and fourteen dollars, which was the price of a modest piece of land… and a shovel, and Lena laughed a little.

“Look, it already has three hundred and twenty four backers and they’ve made three percent already! They work fast!”

She turned the camera back to face her and clicked out of the first page and then opened the second. “Now, I normally don’t do this but… Oh! Would you look at that!” She turned the camera back to face the computer and showed the Crowdfund page. “Someone just donated two-hundred thousand!”

“Oops,” she said and turned the camera back to face her. “Supergirl….since you’ve probably got a home already go give the land or money to charity, or,” Lena paused for a moment. “Turn it into a playground or a public orchard or something.” She eyed the camera a moment and then smiled. “Or you could just dig that hole,” she was grinning as she waved goodbye and shut the camera off. She took a moment to check her twitter feed from her laptop. Already someone had noticed someone had paid the entire thing and were shouting and screaming and speculating who it was, and calling for Supergirl to notice them.

Lena uploaded the video and tagged Supergirl in it.

@LenaLuthor:

@Supergirl: I’d offer to help you dig the hole but I think you’ve got that part under control.
#Supergirlisadorable
So maybe Lena shouldn’t have added fuel to the fire, but it was highly entertaining and she couldn’t help it. Her PR team would later caution her but it had been a bit of fun for her after a hard day of meetings. Supergirl had taken a few minutes but then her phone was buzzing with screenshots and their conversation had featured in the news that evening as a soft and fluffy piece, nothing like what was usually expected from a Luthor and a Super. Supergirl had asked for the money to be donated to one of the children’s hospitals and had even promised to show up and mingle with the kids if it were done.

Now days the Super just posted pictures from the sky, or from her current charity event, or reblogged cute animal videos. She sometimes answered questions, but they were never about her, just her giving advice to people and trying to spread her light.

Brought from her memories Lena just smiled and went back to examining National City by star-light.

Supergirl sighed next to her as the descended into silence. “You have a marvellous view.”

Lena nodded. “Sometimes I like to stand here and watch. It’s…."

“It’s so big?” Supergirl enquired but then shook her head. “No, it’s like, you know you aren’t alone?”

“It’s peaceful,” Lena offered instead and looked directly at the Super. The wind was running soft fingers through her long, blonde hair and teasingly tugging it across her face. By the moon-light her features were soft, but otherworldly, with the kind of grace and beauty expected to be immortalised in the finest marble in times long past.

“You should see it from above the clouds on a clear night,” Supergirl said, and the smile in her voice was obvious.

“Are you offering?” Lena enquired, not entirely sure if the Super was being suggestive or making conversation.

Supergirl blinked, blue eyes bright and then she smiled and shrugged and the movement seemed so…human… “Sure! If you want. I could take you flying….”

Speaking of… one of the last scenes she had seen before turning the television off was the one where the scientist guy’s son was trying to cut his wings off. She knew how the rest of the movie went, the mutant would cast off his chains and fly, metaphorically and literally.

“Have you seen the X-men movies?” Lena asked abruptly and could see the confusion in the Super’s face.

“Um… well, yeah?”

Lena hummed and went back to looking over the city. “What do you think of the parallels between the mutants and aliens?”

She could see her question had surprised the super because her brow furrowed, the crinkle in it scrunched adorably, and it was….familiar, but she couldn’t quite place it. Only the feeling that she wanted to do something to ease that discomfort. It was odd, having it directed to the Super.

“I-,” Supergirl opened her mouth and then closed it and her head tilted in thought. It took her a long moment before she spoke, and when she did she was looking out over the city.

“I guess there are…. Why?”
Lena swallowed but drew her strength. She needed to discuss this with the Super, and with Kara, seeing as she was so pro-alien, but first she wanted to get the Kryptonian out of the way.

“I wanted to talk about us…” she didn’t miss the way the hero’s blue eyes widened in panic but rallied. “Luthor and Super…”

The relief in Supergirl’s eyes was obvious and she relaxed a little. “Um, okay?”

“I feel like I haven’t been fair to you,” Lena said, looking out over the city least she loose her strength by looking at the woman whose strength made hers look like a mountain to an ant.

“I’ve been hot and cold and treating you well sometimes, and then not well other times…”

She could see Supergirl shrug from the corner of her eye. “It’s okay-“

“-No,” Lena interrupted sharply. “It’s not. I endeavour to be fair and transparent in my dealings with people. I like knowing where other people stand, and I find it gets me better results when I treat my colleagues and staff with respect. They know what I expect, and I know what to expect from them. It gets me results.”

Lena took a moment to gather her thoughts. “You are an alien. I am a Luthor. That is fact, yes?”

Supergirl nodded, even though it was a mostly rhetorical question.

“I… originally didn’t know quite how to treat you,” Lena said softly, forcing the confession from her lips and the hero shifted and she could almost feel her heat next to her in the chill of the evening air.

“Your cousin betrayed Lex-let me finish!” She said, voice turning cold when she saw the Super start and opened her mouth. Supergirl’s eyes narrowed a little, and lesser people would have quailed under the stare but Lena was built from sturdier stuff.

Her jaw rippled but she nodded.

“I grew up with Superman monopolising my brother’s time and resources. I didn’t mind,” Lena shook her head and laughed bitterly. “He said he was going to save the world… it was what we always wanted… to help people. He would tell me…sometimes… some of the things he and Superman were working on. What he was putting his brain and our money towards and the things they would do.”

Lena sighed and closed her eyes and felt her throat tighten. She shook her head. “But… that isn’t what I asked you here for. You aren’t your cousin and I’m not my brother.” She lifted her head and looked over at Supergirl whose brow creases had deepened.

“In a way I was afraid of this conversation…. Thinking all you’d hear is Lex’s words and mouth when I spoke, but that isn’t fair on either of us.”

Lena looked at Supergirl a moment, trying to see past the ‘S’ she wore as a badge and see the woman beneath it. She couldn’t, not really. All she could see was the steel in her bearing, the sense of righteousness, the…hope.

“I don’t trust aliens, Supergirl,” Lena said strongly and saw the hero’s eyes tighten. “I also don’t trust crowds, or guns, or,” she ducked her head a little. “Large, strong men. They have the power to hurt me, and I can’t stop them. That is how I feel about aliens.”

Supergirl was frowning now, but was waiting for her to finish and she continued, hoping to get her point across.
“You can carry a plane on your shoulders. Your Martian friend can read, and control minds. He can even erase memories. Most aliens are stronger and faster than any human can be, and that makes me afraid because what happens if they decide to hurt humans?” Lena paused a moment to collect her thoughts and then continued. “Krypton is lightyears,” she smiled wryly, “ahead of any earth technology. Surely your parents knew what environment they were sending you to and what would happen to you when you got here?”

Supergirl hesitated but nodded slowly. “Earth was chosen for that reason…”

“So your parents sent you to a planet where you would become a god?” Lena crossed her arms and sighed, fully turning to face the super now. “I know that people choose which of their passions to follow, just as I know that as there are good aliens like you, and your cousin,” she added as an afterthought. “But there are just as many aliens who want to harm and abuse humanity.”

“No not all aliens-“ Supergirl began and Lena nodded in agreement.

“Yes. Not all aliens. But enough of them that there is an entire government agency devoted to the tracking and containment of these aliens… the issue, Supergirl, is that we humans are hopelessly outmatched.” Lena took a steadying breath. “I am not concerned with the ones who come here to hide, or keep their true forms hidden- not that that’s an issue,” Lena added quickly, seeing Supergirl frown. “I am just concerned with the ones who can, will, and do use their superiority to abuse humans.”

“The DEO and I work to contain these threats,” Supergirl said and her hands were on her hips again and her chest raised proudly.

“And how many people have died before you could?” She didn’t ask it harshly, with no reason other than gentle rebuke but Supergirl deflated like a balloon.

“Too many,” Supergirl confessed quietly. “Too many have been killed, or hurt or had their property damaged or stolen.” She sighed and Lena suddenly saw the weight that she carried on her strong shoulders.

“I want weapons designed for these aliens,” she said, laying her metaphorical cards on the table. “I want weapons and prisons for all aliens, just in case.”

Supergirl’s head lifted and her eyes were searching. The blue of them was haunted and cast in shadow.

“I don’t want them outed against their will, not if they are peaceful, and I don’t want them on lists or locked up just for being who they are.” Lena hesitated and met Supergirl’s gaze squarely. “I want contingency plans for when aliens go rogue, but only after they have become threats.”

“Do I scare you?” Supergirl asked suddenly and Lena felt her body betray her.

“Yes,” she answered honestly, knowing her heart-rate would give her away. Some of the light in Supergirl’s eyes faded and her shoulders lost their proud bearing.

“I would never hurt you,” she protested sincerely, eyes wide and earnest.

“I’m afraid because there is nothing that can stop you if you do decide to hurt me, or anyone. I’m afraid of what you can do. Of what they,” she flicked her hand out over the balcony, “can do. I don’t want anyone, or anything, having that much power.”

“Human’s have power,” Supergirl pointed out and folded her arms. It highlighted the muscles
beneath it and for a moment Lena’s gaze was appreciative but then she caught up to the moment at hand.

She nodded in agreement. “That’s fair. What my brother did and will try to do again is worthy of imprisonment. But he is only human and can be contained, and what he can do and has access too, humans can match.”

“He escaped.”

“Yes, “ Lena nodded and exhaled for a long moment. “With human technology and innovation and man-power. If someone with your strength and power decided to take, say, the president out…. Then there would be no stopping them. That is what frightens me.”

Supergirl was quiet for a long moment. “You’re afraid of the power we would have over you, of any of you, if we decided to use it? That’s why you are wary?”

Lena nodded, thankful it appeared like she was getting her point across and she wasn’t sounding like a ‘Luthor.’

“I… can understand that. No really,” she said when Lena lifted her eyebrow. “I’ve been to other planets… before Earth… where I wasn’t the strongest there. I get wanting to feel safe. I do, but… have you considered that that is why so many come to Earth?”

“Enlighten me, Supergirl,” Lena said and though her tone was square she was curious to the Super’s defence of aliens on Earth.

“Some are refugees, others land here by accident…. But some choose to come here…. Because they will be stronger…” Supergirl started to pace and for a moment Lena was concerned her balcony might not take it.

“When I first landed I was so scared,” she said and her thoughts were clearly elsewhere. “Kal got to me first, but… I’ve heard stories where the ‘good guys’ don’t get there first… humans are terrifying, Miss Luthor,” Supergirl said and spun to face her. “Your capacity for violence and hatred against anything that isn’t you, or against the ‘other’ is astounding. I took history on the World Wars, and I support gay people and I have POC friends, so I know how humans treat each other. How do you think they would treat something different? Kal and I… we fit in because we look human. For all appearances we are human…. We are what the humans aspire to be. We are what they consider the highest life form…. Like you told me, we are ideas, a goal for humanity.” Supergirl paused and Lena glanced from her speaking hands and back to her face.

“Human’s can be terrifying, especially when they are in a group, or are following an idea like zealots….I’ve seen people beaten to death in Russia for being gay, or the religious crusades, or all this racial violence, and I…” Supergirl stopped and ran her finger though her hair distractedly. “What could they do to another life form? One that doesn’t look like them?”

Blue eyes were earnest as they looked at her. “Some aliens chose Earth because they will be stronger, because that can ensure their protection like nothing else can.”

She hesitated and took a deep breath. “But, um, I think we’ve gone off track….um…”

Sheepish was a curious expression on the Girl of Steel’s features and Lena half expected her to toe the balcony floor with her boot and looked down at her feet.

“Well…. That was… interesting….“ Lena thought for a moment. “Thank you for telling me that, but you are right… we did get off track. It’s refreshing to speak to someone without being afraid all
they’ll hear is Lex.” She cut herself off abruptly, having not wanted to be so candid, but could see from the smile the Super shot her that she understood.

“So… I wanted to apologise for how I have been treating you,” Lena said and felt a weight lift of her shoulders that she hadn’t even realised was there. “Sometimes I treated you like you were good and other times I’ve treated you like you would snap and kill me at any moment.”

Supergirl coughed. “A bit of an exaggeration,” she said and offered her a friendly smile.

Lena ducked her head in acknowledgement. “True. But, anyway, I am sorry that I haven’t made my position clear with you.”

“Um, you still kinda haven’t?” Supergirl blurted and then her eyes went wide and she placed a hand over her mouth. “Oh, um, I’m so sorry!” Her words were muffled by her fingers and she looked mortified.

Lena shook her head, feeling amusement lift her lips. “No. It’s fine. I like to know where I stand with people. Your honesty is refreshing.”

Supergirl sighed in relief. “You can count on me to be honest!” She said and she sounded so sincere, like a child heading into their parents work place, all eager and prepared to shoulder burdens they knew nothing of.

“Want to tell me your name?” Lena said suddenly and the Super paused and frowned playfully over at her.

“It’s Supergirl,” she hedged and her fingers played with the fabric keeping her sleeves down.

Lena smiled at her having not really needed an answer from the Super.

“Where we stand….” She mused thoughtfully. “I think that you’re doing a lot of good,” she said quietly, voice level. “Especially with going into schools and shelters.”

Supergirl’s expression lit up. “I went to the hospital last week, with the sick kids. It was amazing!” Her shoulders curled slightly. “Really sad…. But those kids are…. Awe inspiring.”

Lena nodded in agreement. She’d been donating to children’s organisations all over the world for years, but the Leukaemia Ward’s tended to hold a special place in her heart. She had, on multiple occasions, funded many upgrades and equipment purchases and medicinal treatments. All anonymously of course, she didn’t do that for the publicity, would never do something like that for the ‘good press.’

“I want you to keep being you,” Lena said and waved her hand over the ‘S’ crest. “I want you to continue giving people hope, inspiring them to be better, and I want you to save them.”

Lena tilted her head a moment and hesitated before rallying. “But….” She waited until Supergirl’s eyes were on her. “If you decide to rule humanity from a throne….” She ignored the way the hero spluttered in out-rage. “I’ll help stop you… permanently if need be.”

“I’m not- I won’t- I- how dare- I,” the hero was red with rage and Lena felt her heart-rate spike and wondered if she had made a foolish move. She took a step towards Lena and she couldn’t contain her flinch when the concrete of her balcony cracked a little under its force.

Suddenly the hero paused and looked at her searchingly. She took a visible step away from Lena and lifted her hands peacefully. Sorrow was quickly replacing her anger.
“Is that- I…” she sighed and her shoulders dropped. “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to frighten you,” she said and sighed again, louder this time.

Lena’s heart rate returned to normal as the hero looked out over the city. There was silence for a few minutes, the longest of Lena’s life, and then the caped protector turned back to her.

“I don’t like that you want to have guns for aliens, but I do get it… but you have to understand…. The same way you look at aliens…. Is the same way aliens look at you.”

Lena’s jaw worked for a moment before she managed to get the words out. “I haven’t done anything!”

“And neither have they!” Supergirl shot back. “But you judge them too.”

“I’m not like him,” Lena rasped out, voice cracking with rage. “My concerns are justified.”

“Isn’t that what Lex said?”

It was a low blow, and especially coming from the woman wearing the same crest as the one that had driven her brother into madness.

“Humans have every reason to be afraid of what aliens can do! After all, didn’t you go rogue a few months back?”

Supergirl didn’t hesitate as she shot back. “That wasn’t my fault! I was drugged!”

Lena’s brain caught the slip but was more concerned about getting her point across. “It doesn’t matter! You still did it! You terrorised the very people you were supposed to protect!”

“I didn’t mean to! I wasn’t in control of myself!”

And that was exactly what Lena was afraid of. “Exactly,” she said softly, ire gone at the way the Super realised the magnitude of what she had said. She froze and then her shoulders slumped and she curled in on herself. “You say you lost control of yourself, what happens if it happens again? What then? I may be just a Luthor, but I can be controlled and stopped very easily. Cuffs, tranquiliser, even bullets. What about you? And that is what I am afraid of. You aren’t the only one out there.”

Supergirl took a deep breath and let it out, rage draining in the face of Lena’s cool composure, but on the inside her heart was hammering.

“The agency I work with has contingency plans for if… anything like that happens…. For Kal and I,” she added and gazed out over the city. “I-we, we talked about it and I made my position clear. I don’t want to hurt anyone… if I can’t be stopped… I want to be brought down.”

Lena swallowed at the sincerity in blue eyes and at what the Super was telling her.

“I’d like you to help…. If need be…. I-I want to help people. I always have. I don’t want to cause fear or hurt people. If it comes to that…”

Lena inhaled sharply at the request being made of her, of what Supergirl was giving her permission to do if it was needed. A Super was basically giving a Luthor permission to kill her.

“I trust you more than your brother, even if other people…and aliens don’t. I’ve seen you, I’ve watched you… not! in a creepy way!,” she added hurriedly, eyes wide, “and I know you’re like
me,” Supergirl pointed to herself. “You want to help, to do good. Even with your last name.”

There was a moment of silence while Lena took in the hero’s words. It made her feel warm on the inside, a feeling only one person had been able to do for her lately.

“I’m not Lex,” she said firmly and the hero nodded in agreement, and their eyes met and they shared a moment of understanding. Lena felt relieved that she had managed to convey her point of view to Supergirl, without their family history getting too involved. And Supergirl had made some valid points, hopefully now they could move forward.

“I know. So, we good?” The hero asked, almost clapping her hands and she was bouncing a little on her feet.

Lena nodded. “We’re good.”

Supergirl lifted off the ground and then paused, floating next to the railing.

“I never want to see this,” she tapped her crest lightly. “Become a source for fear.”

“Neither do I,” Lena said quietly. “But I do trust you,” she said gently and was rewarded with the hero beaming at her.

“You’re a good egg, Lena Luthor,” the Super smiled, maybe at her own words, and Lena rolled her eyes.

“And here I thought you were a millennial at heart. My mistake.”

Supergirl laughed as she floated back away from the balcony. “You have a good night, Miss Luthor.”

“You too, Supergirl,” Lena smiled as she watched the hero soar away and pushed off from the railing.

Inside her room she focused again on her door and ordered it to slide shut. To her surprise there was less resistance this time, the heat in her mind a little less and the pressure eased much quicker.

Hm, it was certainly something to discuss with Dr Danvers when they next spoke. So far they hadn’t looked at her abilities yet as they were still waiting on the equipment Lena had ordered under a shell co-operation. Soon though, the Doctor would take her through her paces, and she was both nervous and excited for it. Who knew what she was capable of?
Part Thirty - Six

Chapter Summary


Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“Okay. Ready to try again,” Eliza instructed and Lena took a deep breath and steadied herself. They were based in a private hospital that had recently had an anonymous buyer purchased the building and company and then revamped the entire security systems and also had provided brand new, state of the art equipment and facilitates. It had all happened in under a week.

Dr Danvers was given a private wing in the hospital (a few rooms), with full security clearance and accessed to all facilities, and had designed a program to test what was happening to Lena Luthor. She had started with, before the facility had upgraded equipment, Lena’s blood and had run the same tests on it that Lena had, and had come to the conclusion that, at its core, Lena’s DNA was still human.

Currently she had Lena hooked up to a monitor with cords at her temples measuring her brain waves. Lena’s singlet was damp with sweat and her hair was plastered to her forehead. She was panting and her pale skin had darkened to a fatigued red but her eyes were narrowed in concentration as Eliza held a small scalpel to her forearm. She had mentally ran through her responsibilities for the week and had determined she could wear long sleeves for her public appearances and had agreed to go forward with the doctors testing.

They were trying to make the tests as equal as possible and so Lena had offered her body as collateral. Dr Danvers had been reluctant to go down that path, but Lena had made some excellent points. Just by examining her DNA wouldn’t tell them the scope of her regeneration abilities, and she really wanted to know. Who knew what the radiation was doing to her body? The doctor had eventually agreed, reluctantly, and they had started small.

First they had made a few small cuts and then with some of the most expensive camera technology, had held small shards of Kryptonite up to them. All most instantly the wounds closed up and it was as though there had been no damage in the first place. Then they went further, monitoring Lena’s vitals the entire time for any change. The cuts on her arms increased in length, width and depth as they moved down her arm, and Lena had grit her teeth and born the pain as the doctor systematically made them.

Eliza’s eyes were gentle but her hands were firm and steady as she held Lena’s limp hand by the wrist and carefully made her last incision. Lena’s hiss and inhale was her only indication of pain and she let her breath out in a shaky exhale. They took video and photo evidence of the entire process and stored the information, and the other results Eliza had found, on a hidden, private server behind a
firewall so high and deep that it’d make Fort Knox look like a city’s public park.

Eliza gently dabbed the blood away and wiped the arm down with anaesthetic before starting to bind the bloody arm. They had decided to leave one to heal naturally, as a base line, and then go from there. Eliza had poured over all of the records Lena had given her, the ones from her childhood, and the medical records from her crash as well as the L-Corp Tower explosion.

Together they had decided, Eliza determining and Lena confirming, that her childhood statistics fell within the ordinary, and that any change had started with the injections Dr. Alan had been giving her… around the same time that Lex came home talking about other life-forms and the danger they possessed to humans. A year and a half later and her injections started, she’d been sixteen and Lex twenty-one. They increased in frequency and volume after Superman became public and then climaxed with Lex’s war with the caped-hero. It was very obvious something else had been in those injections, and they weren’t just her flu shots.

So far she hadn’t been able to find out what was in them, couldn’t find a paper or digital trail, and well, she wasn’t about to ask Lex.

Going off her x-rays Eliza had estimated a thirty percent maximum regeneration over the average population, but hoped with more monitoring they could get further accuracy. Her next tests would be with some more of Lena’s blood and she was hoping to use a Petri dish to create some skin and see if it would have the same properties as Lena did.

They hadn’t tested any other of the abilities Lena appeared to have been developing, and Lena wasn’t volunteering just yet, she wanted to look into it herself first. Besides, the entire process was weighted. She was learning just how different she was, and it was another barrier between her and the rest of the world, including her last name and intellect.

One of the tests that had made her cry was holding Kryptonite up to one of her scars and watching as it faded before her eyes, leaving her skin as unblemished as it had been before she’d taken a razor blade to it and drawn it across her skin, desperate to feel something, to have a reason for the pain. She tried not to think of that time in her life, of the things she did to herself and what others did to her, but watching the thick, ugly lines, the scars of her past just fade away had brought her to tears.

Eliza hadn’t said anything, had only squeezed her arm and gone over to fiddle with a microscope and a sample, and had left her to her silent tears.

“When you’re ready, if you can tell me how old those are, we can add that to the data,” she said gently, almost off-hand as she examined some degenerating samples, one’s Lena had taken when she first realised something was different about her.

Lena had taken a few minutes to gather her composure, sitting in the chair and watching as the scars she hid from the world were held out in the open, her jeans low on her hips and her shirt unbuttoned. The smaller one she’d just healed left a curious emptiness, a blank space on her skin where she’d once marked over and over until her skin ran red and she could name the pain she was feeling. She stared down at the lines, some pale and angry, even after all these years, and others a soft silver line like a spider-web in moonlight, and she cried and cried and cried.

She told the few lovers she’d had that they were stretch marks and then distracted who-ever rarely shared her bed so they didn’t question her statement. Usually they were in the dark, and she’d direct curious hands to other unblemished skin or have a no-touching rule, so no one ever questioned it. Or she’d ensure her lovers got shit-faced after so that the night was a blur. It wasn’t healthy, but…. She wasn’t ready to share them with the world, didn’t think she’d ever be willing to let them see the light.
It was an out of body experience, pointing out the ones she’d had since her teenage years, back when her intellect out-shone her emotional state and she struggled to voice what she was feeling. At the time it had been all she had, when things were out of her control and she was alone, but as she recovered she’d seen them for what they were. Signs of her weakness. Etched into her body like tally marks. Logically adult Lena was aware of her emotional state, environment, and burdens as a child and teenager, and could rationalise it now… But back then it was all she had.

She did not hate her younger self for her pain and didn’t regret her coping mechanisms, there were plenty of worse ways to cope. Lex had tried to help her when she first started, and she had left her arms and legs to keep him happy, but under her clothes she’d carved her story into her skin. She was careful. Luthor’s were not permitted to show weakness or anything other than strength, arrogance, intelligence, and since Lex, insane xenophobia. No one knew of her hurt, and no one ever would. It was her burden to bear and she’d bear it alone, like she always had and always would.

She spared the woman turning the camera on (and angling it down to the thick line following the curve of her hip) a brief, hesitant glance but Eliza was composed. Maybe prepared for the scars. She could see the band of her underwear on the screen and the scars along her bellybutton and could see her belly-button ring. Eliza held the shard of Kryptonite Lena had brought and her gloves gave way to a small section of her arms on the camera. The silver tongs moved closer and with her other hand Eliza moved the camera into position and guided them both down the contour of Lena’s right hip.

Nothing happened and Eliza tried again and then spoke into the camera as she placed the shard directly on Lena’s skin. “We will test exposure for five minutes, starting now,” she said and pulled away and Lena looked past the rise and fall of her chest and down her stomach where the shard rested on her hip bone. The open folds of her button-up rested down at her sides. Her cell-phone was on the table next to the chair and she reached for it and the Kryptonite shard trembled.

Eliza sat down on her own chair and took a sip of water.

“Kara told me you built her a gun,” she commented and Lena paused as she unlocked her phone. They tended not to discuss their private lives or indeed, anything other than their own education and science and experiments. Lena found Eliza to be an engaging listener and her experience and intelligence made their conversations flow easily. While they waited for results they would discuss the latest medical and technological advances and Eliza was an ideal debating partner. She was quick and witty and very intelligent and most importantly, willing to listen to what Lena had to say and so few people in her life ever were.

Lena nodded and rested her cell on her chest and let her eyes close. She was exhausted, mentally, emotionally and physically, it had been a trying few hours.

“I also saw the footage of you aiming a gun at Supergirl.”

Lena went still and her eyes flickered open. Eliza was looking at her squarely, but the steel in her eyes revealed how badly she wanted the question, for it was a question, answered.

It took her a while to speak, but when she did, she felt she explained herself adequately enough.

“For over a decade I’ve had to listen to my family rant and rave about aliens and what they can do… what danger they possess to humanity. I’ve sat through dinners on how their extinction from Earth would go about, and how they would be dissected first.” Lena hesitated as she saw Eliza flinch slightly and recoil. But it was fact. Luthor’s loathed all things Alien, and Lex, and her mother, had often discussed their imprisonment and execution in order to preserve humanity. Lena had rarely joined in, agreeing with them to save an argument when her own neutral views were shot down and her family looked at her with disgust.
“Superman and Supergirl embody all that they feared,” Lena said and gave a little shrug. “I wanted to see if…” she trailed off a moment and focused on the wall but was lost in her memory. “I wanted to see if I could do it,” she said and pulled her attention from her memory at Eliza’s sharp gasp.

“I wanted to know if I really was a Luthor, if I felt that hatred and fear when staring down the barrel at an Alien….at a Super.” Lena hesitated as she recalled lifting the gun and turning it on the limp hero and felt only…. Compassion and…respect and awe for the hero.

“The thing about the Super’s is that they have day jobs… and no one asks them to shoulder the weight of the world, to take responsibility for humanity the way that they have… but they do it because they can… and because they want to.”

Eliza tilted her head curiously and her gaze was steady and searching.

“I wanted to see if I could take that idea…. The representation of hope… and destroy it,” Lena said and her brow furrowed and she glanced down at her hands. “I couldn’t,” she said softly. “I didn’t feel hatred or fear, only a shared burden…..” She waited a moment before looking up at Eliza.

“I may not shoulder six billion lives but I-I have the power and resources to make a difference, and make a difference for the better, and I want to do that. So I do, sort of, understand the desire to help. To save people.”

Eliza had her head tilted to the side and was looking at her in with soft wonder and she met her gaze a moment before lowering her eyes.

“It was never about the money-well, not- not always. Our technology and resources and companies span the globe and employ hundreds… thousands of some of the greatest minds Earth has to offer. Making money means we can continue doing good.” Lena hesitated and glanced up from the shard of Kryptonite still resting on her hip. Eliza’s eyes were clear, like the brightest part of the sky on a sunny day, and there was a gentle understanding there.

“I think,” she said slowly, trying each word before going on to the next one, “that you’re nothing like your brother.”

Lena inhaled sharply and her eyes went wide as Eliza continued. “I think that you’re good and kind and just and fair. And so, so strong, Lena,” she gently reached out and held Lena’s hand and the CEO responded with a vice-like grip. “Your last name doesn’t define you and eventually everyone will see that…. And if they don’t,” Eliza said, gaze warm as Lena’s eyes watered and her throat grew tight, “then they’re missing out on a wonderful, bright and beautiful woman.”

In the middle of a private wing in a private hospital with the mother of the girl she was falling in love with comforting her, Lena Luthor let herself cry.

xxxxxXXXXXxxxxx

“I can’t believe she gave you a gun,” Alex still clearly wasn’t over Lena Luthor giving her baby-sister a fire-arm, and having her trained in how to use it.

“Alex,” Kara sighed exasperated as she flopped down on the couch with the popcorn bag. Her closed lap-top was over on the coffee table with a note-pad next to it and a few names jotted down. Snapper had given her a new task, a story on the Luthor’s, again, but Kara had decided to do it in
another direction and pitch it to him later. She wanted to know of the people behind the name, of Lex, and of Lena, before Lex’s madness. What exactly drove the genius to genocide? She was wanting a little more background information before she pitched it to Snapper, and she’d been looking at some names—using her clearance as Supergirl, to see if she could dig anything up that could help. So far she only had names and photos, she’d get numbers later.

“Nope,” the agent shook her head. “She gave you a gun, Kara! An alien killing gun!”

Seeing her sister still furious and maybe a little jealous, Kara paused the film in the middle of the opening credits and turned to face her sister fully. It was their bi-weekly sister night, and thankfully there had been a lull in alien crime so both sisters had gotten off early and were ready for pizza, postickers, booze, and whatever movie Kara wanted. Alex had gotten the choice last time and so had complained good-naturedly when Kara choose the Lion King, again. The two had a few empty boxes of pizza and a few empty bottles when Kara decided it was time to start their movie.

Mostly Alex had been good about keeping it to non-work related topics. Maggie came up a lot. So did their mum’s move to National City and her sweet apartment. And Maggie. And what a dick Snapper was. And how Kara missed Cat. Maggie. How James was running around in a metal suit playing hero and that he’d dragged Winn into it. And Maggie were some of the discussions for the evening.

To be fair it had been about three hours before she even touched upon the subject of Lena Luthor, which, to be fair, was a new record. Kara wouldn’t stop talking about her, but now she was gearing up for another rant.

“Nope,” the agent shook her head. “She gave you a gun, Kara! An alien killing gun!”

“I heard you the first time,” Kara commented as she absently scrolled on her Supergirl Twitter.

“A gun!”

“Yes, a gun,” Kara nodded and kept looking through her Twitter feed. She hadn’t followed many people as Supergirl, but the most glaring, and perhaps the biggest source of her confusion, was the high profile name with the most followers. Lena Luthor.

She hadn’t been able to see Lena since she’d taken her from the city and out to the gun range and had given her a gun! The thought of it still made her lips want to curl into a smile. Lena had been sweet and uncharacteristically nervous as she explained why she was giving her a gun and the logic behind it. Kara had been far to calm about the entire thing, according to Alex who had lost her shit when Kara showed up to the DEO with a gun made by Lena Luthor.

Kara had explained everything and then the DEO had run various tests on it, keeping to the parameters Lena warned her of, and had even had Kara fire it in the DEO weapon testing room just to see how it worked.

It recoiled powerfully, and were Kara not Kryptonian it would have sent her stumbling back, and a shot of electric blue energy dove from the barrel of the gun and towards J’onn, who had volunteered to be the test subject. It had struck him in the chest and sent him soaring backwards a half dozen feet before rippling across his body like bolts of electricity and leaving him stunned. Kara had been horrified and had almost dropped the gun in her effort to get to J’onn faster. Thankfully he was just stunned, and they monitored him round the clock for the next twenty-four hours to ensure no lasting effects. She was thankful she had only kept the dose on human level and had touched the trigger, because were he human and it was on a higher level it probably would have killed him. She didn’t want to test what the high powered round would be like,
if the low powered one managed to paralyse J’onn for a good four minutes (four minutes and thirteen seconds to be precise).

Alex had, of course, been furious and had been in J’onn’s medical room demanding she be able to go see Lena and bring her in. J’onn’s voice, so like thunder, had to eventually end the discussion. Alex would not approach Lena Luthor because she had given the weapon to Kara, and it wouldn’t work for anyone else (people had tried and the power bar and climbed warningly until they released the trigger).

She’d been scared, Kara realised later, that if Lena could build something like that, then maybe she could build something to hurt Kara. Well, not Kara, but Supergirl. When she calmed down she’d been torn between anger at Lena having the nerve to think Alex hadn’t made sure Kara was protected and wouldn’t protect her, and finding the entire situation amusing. Kara was still in denial about her feelings, whatever they were (not-platonic) but they hadn’t had that conversation just yet.

“It’s her way of making sure I’m safe,” Kara said in response to Alex’s groan and her sister moved the pillow from her face and stared at Kara.

She had initially been a little shocked at the gun, but was glad her first reaction had been the right one. After giving it some thought she realised that Lena didn’t really know how to act with people she cared about… like, she had never had enough people around her to show her how you care for someone. Lena giving Kara a gun, especially designing and building one especially for her and for the… occupational hazards of her job, had been her way of showing she cared. She had done the best she could to make sure Kara stayed safe, and would trust in her brain and technology to make sure of it. Lena was trying to protect her, and that was all that mattered. At a subconscious level she must have realised that and had responded in a way that suited both Lena and herself. Lena was trying to keep her safe the only way she knew how. It was like Alex teaching her how to fight, or Eliza and that pepper-spray.

“Why’re you smiling?” Alex asked suspiciously and Kara immediately schooled her features into nonchalance.

“What smiling? Me? I’m not—I’m not smiling….”

“What are you smiling at?” Alex questioned and tilted her head. “Are you reading fanfiction about you and Lena again?”

She was rewarded with her sister’s head snapping up and her eyes going wide as her cheeks flushed. “What?! No!” She yelped and Alex gave a sneaky little giggle.

“Are you sureeeee?” She asked and waggled her eyebrows playfully.

“Ew, no Rao no! Alex!” Kara wined and Alex burst into laughter while Kara pouted and clutched her phone to her chest.

“I’m just texting her….”

Unfortunately for both Lena and Kara, after their little discussion on Twitter fanfiction and fan art had cropped up and Winn being Winn had found some and had read it to Alex, much to Kara’s mortification.

One that was gaining traction on the internet was the one about how Lena Luthor was disappointed with her girlfriend/fuck-buddy Supergirl for embarrassing her online by implying she had thrush and wanted to punish her….with a strap on…. It was filthy. Alex had been horrified and Winn, who at
first had found it amusing, had then closed the page in disgust while Kara stood frozen. She’d gone from pale to red quicker than a bloodstain on a bandage.

Winn never read any more fanfiction out-loud, but Kara was still trying to apologise to Lena for the incident and had quickly found the quality filter and block buttons on Twitter. She had to release an official statement explaining her words and what happened and had profusely apologised to Lena, even texting her her apology. Lena seemed to find it amusing as hell, and had offered her a shovel with a bow on it the next time she visited her new temporary office. They had tweeted the image and it was one of her most re-tweeted Tweets.

To be fair a lot of their followers, and the public once the tweets and entire fiasco were published, found the incident a humanising experience for both the Luthor and the Super and had started to call them friends. Kara had liked that. Seeing people see how wonderful Lena was, even though most of the articles praised Supergirl for being willing to be friendly with a Luthor. Of course, a few people were speculating just how friendly the two were. Some of their comments had apparently held flirtatious undertones.

Still, Kara didn’t like one of the more popular photos. Didn’t like it at all. I mean, if she was being impartial it was a nice photo. A week and a half ago Lena and Supergirl had visited another children’s hospital and James had been invited to take photos—there were photographers outside of course but he was the official photographer—and it was the photo he’d chosen for the article that currently had her attention.

Lena was crouching down to speak to a child in a princess costume and Supergirl stood nearby with her arms folded impressively. It would be fine if it weren’t for the look of….adoration on her face. It wasn’t Kara’s fault, okay! Lena had just been so good with the kids, surprising as she didn’t have the …most nurturing of upbringings, and Kara had been in awe of her. She could awe children because hey! Alien here! But it was….something to see Lena do it. Of course James had to catch the moment Supergirl asked if Lena wanted kids. Lena had looked up at her through her lashes and asked if that was her offering (to give her said child in a weird alien way) and the fanfiction ought to be…interesting. In the photo’s after, thankfully not published, Kara’s mouth had fallen open and she had gaped like a fish and then turned bright red. She still remembered the warmth of Lena’s laugh, it echoed in her chest.

But still! Supergirl did not gaze down at people, pretty girls, or like, anyone, with such a dopey and proud look on her face. It was very bad for her rep. So now people were calling their relationship ‘gal pals’ and ‘more than friends?’ and she didn’t like it. Didn’t like it at all.

“You’re frowning again,” Alex said and settled back on her side of the couch and slung her legs up over Kara’s lap.

Kara glanced at her and then the crinkle in her brow smoothened and she smiled. Her phone brightened with a notification.

“Lena’s invited me to lunch tomorrow,” she said and she quickly tapped out an affirmative response and Alex lifted her brow.

“So why were you frowning?”

“I wasn’t frowning,” Kara said but she averted her eyes, the lie obvious. Alex let it slide though.

“Alright, let’s watch the movie.”

The opening credits rolled on and they watched the film, and its sequel (Alex couldn’t say no to
Kara’s begging eyes) and didn’t talk work or friends the rest of the night. But Alex remembered
Kara’s frown, remembered her defence of Lena, and wondered at it. She didn’t appear to be aware
of her feelings, just yet, but maybe she and Eliza could sit Kara down and maybe talk to her about it?

Chapter End Notes

I'm glad everyone like the Twitter conversation! I don't have one so I hoped everything
made sense. And,... for the moment you've all been waiting for (some more patiently
than others) the Kiss. The kiss is coming-about a half week in the story. So soon. Fewer
chapters than I thought it would be-maybe 5 now. Between 5-10. But that's still a lot of
words between now and that moment. I'm setting up some things now. Tying in plot
lines and starting new ones :)

And I am overwhelmed by the responses last chapter. You don't know how happy they
make me :D Mwah! <3
Alex paid her Uber and got out of the car and made a mental note to ensure the man never got to drive anyone around for money every again. She was certain she’d nearly died, twice! And she was a secret government agent that went after aliens. She risked death on a frequent basis, but she had never been so close to death as she had been in the back of that car. She was certain of it.

Eliza’s apartment building had wonderful security, she had to admit. They wouldn’t even let her near the elevators without being cleared first. While she was tempted to show them her ‘FBI’ ID, she was content to sit in the lounge and wait for her mother to show up and opened Twitter to see how Supergirl was doing after going to a burning apartment block. Alex knew she’d be pissed, it had interrupted her not-date with Lena and she wondered what excuse Kara had used to get out of it. She was just happy it was her day off and she’d spent the morning in bed with her girlfriend and could spend the evening with her mother and sister. A day with the most important people, women, in her life.

Her browsing of Twitter was interrupted by her name being called, and like all children she instantly turned to see what her mother wanted. It was an ingrained reflex. Your mother called your name and you came running.

“Alex!” Eliza had two armloads of groceries and was being followed by a man in a tux and he was carrying groceries as well. She took him in certain she had seen him before.

He was tall and willowy, maybe a few years older than her mother and had pale blue eyes. The white hair of his balding crown was tightly cropped and he had lines etched into his face.

“Mom! Here, let me-” she reached for the bags but Eliza ducked away and nodded to the man behind her.

“Take Haz’s bags,” Eliza directed and Alex obediently took his bags. They were heavier than she had thought and her muscles strained pleasantly at the weight.

He nodded sharply and then looked at Eliza.

“If that is all, Dr Danvers?”

“Thank you, Haz,” her mother replied and he nodded to her and then walked back towards the door, fishing a key from his pocket.

Alex watched him go frowning. She swore she had seen him somewhere.

“Come on, Alex,” Eliza called as she walked towards the elevator. She paused at the reception and talked with the receptionist, clearly Alex for any future visits.

Satisfied that her daughter would be given clearance whenever she tried to come visit Eliza led them to the elevator where the guard there let them in.

He nodded to them both and went back to standing before the elevators with his hands clasped before him.

It was a few hours later when Kara landed on the balcony and ducked inside with a tired sigh.
Eliza and Alex had worked their way through the preparation and cooking of their lasagne and had the table set and ready to go when Kara told them she was on her way.

“Hi,” she said as she straightened. “Sorry I’m late. I stopped by Lena’s earlier.”

Eliza nodded and handed a bottle of grape-juice to Alex to un-pop. “It’s just heating. Go wash up,” she said and grabbed a set of salad spoons from the drawer.

Alex set the juice on the table, set the glasses and grabbed her own beer from the fridge.

Kara zipped to the bathroom and then appeared back in the dining room. Eliza was already seated and Kara pulled up a chair with a smile as Alex wandered over with her beer. “It smells soooo good,” she gushed and was already heaping steaming lasagne onto her plate. There was even a little bit of lettuce on it as well.

“How was the fire?” Alex asked and took the salad bowl her mother handed to her. Eliza glanced between the two but kept quiet, a small, soft smile on her face like the old days when she’d listen to Kara and Alex talk about school.

Kara lifted her shoulder in a shrug and chew quickly fedora second, lifting her finger up to show she heard the question and was going to respond. “It was okay. Fire department had it contained but couldn’t put it out. Then I had a robbery.”

She took another large bite of her lasagne and groaned in satisfaction and Alex was jealous her sister didn’t feel the heat of it.

“How was your lunch?” Eliza asked and took a dainty bite of her salad and didn’t miss Kara brightening.

“It was good!” She said instantly. “Lena had booked a table at that new place on the foreshore, um Poseidon’s Palace? It’s so nice!”

“Food good?” Alex asked and speared some lettuce on her fork before bringing it to her mouth. Kara had already cleared her plate and was helping herself to seconds.

“Yup!” and then she hesitated. “At least it was when Lena heated it up for me…. It would have been amazing fresh!”

“Nice,” Alex grunted and took a sip of her beer.

“How is Lena?” Eliza enquired and took a sip of her juice. Kara looked at her sceptically.

“She’s your friend, honey. She’s important to you,” Eliza said gently and Alex glanced between her mother and sister curiously. Huh.

“So how is she?”

Kara hesitated and the telling crinkle appeared in the middle of her brow.

“I-how do you ask someone if they hurt themselves? Like,” Kara added hurriedly. “How do you let them know you’re there for them, and get them help?” She put down her knife and fork, and her plate still had food on it. Alex looked at her mother with wide eyes, trying to communicate… something… Eliza just nodded slowly.

“What makes you think she’s hurting herself?”
“She had a cut on her arm,” Kara said quickly. “And I didn’t mean to look or anything but she must have bumped it or something because I saw the blood through the bandage and she just brushed it off but her heart beat changed and I know her heartbeat and that wasn’t right and how it is supposed to sound and I don’t want to interfere with her life but if she is hurting I want to help but I don’t-”

“Kara, breathe sweetie,” Eliza said gently and reached across the table to offer her youngest her hand. “Maybe she just… had a disagreement with a corner drawer or something….”

The crinkle on Kara’s brow deepened. “Maybe,” she said sounding sceptical.

“People…” Eliza began carefully. “Hide their scars… and if that is something Lena—if you do ask her—just—be careful… I don’t think weakness was acceptable in that family…. and I don’t know how she would act if you didn’t handle it subtly."

“I can be subtle,” Kara defended, but it didn’t sound like she was invested in it. She had picked up her fork and was playing with her food. Playing with it.

“Anyway,” Alex said with wide eyes and looked back at her sister.

“How was your lunch date?”

Kara immediately brightened and then proceeded to gush about Lena for an entire hour—with prompting from Alex and Eliza—and showed no sign of stopping even when they cleared the table. She was going on about how she had to get some of Lena’s lipstick because it was such a pretty shade while they washed the dishes, a tradition in the Danvers family. After the meal they would share the dishes and talk and laugh, and they enjoyed the wind-down before retiring to leisure time. Alex and Kara would do their homework at the table while Eliza or Jeremiah came home and started on tea. And as they got older they would start tea themselves, talking about math or science or English, or even the kids at school. Alex was finishing up with the washing and started to wipe the bench down. Eliza was drying and Kara was putting the utensils away.

Kara was still talking about Lena’s smile, and what each of the different smiles meant, when Alex suddenly asked if she were single.

Kara’s rambling about how making Lena smile made her feel halted, and she frowned over at Alex like a confused puppy.

Eliza just lifted a brow and took a cup and started to dry it. Pointedly staying quiet but knowing her eldest had decided to approach the subject of Kara loving Lena as they had talked about before she got here.

“Why?” Kara asked, and she sounded very suspicious.

“One of Maggie’s,” Alex’s face split into a smile at the name, “friends wanted to know.”

Kara’s eyes narrowed. “Which friend?” Eliza placed the mug down and moved on to one of the final crystal glasses in the drying rack. Her tea-towel was nearly finished and she was glad they were almost done.

“Kel, from IT? 5’9, red-head, blue eyes, and really pretty. You remember her? She was the one who wanted to buy Lena a drink and—”

“—and kept her talking about hacking and coding all night,” Kara finished icily and Alex shared a look with her mother. She could have sworn Kara’s eyes flashed red, but it must have been a trick of the light.
“Yeah, that’s the one,” Alex nodded in agreement and turned to the fridge.

“She thought Lena was hot and wants to ‘tap that’,” she mused as she pulled out the cheesecake and spun quickly at the sound of broken glass.

Kara was staring blankly at the broken remains of the glass in her hand and then blinked down at the shards of it on the wooden floors.

“Um, sorry,” she said and then she blurred and then her form solidified. The glass had been wrapped and placed in the trash and the floor had been scanned for any other shards.

She was frowning though, lips pressed together in displeasure almost near to a pout.

“Kel’s nice,” Alex hedged and Kara’s frown deepened, wrinkles appearing on her forehead like the bowed face of a cliff.

“I don’t like her,” she said suddenly, mutinously and took the remaining dishes and put them away, turning from her mother and sister a moment.

Eliza and Alex shared a look. Eliza ducked her head and flicked it, and her eyes, towards her youngest. Alec shrugged in response and then quickly turned back to the freezer as Kara turned back.

She was still visibly upset and her pout was firmly in place.

“Her and Lena seemed to get along okay after game night,” Alex commented and set the ice-cream on the table and Kara seemed to curl in slightly. “It would be good for her to have another friend.”

The strong line of Kara’s shoulders drooped and she worked a loose thread from the bottom of her shit. Eliza had the bowls down and Alex opened the drawers.

“Yeah…” Kara said softly, and kept her head down.

Alex served them cheesecake and Eliza took care of the ice-cream. Through habit Kara was given the biggest bowl, twice as much as both Eliza and Alex’s pudding combined.

They ate quietly, taking the non-verbal cues Kara was radiating. She sat slumped at the counter over her bowl and half-heartedly took a few spoons and Alex and Eliza kept casting each other worried glances. While they had both agreed this intervention of sorts was necessary they didn’t want to hurt Kara. They just wanted her to see what they could see. That she was in love with Lena.

After minutes of Kara glaring into her melting pudding Eliza nodded over at Alex. “Is she really pretty?”

Kara’s head snapped up and Alex hid her smile and nodded along. Her little sister just needed a little more encouragement. Maggie had actually talked to her about it; how gay Kara was for Lena, and had pointed out that Lena was about as straight as Elton John when Alec had wondered if anything could or would come of it. It had been a bit to wrap her head around, admittedly, but she had given it a lot of thought and had eventually conceded that Maggie was right. Kara had a massive crush on Lena and it was likely that she wasn’t even aware of it.

She just passed everything that she and Lena did together as Lena just being Lena and them just being good friends. Their affection was passed off as just close friends, and that led to a rant about how Lena didn’t have many friends and Kara was her best and only friend and maybe her first friend and it was such a big responsibility and then she would curse at the world for not realising that Lena
was kind and beautiful and smart and generous and so pretty. Like seriously the prettiest girl in the world. (Alex disagreed. Maggie held that title. But she was certain even Shakespeare would weep in wonder at some of the words Kara used to describe Lena).

Lena’s own physical affection was scoffed off as her years at boarding school and Alex wasn’t able to judge Kara for her won need for affection. Kara was a touchy affectionate. She hugged. She held hands. She touched. Kara craved contact.

Alec opened up her Facebook and took a quick search and was rewarded with Kel (Kelly) Richie’s Facebook profile. She and Alex weren’t friends, (they had one mutual: Maggie) but her profile picture was clear. She was a pretty girl, by the picture at least. Her hair was long and dark and over her shoulders and her smile was wide, straight, and white. There was a dimple in her left cheek and her eyes were framed with dainty lines. In her picture she was in exercise gear and cuddling a brown dog with gorgeous blue eyes. She was clearly taking a selfie and her muscle definition was obvious in her arms and indented into her tight grey shirt.

“She’s not that pretty,” Kara murmured mutinously to the sodden melted mess in her bowl once Alex had shown the picture around and she dropped her spoon with unnecessary force.

“Yes, she is,” Eliza said and took a bite of her cheesecake as Kara slumped further into her chair.

“She’s one of the best in the department. She used to serve in the military. Has medals and everything,” Alex said and took her phone back and clicked it back to the main screen.

“She’s prettier,” Kara said and her tone was similar to when she’d been told she could not take Alex flying at night.

“Lena is pretty,” Eliza agreed and Kara brightened, barely.

It was Alex’s turn to add fuel to the fire. Kara was nearly there. It would be worth it. It had to be.

“Maybe Lena likes brave people?” Alex shrugged and then hesitated a moment before adding, “Kel was talking about her tours a little after game night. She’s very brave, Lena would be impressed by that at least.”

“I like dogs,” Kara said, clearly to herself and her tone was tipped with bitterness. “And I’m brave…. I save the city all the time! I save Lena!” Her head lifted and she looked so confused and hurt and… scared that Alex was nearly ready to drop the act to spare her little sister any more distress.

“She doesn’t deserve Lena!” Kara said suddenly, brow tightening and the marble benchtop cracked under her hands as she stood suddenly and placed her palms on it. Bright blue eyes were burring as they gazed at Alex and she spared a thought for the criminals her sister stared down as Supergirl. Kara could be very intimidating like this; radiating confidence and strength and a foreign grace and regality that belonged to monarch’s hanging in hallowed halls in ancient buildings.

Eliza just took a sip of her wine and reached for Alex’s phone.

“She’s not gonna listen to her geek out about science things or talk about her screwed up family or spend her days thinking of ways to make her smile or bring her plumerias because they’re her favourite or bring her lunches because she works to hard and doesn’t take care over herself!” Kara’s eyes were burning and her voice gradually increased in volume as she continued.

“She’s not gonna think of ways to make Lena laugh ‘cause it’s the most beautiful thing ever, and watch the Chase with her and snuggle on the couch and cry over the Lion King, and feel empty when she’s gone, and go on motorbike rides with her, and dance around the kitchen with her being
silly and tell her she’s beautiful every. Single. Day!”

Kara barely took a breath before she was off again. “She’s not gonna take her on hikes because she loves nature or go to the garden or park or museum or aquarium, and travel the world with her or take her to her favourite places and want to see everything again with her to watch her experience it.”

Alex cast a glance to Eliza and saw that she had pressed record on her phone and was recording the entire rant and she quickly looked back at Kara. She’d never been afraid of her sister, afraid of what she could do yes, but never afraid it would be turned on her. Not that she was now, but she was definitely aware that they had pushed Kara into her feelings, now they just had to handle it gently. Kid-Gloves, Danvers. Kid gloves.

“Kel’s not gonna think about her before she goes to sleep and when she wakes up in the morning, and tell her she’s so good and kind and so full of light, and do anything for her, and come home to her, and love he-“

Kara’s voice which had been bellowing around the kitchen fell silent as though she’d been smothered, but the word’s had been snatched from her lips before she could utter them. The odd contrast to it was startling. The echo of her words, and feelings, lingered in the room still and she was breathing heavily as though she had just sprinted up the stairs, even though such exercise was nothing for a Kryptonian.

“Love her like you do?” Alex asked gently and a strangled sound forced its way from between Kara’s parted lips.

Her eyes were wide and her expression best resembled that blonde kid from the Home Alone movies.

“I-I,” She tried to form the words and Alex could see her struggling with what she had just admitted. “I-I don’t-Lena-we aren’t-I-love-she-.”

Eliza ended the recording and then slowly turned it to Kara and pressed play. Soon Kara’s impassioned voice was again piping up in the kitchen, voice small and sharp through the admittedly old technology and Alex made a mental note to get a new phone.

Her sister was quiet as she listened and watched herself confess her feelings for Lena and her eyes turned glassy and a tear fell from her lashes and rolled down her face. Alex and Eliza were still, as though afraid to break the peace. It was still and charged. Heavy with energy as though any movement or word would break the balance and send them into chaos or to heaven. It was the moment before the storm; the eye of the hurricane.

Eventually the video ended and Kara blinked.

Alex would remember the exact moment and words for the rest of her life, and in times when it got tough she would hold onto this, this cherished memory and use its warmth, strength, hope and love to guide her through her hardships. She saw the exact moment Kara understood what she was feeling and the moment she realised what it meant. A slow smile crossed her lips and her sister beamed and spoke three life-changing words. It was warm and full of affection. It was the way some people spoke of their God’s; in hushed reverent wonder. “I love Lena.”
“Hey Vasquez,” Alex called as she jogged up the stairs to the command centre.

“Mh,” Vasquez hummed and shifted her gaze on her monitor to catch Alex’s reflection.

Alex offered her a brown-paper bag with a familiar logo on it and the agent spun in her seat instantly.

“Donuts?”

Vasquez’s eyes narrowed a moment but she snatched the bag anyway. “What do you need, Danvers?”

Alex’s eyes widened. “What makes you think that— alright. Fine. I need a favour.”

Vasquez took a slow bite of the donut and chewed it thoughtfully.

“I need you to hack into the security feeds of my mum’s apartment,” Alex said hurriedly after a glance around to make sure no-one was in earshot.

Vasquez paused and nodded slowly. There was a dusting of sugar on her lips and she licked them before slowly lowering the donut and wiping her hands.

“Name?”

“Huh, oh um,” Alex wracked her brain. “Phoenix Luxury Condos.” One of the reasons Vasquez was so liked was that she didn’t ask questions. If she trusted you and your intentions she was generally on board without needing to know, but she trusted she’d be informed when needed.

It took the agent a few minutes and then she had access to the entire security network.

“Okay. I need yesterday at around three o’clock. Mum was wearing a black jacket and blue scarf.”

“Okay,” Vasquez’s fingers flew over the keys and a few minutes later yesterday’s footage was showing up.

She used her mouse to scroll slowly through the time stamps.

“There! Can you—“

Vasquez had halted at her shout and pressed play and they watched Eliza get from a sleek black car and move around to the boot to get groceries. A tall, slender man got out with her and helped her carry the groceries into the buildings.

“Can we get that number plate at all?”

“Give me a second.”

It took more than a second, but after five minutes they had the plate and Vasquez ran it without prompting. It belonged to a car hire….but to an armoured car hire.
Vasquez whistled. “What’s your mother got herself caught up in, Danvers?”

Alex stared at the website for the car with a frown. “I don’t know. I just had a feeling…” she trailed off. “Who hired it?”

“Already on it,” Vasquez said and a few clicks later she was inside the database for the company. “A… Nicholas Web,” she said and then clicked open the DEO servers to locate him. “Oh. Okay.”

“What!” Alex felt her heart stumble a little. Her gut feeling had never led her wrong before but her mother had said she was fine, and work was going well and she was enjoying it.

“He died like a month ago.”

“He what?!” Alex’s hand turned white on the seat grip and Vasquez eyed it a moment.

“Look,” she gestured to the screen. “His death certificate. He died last month.”

“Then how did he hire a car?” Alex said suspiciously and her hand strayed to her phone. She should call Kara. Let her know. She might need her help. But Kara was with Lena today… And after last nights revelation she had some things to work through. So…. Maybe she should call someone else. Someone proficient with the use of fire-arms, intimidation tactics, and had a badge of her own.

“So what is your mum up to?”

“Um,” Alex said as she fished for her phone. “She’s doing something medical. Something huge, she said.”

“Well,” Vasquez said as she clicked out of a few tabs. “They must want to keep her safe and happy.”

Alex hummed and final pulled her phone free and unlocked it.

“They’ve set her up in a very expensive apartment. They have a driver for her and it’s a Mercedes,” Vasquez emphasised and shifted away from her keyboard a little and picked up her donut again. “It’s like a half million dollar car.”

“What about the driver?”

Vasquez shook her head. “The footage’s to grainy. I couldn’t get a face.”

“Alright. Thanks,” Alex said and clapped her on the shoulder as she brought her phone to her ear.

It took her girlfriend-girlfriend, the word still made her giddy- a few rings to pick up.

‘Alex,’ she could hear her girlfriends smile through the line and couldn’t help her own rising to her lips.

“Hey. You busy?”

The creak of a chair could be heard faintly down the line and Maggie grunted. ‘No, why? Want to get lunch?’

“Normally I would, but….”

The chair creaked again and when Maggie’s voice entered the line all signs of playfulness were gone. ‘What is it?’ She asked seriously.
“I’m not sure yet. Can I come see you?”

Maggie’s response was instantaneous. ‘I’ll meet you at Aroma’s?’

Alex nodded and then realised her girlfriend couldn’t see her. “Yeah, sure. It can be a working lunch.”

‘Alright. See you soon!’

A half hour later and both girls were sitting down at a small café near the precinct and Alex sighed. Maggie had a calming effect on her, just by being there.

“Okay. So what’s wrong?” Maggie asked after they had ordered and taken a seat.

“I think my mum’s caught up in something…” Alex trailed off, realising how stupid it sounded out loud.


Alex sighed. “Okay. So, you know how she suddenly moved to National City?”

“Well, yeah. But you said she’d been talking about it for years.”

Alex nodded in agreement. “But she was never really serious about it. Or at least I didn’t think she was. She likes the small town vibe. Loves the country and animals.”

Maggie took a sip of her coffee. “Okay. So she decides to move here to be closer to her daughters?”

Alex shook her head, own drink lying forgotten and she could feel her blood pressure start to rise. “No… see that’s the thing…. She moved here for a job.”

Maggie thought a moment and nodded once. “Okay….so she moves for a job but not for her kids?” She lifted a shoulder in a shrug and flashed her dimples. “So that makes her a kinda shitty mum or the job must be worth it and I know she’s not a shit mum.”

Temporarily distracted by her girlfriend’s radiant smile Alex took a few moments to answer. “She said it was huge. That it could change everything…. It’s just… I’m worried about her.”

“Did you ask her about it?”

“Of course. She signed NDA’s so tight she says a word and she loses everything. Apparently,” she added as an afterthought. “She won’t talk about it.”

Maggie’s eyes were sharp on her face. “Okay, so what makes you think something is up?” Maggie’s job relied on instinct and sometimes you just had that feeling, and you knew to follow it.

“She was dropped off by a guy I swear I’ve seen before, and the car was one of those armoured Mercedes,” she paused a moment to let Maggie’s whistle of amazement pass. “But the man who hired it died a month ago.”

Maggie’s waffles arrived with a smile from the waitress and she was decidedly less friendly when she put Alex’s eggs benedict down in front of her.

“That is… suspicious….,” Maggie said after a moment’s thought and Alex felt a weight lift from her shoulders that she hadn’t realised was there. If Maggie believed her, and thought it was suspicious, then she was justified in her plan of action.
“I want to follow her,” Alex said and took the serviette off her knife and fork bundle. “Just to see where she is and to make sure she is safe.”

Maggie nodded and then grinned suddenly. “Does a stakeout count as a date?”

“Hey,” Lena said gently and her voice pulled Kara from her thoughts and she glanced over the table to see Lena gazing at her. The bright green of her eyes was soft and warm and Kara felt her heart flutter and she flushed, now knowing the reason for her body’s reaction to the brunette.

“Are you okay?” Lena asked and Kara could feel her concern radiating from her and it made her heart summersault.

“I’m-I’m fine,” she said and adjusted her glasses, giving Lena the sincerest smile she could manage. Lena looked sceptical a moment and then nodded.

“I know you said she was okay, but if you need to see your sister I don’t-“

“No!” Kara interrupted, quite loudly if the weird looks from the other patrons were to be judged. She felt her face heat again. “No. I want to be here with you- I mean, um, I like spending time with you-“ internally she cursed and told herself to tone it down.

Lena’s smile was like a dose of sunshine and Kara glowed with it. “I like spending time with you as well,” she said softly and gazed at Kara from under her lashes, suddenly shy.

Kara’s heart twisted and she grinned. She liked that Lena liked to spend time with her. She liked it to….for less than platonic reasons she now realised, but she liked it as well. Then she slumped a little, guilt like poison seeping through her veins at her lies. She’d told Lena there had been an emergency with her sister when she had to leave her and go be Supergirl, and Lena had been sweet and had flowers delivered to Alex’s apartment-which had made Kara swoon at the time- and she hadn’t told her how she felt about her.

After her confession last night and the euphoria had died down a little the panic had set in. She had worn a path in her mother’s kitchen floor, cracked the granite bench, and had broken multiple mugs as Alex and Eliza had tried to calm her down with hot chocolate. Eventually they succeeded in getting her to a couch-which cracked under the weight of her falling on it- and talked her feelings for Lena over with her.

After coming to terms with the fact she loved Lena- and boy was it so obvious now she wanted to kick herself- she then had to deal with how Lena felt about her, what action she was taking now her feelings were known, and then had a mini heart attack about whether or not Lena would reject her. Her alien biology didn’t even come up until later and that set of another round of tears and hysterics.

To their credit Alex and Eliza had almost seemed prepared for this and had held her hands (one each) and had talked her through it. It was an emotional night but eventually she had come to terms with how she felt and had decided three things.

One; she was in love with Lena. Her smile, her laugh, the way her eyes would crinkle when Kara did something she found endearing, and her heart. Rao she loved Lena’s heart. She loved all of Lena, but her heart she loved most of all.
Two; she would die before she did anything to risk losing Lena. Lena brightened her day like her own personal sun and Kara would not risk their friendship for anyone, even for herself. It was Eliza that had pointed it out, actually, when Kara was talking about what if Lena did like her back? Her mother had mentioned that Lena didn’t have anyone or didn’t appear too, so that if it did turn bad-if Kara confessed her feelings and Lena rejected her and then their friendship was ruined-then Lena wouldn’t have anyone to turn to for support. That had sobered Kara’s joy at being in love right up. She couldn’t hurt Lena, she just couldn’t. She could spend the rest of her life on the side lines watching as Lena loved someone else, never making a move and just staying firmly at her side as a friend if it meant never risking Lena’s heart. The thought nearly crippled her, but she would endure it if she could stay in Lena’s life.

Third; and this was the more difficult point, or at least Alex had thought it was. For some reason her sister didn’t think if Kara confessed her feelings it wouldn’t go down as badly as the Titanic. Her final and most pressing point was that she was not human. She was an alien. A Kryptonian. A Super. And Lena was a Luthor. Romeo and Juliette indeed. But Kara was not one to shy away from who she was when she was with people she trusted and cared for. She told Winn as soon as she came-out as Supergirl, and she could already be herself with James and her family. She wanted to tell Lena who she was, it was only fair to her, and how could any relationship last if it weren’t built on trust? And that meant coming clean about her alien biology and that, more than anything, terrified Kara. It terrified her because she didn’t think she could handle it if she told Lena she was an alien and she rejected her. She didn’t think she would, mind, but fear can be irrational and all it takes is one doubt to fester and grow.

Eliza had been surprisingly supportive of Lena in that regard, for all that she had basically attacked Lena on their dinner a few weeks earlier. She seemed adamant that Lena didn’t seem like that kind of person, but Kara rationalised, you could never really tell. Kid’s had been kicked out of house and home for being gay by parents who had sworn to love and cherish and protect them from conception, so words didn’t always mean truth.

In the end she had decided she would keep her heart to herself, it would protect both her and Lena that way. She couldn’t lose Lena’s friendship. Didn’t know what she would do without her in her life. So she was quiet. But still…. She had never been particularly good at keeping secrets and she did wonder how she hadn’t slipped up and told Lena already. She desperately wanted her to know, but she was more afraid of rejection.

“How’s it going?” Lena’s voice was softer, gentler than she’d heard her speak before and her hand was across the table and resting on top of Kara’s. Her breath hitched and her blood sang at the close proximity. Rao her palm was warm and Kara wanted nothing more than to turn her hand and intertwine their fingers. Friends could do that, right? And she was needing comfort so that wasn’t taking advantage of Lena or anything, right?

She flipped her hand and let Lena take it and Lena’s heartbeat tripped over its self and Kara tensed. Lena ran the tip of her fingers up and down Kara’s open palm and Kara’s fingers stitched in response and she instantly felt the tension leave her body. Lena just smiled shyly and did it again but looked her in the eyes. Kara’s palm tingled and the hair on her arms rose to attention.

“Are you sure you’re alright? We can catch up during the week if you need to go.”

Kara could see that she didn’t want her to go, but wanted to give her the option of leaving if she needed to.

“Did you want to talk about it? Something is clearly on your mind?”

Kara started to panic and pulled her hand back and felt her heart clench at the wounded look in
Lena’s eyes before she drew back and straightened, her walls slamming shut.

Kara hated that she was the reason for it and awkwardly played with her napkin. “No, its… I’m fine.” Her lie was obvious and she slumped into her seat a little, waiting for Lena to call her out on it or get up and storm from the café or something. She could feel Lena’s eyes roaming over her as she looked at the napkin and wanted to meet them, so gaze into them and lose herself but she didn’t dare. Kara Danvers wasn’t brave. Supergirl was.

“Oh okay,” Lena said softly and cast their server a glance as he lowered their ice-creams to the table. “But when and if,” she corrected, “you’re ready you call me. Whenever, Kara. Okay?”

Kara’s head had lifted as soon as she’d spoken and her eyes widened at the earnest care on Lena’s face and she nodded and picked up her spoon with relish.

Their ice-cream was delicious and Lena shook her head fondly as she wondered where Kara put it all as they left the ice-cream bar and entered the street. Bella and Vince walked a little away from them to give them the illusion of privacy. Kara jammed her hands in her jeans to keep them from straying as she and Lena window shopped. It was a lovely Saturday, bright and blue and clear and they spent the afternoon in good spirits talking about everything and nothing and paused outside a jewellery store. They were having a sale and it was moderately full and Lena cast Kara a glance before wandering inside, Vince tailing her in. Kara bet him. He didn’t know it but she was Lena’s primary guard and would do all the saving. Not him. Not that she didn’t like him with his chiselled muscles, boyish smile and quick laugh, but Lena only laughed for her, and only squealed over animation characters with her. Not Vince. Kara.

It was modern and bright like a lot of jewellery stores but was lacking…character… and it was frankly full of people. Kara didn’t actually like crowds. They tended to overwhelm her and her senses, but she was able to hear faint keys of a piano outside somewhere over the general baseline of the city.

“Oh ooh, look at that!” Lena called and Kara was at her side as quick as you could blink, frowning at the man who had been next to her. Lena liked her personal space and he didn’t belong in it!

“Isn’t it beautiful?” Lena asked as she leant over the glass display case, hair falling down over her shoulders. Well… there was something that was beautiful in store but she was currently next to her and she couldn’t exactly blurt out ‘you are beautiful.’ Friends didn’t do that.

“Yeah,” Kara agreed but she hadn’t glanced at the item yet. She cast it a quick look. It was pretty. It was a blue sapphire set in silver and flanked by diamonds. Kara went back to looking at Lena. She was prettier.

Lena meandered through the shop, occasionally pointing out designs she liked and gems she liked and Kara hummed where appropriate and pointed out how sparkly some of them were. Sapphires featured a lot, and Kara made a mental note of them. Friends could buy friends jewellery, right?

A few minutes later and they were back on the street and Bella pushed off a lamp post and fell back into position. Lena also linked their arms and it nearly sent Kara to a premature grave. Lena was warm next to her and she could feel her body humming eager for more contact and she was certain having her pressed against her skin would be worse but she kinda wanted to remove her own jacket and Lena’s so that they were.

Lena cast her a glance at the contact and when Kara met her eyes shyly she blushed a little and her
heart twirled and they continued walking. Lena was so pretty, Kara sighed. Lena caught the sound and looked at her and she was smiling with her eyes and it was a paralysing trick. Kara nearly stumbled over her own feet but was quick to right herself-she’d been doing that a lot today and was thankful she was impervious to harm otherwise she would have bruises from walking into things and people while she was staring at Lena. Lena just giggled softly and once it would have made Kara self-conscious, but she just grinned sheepishly back at the woman she loved. Lena wasn’t laughing at her, but she was the reason for her laugh, and that made Kara want to fly.

After she righted herself they kept walking, arm in arm, and she was pretty sure she had her chest puffed out proudly even though it didn’t mean anything.

As they walked she could hear the music, piano keys, getting louder and a half block later and the wandered upon a street piano. A young boy was currently playing it, ‘Twinkle twinkle little star,’ and his mother was smiling proudly as she had her phone out recording the entire thing.

Lena halted a ways off and just listened and watched with a smile on her face. A few of the passer-by’s gave the kid an indulgent smile and Kara watched as he gave a little smirk and then straightened. She felt her jaw fall open as his hands flew over the keys and a complicated piece wove its way into the sounds of the city.

A few passer-by’s stopped and stared and they moved out of the way so that other pedestrians could go past.

The boy was carefully hitting each of the keys, straining with his little hands to reach the notes, but he did an admirable job.

Feeling movement next to her she saw Lena watching the piano with her head tilted and her hands moving. The one closest to Kara was tapping out a beat, the same beat as the keys, on her thigh. Kara blinked. She hadn’t realised Lena could play.

“Do you play?” She asked once the boy had finished and taken a cheeky bow and the crowd applauded.

Lena hesitated and her heart stammered and she shook her head slowly. She didn’t meet Kara’s eyes as she replied. “Not anymore,” she said and there was a strange note to her voice and Kara made a mental note to bring it up at a later date. “I used to,” she added and her gaze turned wistful. Longing.

“Did, uh,” Kara hesitated as bright green eyes turned back to her. “Did you want to give it a go?”

Lena’s eyes went back to the piano and Kara could feel the longing coming off her and wondered why she was holding back. “I-ah-its been a long time, Kara.”

“Is it something you forget?” Kara asked curiously. She knew how to play, or at least she could read the music and had had a go with Alex’s guitar once, but the music didn’t come to her smoothly like it did some people. She played it. She didn’t feel it.

“No,” Lena’s confession was a soft sigh. A whisper.

Someone else stepped up to have a go, two friends, and they started that iconic duet that everyone and their cousins uncles sister knew. Their other friends were giggling at it but they just laughed and stumbled through the song.

“You can’t be worse than that, and look at how fun it is,” Kara said quietly and her tone was amused not malicious. Still. Lena slapped her. “Hey!”
“Don’t be mean, Kara,” she said but her attention was still on the piano.

It was an odd piano. It was pained street style and had a busking bowl on it and it was well worn and loved, but it was in tune and made people happy, so that was all that mattered.

“So…?”

“Lex taught me to play,” Lena said suddenly, throat tight and her eyes were absent of their light. “We used to—” she stopped and swallowed and then sighed.

She pulled away from Kara and started to walk away and Kara cast the piano a glance and then moved through the people to catch her friend. She pulled her around by her hand, gentle but insistent, and Lena’s eyes were bright and her throat bobbed. She ignored the way the contact made her heart want to soar from her throat.

“Hey, um….” Kara hesitated for a moment and tried to catch Lena’s eyes. “You—you don’t have to stop yourself talking about him… not if—I mean I get that—.” Kara hesitated and pulled them over to the side so they weren’t blocking the footpath. She smiled apologetically at the pair that brushed past them with a frown and then turned back to Lena.

“He’s your brother. He is a part of you. He helped raise you.” She hesitated a moment and when Lena blinked and let a tear fall she brushed it away, not wanting to linger. “If—if playing is something that makes you happy… then play!” She said softly, firmly. Lena looked at her, a confused crease to her brow and Kara elaborated. “Don’t let your memory, or, um, like what happened?” her voice rose in question and she shook her head. “By not playing you are punishing yourself….and you don’t have to do that Lena.” She took both of Lena’s hands and squeezed them. “You are worth so much more and should do the things that make you happy.”

Lena was quiet a moment, gazing into her eyes searchingly and her jaw moved and then stilled and she glanced over Kara’s shoulder a moment. Lena’s heart was hammering loudly, but Kara couldn’t put her finger on why.

She was quiet for a long time and then she looked back at Kara. “I’ll play if you sing,” she said shyly and Kara drew back in surprise. Lena looked down apologetic and moved to apologise, but Kara nodded. “Okay. Deal. But you have to solo first….. and it can’t be too high! I don’t have Adele’s range.”

That brought a smile to Lena’s lips and she shook her head fondly and gazed at Kara from under her lashes. “Deal.”

“Deal!” Kara agreed and tried to stop herself from cracking the pavement with her bouncing feet. “This is gonna be awesome!” She gushed and all but dragged Lena back to the piano, with maybe a little more force than necessary. Lena was going to play the piano!

The group of girls had long since continued their window shop and the piano was silent and Lena hesitated and took a deep breath. Kara felt her heart hammer as Lena straightened and marched towards the piano with purpose and sat at the bench. She hesitated there, as though wondering what she was doing and maybe being afraid but Kara beamed.

“Wooo! Go Lena!”

She shot her a startled look and Kara flashed her the thumbs up and a big smile and Lena nodded and gently lowered her hands onto the keys.

She tapped a few of them carefully, in no discernible pattern, and the passer-by’s kept walking. She
was just a girl pressing keys… nothing special.

Lena started to press them faster, rolling her wrists a little and then tapping at the other keys with her left hand. She still wasn’t paying anything and then she started to roll her way up the octaves with one hand until she got to the end. Then she rolled her hands back down.

She paused and let the final deep note resonate and then she shifted her hands. One, two, three keys she pressed achingly slowly and then added her left to the mix. Kara felt her jaw fall open again. She’d gathered that Lena could play, but she didn’t think she could play. She quickly flew from the song on to another. This one Kara could easily recognise as Moonlight Sonata, honestly everyone knew that song. As soon as that song she was on to the next, fingers flowing confidently over the keys and her head occasionally bobbing to the music and her eyes closed, letting the music flow through her.

There was a crowd forming around them now, and Bella and Vince were very nervous about it, but made no move to remove Lena. Which was good because Kara wasn’t about to let them. Lena’s heart was steady and strong and her fingers glided over the keys with the ease of a master, with the grace of a years of practice, with the love of someone coming home. And Kara’s heart felt heavy and light in unison; how many years had it been since Lena had done something she so obviously loved? Why would she think she couldn’t enjoy it? And she was furious for the world and for Lex for Lena thinking she couldn’t do anything that brought her joy because it reminded her of her brother.

After Lena had let her emotions out she opened her eyes and looked around for Kara, blinking in the light. “Are you ready?” She asked and she was smiling softly, eyes warm and glowing. “What song?”

“Oh!” Kara said and shifted her glasses nervously. “The rose?”

Lena nodded and went back to the piano. She hesitated a moment and then changed her hand position. She started with her right hand, pressing down on two keys at the same time and repeated it four times before adding her left.

“Some say love…..”

She was a little self-conscious about it. She was singing in public by herself with only a piano, but she had Lena with her. So that was all that mattered.

“…the rose…”

The crowd started to clap the moment she finished and she blushed and awkwardly adjusted her glasses and tucked a stray strand behind her ear.
“Another one?” Lena asked, absently playing a pattern on the keys and Kara nodded. There were phone camera’s on them and maybe the paparazzi that seemed to follow Lena everywhere, but for once in her life Kara didn’t care. Right now she was just Kara and Lena was just Lena.

“My Immortal?” Lena enquired and her fingers shifted to the beginning of that iconic song. “And not the fanfic…the song,” she added with an impish smile.

Kara shook her head quickly. “I said no high notes!” She protested weakly and Lena immediately shifted keys to play another very familiar song.

“It’s not that high…. It’s deeper than anything…."

“I can’t get that low,” Kara whined and Lena’s lips twitched in amusement but she kept to the song she had begun.

“Hallelujah?” Kara asked and nodded. “I can do that,” she said when Lena inclined her head and rolled back into the introduction so Kara had a place to start from.

“I’ve heard there was a secret…”

People knew this one and a few people were singing along and Kara beamed around at them from where she was leaning against the piano and looked back at Lena. Her eyes were closed and there was an expression of peace on her features and Kara stared at her a while. To her immense surprise, after a break in the chorus, Lena started to sing as well. But not in English, no the woman with more letters after her name than an alphabet, started to sing in-Kara’s eyes narrowed-was that Spanish? Huh. Who knew?

To Kara’s surprise and pleasure, the two of them blended seamlessly together, languages and voices, and Kara was so tempted to sing in Kryptonese, but didn’t dare to.

At the end of the song a few members of the crowd were crying and many of them clapped, quite enthusiastically, and Vince had to clear his throat before he spoke.

“Miss Luthor. For your safety I suggest we leave,” he sounded apologetic about it, but his eyes were constantly moving and scanning the crowd.

“One more?” She turned to Kara and Kara nodded eagerly. Energy was roaring through her body with the pulse of her heart and it was leaving her strangely light and warm and golden.

“Any requests?” Lena asked with a smile and Kara thought a moment, trying to see or think of anything past Lena’s soft, warm smile.

“Um, oh! Do you know Falling Slowly?”

She was rewarded with Lena’s smile growing in delight. “From Once?” She asked with a hint of excitement entering her tone. Kara nodded eagerly and pushed her glasses up her nose with one finger.

Lena spun back to the piano and her fingers were soft on the keys.

The two of them sung this one together and it was beautiful and though her heart could soar, it was also heavy. Lena and her weren’t a thing, they couldn’t be a thing. Lena wasn’t interested. Lena was just…touchy… because of her not knowing how to handle having a friend. Every gesture didn’t mean what it could mean. Lena didn’t know what she was doing. But still, Kara’s heart ached and
soared in turn. Ached for what she yearned for but could never have, and soared for what she had and was terrified to lose. Lena. It was all about Lena.

Vince wasn’t subtle this time, he even held his hand out for Lena to take to help her around the bench seat, and swooped down to pick up her bag.

When Lena turned to face the path she jolted and blinked. Apparently she hadn’t realised they’d drawn quite the audience. She smiled and ducked her head and then took her bag from Vince.

Kara held out her arm again and to her surprise Lena took it and with linked arms they continued walking. Kara didn’t try to halt the smile dawning over her features her heart was still thundering at her nerve and her mouth was dry, but she had Lena on her arm!

They made their way away from the crowds and the phones and were heading across the street when Kara heard the click of a gun’s safety going off. She inwardly bemoaned at having to leave Lena and looked around quickly for the source.

Lena was looking at music store when she stopped and stiffened. Kara didn’t notice it as she had lowered her eyes and was scanning the area through her glasses to find the source of the gun.

She got her answer when a motorcycle suddenly came around the corner. It had to people on it and was one of those cheap, common ones that wannabe gangsters liked to ride. The one issue Kara had was the automatic weapon the passenger was holding. They opened fire on Lena the moment they rounded the corner and the woman faced them with a blank expression which morphed to comprehension as the gun rose. Kara dove for her and dragged her to the ground and behind a parked car and idly hoped the owner had insurance. She’d been standing oddly, her palm coming up as though to halt the inevitable but her body was warm and soft and Kara used her speed and strength to ensure she hit the ground first and with Lena safe in her arms. Vince had leapt for Lena as well, but when he saw Kara had her first he changed his dive into a roll and rolled back to his feet and drew his gun in a very smooth movement. It was Oscar worthy.

The soft thunk of bullets striking metal and the shattering of glass around them was drowned by Lena’s heartbeat thumping frantically. Vince had his hand-gun out and was taking cover next to them but the vehicle was already driving away. Kara could hear the frantic thudding of their hearts as they left and felt an urge to silence them. Bella was shouting into her communication piece and she could hear people shouting and screaming.

All Kara was concerned about was Lena and her frantic heartbeat, anything to drown the concern building in her veins hat was threatening to swallow her whole.

Lena had curled up on Kara and she pressed her palms into the ground, ignoring the shattered glass, and lifted her body weight off Kara. It was a tad awkward of an angle but Kara’s own heart was thumping with worry.

Lena’s lower body was intertwined with Kara’s and at any other time the contact would make her dizzy but Lena was more important.

“Are you okay?” She asked hurriedly and brushed some of Lena’s long, dark hair from her face so she could see her answer. Their gazes were close now, very close and their eyes stared into each other searching for something.

“Y-eah,” Lena’s voice shook slightly and she seemed to realise her position because she shot of Kara faster than the Super could leap from the earth. There was a delicate flush to her features and her heart twisted and Kara felt her own heart summersault at how beautiful she looked. Her eyes were
wide and her hair framed her features wildly and she was haloed by the light from the shop and 
scattered pieces of glass around her. It was like she were some Goddess of the Woods; wild and free, 
only this Lena’s woods was a city.

She held out her hand to help Kara up and she took it, rejoicing in the feel of Lena’s warm soft skin 
in her own.

“Are you okay?” Lena asked gently and looked about them. A few faces were peaking out through 
windows and behind doors and car’s had basically fled the area. Pedestrians on either side had taken 
cover and were peering over cars at the two. No one was screaming-yet-thankfully, and it had gone 
quiet after the initial shouts and the silence left by the bullet rain was jarring. Some paparazzi were 
taking photos.

A familiar SUV roared up to the curve and Vince grabbed Lena and all but threw her in through the 
door Bella opened. “Get in!” He demanded of Kara and she stumbled a little and he grabbed her and 
threw her in after Lena. It was an odd experience. Normally she didn’t allow people, humans even, 
to throw her around, but she let her body go where he directed it and fell on Lena again.

The doors slammed as both of her guards got in and they bolted from the scene with the ferocity of a 
rampaging bull.

“Miss Luthor!” David called through the window. “Miss Danvers! Are you all right?!”

“Were fine, David. Thank you.” Lena replied quickly and she was upright now and buckling her belt 
as the SUV broke a few traffic rules to get them from the scene.

Kara dug her phone out and saw it was cracked, likely from the force of being between the concrete 
and her as she fell. Bugger. She couldn’t call Alex.

“Here,” Lena said passing over her phone and it was already unlocked and open to the keypad. 
David was already in contact with the police and was receiving instructions from them.

“Call your sister,” she said and her hand was shaking a little but her voice didn’t waver.

Kara blinked curiously but took it and quickly dialled her sister.

Alex answered after the second ring, voice suspicious. ‘Who is this?’

“Alex! It’s me!”

‘Kara?’ She could hear the sounds of the street and low conversation in the background. ‘What’s 
wrong? Where’s your phone?’

“I’m fine,” she said quickly and shifted her phone to her other hand and reached down and took 
Lena’s. The responding grip would have hurt if she were human but she squeezed Lena’s hand 
reassuringly.

“Someone just tried to shoot Lena,” she explained and felt the CEO tense a little at the words. 
“We’re driving from the scene now.”

There was a scraping of a chair and the soft click of something metal on wood, a zipper maybe?

‘Where? Is she okay? What happened?’ Her sisters voice went softer as she said, ‘Someone just tried 
to take out Lena Luthor. Kara’s with her.’
“We were just walking on the street. We’re heading for her apartment now.”

‘No!’ Someone said quickly and Kara frowned. ‘Don’t go there.’

‘Maggie’s right,’ Alex said quickly. ‘Don’t go home. Go somewhere else. Somewhere safe until we can check it out, okay?’

Kara nodded and then called to David. “Go to my apartment, please.”

Lena looked at her curiously and Kara squeezed her hand and gave her a smile. “Alex is gonna send someone to make sure your apartment is secure.”

“Miss Luthor?” David enquired and Lena glanced up.

“Kara’s apartment, David.”

He gave a quick nod and continued to weave his way through the traffic. A few more blocks later and he was back to regular citizen driving, but he kept glancing in his rear-view mirrors for any follower.

‘Are you still there, Kara?’

“Yup,” Kara said and glanced at Lena. The CEO’s jaw was tight and her fair skin was a shade lighter than usual but her eyes were deep wells of rage and Kara could feel something in the body next to her. It didn’t feel right. Well, it wasn’t exactly wrong or anything, but it made her tingle.

She told Alex where they were and Alex thought a moment before telling her she’d meet her at her apartment.

Kara said goodbye and then handed the phone back to Lena. She smiled in thanks and then immediately scrolled through her contact list.

“Jess,” Lena said as soon as the call went through. “I need you to talk to Sue from PR. Someone just tried to kill me,” she said and Kara’s body clenched at the reminder. The hand still in hers ran a soothing thumb over her skin and Kara tuned it all out, focusing on Lena’s heartbeat steady in her ears and the warmth of her thumb rubbing her skin.

Bella got out of the vehicle first, a few streets away and jogged to Kara’s apartment while the car circled and waited for the all clear. The moment it came they pulled up and Vince and Kara bundled Lena from the car, much to her protests, and to the elevator. Only when the doors closed on them; Lena, Kara, Vince and Bella, did the latter three let themselves relax a little.

Lena was still talking on the phone, and maybe to her PR team now, trying to get ahead of what was surely going to be a media shit-storm. Again. Kara took a moment to glance up at the ceiling and use her vision to scan the building for anything out of the ordinary. It was clear. Still, she let Bella and Vince do their jobs and stuck next to Lena like an ordinary, scared, nervous, and protective human friend. She was still torn over whether she should don her suit and search the entire city for the two who had dared take a shot at Lena, or stay with the woman whose heart was still beating irregularly in panic. She’d decided Lena needed her more the moment she’d looked into her eyes after the bullets had rained around them, and she didn’t regret the decision. The NCPD could track the shooters… if not Supergirl would go and get them later. She would be able to find them…. But it would be best the police did first. Supergirl wasn’t very happy with them right now.

She was thankful she had cleaned her apartment over the weekend and there were only a few dishes on the bench. Otherwise it was clean and tidy, for her, and she was very nervous about having Lena
in her public space.

“Um, can I get you anything? Any of you?” She hesitated over by her fridge and then quickly opened it.

“I can do tea or coffee or um, coke, sprite, water?”

Lena shook her head while Vince and Bella selected a coke and a water respectively. Kara still poured Lena a glass of water and left it on the bench for her.

Her body was humming with a nervous energy, it was darker than before when she and Lena had been singing and that felt like a life-time ago, even though it had barely been an hour.

She heard her sister approaching with another set of footsteps and waited over by the counter as they got closer.

When Alex knocked Bella and Vince spun and drew their weapons and over by the couch Lena flinched. Kara fought the urge to zip to her side and take her in her arms but didn’t dare be that forward, especially with Vince and Bella watching.

“Kara?” Alex called loudly and knocked again. “It’s me. Alex.” She waited a moment. “I’ve got Maggie and another officer with me.”

Vince cast Kara a glance and she nodded and he carefully opened the door and stepped back, gun lifted still and eyed them warily.

“We’re cool, dude,” Maggie said but lifted her hands. “Little Danvers. Tell him we’re good.”

“That’s my sister and her friend,” Kara said quickly and Vince lowered his gun and flicked the safety off.

“Little Luthor, you good?” Maggie asked as she walked quickly over to Lena and Alex ran to inspect Kara. The other officer was in uniform and removed his hat respectfully as he came inside.

Maggie gave Lena a quick hug and Lena’s heart rate skyrocketed and she was a bit tense in Maggie’s arms and Kara’s head snapped over.

“I’m fine, Detective,” Lena said clearly, voice strong and firm. “Kara pulled me behind a car.”

Maggie’s smile was warm and gentle and she touched Lena’s forearm gently. The muscles underneath it recoiled and she stepped back immediately, an apologetic smile on her lips.

“Well that’s good,” she said gently, softly, and turned and looked at the officer hovering at the door.

“This is Mark,” he gave a sharp nod. “He and his partner are covering this case. Mike’s at the scene now.”

“Hi,” he said. “I’m gonna need the statements of everyone here. We can do that here or-“

“I’d rather do it here,” Lena said quickly and shot Kara a look. “If that’s okay?”

Kara nodded eagerly. “Whatever you need.”

Lena hesitated and gave a little nod.

“I know the media will be banging on your door,” Kara added with a sheepish smile. ”You wanna
keep this as private as possible, I know.

Lena’s phone vibrated and she glanced down at it and flicked it open. She read for a moment and then closed her eyes.

“T..think it’s a bit late for that,” she said eventually and sighed, shoulders slumping forward. Maggie, Alex, and Kara exchanged a glance. Lena lifted the screen of her phone and showed them the link she had on it.

‘Lex Luthor orders $1 Mil hit on sister!’ was the headline.

Maggie adequately summarised the situation. “Fuck.”

~O~

Thrashing and whimpering awoke Kara and she blinked into the darkness a moment before realising where she was and what was happening. She was in her bed in her room at her apartment and she was sharing it with her best friend and crush and potential love of her life, Lena Luthor.

After the officer had taken Lena, Kara, Bella, and Vince’s statements he had left and Alex and Maggie, Kara and Lena had discussed their next action. It was now public knowledge that Lex was offering a million dollar bounty on his sisters head and that someone had tried earlier in the day. Social media was all over it. The news media was all over it. Lena’s phone hadn’t stopped vibrating and she had eventually put it on silent so she could ignore some callers. Jess and her PR team needed to speak with her though, so she had kept it face up so she could see the caller ID.

Lena wanted to go straight home, but had been met with aggressive opposition. Lena’s address wasn’t that hard to find, and someone might be there or have something there for her. The police, and the DEO at Alex’s request (she had seen Kara’s wide eyes not leaving Lena and had asked for a task force to check it out) were still scooping the place for any potential threats. Lena hadn’t wanted to put Kara in any more danger but Kara had insisted. She was a no-body and no-one would think to look for billionaire genius CEO Lena Luthor in Kara Danvers, cub reporters apartment.

She was relatively easy to convince to stay, maybe she was exhausted and wanted somewhere not like home that was comforting. Either way; they ordered pizza, sent Vince and Bella home to return in the morning with David. Alex and Maggie left and Kara gave Lena some of her clothes and absolutely did not think of how she felt when she saw Lena with her hair down, make-up gone, and in her clothes. She did not pay attention to how her stomach fluttered or how there was a warmth in her chest at the sight and something strong and possessive and protective awakened. She was thankful she knew the layout of her apartment otherwise she would have tripped over the furniture a half dozen times with how nervous she was at having Lena alone in her apartment. As it was she could barely form a coherent sentence around her once Lena was in her clothes. Kara basically turned into a puddle of goo.

They were mostly quiet as the afternoon wore into night, and a courier arrived that evening with a new phone for Kara, courtesy of Alex. She sent her sister a text asking her to take care of things and only call her for an emergency, and then curled up with Lena on the couch and put something on.

Lena had been oddly averse to her touch, which hurt but she understood the desire to want to close yourself off from the world. She didn’t speak very much either, just one or two words and spent most of the television show gazing blankly at the screen. Kara was at loss for what to do. She usually used herself to provide comfort, but Lena was giving every indication that she didn’t want a hug, so Kara was floundering.
Eventually they retired to bed, and that argument was the only sign of life inside Lena when she said
that it was stupid for Kara to take the couch because it was her house, room and bed. Kara hadn’t
wanted Lena to stay on the couch as she was a guest and had given Lena her room. Lena had said
they could share and so Kara had gone red and stammered and blushed her way through an
affirmative and had given Lena a toothbrush and had to open the freezer while Lena got ready for
bed in order to calm herself down. Yes she’d slept with Lena before, not like slept with slept with,
but like actual sleep, but not when she was aware of her feelings. Her body was acutely aware of the
woman lying in her bed, in her clothes with her back facing her, and her throat was dry and her heart
hammered. It was like she’d been given a shot of sunshine, like the moment she first opened her eyes
to earth’s yellow sun. Her body hummed with energy.

Lena had turned to face the window the moment Kara got into bed and had been quiet and it had
been a little awkward, scratch that. It had been a lot awkward. But Lena needed Kara and so Kara
had stayed. She had kept awake, listening to the sounds of the city but being drawn back to the soft
heartbeat of the woman lying just outside of her reach. It took a long time for Lena to get to sleep,
and when she did it was fitful and disturbed. Kara had been hesitant the first time she heard Lena’s
heart rate increase and her body tense, and had cautiously lifted her body up and hovered over Lena.
With gentle fingers she had smoothened the crinkle in her brow and traced her cheek gently and
whispered soft, soothing words in Kryptonese. Lena eventually settled and Kara eased back on to
her side of the bed and watched over her. Eventually she ceased to resist the pull of sleep and fell
into darkness.

Lena was murmuring incomprehensible words now, just distressed sounds and she was thrashing on
the bed and Kara was instantly awake and near her.

“Shhhhhsh, Lena. Shsh,” she cooed and scooted forward a smidge. She could feel Lena’s body heat
now and her body urged her closer to its delicious warmth but she forced her traitorous hormones
down. Lena needed her more than she needed Lena.

“Lena,” she said and brushed the CEO’s long dark hair from her face. Lena’s regal features were
twisted in pain and Kara’s heart bounded around in her chest and Kara couldn’t stop herself from
gently shaking Lena awake even if she wanted to.

“It’s okay. I’ve got you. You’re safe,” she whispered softly and kept her touch light and gentle until
Lena gasped awake. The fear in her eyes was obvious and Kara would have recoiled if the fear had
been directed at her. As it was the look made her heart stutter and she internally vowed to never, ever
let those beautiful green eyes be full of fear ever again.

“Shsssh, Lena. You’re okay,” she said gently and Lena swallowed and her heart was still racing as
though it were a horse out of a gate and she blinked and then she broke. Kara took her in her arms
immediately, moving her onto her chest and not caring for the strength that it took that she was
slipping in her disguise. Lena clutched the fabric of her pyjamas and started to cry and Kara wrapped
her arms around her and held her close, warm and safe.

Lena’s body shook with the force of her sobs and Kara could feel her shirt getting wet but she
ignored it and held Lena closer, never wanting to let her go and being able to finally provide her
comfort the way she knew how. There was no safer place than in her arms. She was Supergirl. She
was an alien. They fell back asleep like that, legs intertwined and Lena cuddled into Kara’s neck
with Kara’s arms around her. Lena would be safe with her. She was Kara.
Chapter End Notes

Look at the length! Aren't you guys lucky. So spoilt :D <3 Ignore my typo's, I wanted to post before work. :D
Kara bounced into the DEO with more energy than usual and her thoughts in the clouds. She almost walked into one of their agents and had to apologise and zip around her with a sheepish smile. Today was the anniversary of her earth landing and the day she had been adopted by the Danvers. Each year her and Alex did something to celebrate it and today was no different, only this time there were a few more people being invited than usual. She’d swallowed her anger at James and Winn for the Guardian mess and had invited them to hang out with her down at the alien bar- they had declined, so not to make it awkward as she still wasn’t talking with them.

Don’t get her wrong, she was still spitting mad, but she wanted the people she cared about with her on this day, and she did care for them-that was why she was so mad. Eliza would be coming. J’onn as well. And Maggie and even Mon-El, who had sort of invited himself as he had habit of doing, but hey, they more the merrier. And Lena was coming. The thought made a smile split her face and she was still grinning when she bounced over to Alex.

“Hey sis!” She beamed and wrapped her sister in a hug, much to Alex’s bemusement but she rolled with it.

“Hey, Kara….. what’s up?” She asked cautiously and her eyes narrowed slightly at her sister.

“Nothing.” Kara beamed. “I’m just happy!” And she was, happy that is. For all that this day marked the day she landed on earth to learn she was virtually alone bar Kal, and that her entire culture was lost, it was the day she had found a new family and home, and people she loved. She was doing things she loved; being Supergirl, a supportive sister, an awesome daughter to Eliza and J’onn, growing as a reporter, and she was a pretty decent friend, if she didn’t say so herself.

“You and Maggie are still coming tonight, right?”

Alex grinned and nudged her sister with her shoulder as they turned to face the monitors. “Wouldn’t miss it for the world.”

Kara beamed.

“Supergirl,” J’onn rumbled and Kara turned beaming to her adoptive space dad and her smile slid. J’onn’s brow was tight and his eyes were stern, but she could see concern in them and she felt her happy bubble falter. “There is something we need to discuss.”

Kara’s smile fell completely from her lips and she shared a glance with Alex. Her sisters eyes were narrowed and she looked after J’onn with a furrowed brow as though she could determine the answers from staring at his back.

“Conference room three,” the DEO Director commanded and after sharing another look, in which Kara shrugged and shook her head at Alex’s raised brow-she didn’t know what was happening- the two fell in to step behind him.

“What did you do?” Alex whispered as they walked down the sterile hallways and Kara blinked bemused.

Kara gave it a moment’s thought and then lifted her shoulder in a half shrug before hesitating. “I
don’t know.” There was nothing Supergirl had done recently. Only citizens saved, robberies stopped, muggings ended, kittens rescued from trees, the usual run of the mill for her. She’d behaved on social media and hadn’t gotten into any more trouble like she had when she was defending Lena. The only thing she….Oh.

“Kara?” Alex’s voice raised warmly and Kara fought the urge to adjust glasses that weren’t there. Evidently her ‘Oh…shit’ moment had been written on her face.

“Um. I um. Lena. Um. She. Supergirl. Oops,” Kara offered and smiled innocently at her big sister.

“Kara!” Alex groaned and rolled her eyes and lifted her hands exaggeratedly.

“It wasn’t that bad!” Kara defended as they got to the conference room.

“That remains to be seen,” J’onn rumbled and there was another agent in the room. Kara squinted and found a badge. Hill. Oh, this was one of their tech wizzes, not as good as Winn with computers, but part of their monitoring division. It included news feeds, paper reports, media, blogs, vlogs, video footage, photos and social media……

Kara winced and offered a why wave.

“Sit,” J’onn commanded and Kara sat. Alex just shot him a glance and then sat on the bench next to her sister, wondering if this was what being in trouble with the principle felt like. She peeked at Kara to find her looking very sheepish.

“What did you do?” She asked, now generally curious.

J’onn unfolded his arms and shook his head with a sigh. “Hill?” He requested and the monitor whirred into life and the agent opened a file.

“Hill’s team monitors alien presence online, in the news, papers, video, that sort of thing. They also keep an eye on mentions of the DEO and our interests and step in when necessary...they also monitor social media…’”

Alex groaned. Kara blushed and looked down.

Agent Hill smiled. “Hole-gate provided us with a lot of amusement.”

J’onn glared at him and he straightened and his face turned neutral. “Sir. I of course mean that it was um, er.”

“Don’t hurt yourself, Agent,” J’onn lifted a mammoth hand and waved the stumbling agent off.

“Sir.”

J’onn turned back to Kara. “We also make sure that mentions of Kara Danvers and Supergirl aren’t too frequent and we erase evidence if necessary or monitor the conversations. However… lately Kara Danvers has had a dramatic increase in an online presence.

Alex groaned and turned to Hill. “Just how bad is it?”

“Wellll,” the Agent hedged and cast a glance to J’onn. He then clicked a few times and brought up a graph of Kara’s movement and mentions online. Kara didn’t look up, but Alex caught her biting her lip.

“This was four months ago. And this was this morning.” Hill said and set the two graphs side by
side. “And that’s just online. Paper copies are harder to monitor,” he cast a glance at J’onn. “But, of course, we are successful with that as well, and as most print goes online anyway its-” he cut himself off and cleared his throat.

“Almost no-one knew you four months ago, and some of these,” he pointed with an actual laser pointer to the second screen. “Are from your rising presence as a reporter.”

Kara’s head rose at that and she smiled but it was as fleeting as the sunrise in winter at the next thing that came up on the screen. It was of her twitter account and it’s activity.

She had one-hundred thousand followers, ish, and it was a dramatic increase in the four months and was only increasing the more she interacted with….Lena.

“What is that?” Alex asked frostily, pointing to a screenshot of a Tweet and Kara winced and her shoulders curled in a little. It was a week old, three days after the attack on Lena, and four since their ‘hang-out’ at the mall which Lena had abandoned part-way through with wide eyes and a big smile.

Kara had enjoyed it, for the short time it had been, as she hadn’t seen Lena since she’d held her in her arms the night of the attack. She had to get up early to go handle a crash on the highway and by the time she returned to her flat Lena had left. The way her heart had ached at coming home to an empty apartment had almost made her cry, but Lena had left her a note thanking her and asking to catch up during the week. Nothing was said on how she had cried herself to sleep safely in Kara’s arms. Lena had sent her plumerias and a lot of potstickers as a thank you, and when they had met at the mall she had been quiet, thoughtful and serious as she thanked her. They hadn’t spoken of it since.

It read:

@LenaLuthor: Back to my first love! Oh, how I missed you!

Supergirl had replied almost immediately with.

@TheRealSupergirl:

@LenaLuthor: What does the cocoa bean think of that?

It had been a mistake on Kara’s part. She had thought she was in her personal account and had replied candidly, but by the time she realised it was Supergirl asking, and not Kara, it was a bit too late. The tweet had already got a few thousand re-tweets and notifications.

@LenaLuthor:

@TheRealSupergirl: Coffee isn’t my first love. I try to avoid caffeine when I can. I have a sweet tooth.

@TheRealSupergirl:

@LenaLuthor: What is your first love then? Puppies? Pizza? Unicorns?

It had been a few hours until Lena had replied, and with it there was a picture.

@LenaLuthor:
@TheRealSupergirl: *Science.*

The picture was a selfie of Lena with her glasses on, her hair in a messy bun with strands coming out, and there was a smudge of ink on her cheek. Behind her she was in what was obviously a lab. Kara had been on patrol over the city-not waiting for a reply. No. Not her- and replied to her immediately. Their followers were asking if they were dating or what-not but Lena was ignoring the questions for the moment, and Kara didn’t want to get involved after last time.

@TheRealSupergirl:

@LenaLuthor: *Of course. I forget you have more letters after your name than the alphabet because you’re such a nerd.*

The response had been instantaneous, and her followers had been tweeting her like crazy for the past few hours, even if the sky was lit with stars now.

@LenaLuthor:

@TheRealSupergirl: *Rude. And there aren’t twenty-six numbers after my name.*

@TheRealSupergirl:

@LenaLuthor: *I say that with love! Some of my favourite people are nerds! And there’s like, thirty then?*

@LenaLuthor:

@TheRealSupergirl: *Nerd-power! Not that many. So that makes you the jock in high-school?*

And Kara, being Kara and on a high from talking to Lena, replied with a photo. Of her arms.

@TheRealSupergirl:

@LenaLuthor: *Have you seen these guns? :) But really, I wasn’t allowed out for sports… running a mile in two minutes without breaking into sweat isn’t fitting in. But I’ve seen you play ball. Play anything else?*

She was being oddly candid, but she didn’t stop to think that the world would be able to see what she and Lena were discussing, and she didn’t consider that Lena was asking Supergirl and not Kara because really, Supergirl was Kara and Kara was Supergirl. Everything she was saying was the
@LenaLuthor:

@TheRealSupergirl: Stalker? I used to Fence. Ballet. Is this twenty questions?

@TheRealSupergirl:

@LenaLuthor: No, there was a video of you online twirling a baseball bat? You have skills. Oh! That’s a good idea! I’ll start!

She took a moment to find a set of good questions and then posted the link and waited. She was thankful that it was late at night on a weekday otherwise there would be more crime for her to fight. It took Lena a few moments to reply and Kara was not checking her phone every so often for a response. Her followers were being weird in her notifications. Some of them were telling her to back off of Lena because she was dating Kara and other people were cooing about how cute the two were and how this was like getting to know your potential girlfriend.

@LenaLuthor:

@TheRealSupergirl: Don’t you have a city to be protecting? And if I am answering them, then so are you. I had a crush on the captain of the team so I joined.

And so that night and into morning Supergirl and Lena Luthor, two supposed enemies turned tentative friends, answered each of the questions. A few of them were quite clearly polished responses, clearly from Lena, but most of the replies seemed genuine and sincere. It was a very interesting get-to-know-you hour and a half and Supergirl thoroughly enjoyed it. She learnt a lot more about Lena that she didn’t already know as Kara, and it left an opening for future questionnaire’s.

Kara Danvers had even commented on a few, and she’d decided half way through the conversation to bring herself into it, especially when Winn warned her through her comms that the media department was monitoring the situation and suggested she either distance herself, or bring her other identity into the conversation. She couldn’t pull away from it, couldn’t leave Lena not when she was learning interesting things about her, so she had flown home and ‘come online’ as Kara and had said something about research for an article and then joined the conversation. It was weird having a three-way conversation with herself, herself and Lena, but she managed it, or at least thought she did.

“It isn’t funny, Kara,” Alex snapped and brought Kara back to the DEO rather than lingering on thoughts of Lena. “I know you care about her but this isn’t good. Kara Danvers can’t have this kind of publicity.”

Kara’s features smoothened and she blushed a little and glanced at Hill and then at J’onn. Hill kept his face forward and J’onn just crossed his arms again.

“Hill.”

“Sir,” the agent said and then went to the next point. This was a video of Kara and Lena singing at the piano and then singing again a few days ago at the mall. Kara felt her heart warm at the sight and
sound of their voices harmonising but tried to school her features blank so that Alex didn’t stress at her. It was a few minutes before Lena kissed her on the cheek and bolted from the mall, mumbling numbers and elements to herself and left Kara standing watching her go in a daze. There was a photo of that as well. The media were still calling them friends, which was good, ‘gal pals’ had been mentioned snidely online, but so far no media outlet was calling them anything other than friends. Social media was another story.

The next slide was of photo’s of the two of them. The day Lena was attacked and Kara pulled her down with her featured, and she would have blushed at their intimate position if she didn’t know the context behind it.

“Does Lena suspect anything?” J’onn enquired and Kara shook her head quickly. Alex lifted and brow and rolled her eyes.

“Really? She’s a genius and she hasn’t figured you out yet?” She was sceptical, clearly thinking that maybe Kara was trying to protect her friend instead of being honest.

“No!” Kara denied quickly and shook her head adamantly. “She’s not said anything… and I’m careful! I can be sneaky!”

Alex and J’onn just looked at her squarely.

“Alright. Fine. But she hasn’t said anything, and I have been careful soooooo are we good?”

J’onn huffed a sigh. “Alright. Okay,” he said and shook his head, lifting his hands. “But you do need to be careful. If someone even suspects you and Supergirl are the same person, and they are comparing you both-I’m sure you’ve seen social media’s opinions on the matter.”

Kara nodded obediently. It was odd being shipped with herself. Apparently Kara Danvers and Supergirl were dating, huh. But it was even odder seeing the different sides of her being torn apart and being set on each other over who was better for Lena Luthor. A lot of Supergirl’s followers liked the Romeo and Juliet, star-crossed lovers thing and her and Lena’s discussions on Twitter hadn’t helped those matters in the slightest. Kara and Lena supporters though had clearly read something in Kara’s articles and the photo’s taken of the two of them while they were out enjoying National City.

People were of two minds about it, but still, she hadn’t intended to be in a love-triangle, love-square? With herself.

“Please be careful-“

“I want to tell her,” Kara said suddenly and J’onn’s voice rumbled to a halt.

“You want,” he began slowly. “To tell Lena Luthor who you are?”

Alex had gone pale, maybe in fury or in fear, but Kara was nodding earnestly.

“Well… maybe not the whole Supergirl thing,” she said and waved her hands around her. “But, like, that I’m not entirely who she thinks I am?”

“No! Absolutely not!” Alex snarled, voice aghast. “You can’t tell a Luthor who you are!”

“Why not?” Kara shot back and glared at Alex. “She’s proven she’s not like them! She’s kind and gentle and warm and good and-“

“And you love her!” Alex interrupted and J’onn’s stern face slipped into surprise and Agent Hill
packed up his gear and bolted from the room.

“Yes,” Kara said and her shoulders slumped but her eyes were serious. “And I’ve…come to terms with that but even if we just stay friends I—” she trailed off and sighed and looked at her hands. “I don’t want to have to hide myself around her. She makes me feel…. Normal, Alex. Like I belong.”

Kara’s voice was soft and quiet, mournful and almost afraid and her eyes were bright as they finally looked up at her sister. “With Winn knowing and working here it’s been great! And James already knew and you don’t count and Lena’s just—” Kara hesitated and looked down at her hands again. “When I’m with Lena I can feel just like ordinary Kara Danvers, but I’m not—Just Kara Danvers…” she rolled her hands over and looked at them as she sat slumped on the bench and Alex’s eyes were soft as they looked at her.

“I’m Kara Zor El, and Kara Danvers, and Supergirl…. And I feel like I can just be Kara when I’m with her…but it is tearing us apart.” Kara finally looked up at Alex, glanced at J’onn (who’s stern glower was back in place) and then at Alex again. “I’ve had to leave our lunches and teas early and I’ve not made it to some of them and I- she doesn’t say anything or be anything other than accommodating but I can see it in her eyes when I have to leave and I—“

“You want her to know that you want to stay with her but can’t because of your other responsibilities?”

“Yes! Exactly!” Kara straightened, a proud strength to her shoulders. “I want to go hang out and just be-me…. Like-I want… I want to be me.” She exhaled and the strength to her shoulders dropped. “I want to be Kara.” She confessed quietly and her confession lingered in the air with weight.

Alex shared a glance with J’onn and sighed and then slung her arms around her sister.

“Did you—do you—“ she paused and worked her jaw as she considered the words before her. “Do you just want to be Kara and not Supergirl?” Because that was what it was sounding like. Kara no longer wanted to be Supergirl and it was because of Lena and Alex felt a flare of hatred rise towards the Luthor, who really was not at fault, but Alex couldn’t help it. She loved spending time with her sister—potential harm and death aside—and knew Kara loved being Supergirl.

Kara’s head snapped up and around and Alex had to jerk her head back least theirs collide. Kara’s eyes widened and the blue of them sparkled like the ocean.

“What?! No!” She protested and the crease to her brow deepened as she continued. “Why would you—I love helping people!”

Alex nodded quickly, relief filtering through her veins. “I know,” she reassured Kara gently and wondered what J’onn thought of all of this. “I know, but is did sound like you wanted to be just Kara Danvers, reporter, sister….friend….”

“Alex,” Kara’s voice wavered and her eyes took on a glassy sheen. “I wouldn’t trade being Supergirl and working with you and helping people for anything…. You know that.”

Alex rested her head on her sister’s shoulder, adding to the weight Kara carried but knowing her sister would never complain and would shoulder the burden the best that she could. “I do,” she agreed and then lazily looked over at J’onn. His features were creased in thought and his arms were folded, muscles of Hank Henshaw pressing against the black uniform he always wore. It occurred to her she’d never seen her boss in civilian clothes and she wondered what it would looked like.

“Kara,” J’onn finally rumbled, words rolling in his chest and carefully being voiced. “If you want to
pull back from your Superhero duties—” he held up a mammoth hand to halt her protests. “We will accommodate you until you decide. Despite what you think… you do not owe them,” he pointed to the wall referring to the city and the world, “anything. You have the right to live your life as Kara.”

Alex’s arm tightened around her sister and she could feel her hurt and glared at J’onn.

He ignored her, or maybe heard her thoughts and agreed with them for when he continued it was about the topic that had brought about the discussion. Lena Luthor. “If you decide to tell Miss Luthor you will need to be very careful. I do not recommend it.” Kara bristled and opened her mouth ready to defend Lena but didn’t need to.

“And not because she’s a Luthor, or even because she’s a genius, or any other reason I could distrust her but because it would put her in danger.”

Kara deflated and Alex glanced at her and saw her brow tight in thought and her lips pressed together.

“She’s in enough danger as it is now,” he continued and rubbed his chin. “I also think that the more people that know about you the more danger Kara Danvers is in. Supergirl and Kara Danvers have been pictured with Lena Luthor…. And people are speculating.” J’onn hesitated and walked over to the computer and with a few clicks and words there were a few thousand responses from a Google search of ‘Lena Luthor and Kara Danvers’.

There was video at the top and Kara felt her lips reflectively smile as she saw the captions. There were photo’s of her and Lena out for their dates, even a few articles-mostly about Lena and commenting on how she was out shopping with close friend CatCo reporter Kara Danvers when someone tried to kill her- and then there were comments on the two of them singing; first at the piano and then more recently at the mall. One of the tech stores had-basically sing-star- and Kara had dragged Lena over to it and they had gleefully sung ‘No Air’ and had it playing on the giant screens in the mall. It had been amusing but Bella and Vince had not found it so and had cautioned Lena very sternly about unnecessary risks to her life. Kara had felt the warm and golden floaty feeling she had after their song fade. They were right. Lena was basically telling the entire mall she was here and they could take a shot at her for one million dollars. She had been relieved, and a little confused, when Lena had suddenly had a thought and bolted from the mall.

The photos were all amateur photos either, clearly the paparazzi had caught the two of them together. Kara was actually getting famous as Lena’s friend, and her follower count on Instagram, and Twitter had risen accordingly. Of course some people speculated on just how close their relationship was, with one outlet calling them ‘gal pals’ (Lena Luthor and gal-pal Kara Danvers spotted at…) but mostly they were just friends. Until you got to social media… and Kara had learnt her lesson there. She would not be looking up Lena Luthor on Tumblr anytime soon, especially not in the same tags as both Supergirl and Kara. Fans could be…intense…. And have very active imaginations. She was still scared over the fic that Winn had found and read to her about Supergirl and Lena and their affair. It was a popular ship, apparently. She avoided that particular tag like the plague now.

“One or two people have commented on-er,” he cut himself off and then shook his head. “People are aware of your friendship, or Lena’s with both Kara and Supergirl and um, well…. I’ll let you look it up in your own time,” he hedged and exited out of the page.

“If you do choose to tell Lena I want you to be sure…. And let me know so I can have the paperwork ready,” he folded his arms again and offered Kara a small, fatherly smile. “We, I- Alex and I, we will protect you and be there for you. Always.”

Alex’s arms stung with the force and speed Kara launched herself from her arms and at J’onn for
what Alex knew was a *super* hug. And she loathed her humanity for it, for it wouldn’t let her hug and be held by Kara as tight as she wanted to, to force her love from her body and into Kara like she longed to do. There weren’t many people Kara could hug with her full affection, and Alex was glad she was able to do so to their unofficial ‘Space-Dad’ J’onn.

He blinked from where he was hugging Kara and gazed over at her and she knew he had heard her thought and he lifted an arm from around Kara in an open invitation and Alex huffed as she slid off the bench but walked into the hug. Kara nearly squealed in joy and she was surrounded by two more than human hearts and it made hers swell until she feared it wouldn’t fit in her chest.

A knock at the door brought three heads to where Winn was looking apologetic and holding a tablet.

“Um, sorry..” he said and then lifted the tablet up. “It’s just um…”

Alex had sprung from the hug as though she had Super-speed and J’onn straightened and folded his arms impassively while Kara just stepped back and mirrored his pose, her own features blank. She still hadn’t forgiven him and James for their nightly activities around the city even if she had invited them tonight. Winn swallowed and glanced at his feet.

“What is it, Agent Schott?”

“Lena,” he replied quickly and he had their attention. “She’s done something…odd.”

“What is it?” Kara’s crinkle between her brows was back and she’d taken a half step towards her friend.

“Her Twitter post three minutes ago,” Winn explained and turned the tablet to show everyone.

@LenaLuthor: *Watch this space ;) with @NCDC*

It was followed by co-ordinates.

“Did you-?” J’onn began and unfolded his arms.

“Yup,” Winn interrupted and turned the tablet back to face him and touched the screen. “National City Park. I checked. Twice.”

“I alsoooo,” Winn said and turned the tablet back to face him and tapped away again. “Looked at the patent application L-Corp made like, this morning. It’s already gained a lot of buzz... I couldn’t get access to it legally so I um, may have um…. Never mind.” He smiled nervously and then opened another page and turned it to face J’onn. “Her patent application was for *perpetual energy,*” Winn emphasised, eyes wide.

J’onn straightened barely and Alex took a moment to register the words before she scoffed and shook her head. “That’s impossible,” Alex said adamantly and shook her head again.

“What’s perpetual energy?” Kara asked in confusion and Alex turned to her.

“It’s eternal energy,” she said quickly. “Basically an energy source that will never die. It’s impossible,” she threw her hands in the air. “They very laws of-of,” Alex’ waved her hands around again, trying to convey how big a theory it was. “Of everything,” she settled on. “Forbid it.”

Kara blinked.

“If Miss Luthor has managed to crack the problem then-“
“Then nothing,” Alex interjected. “It’s not possible, J’onn.”

J’onn’s dark eyes looked through her for a long moment and then looked over at Kara. “As is-to some-mine and Kara’s existence,” he rebuked gently and Alex’s jaw clenched.

“The thermodynamic laws:“

“And yet Kara and I go against what man-kind thought for centuries,” he said calmly and proceeded to list their abilities and biological skills that man-kind once considered impossible. He wasn’t being patronising or anything but kind and gentle as he did so, but she still felt the sting of disapproval and rebuke. “We can fly, lift incredible weights. I can read, control, manipulate minds and memories and Kara has heat vision and freeze breathe. Until it was known it was impossible.”

Alex wanted to protest. To call it blasphemy but merely clenched her jaw and shook her head. What Lena claimed to have done was impossible. It broke the very laws of existence. She ignored the nagging voice in her head that sounded suspiciously like her father telling her that with science nothing was impossible. She mutinously crammed that voice to the back of her mind and the box she kept things she didn’t want to face in.

J’onn rested a hand reassuringly on her shoulder as he relayed instructions to Winn and the man nodded, casting a glance at the still frosty Kara before leaving.

“I don’t think she’s building a weapon, J’onn,” Kara said and shook her head. “She doesn’t like guns very much.”

“But,” J’onn said gravely. “She built you one… and it’s more than capable of bringing me down. Imagine what could be done with a weapon that could go on forever?”

There was a moments silence in the room.

“And I’m not saying she would,” he said seeing Kara’s brow tighten and her lips flatten. “But if anyone else got their hands on the tech….”

“Go talk to her,” J’onn suggested and his head tilted. “About her patent and about you, if you feel you’re ready.”

“Okay! I’ll see you later!” Kara’s responding smile would have powered the Earth’s solar cells for a century.

~*~

So she hadn’t managed to go and see Lena as soon as she left the DEO and the thought was as pleasing as a puppy out in the rain. Snapper had summoned her back to CatCo-immediately- and she had dutifully changed direction and was soon exiting the elevator and into the reporting floor of the CatCo Tower.

People were scurrying around like ants in the rain with their heads down and eyes averted and for a moment Kara thought that someone had died or maybe a celebrity had been caught with another’s wife or husband. It was as she was watching Eve scurry past looking like she’d just found out her house was on fire that she heard it. A familiar beat and then a voice raised in demand. She was obediently turning to the CEO’s office as soon as her voice was called, lips unfurling into a smile and eyes searching.

“Keira!”
I apologise for my absence. Life got in the way. In other news I saw Adele LIVE like OMG *squeal* it was amazing. Gah! I also bought a new PS4 game...oops....Horizon:ero Dawn is genius and if you have a PS4 and haven't bought it yet, I do suggest you do. It is amazing.

Also, this chapter was very hard to write. I wasn't feeling it and I was a little lost (I know what I want to happen, but getting there this time was a challenge) I think it may convey that, or not. Either way I do apologise. And yes, the kiss is getting closer. Much closer. I did some re-calculating and a bit of chopping (scenes will be referred to but not written out-so if I reference something you haven't read let me know-I tend to get ahead of myself- and I apologise in advance if it gets choppy).

And if you haven't joined the Supercorp page on FB do :D I was at work when the latest promo/episode came out and my phone was vibrating like crazy as those nerds lost their cool in the chat. It was entertaining. Anyway, they're a bunch of cool peps, so come on over.
Maggie Sawyer was good at her job. Scratch that. She was excellent at her job. She graduated with top marks in the Detective examinations and had climbed the ladder with apparent ease. Truthfully it took hard work: long hours, little sleep, a caffeine addiction, and a drive to see justice done. She hated failure, and she especially hated failure when lives were at stake or innocents were in danger. She was constantly watching, calculating. She was, according to one of her ex’s, married to her job. And she loved it! Her dedication to justice and to her badge were second to none. She would see justice done and she would protect the innocents. Still, she wasn’t able to shut off. Didn’t know how.

She struggled sometimes, okay-a lot, and especially in relationships. She knew that whenever something went wrong people would look to her, and while at times it was a strength it was also a burden. She was expected to have all the answers, to save the day. It was why it was a relief being with Alex. Alex knew the ins and outs of the job, in fact hers were even worse. The nightmares that awaited her the moment she closed her eyes made Maggie’s nightmares seem so miniscule in comparison. Maggie was a good detective, but she was used to humanities sins, not intergalactic ones, and those, she knew, put fear into her bad-ass girlfriend.

Alex Danvers. Special Agent ‘FBI’ was a professional bad-ass. She carried herself with confidence and strength and was a certified kick-ass; especially in her ‘FBI’ combat gear. Agent Danvers was someone you looked to when the world was turning to shit and you needed a helping hand. She would be there, atop the shit mountain and likely shooting bad guys with a gleam in her eye but she’d always have a hand offered to pull you the rest of the way. Everything would be fine, she would make sure of it. That was just who Agent Danvers was. Who she had to be.

Alex Danvers on the other hand was a goof-ball and was kind and sweet and sincere and so shy. Her girlfriend-she felt her lips break into a smile at the thought- was magnificent and she was grateful for having been thrown into her trajectory all those months ago. Alex was passionate and fiercely protective of those she cared about and there was no-one she cared more for than her little sister, Kara.

Now, Maggie wasn’t stupid. She didn’t have to have an IQ over one-fifty to figure out that her girlfriend’s shy, stumbling, dorky, brave little sister was actually the strongest woman in the city. Kara Danvers was Supergirl. And boy had that been a shock! But it did explain some things-mostly about Alex and Supergirl and how she was so protective and defensive of the blonde hero. At first Maggie had been jealous because how could she; normal, human cop with trust issues and baggage; be worth this beautiful, smart, selfless, incredible woman when she had a Superhero. She’d told herself she was content to be in Alex’s life, she’d be satisfied if Alex called her a friend. It would be an honour. But then Alex had kissed her and she’d gotten scared but then she’d woman-ed up and gone back to her and taken that step to the leap of faith. Alex hadn’t let her fall. She was Alex.

So then she and Alex had started dating. She had figured that maybe Alex thought Supergirl was out of her league-which was a lie. Supergirl should be honoured to have someone like Alex care about her-and she’d been content to be the second choice. It was Alex. She’d take whatever she could get. She didn’t think she’d ever get enough of her smile, her laugh, her touch… just being in her orbit. Plus Supergirl had been frosty when they’d meet after she’d rejected Alex and she had, for a moment, thought she might soon see the stars for herself. Up close. But Supergirl had only glared at
her and had hovered protectively near Alex almost daring Maggie to say or do something to hurt her. Maggie wasn’t that stupid. She didn’t.

Then wee-innocent-as–a-spring-lamb Kara Danvers had smiled at her sweetly and told her she’d heard alllll about her and well, it was with the same strength Supergirl cast over her shoulders and well, that cat tore out of the bag. Sweet, clumsy, shy Kara did not suit that look of iron. Supergirl did. And that was when she had realised they were one and the same.

In a way it made so much sense. And seeing the reporter and seeing Supergirl only solidified the parts to Kara that were now obvious.

Currently one of the most powerful women in the world was almost bouncing in seat opposite her as she waited for Alex to ferry over their giant bowl of wedges.

Smiling at Kara’s delight Maggie scooted over so that Alex could slide in after her and Kara pounced on the wedges and shoved them in her mouth as though she’d been fasting.

“How’s work?” Maggie asked as Alex slid her beer across the table and leaned into her side. She flashed a smile at her girlfriend before looking back at the woman stuffing cheese into her mouth.

Did she say Kara and Supergirl were obvious? She was lying. Kara Danvers was sunshine, puppies and rainbows personified and believed that she could cure the world with one smile at a time. She loved almost everyone she met and wore her heart on her sleeve and offered it to the world with hope that the world would use it for good.

“Issh good,” she said and swallowed and Maggie thought that maybe some super chewing was involved. “Cat’s back!’ And Kara was back to being an eager puppy. Seeing Kara like this made Maggie think of the innocence of children, and their wide-eyed wonder at the world and also made her want to protect the sweet blonde, even though she could do so herself.

Alex’s features conveyed her surprise. “She is? When?”

“She was at work today,” Kara said and took a sip of her soda and grinned over at Alex. “I think she gave everyone a heart-attack when she exited out of her elevator!”

Maggie could picture the shock and surprise on Cat Grant’s employee’s faces especially if she showed up out of the blue. She’d met the woman once, and knew that Cat liked things to get done, and liked them done her way. And if anyone could be one of the media moguls tolerated people it was sweet natured Kara Danvers.

“Did she want you to go back to being her assistant?” Alex asked with a frown.

Kara shook her head quickly and pushed her glasses up her nose with her index finger. “Nope! She’s been reading my articles! She liked it! She wants me to do that one on the Luthor’s I told you about.”

“Oh Lena,” Alex corrected and Kara huffed but nodded.

“Yeah,” the word was a breathless sigh.

Eyes narrowing Maggie glanced between the two. “Did something happen with Lena?”

Kara immediately blushed and Alex smirked next to her. “It’s not funny,” Kara mumbled and a laugh burst out of Alex. Maggie took a moment to commit the sound to memory.

“Yeah it is,” Alex said and reached for the plate of wedges only to have Kara snatch them back and
stick out her tongue at her sister.

“Rude,” Alex commented with faux affront. Kara sniffed dramatically and cast a glance over to her right and then sighed.

“So what happened?” Maggie asked curiously and glanced at Alex before setting her gaze on Kara.

She instantly hid her face in her hands while Alex shook with silent laughter. After a few seconds Kara took a moment to peek through her fingers. “I’m in love with Lena,” she said between them. Or, at least, that’s what Maggie gathered she had said. Truthfully the words had all joined into one jumbled mess.

Maggie sat back and arched a brow. “Is that it?” Kara’s blue eyes blinked confused behind large rims as she set her hands on the table and then slid the bowl back to the centre.

Shaking her head in exasperation she glanced at Alex and then over at Kara. “Honey. I’m surprised NASA isn’t aware of the giant crush you have on her.”

Kara’s lips formed an ‘oh’ and there was a light dusting to her cheekbones. There was an odd expression on her features. If Maggie were to name it she’d call it contemplative wonder.

Suddenly she brightened and without turning she knew the person that had just entered the bar. The person responsible for Kara’s sudden demeanour change. Even without the sudden silence of the bar and Kara’s delighted, “Lena!”

Maggie idly wondered if she ever looked like that when she was looking at Alex, looking at her like she had hung the stars just for her and had crafted all of Earth’s ethereal beauty in her image. Kara looked at Lena with reverent wonder as though she’d finally had proof of divinity.

Alex and Maggie turned to watch the Luthor heiress stride confidently across the bar with her two bodyguards, unaware of the eyes tracking her path with suspicion. But, maybe she was aware of them, Maggie considered. For while Lena’s features were carefully neutral, splitting into an unbidden smile as soon as she got closer to Kara, her body was tense and her shoulders rigid as though she could protect herself from the cutting stares. Maggie shivered, thankful that those stares weren’t being directed at her back. Lena seemed alright considering her recent near-death experience, but Maggie had taken a peak at her file and knew that she received death-threats weekly, so it would take more than a pair of morons with a gun to crack her composure. She hadn’t cracked when that Metallo guy tried to kill her, a few thugs with a gun wasn’t going to phase her. Not Lena Luthor. Maggie felt her respect for the younger woman grow.

“Kara,” the young Luthor’s voice was rich and pleasant to listen to with the hint of an accent and Maggie could hear the warmth and affection she held for Kara in that one word.

Kara was already around the booth and stepping into Lena’s space with her smile as open as her arms.

Lena seemed startled by the open affection, as did some of the alien’s that caught the move, but she accepted the embrace and her eyes sparkled and Maggie took a quick sip of her beer. For queer girls growing up Lena Luthor had been an icon, especially for the scientific ones, even if she hadn’t confirmed or denied the rumours of her sexuality. Maggie’s first girlfriend had had several posters of the young genius and would gush over her and repeat her articles word-for-word while waving her interviews around.

“Little Luthor,” Maggie raised her beer in greeting and caught the minuscule twitch at Lena’s eye
that indicated her discomfort with her last name.

“Detective. Agent,” Lena nodded to them both and then looked back to Kara, who was pushing her glasses up her nose nervously.

“I’m so happy you could come!” Kara beamed and grabbed Lena’s hand and pulled her towards the bar.

“I’m happy to be here, Kara, but,” Lena hesitated and glanced around at the unmoving patrons. “I don’t know if I am entirely welcome.”

“Nonsense!” Kara beamed and Alex shifted and Maggie scooted back in the booth so that they could both reach their service weapons if necessary. Vince and Bella looked highly unhappy with the situation as they walked up to the bar behind Lena and Alex moved to the end of the seat, beer forgotten as she watched Kara speak to M’Gann and gesture to Lena.

The bar-tender wasn’t happy if the way she leant over the bar and gestured angrily back at Lena was any indication. A pair of aliens in the back emerged from the shadows and started to make their way towards the four and Alex shot from her seat. Maggie wasn’t far behind her and they got there in time to back Lena and Kara up as the two got to the bar.

Kara was frowning, looking like a kicked puppy and she was protesting but Lena had her hand on her arm gently and was shaking her head.

“It’s okay, Kara. Really,” she said softly and Kara’s brow crinkle deepened and she shook her head.

“No. It’s not. You’re welcome here just like anyone else. It’s not just an alien bar. It’s for like, allies! Yeah!” She gave a little, earnest nod and looked beseechingly at Lena. “It’s for aliens and their human allies! And you’re one! A human! Annnnd an ally!” Oh, poor Kara, Maggie internally shook her head but kept her eyes sharp.

“Kara,” Lena said gently and Maggie had to take her metaphorical hat off to the Luthor. Kara’s puppy eyes were lethal and she was currently turning them on Lena. “This is a safe space. I understand the desire to not have me here.”

“I just wanted to give you this,” Lena said and pulled her hand off Kara’s arm and dug in her purse. M’gann was watching the interaction with intense dark eyes and cast the aliens next to Kara a warning glance.

“Here,” Lena offered a small box to Kara with a shy smile. Kara seemed frozen at the gift and then shook herself. She missed the smile turning tense on Lena’s lips but Maggie didn’t.

“No,” Kara protested fiercely, body turned to Lena and leaning forward. “You have as much right to be here as anyone.”

“Kara,” Lena sighed and Kara shook her head.

“Nope!” She said strongly. “I want you here!”

“Well we don’t,” rumbled one of the aliens and its taller companion bared pointy teeth. They were cat-like creatures, slender and willowy and graceful and their skin was a dark tan colour and bristled angrily as they gestured to Lena. “No Luthor is welcome here. Get her to leave, or else.”

Kara didn’t appreciate the threat if the way her eyes flashed as she spun was any indication. Alex
didn’t like it either and her hand drifted down to her gun and she cast Maggie a glance and she nodded. She already had her holster open and her hand on the top of her gun, ready to draw it in case things turned violent.

Kara was as fierce as a kitten in her knitted jumper and jeans and she pushed her hair back and glared at the aliens.

“We don’t want trouble,” Lena interjected smoothly and reached for Kara again and Maggie could see the concern on her features. Huh, the Little Luthor didn’t know about Kara being Supergirl? But that actually made sense, Maggie considered as she saw Lena move in next to an unmoving Kara and try to get herself between the reporter and the aliens, not knowing that Kara could and would take them out in heartbeat if they even moved to harm a hair on Lena’s head. Kara was the only thing that Lena could see. How could she even look at Supergirl when Kara was everything?

It was a drastic change from the rest of the city that fawned over their caped protector. Lena saw Kara over Supergirl, and that was everything.

“Kara. It’s fine. I just wanted to see you.”

Kara’s brow was furrowed and her bottom lip trembled and Lena faltered, glanced over her shoulder at the alien duo, and then rallied.

“Happy Adoption Day,” she smiled sincerely and then darted forward to place a quick kiss on Kara’s cheek. Kara went bright red and stuttered out a thank you and finally took the gift.

“Lena,” Kara’s voice was low now and had taken a pleading undertone to it.

Lena’s hair shook as she shifted her head. “This is a safe place, Kara. I understand and I don’t want to intrude.” She shifted her bag on her shoulder and offered a politicians smile to M’Gann.

“I apologise for the disruption,” she said and turned and started to walk away, Kara’s eyes following her like a chastened puppy.

“You like your brother, Luthor?” M’Gann broke the silence and Lena’s rigid back stiffened further, if that were possible.

Kara’s head snapped up and around and a soft growl rumbled in her chest that Maggie was only able to hear because she was standing right next to her.

Lena paused and slowly turned and when she did there was a cruel smile on her lips. “If I were you’d already be dead.”

M’Gann flicked her bar cloth over her shoulder and Maggie knew she was using her powers to get a better read on the Luthor. Kara had taken a step towards Lena and was looking like a lion ready to pounce, but this lion was going into ‘Lioness Mode’, full on teeth and claws and don’t you dare touch my baby mode.

“I doubt that,” M’Gann’s features shifted for just a moment to show her pale Martian skin. To Lena’s credit she didn’t even flinch, merely raised a brow and let her lips curl further, a challenge in her eyes. And though it was a stupid and arrogant move Maggie had to compliment Little Danvers for her choice in women. Lena was perhaps the only woman who could fit into Kara Zor-El’s world without breaking her pointy ‘fuck me heel’ stride. And damn it if she didn’t fall a little in awe of Lena Luthor in that moment.

Lena’s noncommittal hum hung on the air and she tilted her head curiously.
“You good?” M’Gann asked suddenly and Lena blinked in surprise before her brow tightened and she looked confused.

“You good?” M’Gann repeated and Lena’s chin came up.

“Why don’t you tell me?” Lena asked silkily and her brow lifted in challenge. “Seeing as you have already made up your mind about me.”

A weaker woman would have quailed under the glare M’Gann focused on Lena but she just blinked and smiled lazily.

“Fair enough,” M’gann said eventually and then gave a little nod.

Her raised voice startled a few of the patrons, but the command was clear. “Lena’s good, you hear? Anyone has a problem they come see me.”

There was an instant mutinous mumble, grumble, hiss, click and an array of sounds the aliens here used to communicate.

“Ah, ah!” M’gann lifted her voice again. “You come see me!”

Maggie saw the surprise register on Lena’s face as the approval for her presence was given. She clicked her gun back into place and wandered back to her booth and wondered if her beer was cold and as a parting thought she called back and asked Alex to get her another one.

Back in her booth and nursing her now luke warm beer Maggie watched the aliens watch Lena cautiously but no one made a move to approach her and Kara gave a little squeal and a laugh when she opened Lena’s gift and wrapped her arms around her. Kara was universally popular even with Lena’s Luthor unpopularity, so with M’Gann’s approval and Kara’s friendship she doubted anyone would bother the little group over Lena’s last name any time soon. A few minutes later and Alex and Kara returned to the booth with drinks and snacks and they choose to move to a bigger one so that Vince and Bella, and eventually J’onn, Eliza, and Mon-El, would fit.

The bartender was leaning over the bar towards Lena and was saying something to her and Maggie cursed her human hearing and also her inability to lip-read. The expression on Lena’s face when she turned back was one Maggie would turn over in her mind in the weeks to come, and especially when she and Alex’s steak-out was over. Her brow was tighter than normal and there was a sheen to her eyes that Maggie could see across the bar. Her entire being seemed to soften as she focused on Kara—who was fighting with Alex over their now sodden wedges and using them like swords and giggling the while- and there was a soft smile on her face as she came and sat down.

The night progressed with Alex softening just a little to the younger Luthor, though she was still very guarded and cautious, and Lena getting more and more drunk, trying to beat Kara. Eventually, she thought, M’Gann took pity on Lena’s increasingly inebriated state and started making special mixes ‘just for Kara’ with her alien alcohol. Kara might have been able to down a few bottles of whisky straight with only a slight tingle to her system, but the shots M’Gann have her soon had her giggling and draping herself over Lena. By the time the night would be over Maggie had a feeling the two would be very hung-over the next morning, but as it was, listening to them both giggling about… something… she was content to sit back with Alex’s arm over her shoulder and her fingers toying with her hair and watch the two singular women be in love.

Maggie felt a silent kinship to Lena. They were both women who carried baggage and had the burden and duty of being in love with a Danvers sister, even if only one of them knew it. They also had the honour of being loved by one. It was something Maggie would think of often when Alex...
would cry in her arms in the dark weeks and months ahead, when the Danvers smiles and laughs were few and far between and their eyes grew shadowed and pained. All was fair in love and war, right? And it was going to be a war.

Chapter End Notes

Let me know how I did with Maggie :D Happy April Fool's.
"This is getting ridiculous, Miss Luthor," Supergirl said as she stood amidst the wreckage of Lena’s large SUV and helped Vince lean against it. He was bleeding from a bullet in his shoulder and had his empty gun resting across his lap. Bella was off practising her boxing on one of their assailants and a group of them were strewn all across the road, their own vehicles waiting quietly with bodies at their open doors. The wail of sirens could be heard approaching in the distance and civilians were watching from a distance with wide eyes and phones out.

There was a car in front of the wrecked SUV, clearly the source of the crash and there were shattered windows and dents in the metal and bullets all over the ground. Supergirl’s arrival had ensured there were no casualties, but she hadn’t been gentle as she took them out and zipped to Lena’s side. Her desperation to reach Lena had resulted in a crater in the DEO lobby and several broken windows, as well as a few on the buildings she had brushed a little close to on her way to Lena. When she saw Lena under fire a haze had come over her and she had slammed into many of them with perhaps a little bit too much strength. The best the thugs would come away with was bruises. She had heard cracks somewhere under the thrum of Lena’s heartbeat.

Lena was surprisingly without a scratch, but there was a furious curl to her lip as she straightened from where she’d been taking cover behind a parked car and stepped through the glass and knelt down next to Vince. There was something off about her, something Kara couldn’t put her finger on. It was…different, but she still looked like Lena. She was wearing jeans, a smart jacket and a green blouse and seeing her made Kara’s heart thump in her chest like it was a puppy’s tail; eager to see its master. She had to remind herself she was Supergirl right now and Supergirl didn’t take Lena Luthor into her arms and hold her tight and guard her from the world, no matter how much the distress on Lena’s face made her want to.

She removed her blazer and bundled it up, pressing it against Vince’s wound. “We need to keep the pressure on,” she said and then looked up at the unimpressed Superhero.

“I am well aware, Supergirl,” Lena said and straightened. They were the same height today, Lena’s mammoth heels carrying her above the heights of normal women, and she looked like a furious model on the way to a runway shoot. “But this is not my fault, blame the city’s low lives if you must, but this is not on me.”

Exasperated Supergirl ran her fingers through her hair and placed her hands on her hips. “That’s the third time this month! Next time I might not be able to get to you in time! And it’s only the second week!”

So what would you have me do, hm?” Lena shot back and arched a brow, ignoring the cameras pointed on them. “Hide? Cower in fear? I will not do that! I have a life!”

“You mightn’t for much longer!” Supergirl shot back and lowered her hands from her hips. “Until your brother is caught, or the bounty is revoked, then you are constantly in danger. Even the average citizen would consider it now, especially now they all know about the hit on you.” She lifted her shoulders and ducked her head.

One of the local news outlets had gotten wind of the million dollar hit and had run the story. The police were furious and other outlets had been quick to condemn the decision, including Catco.
Grant had been irate and had instantly swore that if any of them even thought about running the story they would be looking for a new job. Many average people had given it a try. Coming at Lena with knives or guns on the street, and they tried to sneak into her building and places she frequented to try and get to her. Six figures was nothing to sneer at. “Please consider our protection. I know you don’t want it, but your two guards aren’t enough. Let me protect you!”

“Hey,” grunted Vince and shot the Super a glare, squinting up at her. “We’ve done fine, thank you very much.”

“And you’ve done an admirable job,” the Super said distractedly. “Please, Miss Luthor. What if another alien or, or a Meta-human comes after you next time?”


“Um, no?” Supergirl blinked confused. Lena’s abrupt 360 had left her behind and she was trying to catch up past the relief she was feeling. She could protect Lena!

“Good. We can set up a chore roster,” Lena said, deadpanned. “How do you feel about Pixar? I know you’ve mentioned you’re a Disney fan, but Pixar makes some good movies as well.”

“They are fine….”

Lena flicked a gaze over at Bella who was happily bounding over, malicious glint in her eyes and her hands were shaking a little and red. Evidently she had enjoyed her brief moment of violence.

“Are you alright, Miss Luthor?” she enquired and glanced over the two women before looking down at Vince.

“Aw, get shot old man?” She teased and he glared at her, muscles flexing as he held Lena’s jacket over his wound.

He scoffed. “I can still kick your ass, kid.”

She grinned in response. “You’d have to catch me first.”

“Children,” Lena interrupted what was about to become an argument. “Play nice.”

They shot her sheepish expressions and settled down. “Where’s David?” Bella asked and they looked around and Lena straightened and her gaze frantically searched the wrecked car for any sign of her driver.

“I got it,” Supergirl said and lifted the SUV with one hand. David was underneath it and his skin was ashen.

“David!” Lena crouched down next to him immediately, ignoring the shattered glass and pieces of metal surrounding him and reached frantically for a pulse.

He groaned in response, and though the rapidly expanding bloodstain on his dark suit was telling, he was still alive. For the moment.

His skin was clammy and pale and Kara quickly scanned his body. His heart was going crazy and his chest was rising and falling rapidly as his body sought to find the problem it was facing; lack of blood. There were at least three bullets in his body, but the one that looked like it was causing the
damage was the one under his ribs.

Lena was already ripping his shirt open and trying to find the source of the bleeding. “How quick can you get to NC General?” she demanded and then went for her blouse with bloody fingers.

Kara blinked as Lena tore it from her body and start to rip it and her shoulders were exposed. Skin. Skin. Skin. Skin. Kara was fairly certain she lost control of her face. Oh Rao, was that a tattoo? Skin. Skin. Skin.

“Um, two minutes?” It took super-ha- super-strength to force her gaze off the exposed pale skin of Lena’s back and shoulders, and the movement of her muscles, but eventually Kara managed it. Just.

“Bella!” Lena called and the body-guard jogged over. Vince grunted and rolled his way to his feet and came around the vehicle. “Do you have a pad or something?” She was rolling her blouse up as the sirens got closer and placed it over David’s torso and applied pressure.

David’s head slammed back on the concrete and Lena took a moment to brush his face, leaving a bloody streak there.

‘Supergirl. Come in. What’s your status?’

“I stopped the shooting but Miss Luthor’s driver has been hurt. I’ll fly him to NCG. Can you call ahead?”

Alex voiced the affirmative and Lena looked up at Supergirl. “Can you fly him and apply pressure at the same time?”

Kara nodded and Lena rubbed her hair off her face with her elbow and sat back. Kara swooped in and picked him up as gently and as quickly as she could.

“Get him there…. Lena said quietly and rose to her feet. “Please,” she begged and Kara gave her a sharp nod and then rose into the sky and flew hurriedly towards the hospital.

She could hear Bella offering Lena her jersey as their voices faded and Alex clicked in.

‘NC Gen knows you’re coming. How bad is it?’

“He’s been shot and he’s gone into shock,” Kara shouted over the wind and dove towards the hospital as fast as she could, Lena’s voice guiding her forward.

She heard Alex relaying the information and within half a minute was landing gently outside of National City General Hospital. There was a bed and a team of doctors- or maybe they were nurses? Honestly Kara wasn’t sure how hospitals worked-waiting for her and her precious cargo.

Once she had handed him over she nodded to the departing backs and rose back into the sky. She wanted to return to Lena.

Lena. Lena. Lena, said her heartbeat.

After the first attempted shooting after their day shopping, which, still made her smile, and she had the videos other people had taken of them signing on her phone, Kara had gone looking for the shooter. NCPD was taking too long with it, so Kara had decided to do them a favour the moment Lena had been escorted to her ‘clear’ apartment. It had taken her an hour, and she had not been gentle when she had found them. Nor had she cared much for the owner of the building she slammed through when she found them.
She landed in a crater of dust and rubble and wood and had straightened to find herself in an old kitchen with guns on the table and dishes piled in the sink. The thugs stared at her in shock and then leapt for their guns. She may have broken a few bones and cracked a few heads together but the four of them ended up outside the closest precinct with a thump. She had not been gentle. The media had caught wind of that particular crime-solving of hers and had wondered at the brutality of it. Normally she just dropped them off without that badly of an injury, but it almost seemed like Supergirl had wanted to hurt them. Was it because of her friendship with Lena Luthor?, they wondered. And they were right. Kara had very nearly beaten them to a pulp for daring to step towards Lena with hostile intentions, and Alex had to caution her down.

Unfortunately now that the entire city knew about the bounty average low-lifes, and even less moral citizens, were considering taking Lena out. A few had seen her out and had tried to; one apparently came at her with a steak knife while she was out with her board members, a group were caught trying to get into her garage with a shitty home-made bomb, someone sent her mail laced with aconite and another had gone for the traditional arsenic poisoning. Lena’s mail was always screened and the post office took care of most of that. Thankfully they were required to wear gloves and for high profile clients they wore face masks, just in case, so nothing actually came of the attempts.

To say Lena was getting tired of the attempts was an understatement. When she came to CatCo to see Kara someone tried to knife her in the lobby- Vince had thrown them through the window and Cat had been okay with it as they got an exclusive with Lena as an apology- Cat and Lena were well acquainted, apparently, and the interview had been done by the mogul herself. In Lena’s hair saloon one of the clients tried to stab her with scissors. She couldn’t even buy her own coffee now without being concerned some dweeb would pull a gun on her.

It wasn’t just humans having a go. Several times the DEO had to intercept an alien that considered the deal worth it. They either had a human partner who would get the money (because Lex wouldn’t be about to pay an alien) or didn’t quite think Lex’s xenophobia applied because they were more concerned with dollar signs. Supergirl had stormed into M’Gann’s bar and had warned, loudly, that if she caught any of them going after Lena they had better hope the DEO got to them before she did. None of those aliens had made a move on Lena yet. Apparently she had been scary.

But Lena had refused to cower. She still went to schools and hospitals and accompanied Supergirl to shelters a few times. She went to the new temporary L-Corp offices and worked on the rebuild. She even spent time in some of the temporary labs and when she had been questioned had rebuked loudly that she trusted her employees and these threats would not stop her living her life. Kara was very frustrated about it and of Lena’s ‘you can’t live in fear’ mentality. Lena wouldn’t accept DEO protection until today, and the thought made her happy.

Alex would be organising the protective custody, and it would be easier now that L-Corp was spread out and they had team managers seeing to the employees. A lot of their work had been halted, but it was getting back on track-Lena could be very persuasive when she wanted to be- and their stocks were rising again. The recovery of many items from the vaults and labs had been overseen by Lena and the trucks had been heavily guarded as they took the tech to the new facilities. Plus she had been very cryptic about that Tweet and the one to follow, a countdown set for three days from now. In an off-hand statement she had mentioned that she was going to thank her investors for sticking with L-Corp. The tech world was buzzing. They knew something big was coming. Only the government patent office and the DEO knew exactly what it was though, and Winn was begging to be able to go and talk with her about it to see if it were, in fact, real.

Kara still wasn’t talking to him and James though, she’d heard it with her Super-hearing. James had been stood down at CatCo- Cat was furious in how he had been using her beloved newspaper to promote the Guardian and had warned him off it and back to his job. But he was still out there at
night and dragging Winn along with him in to danger and it tore Kara apart. On one hand she was thankful that they wanted to help people, but she was scared and furious that they were going about it the absolute wrong way. Vigilante justice was not their kind of justice.

Supergirl bet the police to the scene and landed to see that Lena was wearing a grey jersey zipped over her collar bone and was standing talking to Bella who was just in a shirt now. As Kara landed she could see Vince was sitting on a parked car and was resting his arm.

“Supergirl!” Lena spun and her eyes were bright. “Did David get to hospital okay?” Kara felt her heart warm at the concern Lena was showing to her driver and nodded.

“The doctors met me at the door. Um, does he have a family?”

Lena nodded and nearly sagged against the vehicle in relief. “I’ve rung his wife. They’re going to the hospital now.” Lena sighed and leant her head back on the flank of the car. “Thank you,” she breathed and Kara nodded.

“Um, about your protective custody…. Don’t think about hugging her. Don’t think about taking her into your arms and flying her away. Be professional. You are a hero.

Lena’s eyes opened and she lifted her head. “Yes?”

“Um, a team is on their way and they’ll take you to a safe place and talk to you about it.”

Lena shook her head. “I have a safe house… out of the city…."

Kara fought the urge to fidget and instead placed her hands on her hips. “Well… they’ll have to clear it…”

“I’ll give them the address,” she said and looked over at the squad car trying to push its way through the traffic. There was a big van behind it, one of those ones you expected to see drunken people tossed in to sober up on the way to the station. The drivers gave up and emerged from the cars with their guns drawn. Most went to the thugs that Supergirl, Bella and Vince had taken out, but a few went to talk to witnesses and one pair jogged over to Lena, Kara, and the two bodyguards. It was Mark and Mike, the two officers in charge of the case/s against Lena and they just sighed as they got closer and Supergirl straightened.

“Miss Luthor has agreed to the protection of my team,” she said proudly, firmly. “So hopefully that will mean less….incidents.”

Lena’s head came back and she glared at Supergirl. “Which are not my fault,” she said slowly.

“You’re making yourself a target,” Kara huffed in exasperation. Mike and Mark- or MnM as she liked to call them in her head- looked between the two and looked at each other. Kara could tell the exact moment they decided to not get between the two feuding titans. Bella was escorting Vince over to the ambulance and Kara straightened, knowing that if anyone tried to hurt Lena she was her main protector now. The thought made her proud; she would always protect Lena.

Lena’s eyes narrowed. “I will not stop going out and living my life, Supergirl,” she said carefully, an undercurrent of rage to her voice.

Kara threw her hands up. “Your brother is trying to kill you, Miss Luthor.”

She knew she had said the wrong thing when Lena straightened and she sneered. “Oh please,” she snarled. “Lex is just throwing a tantrum. If he wanted me dead I’d be dead because he’d do it himself
and no one could stop him. Not even you,” she said and Kara felt her jaw loosen. Lena hesitated and then added, “On second thoughts I won’t be accepting your protection.”

“But-but-,” she changed tactic’s under Lena’s unimpressed eye-brow raise. “He’s trying to kill you! Lex Luthor!”

“I am well aware, Supergirl,” Lena snapped back and she dug her phone from her jean pocket. “My brother is throwing a tantrum and is causing a great inconvenience for me.”

“I don’t think attempted murder qualifies as an inconvenience, Miss Luthor!” Supergirl’s voice lifted and she placed her hands on her hips.

Lena paused from where she was typing out a message on her phone. “In my family it does.”

Her gaze turned to the officers. “I’d like to go home now. Can we do my statement there?”

MnM shared a glance and then nodded. “We’ll give you a lift,” Mark said.

“Thank you,” Lena said and looked over to the ambulance where Vince was being seen to.

She ducked into the SUV and grabbed the rest of their belongings and handed a bag to Bella and carried Vince and David’s with her as she walked towards the ambulance. The Media were already here.

‘What’s going on, Supergirl?’

“Argh,” Kara sighed and lifted her hands off her hips. “Lena’s being difficult!” The pout in her voice was obvious and she may have stamped her foot as she walked Lena walk away. “She doesn’t want our protection anymore.”

“Our team will meet her at her apartment to talk about DEO protection... I know someone who will change her mind. Just...go with her if that makes you feel-’ Alex didn’t have to finish before Kara was jogging across the road to Lena.

“Miss Luthor!”

Lena spun around so quickly Kara had to screech to a halt. Her hand came up to her chest and pressed against the crest and Kara blinked down at it and then over at Lena.

“What is it, Supergirl?” She sounded tired and Kara hesitated before focusing on her heart rate. Normally she didn’t, unless it slipped in, but now she could hear it she could hear how it thumped fast and strong and she swallowed. Lena was scared, very scared.


Lena scoffed. “No,” she shot back and there were tears leaking into her voice. “No, it’s not okay, Supergirl. David’s dying in hospital,” Kara winced at how Lena’s voice cracked. “Vince’s been shot, Kara nearly got shot. Who’s gonna get hurt next?”

Kara straightened proudly. “No one!” She said strongly. “I am going to keep you safe. Me and my team,”

Lena looked at her a moment and there was a flash of something in her eyes before she shook her head.

“You don’t know Lex-no!” She added when Kara opened her mouth to protest. “You don’t. Your
cousin does, but you don’t. When we were children we used to build rockets,” Lena emphasised. “We would challenge each other to build race-cars and race them around the tracks. We built robots that had it out in the garden and destroyed mother’s roses. We designed software that could think for its self. We built jetpacks and designed aeroplanes. We got our first PhD’s when we were in our teens. We-“

“Committed and covered up a murder?” Kara blurted out wryly and Lena halted. Her eyes narrowed and Supergirl swallowed and lifted her hands apologetically. “Sorry.”

“Lionel got drunk one night and fell down the stairs,” Lena said carefully, but her heart jumped around and Kara knew instantly that it was a lie. “And I didn’t take you to read trashy articles based on hearsay.”

“Sorry,” Kara said again but internally her heart was racing. Kara had never asked Lena about it, hadn’t dared too, and hadn’t felt comfortable in their friendship to ask. And it had never come up with Supergirl. But now Kara knew. Lex and Lena were murderers. Well… she knew that Lex was, but, at best, Lena was an accessory to the deed as she would have helped cover it up at least. She wasn’t sure what she should do about it, as her knowing would be seen as well unfair, not that any court would call her a liar.

“Lex is brilliant,” Lena said and now her features softened to something sorrowful. “My brother is the smartest man alive. His IQ can’t be measured on standardized tests. So when you say Lex Luthor is trying to kill me you don’t know what that means;” her voice was soft now, surprisingly gentle. “My brother, the person who loved me, wants me, at best; inconvenienced, and at worst; dead…. And you,” Lena ducked her head slightly into her shoulder and her eyes were glassy. “You don’t know, you don’t even understand…” She trailed off and cleared her throat.

“You’re a member of this city, Miss Luthor. We want to keep you safe… you deserve it… I will keep you safe.” Kara focused on what was important. Lena’s safety. The would-be murderers were getting bolder. The last group had taken to her vehicle with semi-automatic machine guns, so what would the next group do?

“Other people need your help more,” Lena said and she moved her hand from Kara’s crest as though she had forgotten it was there.

She pulled away and Kara fought the urge to follow her as she stopped by the ambulance, gave Vince his belongings, talked for a moment, and then walked to the police car with Bella and MnM.

“Alex?” Kara asked and lifted slowly from the ground.

‘I think Kara Danvers should meet us at Lena’s apartment,’ Alex said and Kara could hear the sound of a city in the background.

“Huh? Why?”

Alex’s voice sounded amused as she answered. ‘Because, Kara…. I don’t know anyone that can refuse those eyes of yours.’

Oh. Right. Kara could convince Lena to accept Supergirl’s protection.

“Okay. I’m on my way.”

She flew over Lena’s police escort home until they reached her block, and after scanning the building for any further signs of threats-her security had amped up after the news went public and now the building was locked up fairly tightly. No one was getting into it without ID and/or a badge.
The Media had already swarmed around the building in the half hour it had taken them to get through traffic and Lena pulled Bella’s hood up over her head and put her glasses on as she walked between Mike, Mark and Bella towards the building. The apartment security came down and helped to guide them through the press and inside.

Kara landed behind a dumpster and got changed and then stumbled along the pavement and towards the building.

The DEO vans arrived in the guise of the FBI and Kara quickly moved to Alex. “Alex!” She called and her sister beckoned her through the armed guards she was with. It looked very impressive and the DEO were in full combat gear and the eyes of the media were no doubt on them as they marched up the steps and towards the building.

“You talk to her and get her to accept our protection,” Alex said as they walked into the building. Kara nodded. She could do that. She’d make sure Lena was safe. And she was itching to hold her, to feel the steady thump of Lena’s heart so she knew she was alive. The badges and ‘FBI’ letters very obvious and the security had no choice but to let them in. But they met them in the centre of the lobby and checked for identification before they were allowed into the elevator. Kara was checked, but she waved a greeting to Brian, the head security guard, and he let her pass with them, even though she was Media. Lena had a short list of everyone able to see her at all times and Kara was on that list.

The elevator ride was quiet apart from Kara asking if there was any news on David, but Alex merely said he was still in surgery.

The journey to the top was a little crowded, to be honest. Alex, Kara, Agent Wolfe, Agent Rook, Agent Cole, and Agent MAD were a tight fit in the elevator, especially as the Agents had rather large guns with them and full body armour. Kara tried to make herself as small as possible and when the elevator dinged she was first out the door, maybe having jumped over their heads in her rush to get to Lena.

“Lena!” She shouted as she jogged down the hall and Bella opened the door for her and she virtually flew into the apartment.

“Lena?” She called again and scanned the kitchen, and living spaces for her friend and then chased her heartbeat through the halls and to her room.

“Kara?” Lena had gotten changed and was exiting her walk-in closet when Kara rounded the corner. Her hair was down and she was adjusting a black t-shirt and she paused at seeing Kara. She was still wearing her bloody jeans and little pieces of glass tinkered as they fell to the ground. There was another pair slung across her shoulders but Kara ignored that and almost flew to her to wrap her up in an embrace. Lena’s heart started and then the sound instantly sharpened and smoothened, becoming regular and strong and Kara felt her heart expand at being able to do that, be that for Lena.

Kara was reminded of the fragility of humans as she gently pulled Lena closer to her, as though she could envelop her and protect her forever and she let her chin drop to rest on Lena’s shoulder.

Sighing Lena curled into the embrace and Kara reflectively held her tighter.

“I’m glad you’re okay,” Kara mumbled, too content in her current position- with Lena in her arms and with her head tucked into her neck-to move her mouth.

Lena hummed and her embrace constricted briefly. “David’s in hospital,” and Kara drew back
instantly, keeping her hands on Lena’s shoulders as though she and not Lena needed the grounding.

“I’m so sorry. Is there anything I can do?” She offered quickly, sincerely and Lena bit her lip and let her lids flutter closed. She shook her head as the first tears fell and Kara held her just like she had the first time Lena let herself break.

Lena cried quietly, with the familiarity of someone who had been taught to keep their tears to themselves, to cry themselves to sleep alone and in the dark where no-one could see, or the kind of person that would go out in thunderstorms and lose their tears amongst the rain. It was something Kara had noticed the last time she’d held Lena and her own heart ached at the thought of no-one every being there for the strong and beautiful woman in her arms.

She cooed her gently and held her close and ran her hands up and down Lena’s back comfortingly, feeling her heartbeat all around them.

She reluctantly pulled away from Lena when she heard footsteps approaching and lifted her hands to cup Lena’s cheeks and ran her thumbs along the damp skin there. Not for the first time it struck her just how beautiful Lena was.

Her jaw line belonged on a marble sculpture, probably that one with the wings in the Louvre in Paris. Victory, or something. Or maybe she belonged to another time; clad in silk gowns and sparkling jewels and adorned with a crown. Her eyebrows were like, literally the best ones Kara had ever seen. Like, if an eyebrow had the crème-de le crème, it would be Lena’s eyebrows. They were on point! When Lena smiled Kara’s stomach would flutter, especially if that smile was directed at her, and her lips were sinful, deliciously so, but what really drew Kara in was Lena’s eyes.

Lena’s eyes were never just one colour, and how they managed to change and reflect her mood and with the light and her clothing was one of life’s many mysteries. They could be steel, glinting and cold and unyielding, like the CEO Lena had to be. Sometimes they were a bright, vibrant green full of life and warmth. A few times they’d been as green/gold as the sunrise in a field and sometimes they were blue, like they were now. A stormy blue, like you were in the middle of the ocean as thunder roars and lightning flashes, and the waves rear and buck around you. It leaves you in terrified awe of the power around you, of the force that is nature.

So beautiful, she thought and ran her thumbs along Lena’s smooth cheeks and felt her jaw move under her palms. Lena’s sharp inhale almost pulled Kara’s head forward, maybe it did, but she blinked and settled back when she heard a knock on the door.

“Miss Luthor,” it was Bella. “The FBI and police want to see you.”

Lena cleared her throat and pulled away and Kara let the tips of her fingers trails down her cheeks to try and keep their skin touching for as long as possible. Lena’s heart was flipping over its self, but Kara couldn’t hear it over how her own heart thudded in her chest.

“Just a minute, Bella. Thank you.” Kara took a step back as Bella’s footsteps departed and looked at Lena from under the rim of her glasses.

There was a flush to her cheek bones and she looked so lovely, even with her eyes rimmed red from her pain.

“Glad I’m wearing water-proof mascara, huh?” She said, and there was a note of self-loathing to it and Kara opened her mouth to comment and left it open as Lena pulled her jeans down her legs.

Kara was not proud of the sound that escaped her lips. It was something a mouse would make. Lena
paused as she pulled the fabric down her legs and Kara took a moment to turn around very, very quickly.

Oh, Rao! She could feel her face heat and her mouth went dry and she was acutely aware of the sounds behind her even as she forced her mind away from Lena’s pale skin. She could hear the denim leaving Lena’s skin, could hear the rustle of it as it hit the ground and the tinkering of shards of glass as they fell around Lena. She swallowed. Lena grumbled something to herself and then her footsteps faded and Kara quickly chanced a glance behind her for her friend.

She darted a look at the jeans on the floor and saw the blood stains and felt her rage at the shooters simmer back to life.

Lena emerged again with sweat-pants and stepped gingerly around her jeans and looked over at Kara. The reporter saw the raised eyebrow and the hint of a smirk curling her lips but Lena didn’t say anything and just ushered her towards the door.

Kara stumbled over her feet, still caught up on skin, skin, skin, oh Rao skin, and nearly took out the door when she exited.

“There’s a first-aid kit in the laundry, would you mind going and getting it. Please?” Lena asked her gently and Kara almost ran to the laundry to get it. Anything for Lena. Anything that Lena asked for her. Anything to help her.

She returned with the kit to the lounge and found Lena had gotten a bowl out and was running hot water while she spoke with MnM.

Mike had taken up a position over by the windows and was watching the city go by below and Mark had his pad and pen out recording what Lena was saying. Alex and her team were at attention over by the television; out of the way but still seeing what was going on. Bella had gone into the guest bathroom and Kara could hear water running.

Lena’s post-attack interview was quick and soon Mike and Mark were departing and that left Kara, Alex, and her agents.

Lena had washed her hands and made sure there was no glass or gravel or dirt in her cuts and had put plasters over the few cuts that needed it and Kara knew she was waiting until she was alone before she did her legs.

“Miss Luthor,” Alex began once the door had shut behind the two police officers.

“Agent Danvers. I trust you’ll be upfront and honest about my protective custody slash home detention?” Lena cut her off and raised her brow as she leant over her counter. The way she said upfront and honest was weighted, but how she added protective custody slash home detention made it clear she knew exactly what was going on.

“Miss Luthor?” Alex asked squarely, eyes giving nothing away.

Alex had two ways of dealing with people, and Kara was more aware of the differences between Agent Danvers, and Alex Danvers now more than ever, even after their night drinking.

Alex was suspicious of Lena Luthor but maintained a polite distance and interest in her as Kara, her sister, seemed to care about her so much. She loved her, but she didn’t know if Lena was worthy of Kara’s love, few people were. She also couldn’t compartmentalise the existence of Lena Luthor and Kara Danvers, with Lena Luther and Supergirl and was terrified for her sister. Kara had been under her protection from the moment she became a Danvers, and Alex had tried her hardest to make sure
her sweet and kind and gentle beautiful baby-sister stayed safe, and Lena was a threat to that no matter how you looked at it. And Alex had looked at it. From many different angles. She was still undecided.

So maybe she could have treated Lena better, but either way she was a potential danger to Kara and Alex didn’t like not knowing how to neutralise the threat. She didn’t have enough data. The scientist in her didn’t like not having the data.

Lena said she didn’t hate Aliens and her actions thus far had shown she had no ill intentions to Supergirl, but she was a Luthor. She had been raised in a toxic xenophobic environment and had a fear of aliens and their technology, knowledge and abilities. Not only that, but as she proved the first time she’d been attacked in her office, and when she made Kara a gun, she had the brains, resources and skill to do something about that fear. And humans…Luthor’s did not have a good track record when it came to fear against aliens. It usually turned to violence, and violence lead to conflict and sometimes death.

“Don’t play coy with me, Agent Danvers. I know you aren’t FBI,” Lena said and turned to get a bottle from the fridge. She silently asked Kara if she wanted one and Kara shook her head, too concerned with how her friend was calling her sister out and wondering what else she knew.

“I think you’re mistaken, Miss Luthor,” Kara could see Alex’s flicker of distrust and the agents around her shifted.

“Agent Alexandra Danvers of the Department of Extra-“ Lena halted and tilted her head to the side.

“DEO,” she corrected and her gaze caught and locked on Alex’s. “I trust you’ll arrange for the actual FBI to postpone their surveillance of me? If I was going to contact Lex I would and they would never know.”

Kara knew Alex well enough to see the minute slackening of her jaw and the twitch near her eyes which conveyed her surprise but otherwise the Agent’s face remained blank.

Kara felt caught between two unfriendly lions as they eyed each other, sizing the other up and waiting for the strike.

“Very well, Miss Luthor,” Alex said and she turned her head and nodded to Agent Wolfe. He had a small device on him and he pressed the button.

“We are the DEO.”

Lena leant back a little and Kara could feel her satisfaction at the confession.

“I appreciate your honesty, Agent.”

“It goes both ways, Miss Luthor,” Alex said neutrally and Lena ducked her head in acknowledgement.

“Supergirl said you had a property out of town we could use as a safe-house?”

Lena nodded and returned to her fridge where a notepad and pen was stuck to the otherwise gleaming surface.

“Here,” she said after a few moments and offered Alex the paper with the address on it.

Agent Rook took it immediately and moved over to the window to call in a search team.
“She also said you were reluctant to accept our protection after accepting it. What changed your mind?”

Lena considered it for a moment and then sighed. “Supergirl…. Lex is unhappy with me,” she said eventually and Kara wanted to cross the island and give her a hug but didn’t think it would be welcomed. “He hates Superman, and by extension Supergirl. I don’t want to imagine his reaction when he finds out that she is going to be guarding me in person.”

Alex faltered and Lena’s eyes shot up.

“She was very insistent, Agent Danvers. I assumed she would be, at the very least, stopping by every few hours.”

Alex nodded slowly, dark eyes contemplative. “Yes,” she said eventually. “She wants to keep you safe,” the way she said it made Kara frown but she didn’t say anything. She still wanted to know what Alex’s problem was with Lena because she did have one. Alex had shrugged it off whenever Kara had hesitantly asked about it, but she was starting to get very annoyed with it. Lena deserved better than being thought for her last name.

Lena nodded slowly but Kara could see the idea of Supergirl wanting to keep her safe was pleasing.

“So what did change your mind?” Alex asked and Kara could see this was a pressing question and one that Alex really wanted answered. So did Kara. In the, now forty five-ish minutes since the attack, Lena had gone from yes to no to yes again, and Kara was starting to get whiplash.

“I can’t protect the people around me from getting caught in the crosshairs,” Lena said softly and she was gazing at Kara as she said it. Kara swallowed but couldn’t look away. “Supergirl can.” Lena gave a little shrug. “Maybe she can even convince people not to try, I don’t know. But I know that she’ll do her best to make sure no one innocent gets hurt. I-my driver David…. If she were around, he might not be in hospital fighting for his life.”

“Or he might be,” Alex responded and Lena gave a little nod.

“I am aware of that. But…. She has a greater chance than any of us humans, and I know she will try. She doesn’t know how to not.”

Alex tilted her head but remained quiet on the subject and then went on to discuss the DEO protection arrangements for Lena. Most of it was obvious; she would be accompanied everywhere by two agents around the clock with three changeover times. She would be escorted in a DEO SUV and would be given a private line to Supergirl- “I already have her number,” Lena said simply and then lifted her shoulder in a delicate shrug in response to Alex’s arched brow. “We text.”- Kara knew she’d be hearing from her sister on that later. She would be forced to re-locate out to her property on the outskirts-if it was acceptable, because far too many people knew the building she lived in, and while its security was top of the line, it did put innocents at risk. So seclusion was best.

The Alex left Agent MAD- who introduced herself as Madison Amy Dougle- and Agent Wolfe, who would guard Lena for the first shift. There were three watches; the typical working day watch of nine to five, five to one in the morning, and one to nine am. The DEO agents would roster themselves and their upkeep would be paid for by the DEO. Lena would later meet the other pair that would guard her.

Alex shared a look with Kara and then saw herself out and the two Agent’s stationed themselves at the door and Kara knew that they wouldn’t let anything into the apartment.
Her phone went off before she could say anything and it was the DEO’s line so she hesitated in Lena’s kitchen and held it up.

“Um, sorry. I have to go…..” she trailed off apologetically.

Lena just smiled with her eyes and inclined her head. “What are- Would you- I’m,” she paused and took a steadying breath and her heart stumbled but her features remained impassive. “Are you busy Thursday night?”

Kara thought for a moment and then shook her head. “No, why?”

“I’d like to show you something…. If that’s okay. You can get an exclusive too!” She added earnestly and Kara felt her rising hope falter.

“Yeah! Sure! But only if you want me there…. I don’t have to be a reporter…..” She hedged and was rewarded with Lena’s lips splitting into a smile and Kara’s heart swelled.

“I’d like that,” Lena confessed quietly and there was excitement shining in her eyes.

“What is it?” Kara asked and Lena laughed softly. The sound made a swooping feeling in her stomach.

“It’s a secret, Kara,” Lena’s amusement was obvious. “Did you want to grab something beforehand? There’s a new restaurant on-“

“Yes,” Kara interrupted eagerly. She’d never turn down the opportunity to spend time with Lena.

“Okay. Awesome,” there was a dusting of red to Lena’s cheeks and Kara felt her smile rising in response and then her phone vibrated again and she glared at it.

“Go, Kara,” Lena smiled and gestured towards the door. “I’ll see you Thursday.”

Kara reluctantly picked her bag and walked towards the door. “It’s a date!” She called behind her and then went bright red and then maybe she bolted from the apartment or maybe she walked out casually with her head held high. Only she and Lena would know, and if it was the former, then, well, she did have somewhere to be and Lena wasn’t to know she was an incoherent mess over her slip.

She nearly flew into several buildings on the way to the DEO. She had a date with Lena? She ran the conversation over in her head as she navigated the skyscrapers and considered it. Dinner at a new restaurant, and knowing Lena it would probably be very classy, Lena was a classy lady, and then the two of them were going to do something? Wait, was it just the two of them? Maybe it wasn’t. But she had said she’d give Kara and CatCo the exclusive, so maybe it was that thing in the park that no-one knew anything about. And Kara had said it would be a date and Lena hadn’t said anything in response to that, or maybe she had and Kara hadn’t heard it over the summersaults her heart was doing at her nerve. Either way she was so excited to see what Lena was going to show her, and, mostly, just to spend time with her. She’d be willing to spend forever with Lena.
In celebration of my reaching over 200k words in Microsoft. It is early :D But don't expect another one until Sunday... if I can wait that long. The Kiss is coming :D
Part Forty - Two

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Lena’s country house was, quite frankly, amazing even if it was a half hour out of town and in the middle of no-where.

The fly over was very pleasant, if Kara didn’t say so herself. After leaving the hustle and bustle of the city she had soared over fields of stock and country estates and vineyards and then it had turned into forests and rivers as she got closer to the mountains flanking National City.

It took several passes for her to locate the house and she had to dart over the road to check she had the right address—of the neighbour three miles towards town—before she knew she was in the right area. When she saw Lena’s Camaro she knew she was in the right place and floated gently down to land on the gravel driveway and gazed around her in awe.

She’d landed in a large clearing, and by large she meant the size of a football field and a half, and it was flanked on either side by lush green forest. The house was towards the back of the clearing with a barn to Kara’s left and some wooden fences and she’d followed a gravel driveway down the property from the roadside. But behind her there was a ring of trees and unless you drove the driveway you wouldn’t be able to know that this property was here behind the trees. To the right of the house there were six great sections of solar panels and a little out-house shed in front of it. The Camaro and the DEO SUV were parked out in front of the house and Kara caught the shadow of movement from inside.

The country wasn’t as quiet as she’d thought it would be, she considered as she strode across the gravel and towards the front steps. She could hear the sounds of the wildlife scurrying around in the bush; the chickens clucking and cooing and pecking at the grass; the flutter of wings as birds soared through the skies; snorting pigs and there was even a few horses down by the barn and a donkey and some cows, and further down behind the house she could hear the low rumble of a river. It had its own symphony of sound, not better or worse than the city, but just different and she wondered how Lena felt living out here away from the familiar sounds of the city. Kara was used to open spaces, had craved them when she was younger, so she sort of knew what to expect but she hadn’t been out in National City’s wilderness before.

Agent Rook met her at the door with a salute and swiftly informed her that, “Ma’am there is nothing new to report.”

She nodded in thanks and then took in the interior of the house. It was built with, well, love, that much she could see.

Large wooden beams were set around the house and she hadn’t expected the inside to be any different. It was a large open space with a modern kitchen and appliances seamlessly blending in with the wooden walls and large open windows. It opened into a dining area with a wall along the left hand side and then the living area was a few steps below. The living space had a large piano and a comfortable looking sofa with a rug over it, and a coffee table next to it. Large floor to ceiling windows looked out over the forest and there looked like there was a path leading into the woods. There was a giant wood-burning fire-place out of the wall and its size seemed suitable for heating the area.
“Miss Luthor is upstairs. There are two rooms down there,” he pointed to the corridor by the door and there was a staircase curling around the wall and leading to the second floor. “Miss Luthor kindly offered them to us.” Agent Rook informed her and then nodded to her and vanished back behind the wall. Kara peaked around it and saw that it was another living room with the same fireplace prepared to heat this room. It had a large television, a cabinet of dvds and two sets of large couches with rugs over the backs of them. It looked comfy. The Agent’s had set up there, a large table with some surveillance equipment and monitors.

Kara pulled back into the kitchen, dining room and then glanced upward. She could hear movement upstairs and settled herself at the kitchen island and waited. She and Lena weren’t close enough that she could bound up the staircase and go and see her friend. They were getting there though, Lena and Supergirl, and the thought made her heart feel warm and fluttery.

Her stomach grumbled and she hesitated and eyed the fridge contemplatively and then in the next moment she was at it and peering inside, holding the door open. It was one of those two door freezer on the top fridges and had a very efficient energy rating—which was probably a good idea seeing as the place looked like it was completely solar powered. And to Kara’s delight it was very well stocked. The door she had open had a large range of sauces, juices, sodas, a few milks, and there were cheese and eggs in the top of it.

The contents of the fridge was an array of colour; with vegetables and fruit and meat and oh Rao, was that Lena’s lasagne in a glass dish under clear-wrap foil?!

Kara groaned in delight and didn’t even consider her actions as she whipped the dish from the fridge, heated it with her laser vision, and grabbed a fork. Her moan was accompanied by an honest to Rao giggle and Kara froze and turned slowly towards the door where Lena Luthor was covering her mouth with her hand.

The CEO was dressed down in black short shorts with the number ten on the side and a large Metropolis University T-shirt. She had her hair over her shoulders with no make-up, and gasses on her nose, but the thick rims couldn’t contain the sparkling in her eyes. They were startlingly green today, darkened to match the lush green around her and her lips flattened into a delighted smile.

“I had planned on having that for dinner…guess it’s an omelette?”

Kara swallowed slowly, certain she looked comedic with her cheeks bulging like a chipmunks and a sheepish expression on her face with another fork-full of lasagne making its way to her mouth.

“Do you swallow or do you just inhale?” Lena asked amusedly as she leant against the kitchen island with her phone in her hand. Kara could feel the warmth in her voice settle over her skin and sink into her body and resonate in her heart.

“Uh, um, I’m um, sorry… Miss Luthor. I just-um, I’ll put this back…”

Lena laughed softly and shook her head. “Please,” she inclined her head. “If you are hungry I’d rather it not go to waste.”

“Are you sure?” Kara asked, even as her stomach growled its approval and her heart twirled at Lena offering her, her dinner.

“I insist,” Lena ducked her head again and glanced at her phone and then looked back at Kara, lips curled sweetly. “You look like you’re enjoying it.”

Kara was pretty sure all the blood in her body rushed to her cheeks but she gave a little smile and a
“So,” Lena asked and stepped past Kara to the fridge and pulled out a soda. “Save any lives today?”

Kara swallowed the lasagne and looked over at Lena. “Does a kitten in a tree count?”

“Of course it does.” Kara wasn’t sure if Lena was being serious or not and shrugged and took another bite of lasagne. Lena popped open her drink and slid onto a stood before the island and was busy on her phone.

“Al-Agent Danvers told me your driver looks like he’ll make a complete recovery,” Kara said when the silence had stretched for a long moment.

Immediately Lena’s head shot up and she looked at Kara for a moment as the words registered and then her body sagged with relief. She titled her head back and ran her finger through her hair and let out a relived sigh that Kara heard vibrate across the small space between them.

For some reason Kara couldn’t tear her eyes off the curve of Lena’s neck and the faint pulsing in her veins and its alabaster complexion and she felt her heart grow warm at how grateful Lena was that David would make it. Huh, she’d never noticed there was a little freckle in the middle of her neck. It somehow added to her beauty, and certainly made her seem more human.

The warmth in her chest settled in her stomach the longer she stared at the elegant arch Lena had unwittingly exposed to her eyes and it fluttered. Then it sank lower and deeper and sent out coils of warmth; electric and molten as it uncurled and stretched. She wondered what the skin would feel like under her lips, and what it would taste like. Would her heart pulse as her blood sought to get closer to Kara? Would her breathing hitch? Would she press closer and tilt her head back to encourage Kara’s exploration? Would she whisper breathless praise for her to continue? What would her name sound like falling from swollen lips, breathless and raw?

Desire. She knew what that feeling was, as rare as it had been in her life. She desired Lena Luthor, which, actually was a new feeling but one she should have expected. She was not blind to her friend’s otherworldly beauty, and she would know as she wasn’t human, but it had never affected her so much until she found herself considering what it could be like. Until she absentely let her mind draw forth images, fantasies she’d forbidden it from doing for her own sanity and for her respect for Lena. Lena was not hers and she would not think of her like that, no matter how often she had wondered what coming home to her would be like, what sitting down with her to cuddle and watch tv would be like. What being her girlfriend would be like. She hadn’t actually considered the physical aspect of what a relationship would or could mean, but now that she thought of it she wondered if she’d ever be able to stop.

Lena was beautiful. It was fact. As certain as the sun rising in the East, as gravity keeping things Earth bound, as encompassing as Kara’s love for her.

Would she be soft and malleable and mould into Kara’s firm, unyielding body? What if she dove across the island now and took her into her arms? Would she kiss her back with equal fervour? Push her into the granite table-top and pin her in pace with her body? Would she take control of the kiss and steal Kara’s breath from her lips? Would she-

Kara swallowed and straightened. Lena paused and her head rolled forward, hand still tangled in her hair and she looked like she belonged on a billboard advertising glasses; with her hair a mess, no make-up, soft lips and bright green eyes.

Kara faltered and the liquid fire in her stomach squirmed and quivered and rolled and grew into an
inferno; molten and burning from the inside.

“Are you all right? Supergirl?” Lena enquired and Kara saw concern crease her brow and darken her gaze.

“I’ve gotta um, I’ll see you-go-bye!” She managed to stutter before she was bolting from the house and stumbling over the corner of the island table and took it out but she kept moving, fighting down the warmth inside her as her blood passed through her body, through her stomach, getting hotter with each beat of her heart. Managing to get outside without breaking anything else she took to the skies and left a sizable crater in the driveway and dove up through the clouds and as high as she could, heading for the mountains.

Kara didn’t know how long she soared the clouds, it could have been hours. Every time she thought she had calmed her excited body her mind would oh-so helpfully conjure pictures of Lena; some made her stomach clench like she’d fallen from the sky and her heart tried to jump from her mouth, and others made her heart ache with such longing she thought it might clench in on its self.

It was night time now and the stars had long been her silent companions when she finally let herself drift down through the clouds and feel their refreshing wet kiss on her skin and clothes. Lena’s house was silent with only a few lights on and the night was quiet bar the strumming of the wind through the trees and the beat of the animals on the property. Her body temperature was finally back to normal and she was getting hungry again.

She entered the house silently and scanned the building for its inhabitants. Rook and Wolfe were in the lounge and had the television playing some indie music channel and she fought her smile as she glanced up to find Lena.

Agent Wolfe appeared silently at the door with gun in hand and gave her a nod before returning to the couch. They must have had sensors or something around the house as well as multiple cameras.

Lena was lying down, probably on her bed and Kara hesitated at the foot of the stairs before taking a deep breath and turning towards the kitchen. Maybe she could make a sandwich or something. But something smelt amazing and her stomach agreed with her.

Following her nose she came into the kitchen and saw there was a post-it! Note on the oven with her name on it. ‘Supergirl. Enjoy.’ Was written in Lena’s fine, delicate script and Kara felt her heart flutter and opened the door. There was a warm lasagne still inside and Kara’s mouth watered and she quickly dove for it and brought it to her nose. Sighing happily she looked over the melted cheese, the tomato sauce, the spinach and ricotta filling and set it on the bench. She felt a moment of guilt as she saw the corner of the table where she’d taken it off and winced.

She shut the oven door and then walked over to the fridge and took a peak. Her stomach growled again and decision made she grabbed a can of fizzy, nudged the fridge door shut, grabbed a fork and zoomed down the corridor and up the stairs to the private floor with her lasagne clutched to her chest. It was still warm. Its warmth, or maybe the thought that Lena had made a lasagne just for her, heated her through her suit.

There was a little corridor at the top of the stairs and it led to shut door and there was a slight light coming under it. Hesitating with her hand outstretched Kara wondered if this was what she really should be doing right now, especially after her revelation, body’s reaction and her abrupt departure.

She heard a faint, breathy sigh and it forced her decision. She knocked gently on the door and heard Lena’s sharp inhale. She took a moment to gather herself and then called out quietly. “Yes?”
“Miss Luthor?”

There was a moment’s pause and then, “Come in, Supergirl.”

Kara obeyed and turned the handle and let herself into the room.

Directly in front of her was similar ceiling to floor windows covering the entire wall and there looked like there was a balcony leading off of it. With her superior eye-sight she could see over the tree tops and down towards the river, and far in the distance, shrouded by mist was the mountain range she had just been flying over. There was a switchboard near the door and a door to her right which she could see the outline of tiles and figured it was the bathroom. It met the gleaming dark, wooden floors that fit in with the rest of the house and melted into a thick carpet beneath the bed.

Peeking around she saw the room was lit with amber light from a lamp next to the bed and Lena was sitting up with her laptop on her knees and pillows propping her upright. It was a large bed and behind the head board on either side were more large windows, making it seem like the room was surrounded by a view of the forest. There was a small chair next to a stone fireplace and another carpet in front of that with a small coffee table there and a book lay face down on it.

“Supergirl,” Lena said in greeting and clicked a few buttons and then closed her screen. “How can I help?”

“I er, I wondered if you wanted to, you know, talk?”

Lena had tied her hair into a loose bun on top of her head and strands of it were curling around her face and she looked tired in the light but she nodded slowly and set her computer on the stand next to her bed. She shifted her phone out of the way and made sure it was plugged in before looking back at Kara.

She’d taken a few cautious steps into Lena’s private domain and clutched her lasagne closer to her.

“Sit,” Lena nodded her head towards the end of the bed and her legs moved under the blanket and she crossed them in front of her.

Kara gingerly sat on the edge of the bed, as though an ocean of space between her and Lena would stop her from being able to smell her shampoo or her perfume.

Lena was contemplative as she eyed Kara eating her lasagne. “Thank you,” Kara said between bites and Lena nodded.

“I wanted to thank you for saving David,” Lena said and looked at the top of her sheets and tugged at an errant thread.

“Um, sorry about your bench…” she said awkwardly and Lena’s eyes glowed brightly in the light from the lamp next to her.

“It’s fine.”

They were silent a little more and it wasn’t an uncomfortable one. If anything it was peaceful and the breeze from the partially open windows next to the bed toyed with Lena’s hair and Kara just stared at her. Lena stared back. It was a quiet look; thoughtful and searching.

“We don’t have to talk if you don’t want to,” Lena offered after a lengthy companionable silence.

Supergirl shook her head and took a sip of coke, nose twitching as the bubbles tickled on the way
down. Lena’s lips curled into an amused smile.

“I-I guess I wanted to talk because my friends are off being idiots and putting themselves in danger and I don’t have anyone else to talk to about it,” Kara said when she’d devoured the lasagne and left it empty on the fluffy blanket she was sitting on.

“Oh?”

Kara sighed and looked at her hands. “You’ve heard of Guardian?”

Lena leant back and nodded slowly. “I have. The wannabe Iron-Man going around beating people up?”

Kara huffed. “Yeah. Him.” She sighed again and Lena leant forward a little.

“He’s your friend?”

“Ye-eah,” Kara sighed and shifted on the bed.

“How do you feel about it? How long have you known him? Does he know about you?” Lena gently enquired and Kara took a deep breath and started to talk about James.

“So, he knows me, and my civilian identity and he just got really weird…. I mean…. I thought we might have dated once but he— Lena’s eye twitched but Kara didn’t notice as she was looking at her hands. “He just,” she lifted her shoulder in shrug. “He turned me down. And then made it weird and I just- he dragged my other friend into helping him. The guy I work with, Winn? Um, Agent Schott?”

Lena nodded, a smile fleeting on her features. “The one that fan-boyed over my Black Matter generator at the Gala?”

“Yeah,” Supergirl nodded and continued. “So he built my other friend a suit and he goes out and tracks the bad guys and J-Guardian goes and beats them up and I just argh!” She let out a frustrated groan.

“So let me get this right,” Lena said slowly. “Your Agent friend built your civilian friend a suit, using, presumably, DEO resources, technology, equipment, and time, and tracks crime so that your would-be boyfriend can go and beat them up before you get there?”

Kara blinked. “Well when you put it that way…..”

Lena shook her head as she inhaled. “If it were my company I would be very unhappy with my employee.”

Green eyes caught and held her own. “It sounds like he is trying to one-up you… or at least impress you…. I’m assuming he is human?”

Kara had paled at the first thought but nodded to the second. “Yeah. As human as they come.”

Lena’s lips pressed together and she nodded in thought. “So he turned you down and then went off to become a ‘hero’ all by his self?” Lena sighed. “I dislike vigilante justice, but perhaps I am bias in that regard.”

Kara tilted her head, seeing the crease appear between Lena’s brows.

“After my brothers arrest and trial some people thought that they would make sure I wouldn’t do the
same or-“ Lena stopped and shook her head. “It doesn’t really matter.”

“It does,” Kara said instantly and leant forward, nearly tipping her can of coke onto the bed. “You didn’t deserve that. Any of it. You are good.”

Lena was quiet a long moment and then pressed her lips together in a half smile.

“Thank you,” she said softly. “If your friend was merely following criminals and then reporting them to the police it would be different. But Guardian is actively hunting them down and beating them up. He is going looking for a fight.” Lena paused and her bun rolled adorably to the side as she tilted her head and considered Kara.

“From what you’ve told me it sounds like he is doing it for himself and looking for the glory… I haven’t once read somewhere where Guardian saved the day, just him beating up petty criminals before you or NCPD could apprehend them.” Lena hesitated and Kara took a moment to let her words sink in. “If the NCPD weren’t doing their jobs and the citizens were in danger and Guardian was protecting people, instead of beating up whomever he chooses, then I would be less inclined to think so less of him. But the NCPD does their job. We have a system to ensure that those accused are rightly accused and the process is socially considered just. We don’t go around beating our criminals up simply for being criminals. They are caught, arrested and given fair trial. That is what society has agreed on.”

Kara sighed and looked at her fingers again, rolling the coke can between them. “When I confronted him he said I go around beating people up and being a hero, so why can’t he? I dunno, it’s just-“

“You’re a hero because you constantly strive to do the right thing,” Lena interrupted and at some stage she had moved to take Kara’s hand. Her skin burned under Lena’s touch and she glanced up hesitantly into her eyes. They were burning and immobilising.

“You save people,” Lena emphasized strongly, “and when you do catch the criminals you don’t beat them up just because you can. You apprehend them and send them to jail for their trial. You don’t act outside the law. You work with a Government Agency….“ Lena hesitated and ducked her head with a little smile, “Even if officially that Agency doesn’t exist.”

Lena sighed and shook her head and finally removed her hand from Kara’s arm, leaving a burning imprint on the fabric of her suit. “I could offer a debate for or against his position as Guardian, but the police, the official agents of law and justice, want to apprehend him. So that’s that.”

She settled back against her pillows and her gaze was clear and strong as she added, “You’re a hero, not because you wear a suit, but because you try to help people every single day. You encourage people to find their own light, to be their own heroes, and that, more than going around beating up bad guys, makes you a hero.”

Kara was speechless for a long moment, gazing at Lena in repressed awe and wondered not for the first time, how the woman before her didn’t see herself as full of light. Lena Luthor was a star in an ocean of endless space and she wasn’t even aware of just how bright her heart shone.

All the languages Kara knew couldn’t convey how she appreciated Lena’s words so she settled on a sincere and heartfelt, “Thank you.”

Lena smiled gently at her and gave a little nod, smiling brightly with her eyes as well.

“I can see why your friend wants to be seen as a hero,” Lena confessed quietly, and the slight infliction of something to her words gave her Kara’s full attention.
“You’re brave and kind and beautiful and generous; you embody what it means to be a hero. In addition to that you are more than humanity can ever hope to achieve. You’re a Super-hero,” Lena said with a wry twist to her lips. “He’s only human and he must look at himself and then at you and wonder how he could ever compete…and he can’t.” Lena lifted her shoulder in a shrug and a yawn seemed to come out of nowhere. She blinked and then looked over at Kara with a little blush at seeing Kara’s fond smile. “Maybe he thinks he can be worthy of you, of your attention, if he does become a hero, but he doesn’t understand that there is more to it than going around in a mask and suit looking for trouble.”

Lena hesitated and her gaze turned troubled and she worried her lip. Kara caught that particular detail with intense consideration.

“If I may… Supergirl… I’d like to give you some advice?” She released her lip and Kara watched the blood return to it and wondered if it would be warm and soft and had to force herself back into the present moment.

She gave a jerky nod, still concerned with how Lena had bit her lip and would it react the same if Kara were to bite it?

“Speak to him,” Lena suggested gently. “And your other friend, who sounds like he is along for the ride to make sure Guardian doesn’t get himself killed while he is on his one-man crusade. Ask him if he really wanted to be a hero, why is it he hasn’t chosen the police force, or the fire-department, or coastguard, or even become a ‘Big Brother’ to youth that need guidance? Or a councillor or a foster parent or a hundred other duties other, average humans take up and are everyday heroes. Why doesn’t he join the DEO and get their training and equipment if being a hero means so much to him?” Lena pointed to the floor where Kara knew the two Agents were still at their duties, guarding Lena. It wasn’t the most glorious of work, but it needed to be done and they were professionals and respected their job and orders. “I apologise but all I am seeing of your friend is a man whose ego has been hurt and is trying to make it up by becoming what he thinks embodies a hero- a lone man in a suit beating people up and getting on the front page.”

“Yeah,” Kara scratched her head absently as she processed Lena’s advice. “We’re kinda not speaking right now…”

Lena smirked and the look seemed very out of place with her absence of make-up and CEO outfits, but it did twist something in Kara’s insides.

“Discuss his nightly activities already, did you?” She was a little smug as she made the enquiry, and Kara had a feeling she already knew the answer.

“Yeees,” Kara sighed and resisted the urge to flop back on the bed. She was Supergirl, not Kara. And Supergirl did not do that.

Lena yawned again and Kara rose to her feet. For a moment Lena looked apologetic.

“I’m sorry. I don’t mean for you to go,” she said quickly and there was a hint of vulnerability to the green of her eyes.

“We’ll talk again, Miss Luthor,” Kara said gently and picked up her lasagne dish and coke can, the fork sliding around on the glass a little. “You have a nice night.”

Lena seemed reassured by Supergirl’s words for she relaxed a little and give a small nod. “Sweet dreams, Supergirl.”
Kara felt her lips twitch at the genuine wish behind her words. “Sweet dreams, Miss Luthor.”

Chapter End Notes

Happy Birthday Whisper85! This is for you!
Also, guess who has written 9k of pre-kiss date fluff with confessions, tears, hugs, hand-holding, and finally a kiss? Yes, me :D I know it's unprofessional to fangirl over your own fic but, by gawd and I good :) I gave myself the feels. I'm now doomed. So, one more chapter to go, and then you get your kiss. -So, either I post one on Sunday, for me, and then give you the Kiss during the week and then take a break because I haven't written any more and will need to catch up. Or- I make you wait until next Sunday for it while I write the next parts. Fight it out between yourselves :D I'll watch :D
Part Forty- Three

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“I get it, you know?” Kara said and stared at the edge of her cape as she had it over her lap.

Lena would never make a sound so undignified as a snort, but she came close.

“No, really,” she added and ran her fingers along the edge of Kal El’s blanket. She and Lena were back at her safe-house and were in the living room with the large windows and the piano. Lena had been toying with the keys when Supergirl had arrived and she’d curled up on the couch with her legs under her and with her cape across them. Lena had played a little and had told her what she had told Kara earlier in the month, about Lex teaching her to play, but had expanded on it a little, voicing what Kara had thought but hadn’t asked; that she’d stopped playing because it made her happy and reminded her of Lex and she had no right to be happy when so many people had suffered because of him.

“I get it. My….my aunt, Astra,” her throat went tight and the word became choked. “She tried…” Kara hesitated as Lena slowly turned to face her. Her hair was in a half ponytail and she was wearing jeans and a t-shirt. She looked so young sitting at the baby grand and with a forest backdrop, like she belonged in some painting of myths, like a musical wood nymph or something.

“Astra was part of Myriad…the group of Kryptonian’s lead by her husband Non, who wanted to enslave earth…” Kara reached up to adjust her glasses nervously but settled for awkwardly brushing her hair back from her face when she remembered she was here as Supergirl.

“She-I don’t realise she was still alive and to have to fight her-I-“ Kara cut herself off and looked skyward as though it would stop her glassy eyes from shedding their weight. It didn’t and she had to wipe a stray tear. “I hated having to be enemies,” Kara said softly. “Not only was she from Krypton, but she was family, and I loved-love-her.” Kara’s voice cracked and there was a heavy, weighted feeling in her chest as though it had lead on it. “But-but she didn’t think she was doing anything wrong…I mean, obviously mind-control is bad, but their purpose was to make sure humans followed the rules so that Earth didn’t end up like Krypton. Boom,” Kara said and did the gesture with her hands in front of her. Lena was paying rapt attention to her, and the thought of having those bright green, intelligent eyes solely on her was intoxicating.

“I-she was wrong-but still. I love her….”

“Did you-“ Lena hesitated and worked her bottom lip a moment before shaking her head a moment. “Is she still around?” Lena asked cautiously. But Kara heard what she wasn’t asking. Is she dead? Did you kill her?

“Al-Agent Danvers.” Kara said shortly, awkwardly, still feeling the sting of betrayal that she couldn’t fight. “She-Astra. Astra was going to kill J’onn-the DEO Director,” she added seeing Lena’s brow twitch of confusion. “Alex killed her.”

Lena took a slow, deep breath and leant back on her piano stool and gave a little nod. “I’m sorry,” she said quietly, sincerely, and somehow Kara felt the impact of those words. I’m sorry for your loss, again. I’m sorry you had to fight her. I’m sorry someone you work with killed her. I’m sorry you couldn’t save her. It was worth more than the few ‘I’m sorry for your loss’s she’d gotten from a few friends and colleagues, and as equal as Alex’s broken ‘I’m so, so sorry, Kara! and the lies that
followed. Lena had no guilt, no association, no need to feel sorry for her loss, but she understood and
she understood better than anyone having to stand on an opposite side to a loved one as the war
raged around you.

“I read somewhere,” Lena offered haltingly. “Maybe for the Civil War? I don’t remember,” she said
and shook her head. “But basically it was about having to fight your family.”

Kara gave a little, encouraging nod and Lena continued. “It said something about if he did meet his
brother in battle, he should hope they both knew how to duck.”

Kara could recall something like that, but it must have been very early on in her Earth’s American
education for she couldn’t remember it completely, but she understood the gist of it.

“Yeah,” Kara sighed and leant her head back on the couch. “No one else understands,” she spoke to
the ceiling, eyeing the wooden beams holding it up curiously. There didn’t appear to be any nails in
it, it was held together by its self, gravity, and human ingenuity. And maybe some spider webs.
Okay, a lot of spider webs, but it still felt homey.

“I imagine it’s difficult for them to.”

“You get it though,” Kara mumbled, feeling the words force their way through her throat at the odd
angle she was holding her head. “Your brother-” Kara halted and straightened and Lena’s heart did a
little thump. “I-we don’t have to talk about this… I’m sorry.”

Lena met her eyes squarely for a moment and then shook her head slightly, keeping her eyes locked
on Kara’s. “No,” she offered. “It’s okay. I do understand. You can talk, Supergirl. I won’t judge
you.”

Kara felt her heart skip a beat at the sincerity in Lena’s eyes and how vulnerable and earnest she
seemed. She wondered if there was like some sort of club for members of the family that had to sit
back and watch as their parent or sibling waged war on humanity. They certainly seemed to carry the
scorn and hatred that should have been directed at the actual wrong-doer.

“Your brother did…what he did, and you couldn’t save him from it…”

“What your aunt did, planned to do, isn’t on you, Supergirl,” Lena said gently and her feet shifted as
though she wanted to stand but then relaxed again. “You don’t have to feel guilty over it.”

Kara saw her own pain and struggles mirrored in the green of Lena’s eyes. “Neither do you,” she
pointed out gently. “The crimes of our family are not our own.”

Lena made that same sound again, a partial huff/scoff, but delicate. “Try telling the rest of the world
that,” she said and shook her head a little. “I tried, you know, when I realised what he had done…. I
sat outside his laboratory for days trying to get him to let me in, to talk to me, but nothing was left of
him, just the ranting of a man lost in the terrors of his mind.” Lena’s eyes turned glassy and her jaw
tightened and no tears fell. Kara knew she was miles away, across time and space, probably back in
Metropolis a year ago and trying to talk to her brother.

“I-I couldn’t get through to him. He was so…Lex about it…” Lena blinked and seemed to come
back to herself, “Will you…Will you tell me about your aunt? About Astra?”

Kara blinked a moment and considered the request. She hadn’t really ever spoken about Astra, only
to Alex and that was before Alex had killed her, so yeah, she’d like to talk about her family.

“I’d like that,” she said and shifted into the arm of the couch and wrapped her arms about her legs.
She talked about Astra until her eyes welled over and tears fell down her cheeks and into that heavy feeling in her chest felt like it would crush her. Then she started talking about her parents; about her father’s strength and how he would throw her up in the air when she was a child, how he would take her into work proudly on the Krypton equivalent of ‘bring a kid to work day’. Her mother and how she would sing to her while she was a child and how she would take her riding- a great six legged winged beast called H’eltheria’s which were kind of like mutated horses, and they would soar through the skies. She spoke of their pride when she was accepted to take her Guild Exams at twelve when the usual age was fifteen, and how she was almost ready to graduate before Krypton exploded.

She spoke for a long time, until her voice was hoarse and her eyes had long gotten crusty with dried tears. Lena was next to her and had cuddled up to her with an arm around her shoulders as she’d cried and though she felt empty and exhausted after all the tears, she felt safe and warm and loved in Lena’s arms.

“Come on,” Lena prodded her gently and had to half drag the unresponsive Kryptonian up the stairs and to her room.

“But I didn’t ask you about Lex,” Kara slurred as the two stumbled up the steps, trying to be quiet for their DEO Agent guards.

“I can tell you about him some other time. I think you need to rest,” Lena said and the strain in her voice was obvious and Kara curled into her warmth and Lena stumbled a little under her weight.

“Up you get, Supergirl. That’s it.”

Somehow Lena managed to get Kara upstairs and onto her bed and she dove happily onto the soft duvet and rolled over to face Lena sleepily.

“Boots,” Lena said and Kara absently thrust her foot out in the direction of the voice. Lena unzipped them and then placed them at the end of the bed.

It took a lot of huffing, grunting, and muffled complaints but eventually Lena managed to get Kara under the duvet still in her suit but missing her boots and cape.

“Mhhhh,” Kara curled up on the pillows and smiled. They smelt like Lena.

“Good night, Supergirl,” Lena said and padded over to the door.

“Mhhh, night Lena,” Kara mumbled and burrowed deeper into the soft, smelling-like-Lena pillows.

She heard a faint twirl in Lena’s heartbeat and smiled into her pillows and closed her eyes. It felt like home, but there was still something missing and she desperately wanted to know what it was so she could have it and feel like she were home. She wondered what it could be and eventually fell asleep with a smile on her face and her mind on the person missing. Lena.

She got her wish the next night (Wednesday). Lena and Supergirl were again on Lena’s bed talking about their associations to such huge names and how they often felt dwarfed and compared constantly to both Superman and Lex respectively.

The night before Lena had tucked Kara in and made sure she was comfortable before heading downstairs and taking one of the couches. Kara had been so embarrassed but also oddly flustered by the gesture. It wasn’t like she wanted Lena to stay in her own bed with her, because they weren’t that friendly, I mean, Kara was but not Supergirl.

After pouring out her emotions last night and falling into Lena’s bed-she had flashes of Lena helping
her up the stairs and her almost drunkenly curling into her- she decided that tonight she’d try and get Lena to talk about Lex, because she didn’t think that Lena often got the chance to. In fact, she didn’t think Lena ever talked about Lex, and not Lex Luthor: xenophobe and killer, but Lex Luthor, big brother. She actually wanted to hear about him, and not just what Kal had told her, but actually hear about the man who helped raise Lena. Part of her knew he had to be something in order to turn Lena into the incredible woman she was.

They’d started talking about shadows and shoes after an article this morning about Superman and Supergirl and the various public servant agencies they helped, and what would happen if the Super’s were to die, or otherwise leave their duties. Kara had huffed when she had seen the article and Cat had forbidden any article that was similar being published calling it rubbish. But it had gotten her thinking about how when she first started she had struggled to be Supergirl, and not to be Superman’s little cousin.

“It was hard,” she replied to Lena’s gentle question and the woman dug her hand into the popcorn and popped a few pieces into her mouth as she listened intently. “I-people had so many expectations of me, and what I should be, that I didn’t really have a chance to figure out who I was. People, the city, had already decided who I was before I got a chance to. They constantly compared me to Kal and I wasn’t-I’m not-Superman!”

She was sitting face to face with Lena, again at the end of the bed, but this time closer to Lena and there was a bowl of popcorn between them with another packet ready to be heated.

Lena nodded gently and Kara sighed and pounced on the bowl and happily ate them. She had never picked Lena for a popcorn kind of girl, or even an eating in bed kind of girl, but she wasn’t about to complain.

“It felt like people were tearing me down after putting me on this pedestal and it was really hard.”

“Yes,” Lena said dryly. “I can’t imagine being the cousin of Earth’s most beloved hero.”

Kara paused with popcorn part way to her mouth and her eyes went wide.

“It’s okay. I know you didn’t meant it like that,” Lena said and used her fingers to brush her long, dark hair back from her face. “I shouldn’t have made it about me.”

“But I want to know about you,” Kara blurted in typical Kara Danvers fashion and then blushed a little at Lena’s eyebrow raise. Supergirl did not get flustered.

“I’m not- I didn’t- that’s not-“

“You are though,” Kara said softly, seeing Lena curl in on herself. “Interesting, I mean. I’d like to hear it…. If you wanted to share.” She hesitated for a moment and then gently added, “I’d like to hear about Lex as well, if that was, you know, something you wanted to talk about…”

Lena’s head slowly rose to meet hers, green eyes darkened again how they always seemed to when she was at the forefront of the forest and Kara realised how what she said could be interpreted.

“No!” She said quickly. “That I want to force you or anything or hear about him versus Kal or get any information out of you or use you or-“

Lena lifted her hand and Kara halted her rambling nervously tucked her hair behind her ear for lack
of glasses.

“No one’s ever-,” Lena cut herself off and there was a crease between her brows and Kara wanted to
reach for it and smooth it down with her finger but restrained herself.

“I,” Lena said slowly after a long moment, “think I’d like that….are you sure it would be too
awkward or hard for you?”

Supergirl gave her a small, genuine smile. “I’m not Kal El, and you aren’t Lex. We are Supergirl and
Lena. Our families’ history doesn’t define us…. We’re still gonna be friends.”

Lena met her gaze for a long moment, something undiscernible in her eyes. “You certainly aren’t
your cousin.”

Kara felt a crinkle appear between her brows but didn’t comment on the reason for it as Lena took a
deep breath and started to speak.

“I was adopted when I was four,” she said slowly and brought her knees up to her chest so she could
wrap her arms around them. “I was so scared and so alone and the house was so big and everything
was new. It felt like I was drifting aimlessly and I was so lost,” she emphasised and she rested her
chin on her arms.

“Lex was my rock, my anchor,” she confessed quietly and winced, as though the words word bring
forth the wrath of a Kryptonian. “He made me feel safe, for the first time since my biological mother
died and I- he was my hero.”

Kara kept quiet and still, eyes on Lena as though if she made a sound it would break the strange spell
Lena was weaving with her words.

“He taught me…everything…,” Lena’s eyes had softened and the curve to her lips turned fond. “To
play piano, to speak Spanish and French and German and Latin before I was fifteen. For my
graduation he made fireworks and set them off in the garden and it set fire to the wooden garden
shed,” she was smiling fully now, eyes glassy. “When I was scared he would come in and sit with
me and I knew my big brother would chase the monsters away. ‘You can’t live in fear, Lena,’ he
would say and he would sit with me with a book and a flashlight and we would read until morning
or until I wasn’t afraid anymore.”

Lena swallowed and her eyes were unseeing and Kara didn’t even reach for the popcorn, so caught
up was she in Lena’s tale.

“He protected me. He always protected me.” Lena’s breath caught, a slight inflection that Kara’s
super-hearing was able to pick up on and she fought the urge to take Lena into her arms and hold
her, and never let her go. The desire to keep Lena safe wasn’t a new one, but she wished desperately
in that moment that she was confessing this to Kara and not Supergirl, because Kara didn’t have the
weight of Kal and Lex’s feud like Supergirl did, and Kara could hug her without repercussions.

“From boyfriends, girlfriends, the world, mother, Li-Lionel,” she stuttered and her voice cracked and
the liquid in her eyes welled over and slowly tracked a path down her cheek. Lena didn’t seem to
realise it was there and she continued. Kara felt something in her chest splinter and crack and curled
her hands over her knees so she didn’t move.

“He tutored me for my tests, and before I was sent to boarding school we would work in the labs and
warehouses and tinker with science. We built so many things together. He gave me his passion for
knowledge and for science and he constantly pushed me to be the best person I could be, the best
scientist. He was always patient when I did understand, and he guided me towards an answer and was always so proud when I got there.”

Lena gave a little sniff and kept talking, wiping her tears away. “He always had time for me and he always listened, even when no-one else did. We would talk every few days and he always kept up on what I was doing, and when I was having a bad day he would fly across the country, across the world, to see me.” Pausing to swallow and clear her throat Lena rubbed her face against her hand before continuing.

“He took me out for my birthday and held my hand when I got a tattoo and whined about it, and then took me out for ice-cream. He convinced mother to let me keep Albert and paid for my time in Tibet and covered for me. He taught me that what we could do, and that the power our minds had could change the world and we would. We would make it better. He was my best friend. He saved me. He saved me and I couldn’t save him.” Lena’s voice broke on her final word and Kara shifted forward to sit next to her and lifted her arm over Lena’s shaking shoulders. She left it there, even as her fingers curled with the need to touch, to comfort Lena, but wasn’t willing to overstep that boundary.

Lena’s hair was caught under her arm and she lifted it slightly as Lena leant into the comfort and cried. Kara didn’t say anything but quietly wondered what had turned the brilliant young man of Lena’s youth into a man capable of killing innocents in his crusade to bring Superman down. Would could possibly have happened to turn Lex Luthor against his friend?

She hadn’t really spoken of it with Kal, but she had been on Earth when Lex’s war against Superman began and had often watched on the television while her cousin, her blood, the last of her kind, fought for his life and for everything the ‘S’ on his crest stood for. Eliza had to convince her not to fly out and help him many times, even though she wasn’t in control of her powers and it would be very dangerous for her. Eventually Kal had succeeded, but she had seen how exhausted the fight had made him, how he had been sorrowful when he gazed at Lex during the trial and how the lines around his eyes had deepened in betrayal and also confusion at what he had done to warrant such a personal vendetta.

He had always maintained that he hadn’t done anything and that Lex was just jealous of someone having a ‘God-like’ status on Earth when Lex himself wanted that. But from what Lena had said, Lex had wanted to change the world, and change it for the better (even if that had been ego driven), so why had he changed his mind and waged war on one of the only (known) beings capable of defending Earth when they had been friends? There had to be more too it. Maybe Lena would know, but she didn’t feel comfortable in asking her, and it was very intrusive.

Lena was still shaking and her heart was thumping wildly, like some feral beast locked in a cage and frantic for a way out.

“It wasn’t an accident,” Lena said suddenly and her inhale was shaky and hear heart bounced around desperately. “We-He-Lionel-Lex. Lex covered it up. Dr Alan signed the papers and Lex paid off the secondary; paid his med school debts, put his kids through college. No one knew.”

Kara just tightened her arm, feeling Lena relax as she wasn’t rejected for what she had just confessed. Kara had already known. The DEO had looked into the news article all those weeks ago and had said that his injuries weren’t all the consequences of a fall down the stairs, though his blood-alcohol level and the scuff-marks at the top certainly made it plausible. And the way Lex had reacted, and Lena for that matter (not that Kara really wanted to think of the first night she held Lena in her arms) certainly said there was more too it. But to have Lena confirm it….. she didn’t want to make Lena feel even more alone, especially after her whispered confession and the way she had cringed back from Supergirl as though she was about to be punished, but Kara definitely needed to think this
She wasn’t sure on the laws regarding this, and I mean, if no one knew then no one could do anything about it. She would probably have to ask Lena about it, but Lena could just lie, not that she’d be able to get away with it, she tended to wear her heart on her sleeve once you go through the armour, but Kara didn’t want her to lie about it. Lena; sweet, kind, generous, beautiful, gentle Lena would have had a good reason for helping to cover it up.

Keeping her arm around Lena she wondered what it could have been, what could have made the two Luthor’s eliminate the patriarch? Kara wasn’t stupid-and she had also taken a peak at the Psyche profile of Lena Luthor the DEO had (when she first had to go and visit her. She had wanted to be prepared for who she was facing) and from her own observations and Lena’s short commentary on her past she had gathered it was not a sweet picture. Lena wouldn’t have wanted for material possessions, but it was her sweet heart and gentle soul that wasn’t nurtured, apart from Lex. No wonder she had shattered at losing him, he had been her light and now he cast an ominous shadow.

But, Kara considered as Lena leant hesitantly against her, eager for the comfort but not knowing how her perceived ‘weakness’ would be received, Lena was a light. She had to show her somehow. Tell her that though she consider herself hidden under the Luthor shadow, her own ‘darkness’ merged in with Lex’s, she was a light, faltering sometimes, sure, but resolute in its purpose. A light in the dark burned all the more brighter for it, and Kara would do whatever it took to get Lena to see her the way Kara did, as her own light. As her hope.

Chapter End Notes

The kiss is next chapter. Sorry all. But it will be worth it :D I'm gonna slay you all :D
Lena smoothened the front of her skirt with a faint tremble to her fingers. She took a moment to appraise herself in the mirror.

She’d straightened her hair and left it free, framing her face and highlighting the regality of her jaw. Her lipstick was dark and promising and as she let herself smirk at her appearance with a smooth tilt to her head she could see the flash of the golden loops in her ears. She’d tossed up adding wings to her eyes but had decided against it and had just used her eyeliner and mascara as usual. Her eyes were bright enough as it was.

The plum red of her lipstick had been carefully matched to her shirt which was long sleeved and collared with a little piece of fabric across the collar connecting the two pieces. She’d chosen one of her black long sleeve jackets to go over top, and had to squirm her way into her black pants. They were so tight they may have well been glued on, but they made her legs look fantastic, so it was worth the few minutes of cursing and muffled cries to get them on. She just hoped she didn’t have to go to the bathroom until she was home and changed. Beauty came with a price.

She’d finished the look with black leather heels so high and sharp she could take the point off and stab someone with it. There was a zip up the inner ankle and faux laces up the booth, but they were beautiful and she’d willingly sacrifice a few hours in them as well as her jeans, simply because it would make her profile look amazing. She spun slightly on the carpet and appraised herself before giving a little nod.

She’d selected a black bag with golden accents to go with her outfit for the night, and it was resting on her bed with her keys, phone, wallet, pepper-spray, gum, lipstick, make-up, mirror, and Taser. She would be driving herself, she’d told the DEO Agents, and would be picking Kara Danvers up at six for their reservation at half six, and she’d rather they didn’t come into the restaurant with her, but if they did the least she could do was pay for their meal and non-alcoholic drinks. She and Agent MAD had fought over it-Lena had won, and the agent and one of the others, an Agent Ross, would be dining on the table next to them, dressed up for the occasion. It was the only compromise the two could reach. The Agents bore it with relatively good grace, even though it wasn’t proper-Lena could be very persuasive.

She’d even said they could drive their DEO SUV if they would let her do this with the least amount of disruption possible. Agent Danvers had to be consulted but she had allowed the terms and the Agents had had no choice, which had been odd as Lena got the feeling the Agent didn’t like her that much. But oh well.

She chanced a glance at her golden wrist watch and nodded to herself and gathered her belongings, checking her appearance a moment before descending the stairs.

Supergirl wasn’t here, which was a bit disappointing as Lena had wanted to challenge her to another race into town—the first being the race they had had to the hospital to see David—and Supergirl had promised she’d get her out of a ticket if she was caught. The hero had been oddly jumpy all day, flustered and blushing at the drop of a hat and she’d had a strange energy to her. Lena wondered what was going on in the hero’s personal life that made her so giddily but didn’t expect an answer so
she didn’t ask.

Agent MAD and Ross were taking over from Wolfe and Cole and would meet her at the restaurant. The Agents guarding her would be escorting her to town, and she’d been warned about out-muscling them with her Camaro. She was not to treat them as nannies, they were for her protection and she would treat them respectively.

She left Agent Cole to lock up the house, trusting that they would do it well and knowing from experience that they liked to do a final sweep beforehand. Wolfe had also checked over her car again for any bombs, which how someone had found where she was and had gotten in and planted an explosive without detection escaped her, but she left him to his job.

The Camaro hummed to life and rumbled as she let it get warm and she took a moment to plug her phone into the radio. It did have Bluetooth, but why use Bluetooth and battery when she could just plug it in and play her ‘Car Playlist’?

She had a bad habit of playing fast, high-tempo and energetic music when she was driving, and she blamed Lex—who had taught her to drive. He liked to listen to ACDC and bands with similar energy when he drove-like a madman, ironically. Lena did fairly well, if she didn’t say so herself, but she did like her speed. Thankfully she had already figured where the speed cameras were on her chosen route to Kara’s apartment, and had an app on her cell which would let her know if a cruiser was nearby. So she was mostly home free. She loved driving, she just hated other drivers. Most were morons.

Car suitably warm and with her black escort behind her, she put her beloved car into reverse and turned in the driveway. She cruised down the driveway, idly eyeing her horses in the paddock until she got under the tree canopy and the SUV got closer.

Her road wasn’t frequented by much traffic, indeed her arrival and that of the DEO probably doubled the daily traffic, but still. Look both ways.

The road was empty, like usual, and she eased out onto the concrete. It wasn’t the nicest tarmac, and she made a mental note to have her regular car check-up brought forward, but it would do and she accelerated, tilting her boot forward just a little and the Camaro humbled to life, gaining speed instantly.

Shania Twain’s ‘In my Car’ was the first song on her playlist and she bobbed along to the beat as she drove. Life is a high-way saw her leave the poor quality country roads and joined the veins heading towards the city. She was blasting ACDC’s Thunderstruck when she pulled up to Kara’s apartment and the reporter was already outside and waving gleefully as she glided up to the curb. She looked cute in her outfit but her smile was what drew Lena in and Kara was soon opening the door and sliding into her seat, moving Lena’s bag to the floor.

“Lena! Hi!” She beamed and Lena shot her a welcoming smile.

“Hello, Kara,” she smiled and felt the warmth from Kara’s smile sink into her skin and ease some tension she didn’t know she’d had.

“I looked up reviews for this place!” Kara beamed and was nearly bouncing in her seat as Lena checked her side mirrors and guided the Camaro out into the traffic. The large SUV was behind them, forbidding in its size and colour. “They’re really good!”

“It’s only been open a week,” Lena commented and chanced a glance at Kara, to find her already looking at her with a soft, sweet smile.
“Yeah,” Kara adjusted her glasses with her lips curling to one side in a sheepish smile. “I know, but they still say it’s good. I looked it up when you text me.”

“Well,” Lena commented as they eased to a halt at a traffic light. “I hope they can cater to your appetite.”

Kara just beamed at her. They talked about how Cat was back and some of Kara’s newest articles, and Kara tried, without success, to get Lena to tell her what her surprise was.

Lena didn’t tell just smiled and gave a little wink, which probably had too much flirtation to it, and drove them to the restaurant. A smartly dressed, pimple-faced valet in a maroon and gold uniform stepped up to the door the moment she put it in park and opened the door for her. She rose fluidly from her seat and smiled at him, handed him a fifty and turned to watch Kara come around the curb. He stuttered out a ‘thank you Ma’am,’ and flushed but she didn’t pay him anything more than a glance, too concerned with Kara.

She had her bag slung over her shoulder and it matched the tan belt sitting low on her hips. The top of her dress was…ruffled and with poker-dots and shorts sleeves, and she saw that there was a little bow at the base of her neck where it swooped down to show the line of her bra-strap. She was wearing leggings, but the black skirt end of the dress ended just above her knees and her heels were tan as well. She looked…cute, but it was a Kara look, sweet and playful.

There were paparazzi outside the V.I.P line to the restaurant, with an actual red carpet, and Lena cast them a glance as Kara approached her and accepted her offered arm.

The Head Valet offered her a ticket with a smile and she accepted it with a ‘thank you,’ and her own smile. Flashes and questions were going off around her but the doorman, in the same maroon and gold uniform of the restaurant, was quick to open the door and usher her and Kara inside.

“Phew,” Kara said when they were safely inside and Lena took a moment to make sure she was okay and not overwhelmed by the press. She knew how intimidating and disorienting the questions and shouting and cameras could be if you weren’t used to them being turned on you, and she’d hate to be the reason for any of Kara’s distress.

Her friend was a trooper though, and apart from a slight frown at the, frankly rude, questions, she seemed okay and nervously pushed her glasses higher and blinked at Lena.

A waitress in the restaurant’s uniform smiling brightly at the two as they approached, eyes darting over them both and Lena reluctantly pulled away from Kara.

“Hi! Welcome to Enchantè!” She chirped, and Lena fought down her wince. No one should be that happy to be at work. “Do you have a reservation?”

Lena gave a little nod and for a moment the noise of the press outside made its way inside as another couple were guided through the doors.

“Hufflepuff,” Lena said smoothly and Kara cast her an amused glance but didn’t say anything and Lena purposely kept her face blank as the waitress found her reservation.

“Table for two? Right this way,” she beamed and almost bounced down towards the next set of doors. The restaurant was, in a word, fancy. It had high wooden ceilings with large chandeliers hanging throughout the room casting a warm, orange light on the diners. It was reflected in gleaming cutlery and wine glasses and the maroon of the table clothes was edged with gold. They were really going for the maroon, gold and black theme as the chairs were the same sleek black as the uniforms.
There were already a lot of diners present and their waitress guided them towards a table.

“Right! My name’s Megan and I’ll be your server tonight!” She quickly ran them through the usual spiel as Kara and Lena took a seat and then smiled at them again before darting off somewhere else.

“Um, wow,” Kara commented as she looked around. Lena’s brow tightened and she tried to see the restaurant how Kara would be seeing it, seeing the wealth connected to everything with class and sophistication and she felt a prick of unease. This sort of setting suited Lena Luthor, not Lena and Kara.

“Mh,” She hummed quietly and glanced down at her menu. It was written in French. She sighed a moment and looked over it to see Kara smiling at her sheepishly.

“Hufflepuff, huh?”

Lena allowed a snicker to pass her lips. “It was Jess’ idea,” she confessed and tilted her head. “I’m more of a Snake.”


“You’re brave and kind and strong and smart,” Kara pointed out and then blushed and Lena tilted her head slightly.

“Noted,” she said and nodded a little. “However I still maintain I’m a Slytherin at heart.”

Kara shook her head. “Nope. You’re good,” she emphasised and Lena raised a brow.

“Don’t tell me you are one of the ones who think Slytherin means Death Eater? I expected more from you,” she said playfully.

Kara’s eyes went wide behind her glasses and she shook her head frantically. “No!” She said, maybe a little too loudly if the curious looks the two received were anything to go by. “No,” Kara repeated quieter. “I judge people by their own merits. Its just- you- you don’t have to think you’re in Slytherin because of your name….,” Kara said hesitantly and needlessly arranged her glasses again.

Oh. So Kara had thought she was thinking she was a Snake merely by the merits of her last name, and not her inner qualities, and while the thought was comforting, she felt the need to defend herself, even though it was Kara.

“I’ve been sorted into Slytherin on every test I have taken,” she said carefully, knowing that that was probably not something many people would say with pride. Though a series aimed at youth there were some hard-hitting truths to the books (and films), and also an incredible lack of diversity and representation, but that could be argued later.

Kara’s eyes narrowed. “No, you have to be a Ravenclaw! Intelligence and knowledge,” Kara pointed at her. “Is you!”

Smiling Lena dug her phone from her purse and quickly Googled a Hogwarts House Quiz.

“Hi there!” Lena was certain her brow twitched at the pure cheer that appeared in her peripheral vision. “Can I get you both anything to start with?”

Lena shot their server a glance and then looked over at Kara. “Any wine preference? Or would you rather not drink?”
“I’m okay with whatever you want,” Kara said and tucked a stray clump of hair behind her ear.

Lena ordered a wine, and the two decided they could order now, starting with some garlic bread for Kara and a seafood starter for Lena. Kara had also gone with some blue-cheese mushrooms as a side.

Returning back to her phone Lena tried to find a good quiz and eventually settled on one.

“Death offers you a reward for thwarting him; a stone that can return the dead to life, a wand more powerful than any other, or a cloak to hide you from sight. What do you choose?” Len glanced across the table to Kara and selected the third option.

They moved through the quiz and were only interrupted by their wine and Lena took a moment to sample the small taste she was offered before nodding at Megan to pour her the glass. Then she went back to her quiz. Kara would sometimes comment, or debate with her over her selection, arguing, ‘but you wouldn’t hesitate! You’d go straight in to help someone! You’d just look it over first….’

‘Exactly, Kara. Rushing into danger without being aware of the consequences is stupid, not brave. Knowing the consequences and going in anyway is being brave.’

Their conversation flowed well like it always did when they were together and Kara had been stumped when Lena’s result had come back a clear Slytherin with a bias towards Hufflepuff. She was hard-working, modest, valued fair-play, but not as much as she was resourceful, intelligent, and cunning. “You’re a Slytherpuff,” Kara had thought for a moment and then grinned at her.

“You are definitely a Hufflepuff,” Lena had responded as Megan returned and placed their appetisers down.

Kara nodded eagerly but Lena could see her attention was on the mushrooms steaming in front of her and she was torn between the garlic bread and the mushrooms. Lena was interested to see how this would play out. She was betting on the mushrooms.

Kara looked torn and slightly mournful as she glanced between the two selections and Lena took a gentle sip of red-wine- Kara had balked at seeing the price tag attached and Lena had shrugged and said she was willing to pay for quality.

“Mushrooms,” Lena suggested quietly after a few moments of staring at Kara’s agonised features. The blonde lifted her eyes from her plate and a tell-tale crinkle appeared at her brow.

“You can eat the mushrooms while you cut the garlic-“she didn’t even have to finish before Kara was beaming at her and diving for her fork. She speared a mushroom and popped it into her mouth, groaning at the taste (Lena almost felt self-conscious on Kara’s behalf for the sound, and had to suppress her own shiver) and then started to cut her garlic bread in half.

“Issh soooo gor,” Kara said and there was a stray piece of sauce on her lip that Lena watched her lick away.

Her next sip of wine was far too obnoxious to be called a sip, it was more like a gulp, and for a glass that was probably worth the combined weekly wages of the serving staff, it was a waste.

Lena was a fan of sea-food, and the entre she had gone with was scallops wrapped in bacon and it smelt, and looked, delicious for all that there were about four scallops on a plate she could probably sit on.

Their conversation flowed and Kara was telling Lena about her first job, ‘Don’t laugh, Lena! I was horrified! I spilt spaghetti all over her dress!’ When their mains arrived. Lena hadn’t taken her attention off Kara since the moment they’d sat down and she saw the lines at her eyes deepen and the
slight pout to her lips before she cleared her features. Lena glanced down at her own pork belly. It was about the size of her closed fist, with a little bit of crackle decorated on top with some green herb. The potato mash was set to one side with a few vegetables on the other.

She looked across the table to Kara’s fancy stuffed chicken breast. It was about the same size as Lena’s and she knew that Kara would eat it for her, because she was far too considerate to consider not doing it, but also that the small meal wouldn’t be enough for the blonde. Decision made she glanced around for her waitress as Kara stabbed at a carrot and Megan arrived as though she’d been summoned.

“Is everything going alright with your meal?” She enquired politely.

“Something’s come up,” Lena said apologetically and Kara paused with her mouth part way around the carrot. “Would you be able to bag these for us, please?”

Megan looked confused but nodded her agreement immediately. “Of course.”

As she retrieved their plates Kara looked across at Lena in confusion and Lena smiled softly. “You aren’t comfortable. I’m sorry.”

Kara shook her head adamantly, paused at Lena’s raised brow and then nodded a little, curling her shoulders defensively. “Sorry,” she murmured and Lena shook her head as Megan returned with a small maroon and gold book.

“Would you like me to call your car around?”

“Please. Ticket twelve,” Lena said with a smile and accepted the bill. Megan hovered for a moment uncertainly while she checked the bill before placing her shiny American Express card between the leather.

Nodding Megan accepted the folder back, “I’ll have it brought around shortly.”

Kara’s belly growled as they stood and Lena gave a little laugh and Kara blushed, and Agent Ross made a beeline for the door while Agent MAD quickly finished her soda and rose.

And that was how billionaire CEO genius and Luthor heiress Lena found herself with Kara Danvers, reporter, and Superhero by night, sitting at a wooden table at the beach with a lot of McDonald’s.

“I still can’t believe you tipped fifty bucks,” Kara said as she popped a fry into her mouth and smiled over at Lena, the faint light of the setting sun haloing her beautifully.

Lena lifted her shoulder in a shrug and took a long sip of her soda. “I learnt very early to be kind to your subordinates. They can make life very difficult for you, while still sticking to the parameters of their job.”

“Sounds like there’s a story there?” Kara asked and Lena ducked her head a little.

“Ooooh, do tell?” Kara asked in imitation of Lena those many months ago in her office asking Kara about her changed views on her alien detection device. “C’mon, I told you about my first job nightmares.”

“Public service is often thankless work. I find being kind and generous gets me better results…..”

“Annnnnd?” Kara asked curiously, grin on her lips as she opened her burger. The drive-in staff must have thought the two of them were having guests over with the amount of food they had brought.
“Annnnd…… while our staff when I was growing up taught be to be kind to them there was an accident shortly after my twenty-first birthday.”

Kara leant forward eagerly and Lena sighed and shook her head fondly but started to tell the tale.

“Basically one of my parents’ associates sons brought about the down-fall of their company… it is now a subsidiary of L-Corp,” Lena finished smugly, hoping Kara wouldn’t ask what had happened but also knowing she would.

“What’d he do?” There was a hint of steel to her tone, concern flashing in her eyes and she’d stopped eating, her burger resting half eaten in her hands as she waited for Lena to continue.

“He kissed me…. I hit him, he hit me, I threw him in the fountain and Lex…..” Lena hesitated but saw no judgement in Kara’s kind blue eyes. “Lex broke a bottle of fifty-year old Glenfiddich Whiskey on his face and then took the entire company,” Lena sighed sadly at the loss of such a bottle.

Kara let that sink in a moment. She blinked. “Okay, but what has that to do with being nice to staff? I mean, it is the nice thing to do and I’m not saying you should have a reason to be nice to people because you should, not that I mean you should, just that everyone in general should……” She smiled winningly at Lena as though it could distract from how adorable her rambling was. It didn’t.

“One of their staff had heard what happened at the party and had come forward, especially when rumours of a hostile take-over became known. He…. Was a member of their staff and had seen their son doing and getting away with things because of the families money and he may have hinted that they were bribing government officials to get buildings expedited and policies changed so they could make more money.” Lena lifted her shoulder in a shrug and took a sip of her coke. It bubbled on the way down. “Lex had a private investigator look into it. They had a choice of allowing that information to go public, or sell out to LuthorCorp. They sold. They weren’t happy about it but they sold.”

Kara nodded slowly. “So Lex went to war with them over you?”

“Mh,” Lena considered it. “He was always so protective of me. He was my hero.” Her phone vibrated and she glanced at it.

“We have about an hour before the surprise. Did you want to finish eating and then we’ll head over?”

Kara nodded eagerly and Lena smiled and they talked a little bit more about the heroes in their lives. Mostly how Alex was Kara’s hero, but Lena was encouraged to talk a little about Lex being hers, once.

Eventually they were done, and very full, and Lena guided them back from the sea and across town to the park. Kara was nearly bouncing with excitement as Lena parked the Camaro and the two got out. MAD and Ross had temporarily been replaced by two other DEO Agents while they got out of their date clothes and back into uniform, and the two were back with Lena and Kara as Lena lead the way into the park. She was still talking about Lex, about the things they had built and what they had plans for, and how she’d only recently cracked the science for this plan.

They walked steadily through the park and a woman meet them near the lake at the centre, where there was a small café and a dining area.

“Miss Luthor?” She enquired as the two got closer, and MAD and Ross kept a watchful eye over
Lena and Kara.

“You must be Chrissy?” Lena said with her hand out for a shake.

“Yes, Ma’am,” Chrissy said and shook her hand and then offered hers to Kara’s.

“Hi! I’m Kara!”

“Nice to meet you,” Chrissy looked back at Lena. “It’s ready. Shall we turn it on?”

Lena’s eyes gleamed in the faint light reflected from the moonlight. “Yes.”

Chrissy turned and spoke into a walkie talkie and looked out over the lake. “Hey Jake, you ready?”

There was burst of static and then a few moments later a reply. ‘Gotcha. Sure am. Boss here?’

“Yes, Miss Luthor just arrived. Fire her up,” Chrissy glanced at Lena and then spoke into the walkie-talkie again.

‘Alrighty. Here goes!’

A few moments later and light burst into life around the entire park.

Kara blinked in amazement as the light display in the lake flickered to life, the ones in the trees dawned into colour, the one over the bridge at the far end of the lake bloomed in an array of colour.

‘Woohoo!’ Called Jake.

There were other calls of joy from multiple voices.

‘Sector One: Good!’

‘Area four is operational.’

‘Kids playground is a rainbow. Gawd it’s so gay! This is awesome!’

‘Everything’s working here in area two.’

‘Same here in five.’

‘Shut up, Jase, not everything has to be about you.’ Said one voice. ‘We’re working here in three.’

‘You’re just jealous because you’ll never have these abs,’ Jase snarked back and gave a little laugh. ‘But seriously! This is so cool! I have to bring my kid.’

“Power down in an hour and a half,” Chrissy commanded, “but go and have a look at all our work first. Good job guys.”

There were affirmative calls through the walkie-talkie’s and Chrissy turned back to Lena.

“We’ll run the usual checks and talk with the guy from the council before tomorrow, but it looks like its working perfectly. I’ll send your assistant the report in the morning in case there is an issue.”

Chrissy gave a little nod and then walked off into the darkness-well, not the darkness per-say, especially with the amount of lights in the park, but her back cast a shadow as she left them alone.

“Lena,” Kara began, eyes wide with childish wonder. “What is this?”
Lena ducked her head into her shoulder a little, and gave a small, sweet smile. Truly the only light she could see was the one radiating from Kara, and even then the combined lights of all of the displays in the park were dwarfed in comparison. “When we were younger,” Lena began and linker her arm with Kara’s, snuggling closer to the warmth the other woman seemed to radiate, “Lex and I used to talk about an undying energy source, one that could power entire cities for years and never run out.”

Lena glanced over at the lake as the water electronics sent water pluming into the air like a fountain, lighting up that section of the lake with colour from the lights under it. It was very pretty.

“I was only recently able to crack the code…. It’s not perpetual as in eternal, but for the moment it is the closest I could come to…”

Kara turned her gaze away from the animals that were stuck to the trees, lizards and birds glowing with lights, and looked over at Lena. “Eternal energy, huh? This is your surprise?”

“Mh,” Lena hummed. “My patent application team thought that this was the best fit for it… and for the buzz it has provided…” Ross and MAD fell into step behind them, maintaining a polite distance.

The lights above them faded in and out as they passed underneath the canopies. “Lex managed to develop a new alloy for a special metal, and I managed to find a way to bond the chemical components and the metal together…making a sort of battery.”

Lena lifted her other hand and gestured around her. “This entire display will be run off the battery. It is less environmentally damaging than traditional sources for energy, is much smaller, and hopefully won’t be as expensive.”

Kara was thoughtful as she thought and Lena was content to be in her presence and gaze around her at what her team had managed. It was amazing what an unlimited budget got a team of twelve in a fortnight.

“How much energy is it?”

Lena blinked away from her appraisal of a tree lit with colour and turned to her. “National City Power Station churns out about 400 Megawatts. My battery can do the same at a fraction of the cost and size, without having to worry about external factors.”

“Are…” Kara hesitated and Lena looked to her, studying her profile as the lights above them turned from orange into green. “Are there any…um, dangers or ways it could be abused?”

“I’ve ran the numbers,” Lena said simply. “I couldn’t find any, but my team will be monitoring this prototype for a long time. I don’t intend for this to be a weapon after Lex.” She cut herself off and looked back at the ground, making sure her footsteps would be clear, but truly hiding her face. It was comforting to talk about Lex, but she knew people didn’t want to hear about him and they certainly didn’t want her talking about it. For all that Kara didn’t seem to be willing to judge her, for all she trusted her, years of disgust mingled with hatred directed at her, and the looks of shock were she ever to mention Lex, or that she had a brother, had schooled her defensiveness.

“After Lex?” Kara enquired after a long minute of silent walking. “You-,” Kara hesitated and then continued. “You don’t have to stop yourself from talking about him and what he did… or even your past… I’m not going to judge. I know his actions aren’t yours…and,” Kara paused again, faltering at the look Lena was giving her even though she tried to make it seem like Kara wasn’t something magical. “He’s a part of you… or he was once, and I want to know everything about you… your my friend,” Kara finished and swallowed and adjusted her glasses and Lena leant into her arm a moment.
in silent gratitude.

“Lex never started off… bad,” Lena said after a moment’s thought. She wanted to talk about her brother, the man she knew and loved, and wanted to put him across how she saw him, how he was before he lost his way and himself. “We had so many plans for humanity… most of them would make us a fortune, but we would use our wealth and knowledge and intellect to make a difference for the better. He used to tell me to ask myself why we were making things, why we were doing what we were doing…. It’s a philosophy that has guided me well since then.”

They were passing around the lake and towards the children’s playground. They’d already made their way over the bridge and lights had been arched up over that with pictures drawn in each individual light and rivers and mountains and even lights that made it look like you were in a vortex. Kara had gotten a weird smile at that and had reached up, as though to touch the lights, even though they were out of reach.

The child’s area was florescent and the white of Kara’s shirt glowed a little and her smile was just as bright.

“Lena come on!” She called and dragged Lena over to the small flying fox.

“Weeeeee,” she giggled as she soared past with her feet on the seat and her arms around the rope. Lena spared her a glance and then looked at the swing set’s, the sea-saw, the small fort, the slides, and even the animal sculptures around the place that had their own lights. On a patch of grass-where in the summer youth groups would host games and activities, there were pillars with glow-in-the-dark shapes and drawings. There was a large board near the end of the grass before the tree line and it had animal shapes moving in the lights on it, and it morphed to humans dancing while Lena watched.

“Lena!” Kara called and she obediently turned and walked over to the small flying fox.

She eyed it sceptically. “I don’t think so,” she said firmly and Kara laughed and shook her head.

“Come on! For me?” She said and Lena should have turned away, but alas she was caught by bright blue eyes, somehow even bluer in the lights around them. She was stuck in Kara’s gravity and she sighed and nodded once.

“Yes!” Kara beamed and took her hand and grabbed the flying-fox with the other. She almost lost her footing once on the bark that padded the area but Kara’s hand in hers kept her steady and moving forward.

Kara was very patient with her, even keeping a hand on the hand-rail/rope thing? While she got her feet on the seat.

“Okay, ready?”

Lena gave a small nod, thankful that no one was around to see her do something so….childish….

“Have fun,” Kara beamed and Lena lifted her other leg and soon she was flying along the pre-determined path.

It was… the most exhilarating thing she had done in a while… compared to board-meetings, blown buildings, and getting shot at. She’d forgotten how much she loved the thrill of it. In her youth, before she had taken the mantle of LuthorCorp, she had been an adrenaline junkie with skydives, bungy-jumps, base-jumps, and white-water rafting to her belt. A psychologist might analyse her need for a thrill as being self-destructive and potentially dangerous, but she wouldn’t ever speak to one, so
there was no one to know about that.

Kara was jogging behind her when she hit the car tires at the end of the line and spun a little as she was thrown backwards. It was worth the indignity of it to see Kara’s joy the simple action made.

She hopped a little as she slowed and stumbled back into Kara but Kara just held her and grabbed the jerking seat with the other hand.

Lena savoured the warmth at her back a moment and then Kara was gone back to the stand and flying past again. The joy Kara found in the simplest of things was something Lena was maybe about ready to admit may have been behind her reason to reveal her new prototype in this fashion. Of all people Lena had figured Kara would enjoy a light show and had sent Jess to the task the moment she knew her prototype would work.

Like always her assistant had come through and had found her an electrical systems team and light design team, and had met with the National City District Council, to make sure all the paperwork was signed. It was amazing how productive people could be when there was money involved. Throw enough at the problem and it tended to be dealt with. It was one of the few perks of being a Luthor; the zeros in her multiple bank accounts often meant she could achieve things other people could not, but she was always careful with how and when she used her money.

Honestly, from what Jess told her, NCDC didn’t really care what she did with the park as long as they didn’t have to pay for anything and L-Corp was responsible for any damages.

Lena left Kara to enjoy her flying fox and wandered back to the screen with the light formed pictured. She was watching a cat play with a ball of yarn when she felt, rather than heard, Kara at her back. The woman could move quickly and silently when she wanted to.

“We’ve got about half an hour, was there anything else to see?”

Lena nodded and to her surprise and pleasure Kara took her hand. It was nice. More than nice. Sweet. No, that wasn’t quite the word either. She searched her impressive vocabulary as she walked hand and hand with Kara and couldn’t find a word in English, or in any of her other known languages for the feeling. Home came closest. Comfort a close third, and warmth in second. Kara’s hand was warm and soft and strangely without any form of callus, for all the writing she did, and Lena didn’t feel like she had mammoth hands while she was holding Kara’s. At school it had been a point of teasing for her, and also previous partners-though few and far between-had made a note of it, even if it were jokingly. Though her last female lover had soon changed her tune.

“What’s your favourite memory of Lex?” Kara asked after a few minutes of companionable silence while they shadowed the lake and it reflected the lights all around them.

Lena nearly drew her hand from Kara’s she was so startled. No one had ever asked her that, and she said so.

Kara smiled at her, a hint of loss to her lips, but her eyes were warm and bright. “Who he is isn’t what he did,” she said softly. “I’ve learnt enough to know that people are more than just one thing, and we can’t judge them on it, even if we might want to.”

Lena squeezed her hand, sensing more to the sudden sadness to her friend but not wanting to push.

“There’s not just one,” she said slowly, brow creased in thought. “I-I’ve never given it much thought, actually…. Maybe my first Christmas? Or my tenth birthday-oh! No, my sixteenth birthday!” She settled on. “I-he took me to get my tattoo and held my hand while I cried…and then
he took me out for ice-cream and then he sent me to a retreat in Tibet.”

“Oh,” Kara said and pushed her glasses up her nose and were it not for the fact that Lena had learnt to recognise the move as a nervous tick, she’d wonder if Kara needed her glasses fitted properly.

“Did-does it hurt getting a tattoo?”

Lena hesitated and felt herself tense just a little. Kara just squeezed her hand reassuringly and she felt the tension dissipate a little. “I- it wasn’t the physical pain… it was the emotional,” she bit her lip and considered saying more but decided against it. She didn’t want to scare Kara away. Didn’t want to tell her, her reasons for the ink on her skin; a permanent physical reminder rather than the emotional ones.

“I loved-“

“Love,” Kara interrupted gently and Lena slowly turned to face her. They were standing in front of a waterfall-probably manmade- with a few rocks leading down near the water and a metal bar around it to stop people from going in the water, even though it was probably only hip deep if that. The water had light behind it, colours of the rainbow lighting the entire five tiers of water all the way down and turning the pool at the bottom into a colourful churning mess.

“Because even though you can hate what he did, you can still love him. You are allowed to,” Kara said quietly and took her other hand and held them both before her. Kara’s eyes were so earnest, so kind, so loving that they took Lena’s breath away and she didn’t want to think what was written on her face.

“I love Lex,” she said haltingly and then blinked. The world still turned. Her heart was still beating, strongly if its thud were anything to judge. At the waterfall the colours turned to a bright gold, and it lit the area around them.

“I love Lex,” Lena repeated and her throat caught with the emotion threatening to tear its way from her lips. She moistened them, not missing the way Kara’s eyes darted down to follow their movement.

“I love Lex,” she said again, a slight incredulous tone to her voice and then she closed her eyes.

“I do,” she confessed quietly, as soft as the winds whisper as though the breeze could carry it away and not let it linger in the minds of the people around her. In the hearts of the people Lex had hurt in his crusade, for they were the ones she saw at night. The names she had memorised, the homes she had visited once the dust had settled in an attempt to help them in any way. Of course they had slammed the door in her face-the kind ones at least- some had screamed at her, spewing vitriol about her name and brother. Others even had attacked her and Haz had to step in and guide her away. Each name, each curse spat in her direction, each door slammed in her face, each physical strike had chipped a little of her away. A small piece of her love for her brother fading at the hatred, and being beaten free with the disgust.

Lena had done nothing to earn it; she’d only loved the one person who had ever loved her. Her big brother, her hero Lex.

“I thought about it,” she rasped and knew she was crying but couldn’t bear to open her eyes. She didn’t want to see the expression on Kara’s face when she told her her biggest secret. The one thing she held within the chambers of her heart and beat herself up over time and time again, the one that proved just how weak and how much of a Luthor she really was.

“I thought about joining him,” she confessed brokenly and felt Kara stiffen beneath her. She pulled
her hands free so that Kara could leave whenever-she would never make someone like Kara stay with her. “I was always his shadow, the only one, he used to say, that would stand by him.”

She gasped a sob and there were tears catching in her throat but she had cried enough and she swallowed them. “I was so scared.” The words were there in her chest, in her heart, and she forced them out, for all that she felt she might choke on them. “I didn’t know what to do. He was my brother.” It was cold now, away from Kara’s touch and she was almost tempted to see where Kara had gone and if she had walked away, but was even more afraid that she had stayed. What would be written along the sweet curves of her face? Disgust, hatred? Or even worse, indifference?

“But you didn’t,” Kara said needlessly. And her voice sounded as close as it was before she had started her confession.

“I couldn’t,” Lena rasped out. “He was wrong,” and she was concerned she was wailing the final word, but couldn’t seem to control herself anymore. The guilt was finally pouring out of her and she couldn’t stop it.

“I thought it would be easier, to be held accountable, rather than standing apart from it and carrying the burden. I’d never stood on my own before,” she blurted, as though admitting her weakness could alleviate her guilt of the matter. “I had always, always had Lex and he always had me.”

She bit the inside of her mouth until she tasted blood and the sting from it was enough to halt her rambling and she knew she would never speak of it again.

There was something brushing her side and she flinched back and her eyes flew open. Kara had her arms out in a half circle, obviously aiming for a hug, and she looked apologetic at startling her but there was no judgement in her eyes, only compassion, and Lena wondered what she had done to deserve an angel like Kara Danvers in her life.

Kara stepped closer and slid her arms around her and she could feel their warmth and strength in them as she held her, and she felt safe. Was this what sailors felt in old times when encased within the protective embrace of a harbour? Safe and warm and home?

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She melted into the hold, warm and malleable, and matched her body to the curves of Kara’s. Her arms came up in a cross at Kara’s back and she marvelled that Kara was still so warm, even though the night had a bite to it.

“We like to think that nothing travels faster than the speed of light,” Kara said softly and her voice was warm near her ear. “But no matter how fast light travels, it always, always,” she emphasised quietly, firmly, “finds the dark already there. We make that choice, Lena.” Kara said and was running her hands up and down Lena’s back comfortably.

“We make that choice whether we sink into the shadows or whether we fight free of them and stand on our own, and you’ve already made that choice.” Lena felt part of her heart, the parts where only outlines remained and were the cruel world had chipped pieces off, shuddered and grew, the fissures in her heart expanding and joining together and becoming hole with her next words. “You stepped out of the shadow and without it to shroud you, you proved your own light. You are kind and gentle and smart and brave and so strong.”

Lena let her hands follow the warmth beneath her and absently ran her fingers along the fine hairs at the base of Kara’s neck, delighting in the shiver she received in response and marvelled at the warm, soft skin.

“People have more than one side and we are what we choose to be. Our choices behind our actions
are what define us but people are more than one deed. You can still love Lex and hate him for what
he did. The fact that you feel guilt for actions not your own shows just how big a heart you truly
have. You deserve to be loved. You deserve good things. You are worthy of them. You don’t have
to hide any more, Lena,” Kara spoke with the conviction of the righteous and Lena let her words fall
over her and cling to the air around them.

“You are a light, Lena, as bright as any around us. I believe in it,” Kara swore quietly.

Lena pulled back slightly and Kara’s arms slid down her back to rest above the curves of her lower
body. Her arms were gently crossed over Kara’s neck and the embrace was intimate but comfortable,
for all they weren’t lovers.

They were so close she could see the flecks of gold in Kara’s bright blue eyes even through the thick
rims of her glasses and she had the thought that Kara’s eyesight must be terrible to have lenses that
thick. Slowly she let her gaze track Kara’s features, snagging a little on the scar above her eye and
tracing a stray curl of hair down the side of her jaw and to her lips. So soft and sweet looking.

Kara was the only thing in her vision, haloed a little by the changing lights behind her, but the centre-
point in some hallowed gallery, a long-revered masterpiece.

“I believe in you,” Kara’s words were soft, gentle, but firm in their resolution. A promise, a vow, a
confession all rolled into a reverent whisper that danced across her lips with a puff of air.

“I believe in your light, Lena,” Kara’s voice was so soft it was stolen by the wind as soon as the
words had fallen from her lips but Lena had heard them.

“I believe in you,” she repeated and Lena felt her chest grow warm and fuzzy. “You’re my hero.”
The warmth in her heart grew hot, burning almost but swept her along with it, pressing against the
bone walls of her chest and aching to tear free. “You’re my light.” Lena almost choked on the
warmth flooding her body. The raw love and affection she was feeling, that she could feel Kara
sending her with the sweetness of her touch and the warmth in her gaze. To be the light for someone
who shone as brightly as Kara did was the greatest honour and burden she thought she would ever
shoulder. Though she didn’t think she deserved that mantle, she really didn’t, she would covet it
about all else and strive eternally to live up to it, to hold Kara up, to guide her, to let her shine. To
love her.

“I love you.”

Three little words. It is amazing the power they had, for all that people would mock the age-old
saying about how the pen is mightier than the sword, but words were just as powerful, if not more
so. They were capable of tearing someone down, of stabbing deep and leaving rivers of red in their
wake, or they could be freeing, capable of sending someone soaring, unchanged by gravity. They
could incite hatred and violence and vitriol, or they could inspire love and compassion and empathy.
Everyone had the power of their words within them, and they could destroy or they could create.

I love you.
Emotions; gained meaning and description. Feelings; conveyed, often with inadequacy. Phrases; thrown together to form something new, to harm or to heal.

I love you.

Words were the language of the soul, universal even as they may change linguistically, but with the same meaning behind them.

I. Love. You.

Lena Luthor had been waiting her entire life to hear those words, and have them meant from someone who was not supposed to love her by duty or by blood; the Luthor’s and her birth parents respectively. And to have the person say it, and she wouldn’t say it if she didn’t mean it, be Kara Danvers, the woman who made Lena believe she could be better than her last name, be more than the sins of her family, be able to stand on her own, to be her own light. There were no words for Lena, and for a woman who had been raised to always have the answer, to always be in control, it was an out of depth experience. Being speechless wasn’t something she was familiar with, but she had found she was stepping further into the unknown with Kara at her side. She could face it all with Kara at her side, her own personal sun. Kara would teach her how to fly.

Kara’s eyes were shining, which seemed impossible because her eyes were always so bright, but they were glowing like they were twin blue suns. There was a soft curve to her lips and a quiet, encompassing joy at confessing that out loud, her love filling her completely and Lena could only reflect it back at her, hoping that the light that Kara gave her was returned with a piece of her own, as dark and as tainted as it was, so that Kara would have it with her always.

“Ka-ra,” her voice cracked and she was certain her words had been stolen from her before she could voice them and there was so much she wanted to say. I love you, too. How can you love me? I’ve loved you for so long. What do you see in me? I’ve waited for you. What did I do to deserve you? I don’t deserve you.

“Lena,” Kara said and she licked her lips and her fingers were trembling as they gently ran down her jaw, and Lena was thankful she wasn’t the only one so affected. She nearly fainted when Kara leant forward, the heat from her breath heralding her arrival and her skin sprang to attention, eager and aching to join Kara. “You are worthy,” she pressed a soft kiss on her forehead and Lena quivered underneath her touch. She was certain she would fall if it weren’t for the soft hands keeping her upright, certain she would defy gravity and take her place among the stars if not for the words anchoring her to here and now.

“You deserve to be happy.” A kiss to her right cheek, her jaw tilting slightly, subconsciously angling for a kiss.

“You are allowed to feel for Lex; for him and his actions, but they aren’t yours, and you don’t have to hide in his shadow any longer.” A second kiss to her opposite cheek and a tear falling down it and clinging to the curve of her jaw where it trembled with her breathing.

“You are worth being loved… and I love you,” Kara’s voice was wave of warmth on her lips and they tingled at the proximity and she swallowed, certain her last meal had been a Weetabix without milk and not fast-food.

“Can I kiss you?” The question was as soft as the thumb tip wiping the tear away and Lena ached and trembled and yearned.

“Yes,” she breathed and Kara leant forward and gently, ever so gently, pressed her lips to hers.
ARE YOU ALL OKAY? Come squeal in the comments below :D

Chapter End Notes

Come squeal into my review-box :D ^^\This is why I'm terrible at keeping schedules, I want to watch you lose your minds lol. Enjoy lovelies, have a nice day.
Kara had actually had a few first kisses, especially if you counted other people kissing her and her being startled. Most of her first kisses had been that way; especially though school and college when hormones and alcohol mixed. She hadn’t really ever dated, hadn’t liked anyone enough to try, apart from that boy in school who she went to prom with (the one whose toes she stood on-and broke) and James, and that had been….a failure at best.

She had long resigned herself to being alone, content with trying to find out who she was, Kara Danvers and Kara Zor-El. In Supergirl she had found Kara Zor-El, the woman she had always wanted to be on Krypton, someone who helped people and worked towards the advancement of their people. Kara Danvers was….at a standstill. Don’t get her wrong, she had loved working for Cat Grant, but there had been something missing. When she was Supergirl Kara Zor-El lived, but being an assistant, even to a woman as game-changing as Cat, held Kara Danvers back, and while it as fulfilling, she wasn’t living as Kara. Becoming a reporter had been the best decision she had ever made, even if it had felt like she was doing it just because Clark did. She was able to help people as Kara Danvers, to live as Kara, and with both reporter Kara and Super Kara, she was whole, she was living. But there was still something missing, and it had taken until seeing Alex’s joy over Maggie that she realised what it was.

Companionship. Kara craved a soul-mate. Not necessarily a lover- as she’d learnt she was far too dangerous in that particular situation and had generally avoided inviting any sort of touch of the sort since, but that didn’t negate the fact that she wanted someone, and wanted them badly. She hadn’t been aware of how empty her life had been until she saw how full Alex’s now was. Not that her sister wasn’t the most important person in her life and would always be her best friend, but Kara wanted someone to want Kara for all that she was and could be. Kara Danvers, Supergirl, and Kara Zor-El, the sides of her that were oddly different yet converged in the centre like one of those graphs, showing which parts of her were all Kara.

For some reason, Alex called it jealousy but Kara was hesitant, she’d never had female friends, or none who were very close to her. Alex had been all she had had for so many years, and she’d been okay with that, hadn’t realised she was missing something, someone even, until she met Lena Luthor.

Lena was smart, witty, kind, patient, gentle, beautiful, and so, so strong. She was a light in the dark and it didn’t take Kara very long to realise that Lena didn’t see her own light. But then she realised that a star can only see the darkness around it, not the light and warm it casts forth itself.

Originally she had been cautious of the young Luthor, anyone with their last names had a right to be wary, but Lena had proven to be a valuable ally and a steadfast friend, one she was willing to call her best. The title had been long held by Alex, but Alex was her sister and the role was synonyms with ‘best friend’ regardless, so it was refreshing to be able to give it to someone else, even though they had no idea what they meant to her.

Interviews had turned into lunch-interviews, and lunch-interviews had stretched past the time-frame of being decent, and then she’d started to run out of excuses to show up to L-Corp and see Lena’s special smile, the one she only gave to Kara; sincere and sweet and happy to see her. Eventually she shed the façade of ‘work’ and she and Lena grew to the type of friends that you’d see on television; ones who went everywhere together and had inside jokes, and protected each other and knew each
other’s secrets—apart from one big ‘S’ shaped one.

Lena had become an integral part of Kara’s life without any apparent effort on her behalf and she slipped seamlessly into her thoughts regularly. It got to the stage that if Kara hadn’t seen Lena on a particular day, then she’d text her at least, and had certainly thought about her.

She loved spending time with Lena. She loved talking to her and sending little videos of cute animals she had found on the internet. She loved watching her chin lift and a smile part her lips when Kara popped by out of the blue to see her. She especially like the smile Lena would give her, the one where she would smile with her eyes alone and Kara would feel like she had just blown her freeze breathe over an inferno, but she hadn’t.

To her Kara and Lena were just Kara and Lena, two very good friends and how they acted around each other was how they acted around each other. They were best friends. Kara hadn’t had many friends to judge her relationship off, and she knew Lena had had even fewer, so they were close? So what? No one had the right to judge how she loved Lena and how Lena loved her, because Kara did love her friend. She loved all of her friends, but Lena was special. She was her best friend. And Kara was hers. She just hadn’t realised she loved her loved her until Alex and Eliza had oh-so helpfully recorded her jealous—and yes, she was almost about ready to sort of confess that she had been jealous-rant on Lena.

She had it saved to her phone. Alex had deleted her original after Kara had the copy and she and Eliza had been very helpful with helping Kara come to terms with her feelings.

Looking back on it now she was able to realise exactly what her sister and mother were doing. Lena was single, Alex already knew that, so why had she been asking for a friend of Maggie’s? A pretty, single, successful friend.

Kel from IT. Oh, yes. She remembered that rude, red-headed bimbo well. Lena had been her guest and her friend and she was talking to her and holding her attention with stories from her Cat Grant Assistant days. She had just popped to the bathroom and when she returned Lena was deep in discussion with one of Maggie’s workmates that worked in their tech division. Kara had instantly disliked her, especially as she put her hand on Lena’s arm and smiled. Lena didn’t like to be touched. And only Kara was allowed to touch her so friendly. Feeling her scowl deepen, she walked forward with tunnel vision to the table until Alex had dragged her away to dance with her in front of the jukebox to their favourite dance song. Still, Kara hadn’t been able to stop glancing at Lena and her new….friend…. all the while and Alex had followed her glare with a knowing smile.

Kel was a runner in her spare time, had a very, very cute dog that everyone agreed was cute, was a former soldier, and knew all about coding and hacking and computer-y stuff.

Kara eventually made her way back to Lena’s side, and maybe she sat closer, drawn in by the welcoming smile Lena shot her, and listened to the conversation. Winn would have been better suited for it, to be honest. Kara wasn’t sure what they were talking about, most of Earth’s science was rudimentary compared to Krypton—though humanity was advanced for its young age—and she often found it hard to follow so she usually just didn’t. She zoned out and focused on how smile-y Kel was being and how much she was touching Lena, touching Lena with strong, muscular arms, and how Lena wasn’t jerking away.

To Lena’s credit she had tried multiple times to draw Kara into the conversation, but Kara wasn’t feeling it. She just sat near Lena and worked her drink. Eventually Kel left them, with a touch to Lena’s fore-arm and her number, telling her she’d love to have Lena consult for them if the need ever arose.
Kara had watched her go over to the dart board and seamlessly blend in with the group there and then turned back to Lena.

“Are you okay?” Lena enquired gently and Kara gave a little shrug.

“I’m fine.”

Lena nodded slowly but left her to it and gently asked her more about her stories from CatCo, having heard about the imperturbable assistant called Kiera. Lena had spent the next hour and a half giggling with Kara, placing her hand on her arm and leaning into her. Kara loved making Lena laugh.

She hadn’t been able to fight her reflective fist clench at hearing Kel talking, through Maggie, through Alex, about Lena like that. Lena was more than…that, she didn’t want to think of her friend like that, it made her feel funny in her stomach, but she knew Lena deserved more. But then she started to think about it. What if Kel and Lena got together? They were both attractive and young and knew about computers and then they would spend all their time together and Kel would take Lena lunch and then Kara would feel awkward and they would even go out together and who would Kara have then? She didn’t want to be replaced. She was Lena’s best friend.

“She’s nice,” Alex had said. Kara disagreed. Lena was her friend and Kel was a friend thief and Lena was worth more than a ‘tap that’. What she deserved was candle lit dinners and walks along the beach and star gazing and hours spent at the museum watching her nerd-out and dances in the rain.

Kel wouldn’t do that. Kara didn’t like her on principle. And it would be nice for Lena to have more friends, other people could see how brilliant and sweet and witty and smart and beautiful her friend was, but not friends who had ulterior motive. Lena was worth more than that.

And then Alex had to go and show Eliza Kel’s picture and she had said she was pretty.

Psh, Lena was the prettiest girl in the world and while some people might think Kel was pretty, Lena was prettier, and she said so.

Surprisingly Eliza had agreed, which was nice because it was true, but also because she didn’t think Eliza liked Lena, which was dumb because Lena was the nicest and prettiest and smartest and kindest and sweetest girl in the world, in the universe.

And it was stupid because if Lena liked brave people then well, hello! Kara was Supergirl! And she had saved Lena heaps of time so it wasn’t like Kel with her two medals and three tours and commendations could even compete with her. Supergirl-Kara- would beat her in the bravery department. She liked that. Kel would never be able to compete with Kara- she was a Super-hero, got that? And like, Kara liked dogs, and putting your dog in your profile picture and just happening to choose an angle that showed that you spent like ten hours a week at the gym was like cheating.

And Kara was the bravest, she was Supergirl…. Only….Lena didn’t know that… the thought made her heart heavy. She should probably tell her at some point, and preferably soon.

But… what if that was what pushed Lena away and into Kel’s arms?

The thought made her stomach churn and she stood abruptly. “Kel doesn’t deserve her!” And Kel didn’t, she didn’t take the time to know Lena, to look beneath the CEO armour she wore in her daily life, to look past the sharp jaw line, the perfect dark brows, her beautiful bright green eyes, her soft lips and her kind, gentle soul.

And so it had all fallen from her lips, building in her chest and stumbling up her throat and tipping off her lips and lingering in the air. She hadn’t even noticed Eliza pointing the phone in her direction,
had only known her own confusion at what she was feeling; why it hurt to think of Lena leaving her, or being friends with someone else, of being more than friends with her.

One of her more… endearing traits, according to Lena anyway, was her ability to let her mouth get away from her, especially when she felt strongly on the subject. More often than not she would be caught rambling or blurting things out, often before her mind had time to process it, unless she was deep in thought and then her mind would show its superiority over humans as it would calculate scenarios and have her act on them in less than a second. So it wasn’t an awful surprise for her to word-vomit about how Kel was unworthy of Lena because she wouldn’t do these things with Lena, and how she, Kara, would. By the time she realised what she was saying it was too late and the kitchen was startlingly quiet as her words lingered a moment and faded.

She stuttered out her denials but Eliza played her the video of her speech and she had to submit to the evidence in front of her.

She…loved Lena? Oh. Oh!

Warmth, as golden as the sun and with the same shot of energy to her veins, flooded her body and she had to concentrate to keep her feet grounded. It was the same as emerging from her pod and feeling the sledge-hammer to her cells that Earths sun was, only on a smaller dosage and she considered what she had felt in her confession, the torrid mixture of feelings; jealousy, anger, loss, pain, love. She was in love with Lena Luthor.


Eliza and Alex were gentle with her when the elation of her confession faded and the ice-cold tendrils of reality set in. What if Lena didn’t feel the same? What if she did? What then? What about Supergirl?

Upon reflection she thought she was rather like Rapunzel in Tangled, torn between elation at being free of her tower, and self-loathing and guilt over leaving, only hers was between her love for Lena, and of her guilt over the lies.

It had taken her a lot of gesturing with her hands to convey her thoughts on the matter, but she had decided she would keep herself in Lena’s life as her friend for as long as necessary. Lena would never be alone, even if Kara had to watch her love someone else-if it ever happened. Lena would always have Kara.

So they had hung out like normal mid-twenty year-olds did. They shopped, had lunch and coffee dates and occasional went out for dinner. Kara would often pop by and see Lena and there was nothing unusual about it. This was how their friendship worked.

And then Kara had to go and open her mouth and tell Lena their next night out was a date. I mean, who said that? What kind of crossing the line between friend and more than a friend could a friend do with a few little words? To be fair though she could have kissed her or said something, but she was too comfortable in their friendship to risk Lena’s rejection. But Lena had only smiled and when she had text her the restaurant and reservation for their ‘date’ she had sent a winking face, so Kara took that as neither confirmation nor denial.

Besides, according to Maggie, Lena was very, very un-straight, and Kara would follow Maggie’s lead on such things. Alex didn’t know, and Kara certainly didn’t. Maggie seemed to think Lena was in to Kara so there was that. And Lena had mentioned she had liked women a few times, well not come right out and said it, but there had been hints; her at the pride rally, her playing softball to impress the female captain, her law lecturer in university (the one she had a crush on), and of course
she told Supergirl that Lex always had her back when it came to boy or girlfriends. So, Kara wasn’t sure what that made Lena, there were a lot of terms and names and she didn’t really know what she was looking for when she googled-Tumblr wasn’t much help. Kara decided that Lena was just Lena. And Lena was perfect.

She’d nearly turned into a puddle of goo when she saw Lena’s outfit and the previous heat that still simmered in her roared to life. She was afraid she was even more clumsy and awkward than usual when they were seated, and she felt very out of place amongst the fine clothing, expensive bottles of wine, ridiculous food that was nice to look at but clearly for a child because there was no way a piece of steak, potato, and vegetables would be that small if it were for an adult. And that was before she even glanced at the price tag. She was very, very thankful Lena had insisted on taking her out and paying because she was on a reporter salary, and she was not able to afford a fifty-dollar steak, especially if she’d finish it in a half-dozen bites. She could buy a lot of potstickers for that price.

She was thankful, surprised, and then charmed when Lena led her from the restaurant and towards the nearest fast-food restaurant. They ended up on the beach, with a lot of burgers, fries and drinks. Kara had debated getting a sundae but figured she could get one on the way back. Any soft-serve would be melted before she got to it, and she couldn’t re-freeze it with her breath without Lena being suspicious, and she was slipping up enough as it was.

Their drive to the park had been punctuated by singing along to the radio and it was fun and reminded Kara of when the Danvers would take her to other places and they would just sing along as a family and encouraged her to join in. She liked that Lena trusted her enough to sing along to the radio and bee a bit of a goof-ball with her, because it showed her how much Lena could be herself around Kara.

Kara had been very wary of letting Lena go into the park, not because Lena was any danger, but because so many people could hide in the dark amongst the trees and Kara didn’t want her to risk her life, even with the agents following them.

She had been very discreet, she thought, when she lowered her eyes a little and peered over her rims at their surroundings to make sure the people in the park weren’t a threat. They weren’t, so she had followed Lena happily. She’d follow Lena anywhere, not that she needed to tell Lena that.

Lena’s reveal of the lights had been…wondrous! It was such a marvellous idea and it was so pretty and she loved that Lena had shown it to her first.

She’d had a few reservations about the uses the battery could be turned to, but Lena had assured her she’d thought of it and would be careful about selling it on. Then she had just enjoyed walking around the park and admiring the light show with Lena on her arm. It was almost like it was a real date and her heart shuddered at the thought.

Lena looked so beautiful lit by the lights around them and it was very difficult to tear her eyes from her, especially as Lena was gazing around her in wonder so she wouldn’t notice Kara trying to imprint her profile to memory.

Coming across the fly-fox had been a pleasant surprise, and getting Lena to ride it had made her heart warm and fluttery, especially when Lena had laughed at the joy the simple, childish action brought her.

Then she had bravely taken Lena’s hand in her own and of Rao, how was it her heart remained in her chest when she could feel the beating of Lena’s through her palm? She didn’t know how she didn’t leap from her skin when Lena absentely ran her thumb over her skin and she was certain she shivered at the action. Lena’s hands were warm and soft, strong and delicate at the same time and
they reminded her of the piano keys her fingers so deftly played. Sweet but with strength to the sound. Lena was like that. Sweet, kind, patient, gentle and generous, but also unyielding and strong.

Kara enjoyed hearing Lena speak, she even enjoyed hearing her speak about her brother, about Lex, and there was always a fond curl to her lips when she did, even if her eyes darkened with shadow.

And then they had stood in front of the waterfall, and Rao, Kara had not been prepared for her whispered confession, so quiet she even strained with her own super hearing to hear it. A hushed whisper showing the darkest sides of Lena, and begging Kara to absolve her of her sins, to tell her she was forgiven for those thoughts, to let her know that she was stronger, to forgive her. To shine the light on the shadows inside her and to love her anyway. Kara could do nothing less.

She had told her it was okay to love Lex, and it was. Lena had few people she cared for and any one that she did must be extraordinary in some way, even if Lex wasn’t worthy of his sisters love. Kara had a feeling no one had told her it was okay to love Lex but hate what he had done, and she knew better than most how it felt to stand on opposite sides to a loved one and march against them. At least Lex was still alive, but he was actively trying to kill Lena, so maybe that wasn’t the best scenario.

And then Kara’s world had tilted on its axis and cracked open and exposed her soul to the world, and all it had taken was a kiss.

Lena had looked so beautiful in the light from the waterfall and her tears had shown her heart, silently offering it to the world, and Kara couldn’t stop the words from falling from her lips.

It hadn’t been a confession of her heart, not until she had taken Lena into her arms, but she’d pulled them from her. Lena had been magnetic, pulling her into her orbit and keeping her there and Kara had flown along with her.

There had been pressure in her chest as though she had emptied her lungs completely even though she was still breathing and she had wondered if this was what being breathless felt like.

Lena’s eyes were bright, so bright, and shining and reflecting the light of the lake far behind her as it turned green, and her mascara was a little bit smudged but she had never looked so beautiful.

“I believe in you,” she had vowed, wondering when her Lena’s face had moved closer, had tilted slightly, but maybe she had been the one to move. She heard Lena’s breathing hitch as her words caressed her lips.

“I believe in you. You’re my hero,” and she was. Lena was so bright and so good and though her suit couldn’t pass for a Halloween costume and her cape tended to be expensive bags to go with her Prada heels and expensive CEO clothing, Lena was her own hero. Lena was her own light.

Few people in Kara’s life could compare to how Lena lit Kara’s life like her own personal sun. Everything was brighter when Lena was around, and she knew the reason now, but Lena didn’t see it herself, couldn’t see the way the light in her shone outwards and caught everything in their orbit. Maybe Lena thought that the reason all eyes fell on her when she stepped into a room was because of her commanding, CEO presence, and while there was that, it was, Kara had decided, because her light dazzled. Lena was akin to a walking, talking headlight and the people around her the denizens of the forest. People were star-struck from her presence, and would wander away dazed by her beautiful light.

Lena made Kara truly believe in the symbol on of her crest, in El Mayarah. In hope.

“You’re my light.”
And then she had told her own truth. Even if Lena did reject her, wanted to stay ‘just friends’ and Kara would be happy with that, would be content with any amount of time Lena allotted for her, any smile she deemed worthy enough to give her. But Kara didn’t think she would, she had faith in Lena. She saw it now. The cautious love shining out of Lena’s eyes now, as though afraid to show what they were feeling but feeling them so strongly they couldn’t hide it. They never could, Kara realised now. The depth of emotion Lena tried to hide from view had always flared when she gazed at Kara, and she knew what that emotion was.

“I love you.”

Oh! What an incredible feeling! She had almost lifted from the ground at the pure ecstasy that engulfed her after her confession. Was this why lovers said those three words with an almost obnoxious frequency?

The broken voicing of her name was the first time since her mother had said farewell that her name felt like it belonged to her. To Kara. She was Kara.

She would spend forever memorising the way Lena had trembled beneath her finger tips, the way her skin had risen to attention trying to get closer to her. Lena’s swallow had settled in her heart, bouncing around the bone arches of it. It no longer felt like a prison but like a home. Lena was her home.

She kissed her gently, slowly as she told Lena she was worthy of being loved, of being happy. Her lips tingled with the warmth of Lena’s forehead and cheeks. She told Lena she was allowed to love Lex, even if she hated his actions. Lena’s jaw had tilted at the words, angling slightly and Kara was so tempted to lower her lips the miniscule amount it would take.

And then she had asked if she could kiss Lena, certain that she would break from the desire to. With trembling fingers she wiped a stray tear away and Lena softened into the touch.

“Yes,” Lena had breathed and Kara had taken that final step and set her heart free the moment she touched her lips to Lena’s.

In that moment Kara knew that she would never have another first kiss, would never take another partner to feel, touch and to love. Lena was hers for the rest of her life. It took concentrated effort to keep her feet stationary, and she wasn’t sure she was successful, especially when Lena sighed and melted into her, just like she had fantasised she would.

Lena’s breath had tasted like the wine she’d been drinking earlier, dark and full of promise, just like her soft lips, even after the junk food.

They had kissed softly, chastely, easing into the newest step to their relationship, and Kara didn’t think she would ever tire of the feel of Lena’s soft, sweet lips on hers for the rest of her life. She now understood why Earth poetry compared the lips of a love to the petals of a rose. She had run her fingers over the petals of the white roses in Eliza’s garden when she had first gotten to Earth, and had been fascinated by how soft they had been. Lena was like that rose. Prickly on the outside to protect it, but beautiful and soft and sweet to a gentle touch.

Kara smoothed her palm and curled it around Lena’s jaw a moment before sliding it across her skin to cup her nape, delighting in the shiver the action produced. Lena made a soft sound at the back of her throat and pressed closer to Kara and parting her lips just a hair. As Kara pulled away a moment so that she could gaze into the eyes, looking so like kryptonite but as powerful as Earth’s sun, Lena followed her back, keeping their lips connected, even if it did mean bumping their noses. Kara was torn between smiling and laughing and trying not to fly, and keeping her lips connected to
Lena’s.

She could feel the heat from Lena’s breath curling in her lungs and filling her chest and giving her life.

Tentative fingertips settled on her bare arms and Kara pulled back to smile at Lena and rested one hand gently on Lena’s hips, feeling the heat of her skin through her clothing.

Lena was breathing heavily, for all that they hadn’t done much more than press their lips together, and her eyes were closed and Kara could count her lashes if she wanted to. There was a smile on her face, a smile she’d never seen on Lena and Kara decided that and there that she would spend the rest of eternity figuring out ways to get that smile to stay on Lena’s lips. Sighing happily, feeling as though she were weightless, she lent her head forward and pressed it to Lena’s, slipping her hand free and letting it curl around Lena’s waist with the other one. Lena took the opportunity to do the same and let her eyes flutter open.

Kara would later describe it as a dawning. The moment Lena opened her eyes Kara saw the birth of stars in them, the formation of entire galaxies, a countless number of different lights flaring to existence. Brilliant. Blinding. Encompassing. Kara had never seen anything so life-shattering. Lena’s eyes glowed and glowed and glowed, brighter than a thousand yellow suns and just as powerful. Kara felt her own smile spread over her lips, helplessly caught in Lena’s orbit.

Kara heard the breath enter Lena’s lungs with her exhale, could feel it expanding her chest and pressing her closer. Kara had no complaints. They hadn’t spoken yet, and when Lena shifted back a fraction, lips parting more, Kara thought she might finally speak, might say those words back to her.

A flick of Lena’s head and her long, dark hair fell from her features and Kara could see her eyes were contemplative on her lips. The look made her swallow and moisten them. Lena’s eyes darkened in response and something warm flared in her lower torso.

“Kara,” Lena’s voice was raspy and warm and all manner of hungry and Kara shivered. “My lipstick suits you,” she said and there was some other tone to her voice, a glint entering her eye, similar to when she was about to strike and Kara’s mouth went dry. She couldn’t move, wouldn’t even if she could, as Lena leant slowly in again and Kara was pretty sure she was trying to beat the world record for the longest hold of breath.

“But it’s not all there,” her breath was warm on Kara’s lips now, and they tingled and her knees went weak and she clamped her muscles to keep her stationary. “We should do something about that, don’t you think?”

Oh, Rao, she was even closer now and Kara couldn’t move, couldn’t speak, and couldn’t even think as Lena’s breath ghosted over her lips again and if she moved forward, just a little, their lips would be touching again. It was different to her kiss of Lena, and oh holy Rao she’d kissed Lena! She, Kara, had kissed Lena! She considered fainting. As it was Kara was fairly certain she was in a dream and may be slightly dizzy from Lena’s proximity. Or maybe that was the lack of oxygen in her lungs.

“Breathe, Kara,” Lena whispered to her lips, feather-light as they touched and Kara let her breath out in a gush and then drew fresh air back to her. It smelt like Lena; her sweet perfume, the laundry powder she used on her clothing, the lingering scent of wine, and something distinctly Lena, something that smelt like home.

She didn’t have time to get her breath back because Lena’s lips were on hers and stealing the life from her lips, willing offered, and….blank. Nothing but soft lips, stars behind her lids, and long, soft fingers mapping the skin of her forearms.
Her lips parted and she turned her head to meet Lena’s kiss, nose bumping awkwardly but Lena was clearly on a mission, and maybe it had something to do with lipstick? Honestly the world could be on fire around them at the moment and she wouldn’t notice. All she knew was Lena’s warm body beneath her hands, a thudding heart, the soft touches on her arms, a questing mouth, and their shared breath, warm and heavy and settling somewhere in her stomach. A hundred thousand butterflies were dancing in her chest and surely they were dancing in the sunrise to some ancient and powerful melody; the strong strum of a guitar matching their heartbeats, a violin hum intertwining between the strong strum and the wave of a piano.

Kara let out a sound which Lena smiled in to and pulled her impossibly closer, fingers still light but demanding. Kara shivered.

Lena took the moment to duck her head and take Kara’s bottom lip between her own and the scrape of her teeth pulled a gasp from Kara’s lips. Something bright and hot and full of energy flooded her body, her nerve endings were on fire and her entire body felt weightless. Her stomach flipped over and a shock wave of something hot and heavy settled in her stomach.

An overwhelming desire to see what Lena tasted like made her bold and before she could over-think it, she ran the tip of her tongue along the seam of Lena’s lips. She wasn’t prepared for the way Lena’s lips, so soft and steady and patient, hardened and pressed forward, and for the sound of surprise she pulled from Lena’s lips. The sound set her body alight. Pins and needles, but painless somehow, spread over her entire body and a jolt of something warm and electric and delicious sparked in her belly.

She exhaled, a raspy stuttering exhale and Lena’s lips softened and the pressure eased and she pulled away and Kara’s stomach dropped as their lips parted but she chased Lena down and united their lips again.

It wasn’t that she’d had other kisses, but her partner had never been Lena. How had she ever breathed without breathing in the woman in her arms? How had she ever thought she was complete being a reporter and Supergirl? How had she ever thought to call Earth home without home being with Lena?

She wanted to show Lena just how precious she was, how much she meant to her. It wasn’t that Lena needed to be treated as though she were delicate, she was, but not like that, she was gentle and soft, because how else could Kara convey how much she cared about her? How else could she show Lena that she was something to be treasured, to be held gently and reverently but still show how Lena had her own strength. This was Lena. She was Lena; sweet, gentle, kind, patient, strong, smart, beautiful, nerdy Lena. And Kara had to show her how bright her own light was.


Lena was more than accommodating and parted her lips and waited for Kara, seemingly content with where their kisses currently were and with running her fingers up and down the warm, smooth skin of her arms as though she had sensed the emotions in Kara threatening to overwhelm her.

Lena’s heart was thrumming a quick beat, a sound that made Kara want to dance, to fly even, as she flicked her tongue out again. She didn’t know who had sighed into the kiss, or maybe it was a moan? All Kara knew was Lena, Lena, Lena, Lena, Lena. Lena.

Lena was patient and gentle with Kara’s tentative exploration of her mouth, her tongue rising and receding like the tide, rolling with the pulse of her heartbeat, or maybe it was Lena’s. She couldn’t tell. All she could hear was one racing heart. But maybe it was theirs.
Kara could feel Lena’s restraint, the way she held back as Kara pressed her tongue against hers and wanted, in a desire induced haze, Lena to let go, to take what she so obviously wanted. Another part of her felt warm at how kind and considerate Lena was when it came to someone she cared about, when it came to Kara.

Her mouth was warm and when Kara licked the top of Lena’s mouth she delighted in the shiver such a simple action could invoke and wanted to know all of the sounds Lena would and could make. The way her breath would leave her unbidden, the sighs and gasps and moans that Kara would pull from her, the way her body would tell Kara how well she was doing.

Lena was panting harshly when she finally pulled back and Kara was thankful for her Kryptonian biology that meant she could hold her breath for longer, because it meant she could see the fluttering in Lena’s neck, the way her parted lips were swollen and her lipstick was smudged. Her eyes flickered open and Kara was struck by them. They were as dark as the forestry around them, pupils blown and raw, burning, and Kara felt something in her chest flare, something other than the warm heat that rested heavy in her stomach.

She could hear Lena’s swallow over her heart-beat and as she pulled back even further from the temptation Lena’s lips provided, she could hear the waterfall again, could hear the movement of the ducks on the lake, could hear the fountain in the distance, could even the heart-beats of their two DEO guards, as well as approaching footsteps.

“Wow,” Lena blinked, and she joined the first two letters and stuttered out the third and Kara felt her chest swell with pride at being the one to render a normally composed and in control woman to a raspy stutter. “That was….”

Lena swallowed again and Kara looked at her through her lashes, suddenly shy and Lena’s head came around at the crunch of footsteps on the gravel and the crackle of a radio.

She dug-was that tissues?- from her purse and quickly wiped her mouth and Kara removed Lena’s lipstick from her lips and felt a little pride at seeing the smear of dark red on the back of her hand.

“We’ll talk later, okay?” She asked, eyes wide and earnest and Kara could only nod and watched as Lena transformed before her, taking a deep breath and then with her exhale settling it over her shoulders like a cloak. She had her CEO armour on now, and Kara knew she had to wait until Lena had been Lena Luthor, CEO until they had time alone to talk, and she wondered if Lena would tell her she loved her? She ached for it, but only wanted Lena to tell her when she was ready. She’d wait forever if need be.

Chapter End Notes

Well, I'm glad the kiss went down so well and that the slow-burn felt natural. From your reactions it was a whole punch of feels- I feel ya. I re-read it and had a dose of my own feels, so I know ya'll felt them too. Also, anyone a lawyer? Have some fic questions. You'll be spoiled, as much as you want to be, but I'm sure some peps will have figured out why I need some law advice, fic related :D

And, since I'll be deleting the comments in the story later, I figured I'd go back to replying the old fashioned way-comments :D Yeah, so if I don't reply, rest assured I read them, and I get the same happy feels you likely get when you see an update. Cheers.
Part Forty - Six

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Lena Luthor had never really brought a ‘boy’ home. In fact the closest she got to dating while under her parents roof was when Lex’s friend Tommy had kissed her on a dare, smelling like Lionel’s port and kissing like a fish. Being sent to boarding school abroad had been the greatest decision Lillian, with Lex’s heavy persuasion, had allowed for her. While spending time in Tibet she had done her course work via correspondence, and had even completed over a half years work in the few months she was there, and then Lex had convinced Lillian it would do Lena good to stay away, to stand on her own. Haz had been with her the entire time, her strong companion that had backpacked Europe with her and had eventually settled down to be her house-keeper come chauffeur come body-guard and father-figure when she had gone to University. It was only after her second PhD did she return back to America and the memories Luthor mansion held.

So no, Lena had never had a make out session on her bed, or on the couch, until University, having been far too intellectually advanced for her peers to keep up with at high-school, and then it had been alcohol and hormone fuelled trysts. But…. They had been few and far between. Lena felt disconnected from her peers, even ones her own age and with her intellect, which was a hard combination to find, let alone someone that could hold her interest. Few times did she curse her intellect, but of those it tended to be when she struggled with her feelings, and with interacting with other people. The closest she’d ever come to that teen-age tradition of a heavy make-out session on the bed or couch was before less PG activities followed.

She even had a specific dress for such activities, for when her body’s demands over-rove her mind and she had to quieten it so she could think. Short and sleeveless. Easy to access and tight fitting. She never had to take it off, not for something quick and physical. She never had to bear the scars to the world, not when her lover was more concerned with what lay above and below the soft skin of her stomach. So her few sexual encounters during her teenage years had been easy enough to navigate, hormonal teens were only after one thing after all.

But now here she was lying on top of Kara Danvers on her bed with a hand cupping the blonde’s nape and marvelling at the softness of her hair while Kara had her hands firmly on her hips, keeping her close.

After Kara’s confession in the park Lena had to, unfortunately, deal with her team and the preparations for the next night. It had taken them just shy of three weeks to sort the entire event out, from design team, designs, acquiring the lights, putting them all together in the park, and getting them connected to her battery, which was currently bolted to the ground in a hidden location so no one would steal it. Chrissy was at the head of the team with Jake, Jason (Jase), Maddie, Alex, Jo, and Matt and each of them had their own sector they were chief designers for. The moment NCDC had given her the green light Lena had flown these experts to the city and had Jess show them what area’s they had to work with. They would be given free reign, and budget (to their delight) to do whatever they wanted, provided it was done by the desired Thursday.

The team had not known who they were working for until Lena went to look over their designs, she’d wanted their best without her last name involved, but they had treated her respectfully which was just as well because this display wasn’t cheap, but the power was, so there was that. She’d been happy with what they had planned and had given them the go –ahead. Much to their pleasure. They had hired a few local electricians to help them with moving the lights around, and the park
maintenance team had assisted with hanging lights in trees and getting them in the lake. All in all they had done very well, and Lena was happy with them.

Lena’s countdown would end on Friday, tomorrow night, with the park officially open to the public. L-Corp would be releasing a press statement at noon the next day. Her investors had been privately invited and would be welcome to attend a buffet at a hotel afterwards. Lena had planned to show up alone, but now wondered if Kara would maybe attend with her…as a friend, or maybe as more than a friend? They still hadn’t had that talk she was planning on.

After speaking with Chrissy Lena had asked Kara if she would ‘come home with me?’ And the way Kara had paled and then gone red made Lena giggle and she had to reassure her that she hadn’t meant it like that. She just thought it would be good for them to talk, and she wanted to show Kara her country house.

Kara had been flustered and nervous but had agreed and they had held hands and walked back to her car, Ross and MAD tailing them discreetly.

The car journey had been quiet. It wasn’t that Lena didn’t know what to say-she didn’t- but more so how could she convey the way Kara made her feel; safe and strong and precious and brave and kind and all manner of things Lena didn’t believe she was. Instead they sang along to Kara’s playlist; cheesy 90’s songs and laughed about how terrible the clothes and hair were.

Time always flew when she was with Kara, but it also stretched like infinity, and perhaps that should have been her first warning all those months ago when she told Jess to always let Kara in to see her.

‘Woah,’ Kara had gaped at her country house, lit as it was by moon and star-light and Kara smiled at her and Lena had felt warm and floaty and lighter than air.

Lena had given her a quick tour; pointing out the guest rooms, living rooms, dining room, kitchen, guest bathroom and then took a deep breath and lead her up the stairs. Kara stumbled a little and she turned back to make sure she was okay. Kara’s hair haloed her face, lit like liquid moonlight by the skylight in the ceiling and her bright blue eyes shone like torches.

Lena took a moment to observe her on the stairs, imprinting her to her memory before opening the door and leading her inside. Her heart was hammering for all that she didn’t intend for anything more than PG to happen and she nervously ducked her head and let Kara see her sanctuary.

Kara was quiet and when Lena turned to face her she looked…. Coquettish… A smile not a quite a smile but not a smirk either, and the look did something to her insides, liquefying her veins and firing in her heart like an injection of rocket fuel.

“Kara?” She hadn’t meant for her voice to come out raspy and breathless, strangled as though the air had been sucked from her body and the room. And then Kara moved. She didn’t press her lips to hers so much as she corralled and captured them and took Lena’s face in her hands and licked into her mouth.

Kara sighed at the first stroke of tongues and Lena felt the sound race through her veins, setting her blood alight and making it sing, and it settled in her chest with something warm and bright and golden flaring to life behind her ribs.

Kara kissed like she lived. With her entire being thrown in behind it, as though it was easy letting go, as though there was nothing that could hold her back as though gravity wasn’t a thing. She kissed like she had forever, giving all that she was without restraint, eager but steady. Lena pulled back a moment to let equally ragged breathes linger in the air between them, to glance into dark eyes before
connecting their mouths again, pressing her entire body against Kara’s.

Heat moved through Lena’s veins, turning the red into gold and liquid fire, molten, and curled in her stomach and settled lower, growing and stretching and pressing.

Flames lapped at her belly and she took a moment to slide her tongue past Kara’s and into her mouth. The startled, sharp exhale almost made her draw back, but strong arms kept her in place and the whimper she tore from Kara made her stay, eager to hear it again. A shiver ran over her body, slowly like a wave of heat when sinking into a bath, settling over every inch of skin.

Her fingers travelled from Kara’s neck and followed the strong slope of her shoulders and down her arms. Kara shivered and shuddered under her touch and their teeth clicked on the next shift of their heads and Lena smiled and her lips slackened as Kara sucked on her tongue. She felt the movement fire somewhere in her belly and a shuddery exhale left her.

Then she was pulling Kara gently by the wrists towards the bed. Kara followed, hands curling into the fabric of her blouse and when she was close Lena spun them around and pushed Kara down onto the bed.

She bounced a little and the pout at being separated from Lena’s lips softened and she tilted her head back to watch Lena. Her palms were flat on the bed and her body bent backwards, as though in invitation and Lena smiled. She could see the movement in her throat and wondered how Kara’s pulse would flutter beneath her mouth.

With a light hand anchored on Kara’s shoulder she used her other one removed her heels. Pausing to switch hands and feet and gaze into desire blown eyes that were magnetic and she fumbled with her shoe, unable to take her eyes off of Kara’s. Kara had kicked off her own shoes while she was waiting, and Lena made a mental note to remember they were there so she didn’t stumble over them.

Then she strode forward and Kara wiggled up the bed. Wiggled. Like a worm and Lena stuttered out a laugh and Kara blushed and she looked so beautiful; hair nearly lose from their ponytail and glasses askew, with blown eyes, swollen lips and a soft, slow, secretive smile. One shoulder of her dress was part way off her shoulder and Lena was disappointed Kara was wearing tights under her dress because the way it had fallen up her legs would have exposed a lot of skin, and Lena was a zealot, ready to worship it all.

Lena rested on her knees a while, letting her gaze slowly roam the curves and lines of Kara’s body and when she finally lifted her eyes above a pulsing chest she saw Kara’s eyes were burning, even as the flush on her cheeks had spread. Beautiful. Her hands had curled on the duvet and Lena eyed the taunt muscles of her bare forearms and needed to feel Kara’s skin under her.

She hadn’t realised just how tight her pants were until she shifted over Kara and rested her weight gently on the blonde, letting the blood flow back to her legs. She was careful to keep distance between them, and rested her weight on her forearms and was glad she’d been working on her muscle strength. Kara had over ideas and separated the remaining distance between them by pulling Lena down with such strength that Lena had no choice but to fall on her.

She let out a startled oomph and her muscles tensed in preparation to lift her weight off of Kara, but the woman stealing the breath from her lungs kissed her firmly, pulling back only enough to tell order her to stay, before kissing her again. Lena lost all train of thought and shifted her body beneath Kara’s hands, which were firmly keeping her pressed to Kara, so that she was more comfortable. She was concerned her weight would be uncomfortable for Kara, but the enthusiasm at which Kara was trying to keep her breathless indicated she had no qualms about it.
These kisses were hot and heavy from the get go and were she conscious of the sounds the two of them were making she may have been self-conscious. As it was, every wet parting of their lips, each ragged inhale, and each whimper was catalogued by her subconscious and added to the molten desire turning her blood to liquid fire and setting her nerve endings alight. Her body was thrumming, like some live cable, crackling with energy and she wanted to run through the forest, or swim in the ocean, or even soar through the sky. A base-jump might give her a similar thrill. Maybe. All Lena knew was that kissing Kara was explosive, surely she was a firework, or a rocket, or the sun. All she knew was heat and warmth and a strain in her chest as her body drew its oxygen from Kara, and a tingling all over, from her toes to her crown.

With time they were side-by-side, with Kara gently easing Lena over and pressing against her in an almost desperate way. A brief flash of panic fired through her system, settling in her heart were it turned heavy and solid. Kara pulled back from her lips immediately, obviously sensing some change in her body language. Her eyes were worried and there was a soft crinkle between her brow and her breath parted between her teeth harshly.

Lena hesitated a moment, glancing between Kara’s eyes as the blonde adjusted her glasses and tossed her hair back from her face.

“Lena?” She breathed in question, lifting her body back even further and it was that gentle consideration that eased the weight in Lena’s chest and she let her head rest against the pillows, wondering idly when they had ended at the head of the bed.

“I-its okay,” she rasped, and swallowed, wondering just when all the moisture in her mouth had gotten all over her lips. She wiped them with the back of her hand and looked up at Kara through her lashes. Her friend’s (girlfriend’s?) eyes were still blown with desire, and her lips were swollen and red, but there was concern glimmering in the depths of them.

She could feel the power of Kara’s eyes as they ran over her and she could feel them caress her soul before Kara gave a little nod and then ducked her head back down to press her lips gently to Lena’s forehead.

“Mh’kay,” she murmured and shifted to press a little kiss to the top of Lena’s nose. Lena giggled like a school-girl and Kara lowered her weight slowly down, but kept most of it braced on her forearms and kissed her again. It was softer now, gently fanning the heat between them but not throwing gasoline on the fire.

Lena let what remained of her breath fall from her lips with a sigh and Kara pressed their noses together, gazing down into her eyes and Lena swallowed. Kara’s head shifted a minuscule amount, enough so that her hair, which had been tickling Lena’s cheek, ran over her neck. Kara’s head lowered again and Lena inhaled sharply as she scraped her teeth over her fluttering pulse point. Her hands flew to Kara’s hair and tightened warningly when Kara gave a little chuckle at her reaction and Kara soothed the mark with her tongue in apology.

A low, guttural sound rumbled in her throat and Kara sucked, hard, on the skin above where the sound birthed. Lena tangled her fingers in Kara’s hair and tugged, demanding that mouth be back on hers. Kara’s head didn’t move and Lena’s groan of frustration turned into delight as Kara placed hot, open mouth kisses over the skin her neck arc allowed. She was methodical; gently kissing the alabaster skin there before sucking and then scraping her teeth over the mark. Lena could almost feel her skin rushing through her veins to that source of sucking and she gasped, head pressing back against the pillows and hands forcing Kara close, or trying to. Kara was very strong, and obviously had no feeling in her hair. She could feel Kara’s smile against her skin, and then she would lick the mark cheekily before pulling away with a wet, soft sound.
Bolts of electricity were firing in her stomach and she squirmed beneath Kara’s weight. She felt restless. Full of energy. Her body was burning and she could think of no better person than the one above her to put that fire out.

Her legs were moving again, and driven by a need to feel Kara against her, to consume and be consumed by her, drove her to lift them and hold Kara to her. She was feeling lost, floundering, and the warm, solid presence of Kara between her anchored her.

One of her hands remained in Kara’s hair, cupping the blondes head and keeping her mouth connected to her skin and the other slid down her neck, past the fine hairs there that rose to attention at Lena’s gentle strokes, and to the smooth, warm kin beneath the top of Kara’s dress. The bow was in the way and Lena tugged at it to reveal more skin to her questing fingers as Kara brought her mouth back to hers. The brief respite had left Lena yearning for them, thought her lungs were thankful, and their lips pressed together and slanted and ebbed and waved.

Lena shivered as Kara licked into her mouth and Kara shifted her weight. Lena could feel the dip in the bed as the arm near her took most of it and lost her train of thought as Kara pulled away from her lips a moment and then dove back in, dragging her bottom lip out and tugging on it with her teeth.

There was a tugging down at her hips and she inwardly rejoiced. She wanted Kara’s hands on her skin. Now.

The material of her blouse was pulled and Lena’s skin shivered at the brush of fingers against it. Then she froze.

Her scars.

What would kind, beautiful, gentle, sweet Kara think of them? Would she realise that Lena wasn’t as perfect as she presented to the world? What would she say when she saw them? What would she do if she accidentally touched them? Would she see them as a reminder of Lena’s shame? Of her weakness? Would she look at Lena with disgust when she realised she had put them there herself? Would she finally look at Lena as the broken monster she was? Her heart ached.

Lena tore herself away from Kara, unlocking her legs and scrambling out from underneath her and across the bed. She nearly threw herself on the floor in her attempt to get away, as it was she stumbled a little on the carpet under the bed as she straightened, heart hammering and throat dry. There was a pressure building in her chest and she could picture it swelling and growing. She couldn’t breathe.

“Lena?” Kara had jerked away like she’d been burnt and was crouching with her hand outstretched beseechingly, an adorable crinkle between her brows. There was a storm in her eyes, hidden behind her glasses which had strangely misted over, but Lena could see the confusion in them, wounded and so ready to fight whatever dragon that plagued her nightmares. Her White Knight. But that would make Lena the White Queen…. And she was many things, but white was not one of them. There was something lodged in her chest, she couldn’t get it to move. She couldn’t breathe.

She considered opening her mouth to speak but then shut it as she could feel a scream building from deep inside her, growing and growling and scorching as it tore its way up her throat. No sound came up. She couldn’t breathe.

“She needs to get out of here, needed to leave the net Kara’s eyes caught her in. Nausea clawed at
her and she let out a strangled gasp. The stone in her chest was growing; heavy and solid and she couldn’t breathe. She was going to be sick. She was going to cry. She was going to shatter. And all through it Kara’s eyes were soft and warm and confused but so protective.

The room was blurring, fading from sight and spinning as though she were twirling around. It was like there were mist encroaching in on her room, turning it pale and grey and she were the only thing of colour there.


Her heart was pounding, like she were standing before a speaker at a concert and feeling the base vibrate in her very being. The mist was drawing in, heavy and thick. It was all over her body, sinking into her lungs and filling her body with its weight. She was drowning.

She spun and ran for the bathroom and stumbled over the bathmat before the sink as she aimed for the toilet. She collapsed before it, hearing the thunk of the door closing behind her with a click absentely as she hunched over the bowl, trying to dispel the emotions within her as she would with food. But as only feelings seemed to do, they wouldn’t be forced out. Like poison they lingered and seeped and transformed. She shook as her stomach churned but refused to return its meal and she could see her breath forming little bubbles of moisture on the clean ceramic of the bowl and she could dimly feel the ache in her knees from where she’d fallen.

“Lena?”

“Get out!” Lena rasped, not wanting to be seen in this state. Not wanting Kara to see her in this state. Kara didn’t need to put Lena back together, she had enough on her plate to worry about a broken woman.

Lena shuddered and curled into the cool ceramic, leaning against it and taking short sharp breaths. The only thing she could hear was the swift thudding of her heart, and surly it was a drum roll with the speed and intensity of its pace. The walls were shifting, closing in on her and she closed her eyes as though that would fight them off. It didn’t help. She could still feel them getting closer.

“Lena.”

Lena stuttered out a breath. Kara. Of course Kara hadn’t left. She was Kara.

“Lena. I need you to do something for me, got that?”

Kara needed her for something. She’d try. It was Kara. She could hear her over the pounding of her heart and wondered if some part of her was coded to Kara, if it would always seem to know that Kara was near, speaking, or needed her.

“I want you to breathe,” she said through the door. “With me.” Her voice was low and clear, a lighthouse in the storm and Lena choked out on exhale.

“In,” she drawled the word out and Lena obediently tried to follow her. Her lungs were burning and she felt dizzy. She still couldn’t breathe. It was like her lungs didn’t want to obey, her chest didn’t want to rise. She could feel the heat of her body, it was hot and warm and sickly inside her and she pressed closer to the clammy toilet to feel its cool.

“And out,” Kara said and then repeated it. It took a few more repetitions for Lena to follow Kara’s instructions.

“It’s going to be okay,” Kara’s voice came through the door. “I’m here. There’s nothing to be afraid
Lena could hear her heart, it was all she could hear, but Kara’s voice somehow wove through its baseline and she listened to it. She loved listening to Kara talk.

“In and out,” she repeated and then her voice brightened, “Hey!” Lena wasn’t sure if it were false cheer or not, but she wasn’t in a position to complain. “I saw a video of Harry Potter singing the elements of the Periodic table once, can you do it?”

A strangled sound escaped Lena’s lips and she gave a sharp inhale.

“Hey! Follow my breathing!” Kara admonished and Lena rested her head against her forearm. Her best friend as such a nerd.

“I’m not gonna sing it,” she rasped out, and tried to conceal her amusement. Kara was such a nerd but she loved her dorky best friend.

“Excuses.”

Lena would have chuckled at the sceptically to Kara’s tone if she had the voice, as it was she was struggling to keep her breathing to the pattern Kara had prescribed.


“Too easy,” Kara commented from the other side of the door. “Can you do it backwards?”

The ire she’d felt rise at Kara’s comment faded and she let her head fall against the wall and adjusted herself, panting to the ceiling. She could name the elements in her sleep. Doing it backwards would actually make her think.

And so that was how Lena Luthor found herself curled up next to her toilet with Kara making beat-box noises through the door as she came down from her panic attack naming the elements of the periodic table backwards. She hadn’t even stumbled-not over the element at least, her breath was another story- and she was proud of that. Science never let her down.

But, she considered as she took a moment to centre herself once she had returned to Helium, Kara had never let her down either. She was mostly calm when she had finally gotten to the start of the table and took a deep breath.

“Lena?” Kara’s voice was hesitant at the door. “Did-did you want me, um, to-to leave?”

“No!” Lena’s reply startled even herself. “No,” she added again gently. “I-can-”she fell quiet, unsure of the words to speak.

“I’m gonna go and get you some tea, okay?” Kara said and Lena could hear her hesitation. “Did you, want to, like, have a shower or a bath or something? I’ll um, I’ll just be downstairs okay? I’ll leave your pyjamas at the door, okay?”

“Thank you,” she said quietly, lifting her voice enough so that it carried and Kara could hear it.

She hear the smile in Kara’s voice. “No problem,” she said and then she was gone. It took Lena a few long moments before she felt she was strong enough to rise to her feet. She could feel exhaustion in her limbs and slowly reached for her blouse before pausing and then going to the shower and cranking up the heat. It had been a habit long past for her to fog out the windows and, especially
mirrors, before she undressed. She would dress and undress without looking at the scars that marred her skin, she tried not to think of it.

Undressed she stepped under the spray, not even flinching as the water, as hot as she could bear it, struck her skin. She had once thought she could feel clean if she were to stand beneath the water for long enough. She was naive. The water would have to strip her skin from her flesh before she felt clean, and even then it was only a dream. She might look like porcelain, or a white marble statue on the outside, but on the inside she was coal.

A knock at the door and Kara’s voice telling her that she had left her pyjamas at the door. Lena quickly towelled herself dry and with it securely wrapped around her, ducked into her room to grab her clothing. The mirror was still fogged and, now securely dressed, she turned her fan on.

She stood there a moment looking at the door. What would she say to Kara? How could she just laugh her panic attack off? What if she wanted to know what had set her off? What if she wanted to see her scars? What if she wanted to know before anything happened? What if she looked at her differently? What if she left?

“Lena?” Kara’s voice was gentle and soft at the door. “I-,” her voice cut off and Lena felt her heart-rate increase. Then there was soft music coming in under the door and Lena could have cried. “Okay, but don’t judge me. I know its cliché, but sometimes cliché works.” It took her a moment to connect the lyrics with the song, but soon Kara was getting into Jason Mraz’s *I won’t give up*.

She opened the door part way and just gazed down—for she was sitting in front of the door in an pair of Lena’s old sweatpants and a worn and faded university t-shirt-at Kara as she sang softly. Entire sonnets could be written by the emotions in her eyes.

When she had finished she rose fluidly to her feet, bright eyes soft and hopeful and apologetic. “I’m sorry,” she said quietly and her hand came up to push her glasses further up her nose.

“No, Kara,” she rasped out. “It wasn’t you. I promise.” She hesitated a moment and inched forward. There was a crinkle between Kara’s brows, concern shining in her eyes and Lena hated being the cause for it.

“I-“ she cut herself off. How could she tell her that she hated to be touched on her stomach because she was afraid that someone would see or feel her scars? That the only reason they could be there was because someone hurt her or she hurt herself? How could she look Kara in the eyes and tell her she did it to herself? How could she tell Kara the reason why?

The untouched toilet bowl was starting to look very friendly, and her stomach was finally voicing its disquiet.

“I-,” she tried again and Kara took a hesitant step close to her, and the change in mood because of her was startling. They had been happy, euphoric even, as their lips explored the new change in their relationship, and now Kara was hesitant around her. She swallowed and lowered her eyes, unable to match the soft affection in Kara’s eyes, the utter safety she felt. She didn’t deserve it. Didn’t deserve Kara. Would never deserve Kara.

She could feel the blondes heat as she got closer, and her mind chose the moment to helpfully supply previous images of the two of them horizontal on her bed and she forced the jolt in her belly, igniting embers there, down. Now was not the time to let lust cloud logic.

“Lena,” Kara said gently and slowly took her hands, making sure she was okay with the contact before squeezing them gently. Lena’s heart ached. What had she done in her past life (lives?) to
deserve an angel like Kara Danvers?

“I mean it. It’s okay. Really,” she emphasised and gave a little squeeze. Lena looked up into her eyes searchingly but saw only love and kindness and strength, and allowed herself to break, knowing Kara would catch her.

“Shhhshhhh,” Kara soothed and ran her hand up and down Lena’s back comfortingly. “I’ve got you. It’s okay.”

Lena refused to cry into Kara’s shoulder but shuddered and her chest rose and fell uncontrollably until she got herself under control.

“Let’s sit down on the bed, okay?” Kara said softly after a few minutes of holding Lena in her strong arms and Lena gave a little nod into her shoulder and Kara gently guided them over to the bed.

“Can I- is it-“ Kara hesitated and shifted on her feet, fingers toying with the hem of her borrowed shirt.

“Would you let me hold you? Would that be all right? I-“ Kara hesitated. “Where can I touch you and have it be okay?”

Kara was strong like this, vulnerable too, and eager and kind, but strong. Strong enough that Lena could respond with honesty. “Just not my-“ she gestured to her lower torso, “stomach.” She gave a little swallow, seeing Kara’s eyes reflectively drift lower and then rise. “Please. I’d-I’d like it if you held me,” she confessed quietly and fought the urge to look away from Kara’s eyes. She wasn’t worthy of what she saw there.

“Of course. Did you want to get ready for bed? I made tea…. But it’s probably cold,” she said and her nose scrunched up adorably and then she was smiling softly at Lena, looking at her like she was something wondrous. Like she were proof of divinity.

Lena gave a little nod and Kara pulled her into a gentle hug and kissed the top of her head. The hard and heavy object in her chest shifted and melted at the willing and giving affection she was being offered.

They got ready for bed quietly, listening to a few songs from Kara’s playlist. Lena offered Kara a spare toothbrush and went about her nightly routine, brushing her teeth and hair, and washing and moisturising her face. She had oil for her legs in her drawer and was sitting on the bed with her legs up on it as she massaged the oil into her skin. She could feel eyes on her and lifted her gaze to see Kara watching her strong movements with an expression Lena couldn’t quite name. It wasn’t hunger. Lena knew what hunger looked like in Kara’s eyes, knew how they darkened to a stormy sea and lightening flashed in their depths. It was like gentle, quiet affection. Companionable silence. Happiness. Warmth. Home. Kara was looking at her with love, looking at her like she was home.

xxxxxXXXXXXXxxxxx

Sneak Peak!

Alex Danvers found out Kara was Supergirl when a blonde Superhero wearing the ‘S’ crest was first seen in National City. Jimmy Olsen found out when Clark Kent, AKA Superman, told him and asked him to keep an eye out on his cousin. Winn Schott found out when Kara Danvers fell
backwards off the CatCo building. Lucy Lane was told so she could help save Alex and J’onn. Cat Grant had three years to observe her capable assistant and see her inner strength. Maggie learnt who Kara was through extended observation, and of course her Detective skills. Lena Luthor found out because of two little words, and they weren’t the ones Kara had wanted to utter. No, Lena Luthor had used her intellect and had figured it out before her (maybe girl-) friend, could tell her. And that made all the difference in the world, and not for the better.

Chapter End Notes

I'm not entirely happy with the ending, it didn't want to write itself. In fact none of this chapter did. I don't write pre-smut. I can't seem to word. Anyway, I wanted you all to have a chapter this week. I hope you all ate entirely too much chocolate over Easter :D Much love.
Lena Luthor wasn’t sure what it was that awoke her from one of the most restful sleeps she’d ever had, but she knew that when she did two words were on her mind. They echoed in her head like the bells in ancient buildings: rolling through carved arches and reverberating off coloured glass and settling deep within the hearts of those who heard them.

On auto-pilot she turned her head a fraction to the left and let her eyes adjust. A sliver of moonlight was peeking through the curtains and it had conveniently fallen across Kara’s face and Lena took a moment to observe her.

Her mind was blank, which was a wondrous thing and something she had once desired equally to being loved by her new ‘family.’ Very rarely did Lena’s mind ever stop. She was usually focusing on three different prototypes, planning her responses to press and investor emails, and rehearsing her presentation to the board, all at once. She qualified as a genius twice over and then some, few people even knew the extent of her brilliance, but for the perks, there were downsides. She had learnt early on, well, really Lex had warned her, that if her brain as left idle she would lose herself in it to never return, or it would slowly fade. Lex had said that that would be a great loss, for the world needed her brain. So she had kept her mind at the forefront of knowledge, devouring information with a thirst equal to Tantalus, and never stopping. So yes, having a mind blank was something of a rare occurrence for Lena Luthor. Only at the bottom of a bottle of wine, at the end of a pill container, or covered in sweat and panting did her mind quieten, and she treasured those moments, as few as they were.

Her mind even worked when she was sleeping, as short as that usually was on account of her schedule and nightmares. Often she would wake up with the answer to a problem merely hours after falling into slumber. So, really, it shouldn’t be a surprise that her subconscious saw what she was unwilling to see. Kara.

Lena had thought she saw Kara; kind, beautiful, sweet, brave, and generous Kara. She was wrong, and all it took was two little words.

It was funny how words could be so life-changing.

‘Lena, Honey. Your mums in Heaven now.’
‘You’ll stay here until some-one adopts you.’
‘Who would want a crying runt like you?’
‘This is Mr. Luthor. He’s come to take you home.’
‘I think you’ll be happy here.’
‘She’s my new sister. I’ll always protect her.’
‘Don’t eat that, Lena. Your figure can’t hold it.’
‘Yes! Well done, Lena!’
‘Isn’t my sister just the best?’

‘Don’t smile with your buck teeth, Lena.’

‘You and me against the world, sis.’

‘You’re not really a Luthor.’

‘I’ve always got your back.’

‘I believe in you.’

‘Don’t be such a baby. Only babies cry.’

‘I see the good in you.’

‘You’ll never be anything more than your last name.’

‘Crying doesn’t change anything. Grow up.’

‘A Luthor and a Super-working together.’

‘You are nothing.’

‘I love you.’

Yes. Words held incredible power, and whoever had coined the silly childish saying of sticks and stones was a fool. Bruises and broken bones and even scars were visible, but words crept beneath even the tallest walls, flew over the highest mountains, and sailed across endless seas. Words could be the silent assassins, the flash of a dagger in the night, a blade in the back.

She, Lena Luthor was a fool, she told herself as she admired the silver tint to Kara’s golden hair. It was thrown over Lena’s pillows, down and wild and like a mane and Lena fought the urge to run her fingers through it and see if it really were spun gold. Kara’s features were soft in sleep, innocent in a way she had thought Kara was, but now realised she wasn’t. They had fallen asleep together, with Lena daring to ask Kara to hold her while she slept, and Kara hadn’t refused. She’d smiled a soft smile, the kind she smiled when she knew she was what was needed, when she knew she was the only one who could do what she had just done, and had hesitantly opened her arms for Lena.

Lena had fallen into them and Kara had cradled her with a strength Lena was learning that she had, silent and sturdy, like the pillars beneath a bridge. Holding the entire structure but going unseen and appreciated until you truly looked. They hadn’t kissed since Lena had an ‘episode’ as Lillian had liked to call them, before Lena learnt to hide them and disappeared within the constructs of her mind for shelter, but it was getting harder and harder to draw herself back out, so she was reluctant to shut down like that these days. The temptation to stay there was often overwhelming.

Instead they had talked. Small, little things that had Lena laughing and wanting to see pictures of Kara at her first Halloween-a witch; wanting to watch a sunset in Greece; wanting to try ‘honestly the best cinnamon bun I have everrrr had Lena!’ and just wanting to experience all of Kara’s favourite things with her. She’d offered a little more of her past, commenting on her time in Europe as a teenager and the backpacking she had done, and her time at university-‘I was a nerd, Kara. I have no embarrassing stories.’ She even told Kara the reason behind her tattoo. It was the meaning of her birth name, the one that had been written on the only picture she had of her mother- before Lillian had burnt it telling her that she was now a Luthor, and she shouldn’t think about her life beforehand. Kara had grit her teeth at that and her eyes had flashed behind her glasses and her
fingers had been so gentle as she traced the contours of Lena’s face. Her breath had been warm and smelling like mint toothpaste as she had said that her mother would be so proud of the woman she was. Lena would normally disagree, throw her Luthor name before her like a shield, but with Kara’s kind, gentle and understanding eyes on her she had merely nodded and changed the subject.

They had cuddled as the moon rose and the stars twinkled and eventually her yawns convinced Kara that they should go to sleep now, and with a final kiss and a ‘Mmm, night Lena,’ the two had fallen quiet and slipped silently into their dreams.

Her dreams were peaceful and her sleep had been smooth. It was because she was in Kara’s arms, sucking in her presence the way that a flower did the sun. Kara was her sun. Kara gave her light, warmth and life. Kara was her hero.

Kara had managed to get through her steel walls, climb the stairs to her tower, heck, she probably patted the crocodiles in the moat on her way past. Somehow Kara Danvers had eased her way through her defences and situated herself as a permanent feature in her life, and now Lena never wanted her to leave.

And it was those two words that opened her mind and let everything fall in to place. Supergirl had spoken those words with the exact same intonation and infliction when she had been lying where Kara had lain. Kara Danvers; sweet, kind, innocent, pure, gentle Kara, was Supergirl. She knew that now, had always known that Kara was unique and something special, but now everything was clear. All the nervous tells that seemed to belong to both Kara Danvers and Supergirl, her warmth, her strength, her unyielding belief in her. The way she smiled, the way she said her name. Kara was Supergirl.

Staring at the woman sleeping peacefully in her bed Lena understood. Kara Danvers came across as a shy, innocent, hopeful, naive, kind-hearted reporter. Supergirl was brave, strong, full of hope, powerful, and foreign. Who was Kara really, if she had these two people inside of her? What was her last name, Lena wracked her brain trying to remember it. Ah, Zor El. Who was Kara Zor El? Lena didn’t know.

The thought pained her. She thought she had loved Kara Danvers, but it turns out she didn’t even know who Kara Danvers was. Something in her chest ached and she slowly eased out of the bed, keeping a wary eye on the sleeping alien next to her. She could see Supergirl in the strong arch of her brow, in the gentle curve of her cheeks, in the soft bow of her lips. How had she been so blind? How had she not seen the strength and loss behind the happy and innocent façade Kara showed to the world? But then she hesitated. She had seen that. It had been one of the things that had drawn her to Kara in the first place; her sense of justice, her hidden strength, her kindness, her bravery, her hope, her heart. It only made sense now that the woman who had walked into her life and heart was all of those things.

Kara Danvers was Supergirl. Lena had been so caught up in on Kara that she had failed to recognise the Super in her, because she’d already seen her as her hero. Oh, god, she stumbled from the bed as quietly as she could manage and padded across the floor to her bathroom.

Her heart was hammering and she could feel the nerve endings on her body were firing into alertness and she could almost picture the pistons of her mind shuddering into top gear.

Kara Danvers was Supergirl.

She closed the door with a soft click and flicked on the light and was quick to grab the ceramic wash basin with trembling hands. The skin over her knuckles turned white as she gazed in the mirror.
Kara, the woman she had just been kissing, was Supergirl.

She could hear herself panting, could see the rise and fall of her chest in the mirror.

Kara was Supergirl.

Her hair was wild around her head, a mane that many a times her mother had curled her lip at in disdain and handed her off to nannies to tame. Paler than usual, her alabaster skin looked sickly and her eyes were wide.

Kara was an alien.

Lena was a Luthor.

For a woman that prided herself on her intellect, often un-matched, it had taken her a long time (a minute or so) for her to reach the inevitable conclusion. Her knees buckled and she fell to gravity.

Kara was an alien and Lena was a Luthor. More than that though, Kara was a ‘super’.

Her cry was caught behind her teeth and swallowed and she curled her fingers into the soft bathmat beneath her.

She needed to get away and she needed to get away. She had to plan, she had to-

Her body launched itself to her feet and she snatched a hair tie off the basin and she turned and padded back into her room. Kara-Supergirl-er, the super- her friend? Kind of friend? She didn’t know what to think of Kara right now, didn’t know what to call her, how to compartmentalise the new information so she could sort through it when she wasn’t about to have a panic attack.

Kara had moved in her absence and her heart lurched at the sight. Kara had curled around one of Lena’s pillows and had it clutched to her chest, a content smile on her face even in sleep.

Lena had to clamp her hand over her mouth least a sound escape her lips and stood panting as quietly as she could in the middle of her room while she tried to gain her bearings. She was silent and swift as she traded her pyjama bottoms and top for a large worn shirt, a sports bra, and a pair of long thick pants. Her phone was still on the bedside table and she grabbed it, and a set of earphones from the draw quietly, pointedly not looking at the soft, serene features of the girl asleep near her. She picked up her running boots from her closet and silently left the room, taking a moment to glance back at the alien she’d welcomed to her bed.

Once she was at the bottom of the stairs she made her way through the house to the exit and put her running shoes on. One of the Agents, an Agent Cole, appeared looking sleepy but alert as he saw her crouch down to lace her shoes.

He raised a brow at her but vanished back into the hall. He was back by the time she had unarmed her door and unlocked it. He was clicking his service weapon into its sheath and straightening a jacket when she opened the door. In the box next to the door she kept an array of outdoors equipment but she just grabbed a head-torch, a first aid kit (which she slung over her back) and one of the small hand-held guns she had there. It was biometric sensitive and had its own holster, so she strapped it to her leg and saw, what may have been approval, in Cole’s eyes.

Hesitating a moment she turned and headed back into the house and to the cupboard where she kept a drink bottle and filled it with the filtered water from the tap. She stuffed it into her

She never went anywhere without two things. One being her phone so that Jess (and now Kara, but
she realised that Kara could get a hold of her at any stage now) could reach her. The other was a form of defence, which usually meant something offensive, but she wasn’t quite ready to admit that, even to herself. But she told herself she would use it only after an aggressive move towards her had been made, thankfully she had yet to defend herself using deadly force, but she could and would.

She knew Agent Cole would be accompanying her, and would likely be telling the other agent, Agent Rook, where they were, so she didn’t comment on his presence. Right now she needed to be alone, and being alone meant she needed to get out of the house, away from Kara.

She wasn’t so foolish as to start running immediately; she had learnt that lesson a long time ago, and instead walked briskly, almost desperately around the side of the house and out towards the forest. There were trails out here, dangerous certainly, especially in the dark, but right now Lena didn’t care.

The area around her was lit by moonlight, and she was confident enough in the terrain to leave her torch off for the moment. She caught loose strands of hair as she walked and tied it behind her head.

She knew Agent Cole would have his own night vision, if not then he was stupid for following her out here when she clearly wasn’t in the mood.

She timed it carefully, scrolling through her phone (dimming the brightness to better blend in with the night) and finding one of her running mixes. The one she settled on would let her know she’d pushed herself come dawn, but at the moment she didn’t care. The forest was quiet, the occasional hoot of an owl or the faint rumbling of the river nearby and she took a moment to stretch, ignoring the Agent near her. She slipped her head light onto her head and adjusted it, making sure her ponytail wouldn’t get in the way.

Ready to run until she couldn’t feel anything more, until the voices in her head had shouted themselves hoarse against unhearing ears, until her heart thumped for an entirely different reason than the woman alone in her bed, Lena pressed play and put her buds in. The base roared in her ears and through her veins until it settled in the caverns of her heart and was the only thing she could hear, the only thing she could feel. It matched her dawning anger and hurt, loud and angry and pounding, ready to get your heart pumping and adrenaline rushing.

And then she was off, the light from her L-Corp modified lamp lighting the darkness as easily as the lights from a vehicle and she could see the surprise on Agent Cole’s face before he jumped into position behind her.

She didn’t pace herself, and knew she would regret it later, but right now the strike of her feet hitting the carpet of leaves and twigs; the sound of the baseline blitzing her eardrums; the power in her body as she jumped over fallen branches; the grace to her movements as she rounded trees and curves in the trail; that was all that mattered. That and getting as far away from Kara Danvers, if that was her actual name, as she could.

Her breath was misting in the night, heating her face before being torn back behind her by the length of her stride and its rhythm, and all she could hear was the music in her ears. Her lungs were expanding and contracting powerfully and she liked to think of them as bellows, fanning the fire inside her and giving her strength and life, even as it smelt musty and earthy and cool. Her body burned pleasantly as she kept to her break-neck pace and she could feel her own sweat cooling her skin rapidly with the crisp bite to the night air.

This particular trial was a good eight hour walk and led up into the mountains and then back towards the city. It flanked some farm land as you exited the forest and make your way down to the road and back towards the house. Another variant of the trail would branch up and over the river, crossing an old wooden bridge that an owner long past must have put there, and into the mountains. If you knew
the route, and were confident in your wanderlust abilities, you could walk to one of the small huts up there and back down. It took two full days. Other tracks took a lot more, and she had yet to find a tramping buddy to go with her. In Metropolis she had been a part of the tramping group, so there was always someone to walk with. She hadn’t looked up one in National City and hadn’t had the time, so she hadn’t looked at the other tracks, but had been told of them by her neighbour.

The forest was different at night; more mysterious with how its dark embrace sought to draw her into its folds, and with the trees that looked grasping and hooked, rather than reaching beseechingly for the sun. It smelt different as well, as though the water in the air sunk into the earth and let its fragrance free. It was musty, thick and dark.

It tore its way through her heated lungs and back out again, and she felt almost as though she were part of the forest, as cast in moonlight as she sometimes was, like stepping stones in a river, only these stepping stones were beams of moonlight filtering down through the trees.

She felt powerful and strong, even as her breathes started to come in sharp, swift gasps, as her lungs tried to pull air into her body.

She paid no mind to the incline as she started to reach the foot of the hills and merely forced herself up the track, pushing powerfully off each leg.

Her music was drumming in her heart. Her blood was pounding through her body. Her muscles were moving in sync. Her head was startlingly clear.

There was dirt and rubble on her hands from where shed used them to pull herself up the parts of the track that were tight and steep, and she rubbed them on her shirt as she ran.

She was making excellent time. She could have sworn she recognised that particular rock from her usual walks of the area and she looked to be very, very ahead of her usual time. Tonight she had just planned to climb the first hill and take a seat and look out over the forest and distant city and think.

Getting to the top she paused and turned back to check on Cole, the beam of her light catching her breath as she pulled the clear, crisp air into her lungs. He was nowhere to be seen, but she could see a faint light far below her bobbing up the path.

She barked a short laugh and took deep breathes. Here, alone at the top of the hill looking over the forest and with the stars as her ceiling and the mountain as her throne, she was finally alone. Now, she could finally think.

Slipping the first air kit from her back she opened the zip, scanning the area around her for any potential threats. Her first-aid kit had a variety of anti-venoms, bear spray, bug-spray, bandages, flares, rations, and other survival things, and basically covered as a small survival pack and a first aid kit in one. There was even one of those metal foldable poles inside that could be used to dissuade curious snakes or move undergrowth, or even be used as a splint.

Satisfied she was completely alone, poisonous snakes included, she gulped some water, delighting in the cool river that ran down her throat and took a few minutes to stretch. She enjoyed exercise, enjoyed how her mind would be blank before her thoughts would slowly take hold, she enjoyed the freedom the brief moments offered. Turning her music off she wound her headphones around her phone and tucked the buds into the holder.

Body loose and warm she eased herself onto the edge of the rock face and sighed. The silence was a symphony. The night was clear and crisp and the stars seemed closer, out here alone and away from the cities pollution and she gazed up at them a moment. Before the world had learnt of the man that
had fallen from the stars, her and Lex would map each of the constellations and wondered what and
who could be out there, lost among the stars. After Superman the obsession had increased and Lena
could navigate her way anywhere, as long as she could see the stars.

How little was she? How truly alone could a person be? What did she matter on the scale of things?
She took a long moment to wonder these things, anything to delay the inevitable, but eventually she
conceded and started to think.

She would work this through with logic, and deal with her feelings when they inevitably announced
themselves.

Firstly; Kara (if that was her name) was an Alien. She was also a Kryptonian. She was Supergirl. So,
there were two people she had to confront within the confines of her mind. She’d start with
Supergirl.

Supergirl was brave, selfless, powerful, full of light, honourable, judgemental, arrogant, and self-
righteous… but Lena had also learned there was a darker side to the hero that everyone saw, there
was a shadow to the great ‘S’ crest she wore, a burden of an entire culture resting on her back.
Supergirl could be sweet and kind as well, and she was a bit of a nerd as well. How much of
Supergirl was Kara Danvers? Because she could see Kara in them both now, or rather Kara in
Supergirl and Supergirl in Kara.

Kara was….words couldn’t explain Kara, nor could they explain how Lena felt about Kara,
especially now that she learnt her biggest secret, but she would try, even knowing words in all of
Earth’s languages would fall short. Kara was kind, caring, loyal, intelligent, funny, generous, a
goofball, a giant nerd, forgiving, sweet, gentle, with a strong sense of justice, honour and good
morals. Kara was…. Kara was so beautiful. She was full of hope and love and joy and wanted to
share it with the world, and Lena was so honoured that Kara had decided to give her a piece of it and
expect nothing back, but that was Kara. Giving her all to the world and asking that they only give
some of themselves to others.

But Kara had lied to Lena. Supergirl was fair. Lena hadn’t expected the hero to give her, a Luthor,
her name, it was only logical. Though Lena had proven, or liked to think she had, that she was more
than her last name suggested, and didn’t emoji her family, she could understand why anyone,
especially a Super, would tell her their identity. Secret identities were kept for a reason, she knew
that, and she didn’t blame the hero for it. She was thankful to call the powerful woman an…ally?
And an almost friend, one of the two she thought she had in National City. Turns out they were the
same one. Of course they were. Lena never had anything good sent her way, and Kara Danvers was
the embodiment of good.

So…that left the lie resting with Kara Danvers, and Lena wouldn’t lie, not even to herself as she so
often did, that hurt. It hurt a lot. Not only was she Lena’s best friend, but she was her maybe
girlfriend? And she had said all those beautiful things and made her feel so, so much. Was it all a lie?
Did Kara enter her life (and heart-because she was willing to admit that Kara had whatever was left
of it, dark and bruised as it as) as a Trojan? Seeking to bring her down from the inside? Or was she a
sleepy, waiting for Lena to slip up so she could string her up and show her to the world as the
‘Luthor’ they all thought she was?

But, Lena considered as she gazed up into the stars, a gentle breeze her only company, Kara didn’t
have a deceitful bone in her body (lie-by-omission aside) so that can’t have been it. Which… left the
only conclusion of her only friend being her friend by choice. Kara, or what she knew of Kara,
would not have gone so far as to kiss her (and oh God, did her body remember that) or proclaim her
feelings if it weren’t true.
That meant that Kara must have been her friend with her feelings true, and she had fallen in love with her knowing who they both were. So Kara….. Kara; beautiful, sweet, kind, brave, strong, gentle, smart, goofy Kara truly loved her, Lena…Luthor…

A choked sound escaped her parted lips unbidden, heard only by the stars and a lone owl. Kara… Supergirl… an alien loved Lena Luthor… and Lena finally let her emotions spill forth, bubbling into a laugh.

Kara loved her. Supergirl loved her. She was loved by two amazing women who were the same.

And Lena loved her…. Kara… but in extension she loved her alter-ego.

“Ha!” She barked out, startling a nearby bird from the trees and she could hear the woomph of its wings as it fled, what would her brother, and indeed, think of her being in love with Kara?

Then it hit her. She, Lena Luthor, was in love with a Super….

The realisation ignited a fire within her. The Luthor’s had made it their lives ambition to rid the world of aliens, and now that included Kara…. And that was unacceptable. Her brother was going to try and kill her and….Lena couldn’t let that happen.

She rose to her feet, ignoring her body’s protests at having remained still for so long, she had work to do.

Gathering her belongings she took a moment to fortify her resolve and glanced at the stars. They winked at her, dazzling like always and she allowed herself a smile. She’d always loved the stars, and now she loved them even more. After all, they gave her Kara.

Chapter End Notes

I'll reply to comments later. Mwah.
Alex turned from the command centre hearing the tell-tale signs of her sister’s arrival and when she laid eyes on her she paused. Kara was beaming. Not that she couldn’t bottle her ‘sunny Danvers smile’ and sell it as a cure-for-all, but this smile was out-of-this-world. Literally. Her usually happy, smiling sister looked as though she had spent an evening surrounded by puppies, rainbows, and potstickers.

“Hey, Kara,” she said cautiously as the hero floated down onto the floors of the DEO, grin still in place.

“Hi Alex!” She chirped, literally chirped, and that was when Alex knew something had undoubtedly happened.

“Omph.” The air escaped Alex’s lungs as she was engulfed in arms of steel and lifted off the floor in Kara’s embrace.

“Um, Kara?” She questioned as she accepted the embrace and returned it.

“I brought you something!”

Kara was almost vibrating with joy as she shoved a greasy paper bag towards her and Alex dove for it.

“You’ve been to Chicago?! Best. Sister. Ever!” She ripped open the paper bag with glee while Kara bounced on her feet and Alex paused and looked at her, really looked at her.

Kara usually hid such grief and loss on the inside, something she couldn’t shield to those who knew, and that number consisted of Alex, Eliza, and while he was still around, Jeremiah. Kara gave the world her heart in the hope that the world could weave it back together. She was so generous because she had lost so much and she needed to see the impact she had on other people, taking each smile and laugh as a win and storing their life inside her. Kara gave herself to the world in the hopes of feeling less alone. She surrounded herself with happiness and joy with the need to have it reflected back at her, to replace the loss of Krypton.

But even sunshine and rainbows and smiles and Kara Danvers’ optimism and hope couldn’t conceal the overwhelming loss that Kara Zor El dealt with every single day. She hid that part of her, pushed it down into a box where she didn’t have to look at it, couldn’t look at it or she’d fall apart. Still, it was unmatched in its size and even though she might like to think the way she dealt with it was healthy, Alex knew better. Kara couldn’t hide her pain from her sister. There was always shadows of it lingering in the depths of her eyes. People only saw their sunshine, not the darkness and cold that lurked in their depths. But today Alex couldn’t see that. She couldn’t see a trace of the pain usually present in her sister’s eyes.

“Kara?” She pulled back a little, unable to fight her own smile at seeing Kara’s unabridged joy.

Kara bounced on her feet a little, floating back to the ground –Alex raised a brow at that- before jumping up again. Blue eyes darted around the DEO before she grabbed Alex’s hand and dragged
her off down one of the corridors and to a conference room. Alex had to stumble along behind her sister or risk being dragged along the floor like a sack of potatoes.

Once inside Kara shut the door and stood in front of it, bouncing on her heels again and she looked like a child on Halloween in a Supergirl costume rather than the hero herself; so great was her joy and excitement.

“Alex!” She hissed with a voice that cut off with joy.

“What?” Alex folded her arms and leant against a table, having, maybe, some idea of just why her sister was ecstatic. She may have taken a look at agent Mad and Ross’ reports of the night before, just because she was a little curious as to where Lena Luthor had taken her little sister…. And she wanted to know what the countdown was all about. There may have been a bit of Ross’ report that indicated the evening wasn’t actually a friends night out, and was more of a date, but Kara would have told her if it was a date, so she’d let her sister tell her.

“I kissed Lena!” Kara floated off the ground, arms as wide and as open as her smile.

Alex’s mind roared to a halt. She had sort of seen this coming. Kara wasn’t one to sit on her feelings and so she had known that eventually (soon) there would be some sort of overflow, she just hadn’t expected it to result in a kiss, and to be so soon.

“You… kissed…. Lena…. Luthor?” Alex nodded slowly and drawled it out, seeing Kara’s grin brighten with every word and she nodded so enthusiastically she could have given a jack-hammer a run for its money.

“Yes!” Kara squealed and clapped her hands together.

“Oh, Rao,” she sighed and her head fell back. “It was- Rao it was amazing Alex!”

“Wait, she kissed you back?!”

Kara’s eyes focused on her again and Kara nodded eagerly, and wow, it was almost painful to look at Kara’s smile, the pure joy she had radiating out from her.

“Yeah,” Kara said and wiggled her nose a little and blinked at her with great big, blue beaming eyes.

“A lot,” she added smugly and gave a lift of her shoulder, but her innocent gesture was belayed by the shit-eating grin she had on her face.

“I didn’t know you were dating….,” Alex hedged, not bothering to conceal her hurt and Kara’s face fell.

“Were weren’t! We aren’t! Or um, at least I don’t think we are? We didn’t really talk about it much….,”

“Kara!” Alex said with mock horror and placed a hand to her chest.

“No!” Kara’s face went red at the insulation. “Not like that! I mean- we didn’t-oh shut up,” she murmured in response to Alex’s cackle.

“No really,” Alex said gently and gestured for Kara to come sit with her on the table. “Tell me all about your night. I wanna know what’s made my baby sister so happy she’s still floating.” Her tone was sincere but turned dry as she looked down to see that Kara was indeed still hovering above the ground.
Kara set herself down with a pointed thump and zoomed to sit next to her.

Alex re-opened her food bag and settled in for a story.

“Okay, so you know how Lena had her thing in the park?” Alex gave a little nod.

Kara took a deep breath and Alex settled herself in for a giant explosion of words with no pauses. “Well she-okay, first she took me out to dinner at that new restaurant- Enchantè- but it wasn’t very good but she looked so pretty and the wine was so good and she was so nice about it because I was uncomfortable and so we went through the McDonald’s drive through instead and then we sat and ate at the beach and then we went to the ark and it was so cool Alex! There are like lights there and she’s powering them all through a new battery and it was so cool and I held her hand and I pushed her on the flying fox and –Alex! You should have heard her laugh! She’s so beautiful! And then she talk about Lex and she started crying so I told her how smart and funny and beautiful and good she was and then I said I loved her”- Kara was floating above the table by now- “and then I asked if I could kiss her and I kissed her!”

Alex blinked and took a few seconds to catch up with what Kara had told her.

“Okay, so Lena took you out to dinner and when you were uncomfortable she took you to McDonalds.” Kara nodded.

“Then she took you through the park for her secret project and told you about Lex and you pushed her on a flying fox?”

Kara nodded again. “I’ve never heard her laugh like that!” Kara was smiling like crazy.

“She started crying and you said you love her and then you kissed her. You… kissed… her.”

“Yes!” Kara straightened and turned to look at her, hovering again. “Why is that so hard to believe? I’m perfectly capable of kissing Lena Luthor!”

Alex blinked and gave a little shrug. “Okay.” To be fair she hadn’t seen Kara being the one to kiss Lena, what with how thirsty-according to Maggie- Lena was for Kara, and how confident she was in general, but she guessed she could see Kara doing it when necessary. Kara could be confident and strong when necessary-Supergirl was proof of that. But it was weird to think of Kara being brave enough, confident in their relationship enough to take that first step.

“I’m gonna tell her tonight,” Kara said and Alex felt her heart clench. Her sisters eyes were bright and wide and hopeful but there was an undercurrent of…steel there. Previously when she had brought up her desire to tell Lena who she was she had been nervous, concerned, apprehensive for Alex’s response, but now there was confidence. Alex realised that Kara was going to do this with or without her approval and she had to tread carefully least she alienate her sister. Ha, pun intended.

She was about to respond when there was a knock at the door and Cole poked his head around the door.

“Sorry to interrupt. We need you at Command,” he said shortly and then vanished back into the hallway.

“We’ll talk later, okay?” Alex said to Kara as she slid off the table and smiled at her sister. “I’m happy for you, Kara,” she held her arms out for a hug and Kara breezed into them.

“I still want to talk to you about it before you tell her, okay?”
Kara stiffened a little in her embrace and pulled back. Alex kept her gaze square, wanting Kara to see it was only concern that made her so hesitant about Kara revealing herself.

Kara looked at her searchingly a moment before giving a little nod. “I am,” she said and there was steel to her tone, “going to tell her tonight.”

Alex gave a little nod of her own. “Okay.” She gave Kara’s arms a squeeze and then side-stepped her.

“I wonder what it is now,” she wondered out loud as they exited the hallway. Up ahead of them Agent Cole was making careful progress down the hall, slowly and controlled and rigid.

“What’s up with you?” Alex asked as she and her sister caught up with him quickly.

He grimaced. “I lost Miss Luthor last night,” he said stiffly and Kara went tense and her head snapped around.

“What?”

Kara wasn’t typically a scary person. In fact, aside from when she was being protective she barely lost her sweet demeanour, but right now it was a mixture of Kara Zor El, Supergirl, and Kara Danvers that was glaring at the Agent and pinning him in place with her glare.

“What do you mean you lost her?” She demanded and though she was technically not his superior officer the Agent was swift to respond. Supergirl had that effect on people.

“Miss Luthor went for a run last night,” Cole said, trying to snap to attention but failing and he placed a hand on the wall to steady himself.

“I went with her...but she out ran me,” he finished rather sheepishly. The two Danvers sisters blinked.

“Lena Luthor out ran you?” Alex repeated, certain he must be jesting. Kara’s face had gone a little blank, melting from ire to confusion and then to something Alex did not want to think about.

“Yes, Ma’am. That is correct.”

“Lena Luthor out ran you.” Disbelief coloured her tone. She shook her head a moment. “How, exactly?”

“I don’t know,” Cole’s brow was furrowed with confusion and no small amount of ire. “We started at the house and warmed up and stretched, and then she was off!” He lifted his hands to show his confusion. “She maintained a twelve mile per hour for well over fifteen minutes. She was out of sight before long. It took me half an hour to reach her.”

Alex and Kara shared a look. That…. Didn’t sound humanly possible.

Karas brow was furrowed and her head turned to the side and Alex knew she was listening in.

“It’s an emergency,” she told Alex and the two were jogging through the DEO and to the command centre.

J’onn was already there staring at various monitors as the tech agents worked their magic around him. Winn met Kara’s eyes a moment and then looked back at his computer. Alex caught the look and hid her sigh. She knew that Kara felt betrayed about all of that and she knew she should have
told her sister what her friends were doing, but it hadn’t been her place to do so. She also didn’t tell Kara that when they said they weren’t coming to her Earth Birthday party they had actually gone around beating up petty criminals. Her sister didn’t need to know that.

“What’s happening?” She asked and her phone chose that moment to ring. It was Maggie’s ring tone and she was reluctant as she switched it to silent and focused instead on the Agents in front of her.

There was another alien turning National City into its playground and within a few minutes Kara was in the air and a team was dispatched. Alex was not part of the team this time as Maggie had sent her a text after her calls had gone unanswered and that had made Alex remove herself from the mission. Kara had been confused but had gone along with it after J’onn had allowed it.

“You’re excused, Agent Danvers,” J’onn rumbled with his arms crossed and she gave him a nod and spun and began to quickly walk through the halls to the basement.

Maggie and her had been discretely tailing Eliza to find out where she was going and who she was working for, and so far they had lost them every single time. It was driving the both of them crazy. They were both highly trained and experienced women, and a man in a fancy bulletproof car was managing to ditch their tails and the tracking device that Maggie had so carefully planted on the car as she’d ‘stumbled’ past. But Maggie had sent her confirmation of where Eliza was, just by chance, so Alex needed to check it out. Kara would be okay, she hoped, and she could always get to the scene after she had seen the place her mother was working at. For some reason it was making her very nervous and she was never one to ignore her instinct so she was going to check it out.

J’onn had obviously been okay with her doing it, and she’d explain to Kara as soon as she was done seeing to the alien. It was apparently an easy fight for the Super, so she should be back soon. Alex would stop by Noonan’s and get her a treat as an apology. And then they would have their talk.

She took one of the DEO issued vans and plugged Maggie’s co-ordinations into her GPS. Something about the address was familiar to her, but she couldn’t place it. She just added it to the general stench of the entire situation.

Traffic was bare for National City and she made her way across town within half an hour, keeping an ear on her DEO comms. So far Kara was doing perfectly okay with the alien so she wasn’t as worried.

Pulling into the street she smiled reflectively at seeing Maggie leaning casually against her bike and doing something on her phone and she guided the SUV into an empty park across the street. A few coins for parking and she was soon crossing the street to see her girlfriend.

Maggie’s smile was contagious as she was greeted with it and she ducked in for a kiss on the cheek, sure her own were heating at the action. She’d never been such an open affectionate with the few people she’d dated in the past, but now she was more aware of why.

“Hey you,” Maggie’s dimples showed when she smiled and Alex fought down the flutter in her chest at the sight of her beautiful smile. “Got you a coffee.”

“Mh, best girlfriend ever,” Alex grinned and took the coffee. It was still warm, Perfect.

“So… how’d you find mum?”

Maggie’s smile melted and she looked serious, in work mode, as she straightened.

“Coincidence, really,” she said and glanced down the street.
“My sisters always got her prescription from this place,” she said and ducked her head towards the street and jammed her hands in her pockets. ‘Only she couldn’t get it today so she asked if I could. I recognised the car immediately. Same make and plate. Driver was in the dairy.”

“So it’s a hospital?”

Maggie gave a little nod. “It’s a private clinic. The head doctors- married couple- own and run the place. Only rumour was they were going under.”

They would offer free consultations to the homeless and poor and such,” Maggie explained seeing Alex’s brow twitch. “If you could pay that was great, but if not then that was okay as well. They’re good people.”

Alex gave a little nod. “And mums in there?”

Maggie shrugged. “I figured I’d wait until you got here and we could go in together?”

Alex grinned. Together. She liked that.

“Okay, want to put your helmet in the car?”

Maggie pushed off the bike in response and took her helmet off the handle bars. “Sure.”

The two glanced both ways before crossing the road and soon were walking arm in arm towards the clinic with a coffee in their other hands.

“I see Kara’s busy with her other job,” Maggie commented and Alex sighed and shook her head.

“I worry,” she said quietly and gave another sigh.

“What’s up?” Maggie asked and bumped their shoulders together. “I know you always worry when she puts on her uniform, but you seem more…pensive than usual. So what’s up?”

“She wants to tell Lena Luthor about her other job,” Alex commented as they approached the clinic.

It was…tidy… even though it looked run-down and tired. There were a lot of clients inside, she could see them sitting down, and on the windows there were local flyers and adds and even painted over graffiti on the walls. A few cars down there was a very familiar black Mercedes and a familiar driver leaning against the car with a cup of coffee and a paper spread across the bonnet.

‘Robeck’s TLC’ was written in chipped paint on the sign and Alex paused as she glanced upwards.

“See that,” she murmured leaning into Maggie. Maggie followed her gaze up and her brows creased. There was a very high-tech security camera blinking at them from above the door.

“Mh,” Maggie hummed and Alex was suddenly grateful she had her service weapon with her and her FBI ID. Just in case. She was also happy to have Maggie at her back.

The door was also heavy and while it swung open without resistance there was a weight to it, a silent strength to the hinges that hinted at its reinforced steel. The waiting room was small and cluttered and very full. There was an extensive range of people waiting; talking quietly, listening to music, gazing blankly at the flyers for health on the walls, or just leaning against the wall with their eyes closed.

They were all sorts of colours and sizes and they dismissed Alex and Maggie without a sound.

There were three women at reception and they were all very busy, and their computers were those square box screened ones that probably belonged in a museum.
The one working at the closest desk lifted her gaze and watched them approach, eyes clearly on the computer she was typing at but still acknowledging them.

“Hello. Welcome to Robeck’s TLC. What can I help you with?”

“Hi,” Maggie smiled. “I’m here to pick up my sisters prescription and my girlfriend would like to see a doctor. Preferably a female doctor.”

Alex felt her face slacken and she tried to plaster a pleasant smile on her face but wasn’t sure she had succeeded. Maggie could have warned her first.

The receptionist ran her gaze over the two of them before nodding slowly.

“What’s your sisters name?”

Alex let Maggie sort all of that while she tried to peek down into the bowels of the hospital but she couldn’t see around the corner. She settled herself by reading the notices around the reception; warning people that they didn’t keep cash on the premises, and that this was a volunteer clinic and that payment options were available, and that the staff didn’t have access to any of the drugs.

“Your signatures fine. Dr Robeck herself is free at two thirty-five if you would like to make an appointment.”

“Actually…. ” Maggie hedged. “My sister mentioned a Doctor she’d had once…. A Dr Danvers?”

The sharp eyes of the Detective and Agent didn’t miss the way the receptionists face closed down. “There isn’t a doctor here by that name. Are you sure this doctor was at Robecks? We only have Dr Robeck free until four, and then there is Doctor Kein.”

Alex and Maggie shared a look and then nodded. “Sure. We’ll book in for two thirty. Thanks.” Alex had to fill out some details and they sat next to a young girl whose leg was bouncing nervously and her eyes kept on darting around the room. Maggie’s eyes continuously ran over the room and appraised everyone that came and entered and Alex knew she was cataloguing them all.

She handed her form in and then settled in next to Maggie to continue talking about her feelings about her sister and her sisters maybe girlfriend. They did still look at everyone that came and went just to be sure but kept up their conversation while they went.

“So what is it you don’t like about your sisters girlfriend?” Maggie asked and settled into the lumpy bench the two had claimed.

It took Alex a moment to gather her thoughts and then she started.

“I’m worried about who she is, if you know what I mean?”

Maggie sighed and nodded slowly. “I think…. That was a valid concern once…. But not anymore. Hasn’t she proven she’s gonna be a good fit? She hasn’t done anything bad, has she?”

Alex was conscious of where they were and what they were discussing so appreciated the ambiguous nature to the identities of everyone involved.

“No,” Alex shook her head. “But…”

“But you’re worried,” Maggie smiled knowingly and nodded. “I was too, when my sisters started dating.”
Alex ducked her head apologetically. “Yours weren’t as special as mine.”

Maggie’s smile conveyed her agreement with the statement. “No, but she has you and it’ll be fine,” she said reassuringly. “If anything happens, she has you.”

Alex took her hand and gave it a squeeze and then looked around for the bathroom sign.

She squeezed the hand again as she pulled away and walked to the reception.

“Your bathroom, please?” She asked politely and the receptionist flicked her head to the left.

“Down the hall. Can’t miss it.”

“Thanks,” Alex said and shared a glance with Maggie before she wandered slowly down the hallway and to the toilet.

The walls were lined with posters and things and with doors in between. A few were consultancy theatres and then further down she could see the x-ray rooms and a sign on the wall helpfully informed her that to her right was the private client rooms and she could only go down there if she was visiting and had signed in at the desk. Deciding to stretch her legs she wandered down there and saw a few storage rooms and then came to another corridor. This one was open and had no posters on the wall or seats outside or anything that indicated she was in a hospital. It had a giant yellow line on the floor and large signs written in a variety of languages warning the reader no further unless they were authorised.

It warned legal action and brutal force and warned them that if they were to cross the line they were agreeing to any action Robeck TLC took against them. There were a lot of warning signs for a private hospital. There was a large set of heavy looking doors at the end and a yellow line in front of her warning her not to go any further. Glancing around she saw the glare of a security camera on her. It was above the doors to the private end of the hall a dozen meters away. They were solid looking doors with what looked like ID security passes needed. Hm. Why would a hospital need one wing shut off from the public? Normal private hospitals would have private rooms for their patients, and indeed, from what she had gathered there were private rooms and supply rooms, but the locked door was curious.

Deciding to investigate a little further she returned back to the hallway and ducked into the bathroom. The receptionists eyes were on her and she could feel them follow her inside the bathroom.

Locking the bathroom door she stood for a moment in front of the mirror and then dug her phone out. A few seconds later and Agent Vasquez was answering the line briskly.

‘Danvers. How can I help?’

“Vasquez. Can you get me all you have on Robeck TLC? It’s a medical centre and hospital. It’s personal but important.”

Susan’s response was swift. ‘Give me a sec. I’ll ring you back when I have anything.’

“Alright. Thanks. Owe you.”

‘Box of those donuts will do, Danvers.’

Alex chuckled as she hung up and made sure she could pull her gun quickly if necessary. She hadn’t offered her ID yet because she didn’t have anything to go on, and likely the hospital would deny her entry anyway as she didn’t have a warrant. Just suspicions. Her instincts were telling her something
was up and she was listening to them.

She washed her hands and exited and cast another glance at the doors; they were still locked shut, still guarded by a blinking red eye, and she still couldn’t see through the frosted glass. Very suspicious.

She returned to Maggie and flipped her girlfriend a text as she approached and then jammed her phone into her pocket. Maggie was idly flicking through a gossip rag and smiled as she approached but went back to reading. She pulled her phone out as Alex sat down and cast her a curious glance but read it anyway.

*Waiting for a call from work. Wait for my signal.*

Which, maybe wasn’t her best plan yet. She sounded bad-ass, but in the real world there were rules and she could hardly show her badge and start asking questions—well she could but it probably wouldn’t get her anywhere. She’d wait for Vasquez to call her back and then decide her plan of action.

Maggie just rolled her eyes fondly as she read the text and shook her head. Alex shrugged. She was a bad-ass. She was a DEO member. She was a *certified* Bad-Ass.

It only took Vasquez a few minutes and then she was calling again.

‘*I didn’t know you were being moved to Lena Luthor’s protective detail. Is that why you aren’t out with Supergirl?*’

Alex felt her stomach drop. “What?” she demanded sharply and stiffened. Her voice was loud in the mostly quiet room and people shot her curious looks. Maggie was looked concernedly at her and she tried to reassure her with a smile that felt false even as it parted her lips.

“What do you mean?” She hissed, concerned with her audience.

Vasquez paused a moment. ‘*Lena Luthor is currently at that address. She’s been going there for her health. Though those records are private. Bronze and Rook are with her now.*’

“She’s here? Now?”

“Yes.”

“Fuck. Patch me through to Rook immediately.”

She could hear clicking and then her comms flared at her ear. ‘*It’s done. I can email you the information?*’

“Don’t worry about it. Thanks.” She turned her phone off and rose to her feet. Maggie rose fluidly next to her and she filed away her girlfriend’s fluid grace for later.

“Rook this is Danvers,” she said and rose to her feet, pressing her microphone on. “I’m at reception. Come let me in.”

There was a moments pause and then.

‘*Yes Ma’am. Right away.*’

She lowered her hand and looked at Maggie. “My sister’s girlfriend is here,” she said quietly and didn’t miss the surprise that flashed across her face chased by suspicion.
“Coincidence?”

Alex shook her head. “Not a chance.”

The two started to walk towards the hallway and the receptionist was sharp with them.

“Your appointment isn’t until two thirty. Please wait in the reception area.” Her voice was hard and her eyes were sharp. Alex and Maggie ignored her and she got to her feet and she actually moved pretty fast when she needed to. She was at the yellow line, which was not suspicious at all, before they were and her hand was up warning them, her other one was in her pocket.

“You are not allowed to go any further,” she said warningly. “Legal action will be taken if you continue forward without permission. Please leave the premises.”

Alex shook her head at her and as they passed her Alex saw her shoulder drop. The yellow line was getting closer and there were posters on the walls warning them that they were now entering private property and they could only cross the line with permission. Legal action would be taken if they failed to comply with the laws and they would be forcibly removed back into public space and off the private property. The receptionist must have had an alarm in her pocket because the moment the two of them crossed the yellow line the doors burst open and they were met with security guards.

Only these four security guards were carrying semi-automatic rifles, were wearing full body armour, and had moved into defensive formation immediately. The receptionist scampered and a few moments later there was a shuddering to the building and the doorways started to slam shut. There was a rattling and the hallway they had just come in was barred in place, what looked like a solid steel sheet slamming into the ground and blocking their escape route.

“Shit, Danvers,” Maggie said as her hands went to her own gun and lifted it up. As she lifted her own gun Alex had to agree.

“FBI,” Alex drew herself up, trying to ignore the lack of exit. “Lower your weapons.”

“Put them down,” shouted one of the men, a man getting on in years but with a military style cut and ink on his arms. “Put them down now!”

“FBI!” Alex returned. “Drop them!” She was not about to drop her hand-gun when she and Maggie had no exit, were faced with bigger guns, and were outnumbered.

“NCPD!” Maggie said strongly next to her, gun drawn and muscles tensed and….she’d come back to how badass her girlfriend was later.

“You’re on private property, Ma’am,” said one of the guards with his posture secure and gun held steady. “Drop them.”

“I told you. I’m FBI!” Alex said and tilted her head to Maggie. “This is Detective Sawyer of the NCPD.”

The guards hesitated for a moment. “Reach for your badge. Real slow like,” said one of them, probably the oldest by his silver hair and lines in his face, but his eyes were alert and his body held his rifle with ease.

Alex moved slowly and lowered her gun and slowly retrieved her badge.

“What’s going on?” Rook demanded from behind the two doors and two of the guards spun and then Rook was drawing his own gun and ducking behind a door.
“Agent Danvers?”

“Stay there Rook!” She commanded and heard his response.

“Everyone just calm down,” Maggie said slowly, calmly. “Let’s sort this out.”

“Kick your badge to me,” said the one who was apparently the leader and Alex obeyed. They were outnumbered and out-gunned so compliance was best.

“Stand down,” the leader commanded after appraising the badge and the guns lowered immediately and the guards relaxed.

“You have no warrant, Agent Danvers.”

Alex took her badge back and tucked her gun back into its holster.

“Stand down Rook,” she called down the hall and the agent appeared around the door again, eyes sharp but calm.

“No,” she said squarely and looked over the guards. “And how does a nearly bankrupt charity hospital afford four former military as security guards and supply them with AK-47’s?”

“Tax evasion,” said one of the younger men in a ‘helpful’ sort of tone and Alex shot him an amused look.

“Agent. Detective. You are on private property and conditions upon entry and crossing that yellow line,” he pointed towards the line a few meters behind them, “were explained. In many languages. You are trespassing. Please leave.”

“What about my agent?” Alex asked sharply, directing her attention to the agent.

“He has been cleared. You have not,” the leader said again and touched his ear. “It’s Greg. Hyperion,” he spoke clearly and there was a clicking sound and the steel doors started to rise.

He looked back at the two. “I request that you leave immediately… or go to your appointment.”

“We want to see Lena Luthor,” Maggie said suddenly and saw the unsettled reaction of the guards. They remained steadfast though.

“You are trespassing,” Greg repeated and pointedly ignored the request. “Please return to reception. If you come any further we will be forced to take this further.” The guards turned and started to walk away.

“Wait,” Alex called out and Greg hesitated. “Please- I’m looking for my mum. Her name is Eliza. She’s a doctor. Eliza Danvers.”

Greg turned and met her gaze squarely. “There is no Doctor by that name here. If you wanted to see your mother you should call her.”

“I know she’s here,” Alex almost snarled and was rewarded by Greg tilting his head.

“How do you know that?”

“Her car and driver are outside,” Maggie interjected and Alex shot her girlfriend a smile.

The guards traded looks and were interrupted by Alex’s cell phone ringing and she dug it from her
pocket.

‘Mum.’

“Huh,” she breathed and lifted it to her ear. “Mum?”

‘Put Greg on the phone, Alex.’

Blinking in confusion she offered the device to Greg. “It’s for you.”

The guard took the device and lifted it to his ear. “Yes? I- yes. That is correct. Of course. Immediately. Bye.”

He handed the cell back to Alex. “You have been granted clearance,” he said calmly and looked over at Maggie. “Though you have not. Please wait in reception. Or here if you must, but don’t come any further.”

He started to walk back through the doors and Alex shot Maggie an apologetic look. Maggie just smiled at her gently and gave a little nod and she settled against the wall to wait.

“I’ll see you soon,” Alex promised and caught up with Greg. Through the doors there were two doors off the corridor immediately behind them. One was clearly a small barracks and the other was for entertainment and relaxation; there was a few couches, tables, a television, a kitchenette, and a large tv with a gaming console in play.

Greg was silent as he led them past the two doors and on to a third. It was a bathroom and then a supply closet and then at the end there was another set of doors. He had to remove a security card to activate the lock and pushed the door open for her.

“It’s at the end of the hall.” He gave her a little nod and then left her alone.

Alex took a moment and then pushed through the doors and followed his instructions. She could see that this area of the hospital had clearly been worked on, and worked on recently, the smell of paint still lingered and there weren’t many marks on the walls or even on the floor. Everything looked shiny and new and she could almost feel how solid the area around her was. She passed by a laboratory with freezers and fridges and telescopes and computers and other sterile looking equipment. There was a small room for a double bed and another room with a bathroom and shower.

She then came across what looked like a mini gym in another of the rooms, with cameras and cords slumbering. There was even a pool set in the ground, a few meters long and a meter and a bit wide. The next room she came across would make her tech team drool. It wasn’t large like the DEO, nor did it have a huge amount of monitors, but it looked very, very professional. There were only about three computers in total, with a large screen set against the wall, but there were tall and thick boxes with blinking lights and she eyed them a moment before continuing on. A private, charity driven hospital could get by with four former military guards with AK 47’s and activated reinforced steel shutters, but why would they need what looked like enough computer power to hack into the White House? What were they after? Or were they trying to hide instead. Either way Alex wondered exactly what her mother was caught up in.

Eventually she came to the end of the hall and Agent Bronze met her gaze and saluted her from where he stood next to the doors. She eyed the doors a moment before pushing them open. They didn’t have any glass so to say she was startled when she pushed them open and saw who was with her mother was an understatement. But she really should have seen it coming. Vasquez did, after all, tell her Lena Luthor was in her location, and Agent Bronze was right outside, but still. She was very
surprised to see Lena Luthor jogging on a treadmill while connected to enough cords to make her look like a Cyborg.

“Agent Danvers,” she drawled and how Lena knew it was Alex without even looking Alex didn’t know. “How nice of you to drop by unannounced.” Her skin had a light sheen of sweat to it and her clothing indicated she’d been going at it for quite a while, but her breath was still clear and strong, and she clearly had enough of it to give her sass.

“Alex,” Eliza smiled and made her way towards her, lowering a tablet and placing it on a table as she went. “Not that I’m not happy to see you, but why are you here?”

“Isn’t it obvious Dr?” Lena asked and she was still running at quite the pace. “Alex grew concerned about your day job and has been tailing you in an effort to find where you work. Though,” the young Luthor finally turned her head to look at Alex. “How did you manage to find this place? Haz indicated he has lost you each time you’ve tried.”

Eliza’s features tensed. “You’ve been following me?”

“Only to make sure you’re okay!”

“Alexandra!” Eliza’s brow was drawn tightly and there was iron to her tone. “How dare you!”

“I wanted to make sure you were okay!” Alex shot back, not sure what to think on finding her mother working with Lena Luthor and in secret. “You were being shady and being driven around in an armoured car that was hired by a dead person!”

Eliza paused and looked at Lena. “Armoured car? Dead person?”

Lena shrugged. “I told you I would see to your needs while we worked together. That included your safety to and from here.”

“We’ll discuss that later,” Eliza said sternly and Lena gave a little nod and turned back to her treadmill.

“Mum? I-what’s- I don’t understand….”

“Lena what-“ Eliza began but before she could voice her question Lena answered.

“I will need her word,” Lena said suddenly and she slowed her running to a slow trot. “That she doesn’t tell a single soul…. Including Kara….. And I suppose I’ll need some sort of reassurance from your Martian friend…..”

“I will speak to J’onn,” Eliza said and Alex looked between the two.

“Mum! What that fucks going on?! Why’re you working with Lena? How did this happen? What are you working on? How does she know about J’onn? What-“

“Enough, Alex,” Eliza said strongly and held up her hand and Alex fell reluctantly silent. When your mother used that tone you tended to obey.

“Your terms exactly, please Lena,” Eliza said looking at the young CEO and she pointedly didn’t look at them, in fact it looked like she had closed her eyes, which was a silly move while running, even on a treadmill.

A few minutes later and she slowed the treadmill down to a walk.
“Alex will be required to speak nothing of what she has seen here or learns here. As far as she is concerned it never happened. This facility doesn’t exist. I wasn’t here and you weren’t here…. And you’ll have to tell your girlfriend the same,” Lena added and finally turned and looked at Alex.

“If you do act on this information in any manner you won’t like the consequences,” Lena said simply and Alex felt her hackles rise.

“Oh yeah? What’re you gonna do about it?” Eliza sighed and shook her head and went back to her tablet as Lena started to remove the wires.

“Simple,” Lena said squarely and met her gaze with bright green eyes. “I’ll tell the world Kara is Supergirl.” And Alex felt her core vibrate and weaken and crack and then it shattered. “I’m sure they’ll find it….fascinating.” Eliza just lifted her head and glared at Lena. Lena turned and stood down off the treadmill and some part of Alex wanted to attack her without reservation for the threat she had just made against Kara and the other part of her was telling her that Lena Luthor was Dangerous with a capital D and that she should tread very carefully. “After all,” Lena continued and her eyes were glowing like Kryptonite and Alex felt her lip curl in response. “I did.”

“And besides,” Lena said and wrapped a towel over her shoulders and reached for a bottle of water. “Glasses and pastel cardigans aren’t really much of a disguise. Clark’s is no better,” she added.

“How,” Alex breathed and wondered if the earth was shaking beneath her or if it was just her. Lena smiled, and actually, it was a nice smile, or would have been if Alex didn’t want to smash her teeth in. “Two little words,” she said and god Alex was ready to draw her gun and shoot her. She had always had the imperious better than thou attitude, but now Alex was really, really ready to rid the world of her for good. “Night Lena,” she drawled.

Alex Danvers found out Kara was Supergirl when a blonde Superhero wearing the ‘S’ crest was first seen in National City. Jimmy Olsen found out when Clark Kent, AKA Superman, told him and asked him to keep an eye out on his cousin. Winn Schott found out when Kara Danvers fell backwards off the CatCo building. Lucy Lane was told so she could help save Alex and J’onn. Cat Grant had three years to observe her capable assistant and see her inner strength. Maggie learnt who Kara was through extended observation, and of course her Detective skills. Lena Luthor found out because of two little words, and they weren’t the ones Kara had wanted to utter. No, Lena Luthor had used her intellect and had figured it out before her (maybe girl-) friend, could tell her. And that made all the difference in the world, and not for the better.

Chapter End Notes

Can you see the angst on the horizon? :D Mwah! It's early (5am) ignore my typos :D
“What is the value of love?”

It came out of no-where and Lena was even a little startled she had asked it of Eliza. She’d come to talk to the doctor almost as soon as she had gotten back from her run that night. She’d only waited long enough for her to shower and gather her belongings, then she had driven into town, leaving Kara asleep on her bed. She’d left her a note though, on her pillow so that Kara could read it when she woke up.

One of the reasons she had purchased the Robeck TLC clinic, apart from studying under Dr Robeck when she returned to America shortly before her twentieth birthday, was that it was a fully functioning clinic and had access to drugs and equipment that she needed. While she could get them herself it was a little tricker for her to do so, and by buying out the clinic and having one of the wings turned to her own uses she had a perfect cover for it. Dr Danvers was well suited to the laboratory and had settled in well and all of her requests had been meet and paid for privately by Lena and they were making some progress on what was happening to her body.

Dr Danvers had been very interested to learn she had managed to run for as long and as fast as she had and had asked her in to run a few tests. Her headaches were now a regular occurrence and she was learning to deal with them-with the help of some very powerful drugs. And yes, she had invested some of her own money into pharmaceuticals. With how much the pills were costing her, she’d likely be broke in maybe, a century or so, but that wasn’t the point. The point was that she was getting head splitting headaches and she didn’t know why.

“What….do you mean?” Eliza asked as she wiped her skin down with a bacterial wipe so she could place the cords on her body.

Lena was silent a moment as she thought about what it was she wanted to ask.

“What value do we attach to love? Where do we draw the line at an action or consequence when it comes to love?”

Eliza’s hands were steady as she placed the vital readers at her temples. “I think,” she said slowly, “that there is no line when it comes to love. Nothing set in stone anyway. There isn’t anything I wouldn’t do for my daughters.”

Lena was silent as she processed this and she could feel how strongly Eliza felt towards Kara and Alex. “So you think love comes first? Above morals, ethics, laws…lives?”

Eliza went still and she could hear her brain ticking over as she carefully continued to place the monitors over Lena’s body. They had already drawn some blood and the needle point tingled with her need to scratch it.

“In some cases yes,” Eliza said carefully. “If someone were trying to hurt someone I cared about there is nothing I wouldn’t do to protect them…even if it was…illegal or immoral.”

Lena gave a little nod and stood and walked across to the treadmill.
She’d been walking steadily for a few minutes when Eliza finally spoke up, and she had been waiting for it. Could sense her indecision and curiosity, and….. apprehension.

“Why?”

“Why did Kara not join her Aunt Astra?”

The tablet Eliza was holding crashed to the floor and Lena turned her head to meet her gaze squarely. The Dr was blinking at her in shock with her lips parted and her hands limp and Lena knew her thoughts were in a turmoil. With her words Lena had let Eliza know that she knew exactly who Astra was, and knew who Kara was.

They held each other’s gazes for a long moment and then Eliza ducked down to pick up her tablet and checked it for any damages. It was fine.

“As much as Kara loved Astra what she was doing was wrong,” Eliza said and placed the tablet on the table and walked around to stand at the front of the treadmill so she could look up at Lena.

“Kara is always willing to do what is right,” she said and her eyes were searching as they looked up at Lena. “Even at great cost to herself. It killed her, having to fight against someone she loved, but Astra was in the wrong. And if Kara is anything, she is just.”

Lena looked down at her feet as the blue of her Nike running shoes as they led her forward but kept her stationary. “She told me she loves me,” she confessed softly and swallowed a lump in her throat. She felt rather than heard Eliza shift and when she glanced up the doctor was smiling at her.

“And why wouldn’t she?” Eliza asked gently, obviously seeing some emotion on her face she couldn’t conceal. “You’re brave, strong, smart, funny-from what she’s told me, loyal, good, kind, generous, and loving. What’s not to love?”

Her throat was turning scratchy and there was a ball of emotion building in her throat and she cursed its bouncy ball tendencies. Her nose tingled and her eyes took on a glassy sheen and she blinked the tears back harshly.

“I’m a Luthor.” Her voice cracked and the ball moved higher and she lowered her eyes again.

Eliza gave a little sigh and Lena could feel her shoulders curl reflectively. She could handle board members, press, the general public, her tech teams, even other CEO’s and executives in the business world, but when it came to personal feelings and emotions she struggled. Living as a Luthor had taught her that her heart was weak and that her gentle soul was one to be taken advantage of. Business Lena Luthor was different to Lena, and Lena was always prepared for the stinging reprimands of her elders because- “Argh. Don’t cry Lena. It’s a sign of weakness. Go cry in your room where your ugly tears can’t distract the rest of us.”

“And I’m a Gordon,” she said with a little laugh and a shake of her head and Lena’s head lifted bemused. “My maiden name,” Eliza offered and she was smiling so warmly at Lena she thought she might have stepped into the sun.

“Our names don’t define us,” she said softly and reached forward and Lena absently let her take her hand, pausing the treadmill with the other. “We choose who we are. Who we want to be. Look at Kara.”

Kara. Lena’s heart did a little jump and then ached at the reminder of the betrayal.

“Kara is-“
“Kara’s Aunt and Uncle tried to enslave Earth,” Eliza interrupted, knowing that Lena never had anything ill to say of her adopted daughter. “Her mother sent her own sister to jail and used Kara to capture her. Kara choose who she wanted to be. That is what makes a person, Lena. Their choices. Not their blood, not their skin, not their family. Their choices.”

Eliza’s hands were warm and strong and she was reminded of Kara and knew that this woman had taught Kara how to use her heart, even if she had to teach Alex first, because it was obvious who Kara’s hero was.

“And from what she’s said of you,” Eliza smiled softly at her and Lena felt her lips rise in response, “you aren’t like your brother. You save people,” her hands squeezed and Lena clutched to them like a life-line. “Besides,” she added and then gently pulled away. “Do you think Kara could love someone who wasn’t as brave and strong and as good as her?”

That struck Lena harshly and she gave it a long moments thought as she started the treadmill again and was starting to jog before she came to the conclusion that yes; Kara could love someone who wasn’t Lena. Kara’s capacity for love was literally out of this world, but Kara had chosen Lena, and more than that had told her that she loved her, freely and fully. Lena may not think she was worthy of Kara’s love, or even time, but Kara had decided she was, and Kara was the best person she knew.

It was a poor adjective, but strongest, bravest, kindest, funniest, dorkiest, smartest, loving, generous, sweetest, were a lot of words and couldn’t even begin to describe Kara. Kara was Kara. She was everything the symbol of her House stood for. Hope. Compassion. Loyalty. Love. Kara was El Mayarah. Kara was everything.

And Kara had decided to give her heart to Lena, knowing who she was and who Lena was, so Lena had to be who Kara thought she was. Lena had to be this person that kind people like Dr Danvers comforted and smiled at. She had to be the person brave people like Detective Sawyer affectionately called ‘Little Luthor’. She had to be the person her capable assistant would stay loyal to. She had to be the Lena that Kara loved. And that, she realised in a brief moment, was Lena. Kara loved her for her. Kara loved Lena. So Lena would be Lena.

Lena; the orphan. Lena; the crying girl in the corner. Lena; the ‘new’ daughter. Lena; the ‘charity case’. Lena; the chess genius. Lena; the child prodigy. Lena; the broken and scared. Lena; the CEO. Lena; the woman. Lena; the engineer. Lena; the friend. Lena; the lover. Lena; the Luthor.

Only Lena Luthor was capable of loving and protecting Kara. So Lena Luthor she would be.

“I love Kara,” she said suddenly, barely out of breath, and saw the Dr start a little and when she looked over her smile was knowing.

“I know,” the doctor replied simply and went back to monitoring her vital signs.

The affection and approval in those two words warmed Lena from the inside and she wondered if this was what parental approval felt like.

The two continued to work quietly and the clock moved on and then Lena felt someone come closer, a person she was familiar. It was like feeling someone’s presence behind you and knowing who it was by the way they stood, walked, smelt, breathes, and the way the silence shifted. Alex Danvers was close. And she had Maggie with her. Lena didn’t know how she knew that but she knew it. As certain as she knew the chemical composition of water.

“Alex doesn’t like me very much, does she?” She asked Eliza, knowing that by her tone Eliza would know the question was rhetoric.
Eliza gave a little hum. “She’s scared of you,” she said thoughtfully as she looked over Lena’s readings. “What were you thinking just before? Your brainwaves spiked in a way I’ve never seen.”

Lena shrugged and gave a little shake of her head.

“Can we take a blood sample?” Eliza asked and she started to prepare the necessary tools. Lena nodded in agreement and kept jogging. She’d been jogging non-stop for over a half hour and was showing little strain of the excursion, even though she wasn’t going slow. Eliza had gone wide eyed once she’d reached the three mile mark in a little of nine minutes with no sign of slowing down, or any sign of physical strain. Lena was reporting how she was feeling with every mile that passed, but so far she was comfortable with her pace. The heart monitor was steady and so was her breathing, it was like she was out for a leisurely jog rather than the endurance test she was undertaking.

“I think she’s afraid for Kara,” Eliza said as she slid some gloves on and had Lena step down off the treadmill.

“I’m not going to hurt her,” Lena responded immediately, voice like steel with an undertone of hurt. As if she could ever bring herself to do anything that would hurt Kara. She’d die first.

“Oh, I know that,” Eliza said and Lena didn’t flinch as the needle entered her skin. “But she doesn’t.”

She drew enough blood and then had Lena back on the treadmill and she eyes her time with narrowed eyes. Her slight pause had dropped her average and she wanted to get it back up again. She accelerated her pace a little, knowing that within two to three miles she would have her average back up to what it was before.

“That’s partially my fault,” Eliza sighed and moved over to the bench with a small but powerful microscope. “When Kara came to us she was….. so alone. She was scared; scared of us, her powers, everything. She was lost. Jeremiah and I told Alex she had to protect her and because she is Alex she did, even if she wasn’t happy about it. She learned to love Kara. They went from friends to sisters to best friends and I knew that Kara would always have someone in Alex; that she never had to be alone again.”

For a moment the only sound was the steady thud of Lena’s feet on the treadmill.

“Alex has always protected Kara and now she has to protect Supergirl as well.”

It was the first time either of them had acknowledged what they had been speaking about but hadn’t named.

“They’re the same,” Lena offered and Eliza lifted her head, brow furrowed and shook her head.

“They are,” Lena repeated and smiled. “Kara is brave and strong and good. She’s a hero. I thought she was even before I knew about the cape.”

Eliza was looking at her with a glimmer in her eye and gave a little nod as Lena continued.

“Supergirl lets Kara be Kara; be who she is on the inside without holding back. But Kara Danvers lets Kara be Kara as well.” She tilted her head a little. “Thank you for giving her that. For loving her.”

Eliza let a smile cross her lips. “She’s easy to love.”

Lena nodded in agreement and turned forward again.
“Your daughters in the lobby,” she said and didn’t care to see the way Eliza stiffened and her eyes narrowed. “Ring her cell before she gets into trouble with Greg.”

She was concentrating on her breathing and footfalls as Eliza hesitantly reached for her phone and dialled her daughter.

“Put Greg on the phone Alex.”

Lena tuned out the rest of the conversation but could feel the doctor’s curious eyes on her as she lowered her phone.

“Alex is coming. Are you ready for that?”

Lena turned her head a moment and the smile that crossed her face was a Luthor one. “Of course. The question is, is she?”

Eliza’s brow furrowed a moment and she tilted her head to the side and the look reminded Lena of Kara that her features brightened and a smile curled her lips. Just thinking about Kara made her happy, even if at the moment she wasn’t sure how to feel about her friend’s identity.

“I’ve had enough of your daughters disdain for me,” Lena said quickly and made sure Eliza had looked up to meet her eyes. “I won’t pull my punches anymore. Not even for Kara.”

Eliza gave a little nod and then rose from her chair and walked across to pick up the tablet and then the door swung open.

She could feel Alex’s fear and confusion and rage across the room. It was time to be who she was. Lena Luthor. Kara loved her and that was all that mattered. It was something Alex had forgotten in her haste to crucify her.

“Agent Danvers,” she drawled, putting every ounce of her disdain for Kara’s sister into her title. “How nice of you to drop by unannounced.”

She could almost taste the furry in the agent rising and let herself smirk. She was facing away from the door so no-one but Eliza could see it. She didn’t miss Eliza shooting her a look that quite clearly was telling her to behave, but Lena was ready to have some fun. She’d maintained a polite distance from engaging with Alex, even though the elder Danvers sister had often glared at her and offered pointed words designed to cut and harm. Kara loved Alex and Lena loved Kara, so she wouldn’t tear down the agent as she had so longed to do, but to be honest, she was sick of Alex’s behaviour and was ready to stand up for herself. If Kara didn’t understand then she was not the woman she had thought she was.

Eliza was happy to see her daughter and Lena fought down the lingering ache of pain that followed whenever she thought of Lillian.

There was an odd thought in her mind now, something that almost made her steps falter. It was of the rear of the car she had Haz hire to drive Eliza around. It lingered just ahead of her and then faltered and she got the feeling she had been following it and had lost it. Oh.

She returned her attention back to the conversation in time to ask Alex just how she had found them. Haz had told her the first time he had been followed and so she had borrowed the National City camera feeds to have a look and on their next discussion they both had agreed that it was Alex and Maggie tailing them. She’d told Haz to lose them every time, and hadn’t been subtle about how it amused her. Haz had chuckled and done as she had bid and had gotten rid of their tails each time. He had even had to remove a tracking device once or twice- though that had irked Lena. It was one
thing to follow the car, it was an entirely different thing to track it illegally. And that was just one point against Alex Danvers in her mind. She had to understand she was not the law and could not just do as she wished.

Ah, and it appeared that Eliza hadn’t realised they had been following her. How interesting. Alex’s cheeks reddened at the reprimand. For some reason Maggie suddenly came to mind. Curious.

Alex was defending herself to her mother and Lena wondered how she would get out of it. Intentions aside it was an invasion of privacy, and she was using government issued equipment for personal use. What would the agency she worked with think of that?

When Eliza turned back to her she met her gaze and shrugged. She didn’t care how Haz had gotten the car hire, only that it couldn’t be traced back to her. She didn’t want anyone to connect her and Eliza. It wasn’t safe for the doctor. So far no one had made another attempt on her life since the DEO started to guard her, but she wanted to be safe than sorry. And the agents weren’t actually aware of who she was meeting—she’d gone to great lengths to make sure of it. To keep Eliza safe, but also so that they didn’t report back to their superiors, as she knew they were doing. She was surprised they hadn’t planted bugs around her living areas and temporary office, but realised that they must have known she would be on to them and had decided not to. Kudos to whoever was in charge of the mission. Lena would have torn their agency apart if they had. She hadn’t allowed the actual FBI to wire-tap and trace her—much to their collective fury she was certain—so why would she let the DEO.

“I told you I would see to your needs while we worked together. That included your safety to and from here.” She would be damned if she allowed someone who was working with and for her to be hurt because of her. She didn’t appreciate it in the workplace and she wouldn’t allow it for a personal matter either. Plus Kara would be devastated if anything happened to Eliza and Lena couldn’t handle the guilt of having it happen on her watch.

“We’ll discuss this later,” Eliza told her and Lena ducked her head. Truthfully she had been expecting it the moment she realised Alex was here. She could tell Eliza wanted to know how she wanted this to play out. In any scenario Alex was in the wrong. She had trespassed and then tried to bully her way into the rest of the building, only Lena granting her clearance had kept her from being tossed out on her ass and she didn’t want to know what Alex’s reaction to that would be. The self-righteous very rarely enjoyed obstacles before them.

Still. For all that Alex was losing sight of what was important when it came to Lena and her tunnel vision around the Luthor, Alex was at heart a good person and she loved and protected Kara. So any negative point she could have was immediately outweighed by that— but it didn’t mean Lena liked the way Alex treated her on account of her last name. That was not fair.

So… how did she get out of this situation without looking like the villain Alex was so clearly ready to paint her as? She was thinking of it when Eliza turned to her and she slowed her jogging down to a trot. Humans were built for endurance and she was certain she could hold this pace for much longer if necessary, but she was just using it to warm down so she didn’t hurt herself.

“I’ll need her word that she doesn’t tell a soul, including Kara.” That would be bad. Very, very bad. “And I suppose I’ll need some assurance from your Martian friend.” That would be very bad. The last thing she needed was an angry alien space dad—from what she had learned from Kara and Supergirl she was viewing the Martian as a father figure— looking into her.

Eliza nodded agreeably. She knew that Alex was in the wrong here and that if Lena weren’t being so lenient she could use the law to tear her down: the DEO would have to meet Lena’s requests if they didn’t want her to get aggressive with them. Were she not Lena Luthor; billionaire, genius CEO, they could probably get away with a heavy hand, but Lena was built to fight and she would fight
back if necessary and the DEO didn’t want to risk that. They best option was for Alex to do as she was told. J’onn would agree when Eliza spoke with him, he had to understand the risks and the laws that Alex had broken.

Slightly amused by Alex’s confusion and furry she kept jogging and waited for Eliza to ask her exactly what she wanted. In the weeks they had been working together they had learnt a healthy respect for each other and would be honest with each other. It made work go much smoothly and also grew their relationship. Lena was sure, that if they continued like this, she might come to view Eliza as a mother-figure, one that she never had, and she wasn’t sure what to feel about it.

When Eliza wanted to know what she wanted she mulled it over, even closing her eyes in thought. She ran through multiple scenarios as the minutes ticked over and could tell Alex was getting anxious and twitchy, but Eliza was patient. She knew Lena would need time to think it over before she made her decision, until they could only wait.

Curiously, all the vibes she was getting from Eliza were patience, acceptance, respect, and trust. It warmed her heart to be respected by Kara’s mum. Alex, on the other hand, was giving off some seriously aggressive vibes. Lena knew that Alex didn’t care about rules or ethics when it came to things she believed in, that much had already been shown. She cared, deeply, and that was one character trait that could be turned negative, as it was currently.

What did Lena want from this? She wanted to be left alone with Eliza to work out what was happening to her body. Her life was a constant headache and she had run through pills strong enough to knock an elephant out in an attempt to make herself sleep, only to have them wear off in a few hours. So something was happening to her body and she wasn’t sure she liked where it was heading. Exposure to kryptonite seemed to enhance whatever was happening to her and now she knew why some things were happening after she’d been around Kara. Kara must be giving off minor radiation; nothing big enough for humans to worry about, or to even be detected at a distance, but enough for Lena’s altered cells to notice and react accordingly.

She didn’t want Kara to know about it; didn’t want her to know she was hiding this from her. Though on the scale of things hiding; Hey. I’m working in secret with your mum to find out what’s happening to me because my body is reacting to Kryptonite and we aren’t sure why or what the consequences will be- was a little smaller than; I’m Supergirl. So, yeah. Kara didn’t have the high ground there.

She wanted to carry on and find out if her own calculations were correct and then deal with that herself before she brought others into it.

She opened her eyes, blinking at the light and slowed the treadmill down to a walk and gave Alex her full attention as she told her what she expected from Alex. The agent was not happy, that was obvious, but she was between a rock and a hard place and didn’t have much of an option. She had to warn her that if she did talk of anything she learnt when she really shouldn’t have; breaking the law to get information was kind of illegal and wouldn’t hold up in a court, so why should Lena accept it now?

Alex hadn’t liked that threat, Lena had known that the moment she had made it but couldn’t resist. She was getting very frustrated with Alex Danvers and her attitude towards her when she, Lena, had done nothing wrong.

Of course Alex just had to respond- couldn’t let a Luthor get away with anything that wasn’t friendly- and Eliza had sighed and gone back to work. Lena knew she was going to let the two girls sort their differences. As much as it pained her to admit it; Alex was in the wrong and wouldn’t be winning this argument.
“Simple,” Lena had answered as she stepped down off the treadmill. “I’ll tell the world Kara is Supergirl.” They would believe her. After all, she was Lena Luthor. She was expected to know about the Super’s, and she had a large number of followers on social media. As good as the DEO tech experts were, if Lena Luthor posted it; they wouldn’t be able to stop the viral spread of it. Kara’s identity would be known globally by night fall.

But she would never do that to Kara. Wouldn’t do that to Supergirl, or Superman, even if Supergirl wasn’t Kara. Supergirl had a right to privacy and a right to a normal (or as normal as she could get for an alien hiding out on Earth) life. That would hurt Kara, and Lena would kill herself before she let her actions purposely hurt Kara. But Alex didn’t know that. To Alex she had just been the big, bad Luthor she was already in Alex’s mind.

Alex’s hand twitched and Lena knew she was thinking of her service weapon and wondered if Alex would have the guts to threaten her.

“I’m sure they’ll find it…..fascinating. After all. I did.”

Lena ignored Eliza’s exasperated look, to busy finding amusement in the way Alex’s eyes had widened and her features had turned ashen. She had just confirmed all of Alex’s fears; that she was stepping into the anti-Super shoes left by her brother, even though none of her actions had indicated she would do so in the slightest. It is funny how perception can be distorted, Lena considered as she watched Alex break in front of her.

Lena wondered if she should still push, if Alex was even ready to spew the vitriol she held in her heart against Lena, and decided she needed to nudge her a little further. Alex had to confront her own fears and realise just how she had been treating Lena. If Lena were not Lena, she may have been pushed into the role the world, and Alex Danvers, wanted her in; Lena Luthor, alien hater. After all, all Luthor’s were bad, apparently. But she would not be forced into a role that she didn’t want; even if the world was against her. Supergirl…. Kara….. was on her side, and Kara was strong enough for the both of them. Strong enough to give some of her strength to Lena, even if she weren’t there, even if she didn’t know it. But that was how hero’s worked, Lena decided as Alex’s eyes flashed with defiance, rage and fear, they gave you the strength to be your own heroes.

“Besides,” Lena stepped off the treadmill, grabbed a towel, and reached for a bottle of water. Hydration was important. “Glasses and pastel cardigans aren’t really much of a disguise. Clark’s is no better.” While they weren’t a good disguise, Lena now knew better. She had always known about Clark, but she hadn’t known instantly about Kara. Because she hadn’t been looking for Kara in Supergirl, she had seen Supergirl in Kara and not even realised what she was looking at. She had seen Kara’s strength and loss and bravery and hope all wrapped together behind a bright smile, soft eyes, and a beautiful heart. No-one else bothered to look further, but Lena had. Lena had seen Kara and hadn’t been able to tear her eyes away, much like people did when they saw the Superheros. Kara had been all that Lena could see, and even when she was no longer looking at her she had felt her presence, still looked out at the world with bleary eyes, blinded from having gazed upon the sun.

Alex was shaking, with rage or fear, Lena wasn’t sure. “How,” she croaked out and Eliza was slipping gloves back on and preparing a needle.

Lena had to smile; thinking back on how that had happened. “Two little words.” They hadn’t been the ones Lena had wanted, or wanted now that she knew, because ‘I love you’ was the biggest and best thing that had ever happened to her, but ‘I’m Supergirl,’ would have also been life-changing. But Lena was content with the words Kara had given her; relaxed and comfortable and safe enough to utter them twice. “Mh, Night Lena,” had changed everything and Lena was trying to find her feet as the river of life swept her along, but she knew she would manage. She was Lena Luthor, after all.
She turned her head and watched as Eliza wiped down another area of her skin and prepared the needle.

“Mum?!” Alex was aghast, glancing between the two and Lena wondered if she was finally going to snap.

And then Alex drew her fire-arm in a swift, fluid movement.

Wonderful.

“Alexandra!” Eliza gasped in shock before her eyes narrowed. “What do you think you’re doing?!”

“She’s corrupted you! Somehow!” Alex shouted back and the door barged open, Agent Rook drawing his gun and glancing between the three of them in confusion.

“It’s alright, Dave;” Lena called to her guard and his eyes were sharp as they glanced between the three of them; Eliza standing next to Lena with a needle ready to draw blood, Lena calmly watching, and Alex, with her gun drawn on an unarmed woman who didn’t look threatening at all.

“You’re working with her!” Alex growled and her hands were steady and Lena blinked back at her calmly. “She’s controlling you somehow! She just threatened Kara!” Alex was clearly confused but her back was straight and her hands steady as she held the gun on Lena. “Get away from her!”

“Agent Davners?” Rook’s eyes were concerned as he looked between them all and then he slowly lifted his gun, and set his sights on Alex. “Drop the gun, Agent Danvers.” Rook said clearly and Alex’s eyes widened and she stepped to the side, still keeping her gun trained on Lena, and looked at him betrayed.

“What?! Are you mad, Agent? Lower your gun. That’s an order!”

“Ma’am. I cannot obey that. Lower your gun.”

“That is an order, soldier,” Alex’s eyes narrowed and there was a glint in her eye.

“No, Ma’am,” he said strongly, voice not wavering. “My orders are to protect Lena Luthor from any threats. That includes you, Ma’am. Please lower your gun.”

“Alex,” Eliza said calmly and she had lowered the needle, but was still sticking close to Lena; just in case. “Let me explain. Please, put the gun down.”

Lena almost felt sorry for Alex. Her subordinate was disobeying her and had his gun trained on her, and her mother was protecting and working with a woman she so clearly loathed. Almost. But then she remembered how it felt to have those glares on her, the words so carefully chosen to prick holes in her armour, the undisguised hatred that Lena had done nothing to deserve, how Kara had defended her to her sister and how Alex hadn’t listened.

“Mum?! How can you- You’re working with her!” The gun barrel jerked a little in Lena’s direction and Eliza took a careful step in front of her with her hands help up.

“Honey,” Eliza said softly, gently. “Please calm down and lower the gun. We’ll explain.”

“She just threatened Kara!”

Agent Rook’s shoulders shuddered and Alex cast a glance at him. He was glancing between Lena and Alex now, clearly torn. Then he straightened and turned his body back towards Alex.
“You’ll find, Agent Danvers,” Lena offered mildly, trying to defuse the tension but confident that Alex wouldn’t fire with her mother standing in front of her. “That I only threatened to out Supergirl if you didn’t comply with my request.”

Alex twitched as though to shake an errant fly.

“And really,” Lena continued, stepping from behind Eliza and ignoring her concerned look. “Who is in the wrong here? You’ve been following Haz and Eliza for weeks, even placing tracking devices on the car and trying to trace her cell.”

Eliza’s jaw twitched and her eyes narrowed but Lena kept talking.

“Then you come barging in here without a warrant and draw your gun on my security. Then you try to bully your way inside. The only reason you were allowed to was because I was concerned with what would happen if you weren’t allowed in. I didn’t want you to do anything stupid… like you are doing now.”

Lena folded her arms and glared at Alex, staring down the barrel as Alex clicked the safety off.

“You’re a Luthor,” Alex spat and though her eyes were blazing with rage her arms were steady.

“Yes,” Lena drawled and leant casually against the arms of the treadmill, drawing away from Eliza and making sure she looked as unthreatening as possible. But to Alex she was a Luthor and was therefore dangerous always.

“Let’s list my crimes shall we? Can you?” She was a master in the boardroom, capable of reducing men and women of the various boards she was on to quivering, sobbing messes with a few well-chosen words, Alex was an inconvenience. She was letting her emotions get the best of her, and that made her vulnerable to Lena’s tongue.

“Because I can’t possibly imagine my crimes,” she said and made certain to let her posture and facial expressions convey her disdain.

“I was merely visiting my doctor.”

Her eyes narrowed and she let a hint of Lena Luthor, CEO slip into her voice. “You, on the other hand. Have been stalking, Trespassing. Breaking the law. Trying to use your authority to bully your way into this building, and pulled a gun on my employees and myself without just cause….. and you say that I am in the wrong?”

“Mum isn’t a doctor,” Alex said and kept her gun trained on Lena and glanced warningly at Rook when he tried to inch forward. “Not that kind of doctor.”

“Ah, well, my medical health is between us.”

“Lena,” Lena turned to look at Eliza. “Please. This isn’t helping.”

“I’m not trying to help, Dr,” Lena said and glanced back at Alex. “I just want Alex to take a good look at her actions and mine and see who the real villain is.”

Eliza sighed softly and shook her head. “I know how you feel, but this isn’t the answer.”

Perhaps it was the gun or maybe how gently and softly Eliza had made her request but Lena sighed and gave a little nod.
“As you wish,” she said and folded her arms.

Eliza nodded gratefully at Lena and then looked back at her daughter. “Alex. Put the gun down and let us explain.”

“Mum- I don’t understand! How can you work with her? She threatened Kara! Threatened Supergirl!”

Lena shifted against the treadmill and lifted her drink bottle to her lips, interested to see how this would go.

“I know honey, but she didn’t mean it. Let us explain.”

Alex’s brow twitched and she looked confused between the two.

“Coffee.”

All eyes returned to Lena. “I feel like a coffee…and a shower,” she said and pushed off the treadmill with her hip. “I think it would be a good idea to sit around and talk about this… That is if you’re willing to not try to kill me just yet.”

Eliza inhaled deeply and let it out in a huff and shook her head at Lena.

The young CEO lifted her shoulder in an unapologetic shrug.

“I don’t particularly enjoy having my life threatened, Dr. I am, for the moment, letting it slide. Now, coffee?”

Eliza just shook her head. “Fine. Coffee sounds like a great idea.”

Lena smiled at her and then looked over at the two agents. “You will give Agent Rook your gun until we have talked.”

Her phone was over on the table next to Eliza and she snatched it as she walked towards the doors.

“Shall we?”

Alex wavered and then slowly lowered the gun. “Fine, but I’m not giving up my gun.”

Rook lowered his as well and holstered it and Lena lifted an eyebrow. “Afraid you wouldn’t be able to take me in a fair fight?”

Alex scoffed and her eyes narrowed. “I’d be able to take you, Luthor.”

Lena smiled slowly, and it wasn’t a nice smile. It was full of teeth. A crocodile. “You keep telling yourself that.”

“I’m a highly trained government-“

“Children!” Eliza came up behind Lena and raised her hand. “Can we stop for one minute? I’m getting a headache.”

Lena glanced behind her and gave a little nod and pushed through the doors past a tense Alex and into the hallway.

“I’m having a shower,” she commented and walked down the hallways towards the shower and her
clean clothes.

She didn’t care what Eliza said to get Alex to calm down and what Alex and Agent Rook discussed in order for it not to get back to the DEO that Alex had pulled her gun on Lena and had bullied her way into her building, what she cared about was the notifications on her phone. Supergirl and a cyborg were fighting it out in downtown National City. Her heart gave a little jump. Kara!

Chapter End Notes

Have faith in your author :D I'm gonna do my best as we continue. The angst is getting closer, can you see it yet? Update is early this week. Enjoy your weekend :D
The song for this is Westlife's 'When you tell me that you love me (featuring Dianna Ross). If you haven't heard it, I do recommend giving it a listen, especially at the end. It is a perfect song, don't you think?

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Lena leant back on one end of the couch and watched as the steam curled its way from her coffee into the air. To her left Eliza was sitting with a coffee and sipping it quietly while eyeing Alex over the ceramic rim.

Agent Rook had taken his own drink and was standing a distance away, obviously reassured that Alex wasn’t going to defend herself and Kara. Lena wondered what they could possibly have discussed and then realised she didn’t really care. What Alex Danvers did with her agents didn’t concern Lena in the slightest, as long as their goals were aligned with protecting Kara she was willing to let them break as many rules as they liked…. As long as it didn’t oppose her. But seeing as she was very invested in protecting Kara/Supergirl, she didn’t see why they would need to be on opposite sides of the chess board.

Alex was still fuming, but evidently Eliza had talked her down so Lena wouldn’t be staring down the barrel of a gun any time soon.

God had she needed a shower and this coffee was a divine gift. She’d swallowed enough pills to knock-out a gladiator after her shower in the hope that the pills would chase the headache away, but she wasn’t holding her breath. She was feeling better now. Refreshed and her mind was running, turning scenarios and thoughts over and over; analysing them and moving on to the next as she thought. She felt like she hadn’t stopped thinking since she had come to that realisation on the hill top, and she probably hadn’t. Her mind was running at full speed trying to piece things together and work options out that would result in the best possible consequence.

She didn’t blame Alex for pulling her gun on her, not really. It was the only defence the agent had against her, no doubt she knew that Lena currently held all the cards. Kara probably wouldn’t appreciate Alex threatening Lena, even when she was doing it in response to Lena threatening Kara and telling Kara would mean that Alex had to explain everything and it would be another thing Alex had kept from Kara, atop of Guardian and Astra and even J’onn.

Eliza being so firmly on her side had been a surprise, but she guessed that it was because Eliza had started to know her for who she was, more so than anyone else Lena had let into her life, bar Kara of course. And maybe Eliza had been annoyed that Alex was basically stalking her because she hadn’t been able to tell her what work she was doing. And of course she had kind of confessed that she was in love with Kara to her mother, with all of them aware of the situation, so maybe Eliza thought Lena was a puddle of goo when it came to Kara. Which, admittedly, was the truth, but Alex didn’t know that.

It must have been a big surprise for Alex to see Lena and her mother working together, and knowing
that it must be something big for the two of them to be on a project with such secrecy. And she was probably hurt. And she had known that Alex wouldn’t shoot her, it wasn’t in Alex’s nature, but to be fair she’d had a moment where she had wondered, especially when she started to press on Alex’s weakness, Kara. And that had settled one of the questions in her mind and moved Alec to a firm ally on her chessboard, even if she didn’t like Lena all that much.

Lena would never betray Kara, but Alex didn’t know that, and the idea of it must terrify her. Rightly so. Alex would have seen Lex and Clark’s battle in Metropolis and to have that kind of intelligence and hatred turned on someone she cared so much for would be paralysing. And Lena knew exactly who Kara and Supergirl was, she knew her weakness and her strengths and could manipulate them accordingly. She could imagine just how terrifying it would be for Alex- just the thought of her brother going after Kara made her breath catch, and that must be what Alex felt like when she looked at her. Oh. Oh, of course. That explained her caution and distrust. Lena would never trust Lex anywhere near Kara, and though Alex had no say in who Kara hung out with, the fact that she had to keep quiet and simmer on her feelings without being able to tell Lena what she truly thought of her and her last name- not without telling her Kara’s secret. Alex just had to be quiet and watch and wait for Lena to screw up, and be prepared to pick up the pieces, to protect her sister as she had always done.

And…. Maybe Lena hadn’t made it easier for her to be liked. She was so used to people wanting something from her, or pretending only to throw her to the wolves, that her walls were miles high and just as thick. Only a superhero could get over them. But she’d opened the door for Kara, so maybe that didn’t count.

Agent Rook drawing his gun on Alex had also been a surprise. She was aware the agents assigned her had been ordered to protect her from any and all threats, no matter what they were, but to have him follow those orders enough to be willing to enter a stale-mate with Alex had been very surprising. When she got over the betrayal she thought that Alex might appreciate his dedication to his job, but right now she was a bit angry and confused and betrayed.

Maybe Lena should go easier on her. She was Kara’s hero after all. And Lena was in a better mood now that she’d had a shower, taken some pills, and had a coffee in her hand. It had been a long day, and it was only mid-morning.

“So,” she settled into the couch and crossed her legs, ignoring the pull of her jeans. “Have you finished with your little tantrum?” Lena enquired casually. Alex sneered in response but cast a glance to Eliza and kept her mouth shut.

“Good,” Lena said and straightened, voice returning to normal and eyes sharp.

“All you need to know is that Eliza and I are working together-you don’t need to know what we are looking into.”

Alex’s jaw worked but she kept silent and Lena wondered what Eliza had said to her to make her hold her tongue. It might be usefull later.

“Secondly. Yes,” Lena said softly. “I am aware of who Kara is and what that means….. and I have no intention of telling anyone what I know.”

“You threatened her just-“

“Agree to disagree,” Lena shook the accusation off with a flick of her hand. “That threat is only on the table if you tell anyone about today’s little…..” She paused to search for an appropriate word, “expedition. I am willing to sign whatever I have to, to make you feel better about me knowing as
long as this,” she waved her hand around, “doesn’t get out. At least not until I want it to.”

Alex met her gaze squarely for a moment, brows tight and lips tense. “It’s your collateral,” she said as she finally understood. “I tell, or Maggie tells, and you do the same....” Her eyes narrowed. “That’s a bitchy thing to do,” she informed her archly. “I thought Kara was your friend.”

Lena gave a low little chuckle. “I’ll tell Kara when I’m good and ready—If I’m good and ready. Just like I expect her to tell me, if and when she’s ready to tell me she’s Supergirl. We are friends,” Lena said and was certain her features had softened. “But I am entitled to my own secrets, just as she is.”

She took a sip of her coffee in dismissal and then turned to Eliza. “If that is all, Dr. I have urgent business to attend to.”

Eliza gave a nod. “I’ll let you know what I find.”

“Thank you,” Lena rose fluidly to her feet and wandered back over to the kitchenette and started to rise out her cup. Alex and Eliza had a hushed hissed conversation that she paid no mind to, mentally running through half formed plans and ideas.

“We’ll be in touch,” she told Eliza with a respectful nod and a small smile and then she was gone, clicking down the hallway with MAD and Rook falling into step with her.

She took her phone out immediately and streamed it to a live battle between Supergirl and some cyborg. They were evenly matched and were well on their way to destroy downtown National City. From the looks of things it was not going the best for Supergirl, and Lena fought down the ache in her chest.

She made her way down the hall, nodded greeting to Maggie, who looked behind her to see if Alex was with her. “Little Luthor.”

“Detective,” Lena looked up from her phone and forced a smile in greeting.

Though misguided, she did like Maggie, and knew her heart was in the right place. She was like Alex in that way, both ruled by their hearts. It wasn’t a bad thing, usually, but now they couldn’t see clearly. Or maybe only one of them wasn’t seeing clearly. Maggie’s dark eyes moved over her face and down to the phone in her hand and her eyes were knowing, even as they were grave. “Supergirl will handle it just fine.”

Lena’s lips stretched and she grimaced as the camera twisted to see a figure in blue and red thrown into a building. Kara got to her feet after a few moments and then a blur was flying through the sky.

“Agent Danvers is speaking with Eliza,” she said as she passed her. “I— will you apologise for me? I’m not...” she hesitated and shook her head. “I’m sorry, I have to go. Stay safe detective.”

And she was gone, striding down the hall with her thoughts in a turmoil and her heart on a girl from Krypton fighting for everything the ‘S’ on her chest stood for miles away.

Lex and CADMUS were out there, and that meant Kara was in danger. And Lena would do anything to protect Kara, she’d give her everything, even her life. And if that was what it took then......
Alex took a deep breath and let it out in an exhale as she rested her forehead against the cool wood of her door. It had been a long day. First Kara had blown her powers out in a fight downtown with Hank Henshaw, then she had had that confrontation with Lena Luthor. Rook had pulled his gun on her, and then Lena and Eliza were working together on a project that neither would tell her about. Then Kara and Alex had talked about Lena while she was lying under the sun-lamps and Alex had to bite her cheek hard enough to draw blood to not caution Kara about the woman who had just threatened to out her not six hours ago. It felt like world was falling apart and she didn’t have the strength to hold it together. She was lost and confused and didn’t know what to think. She needed her sister. But Kara could never know about what happened today.

Maggie had to return to the station so it was just her tonight; her and pizza, beer and Netflix. Anything to drown her thoughts.

She didn’t like that Lena Luthor and her mother were working together, and while she knew her mother wouldn’t willingly work on something sinister she couldn’t help but worry. She’d taken a peak at some of the Lex Corp drugs and knew that there were ‘suggestion’ serums that had been developed and hoped Eliza hadn’t been effected. When she had mentioned this to her mother, because it seemed the only reason that Eliza would willingly and secretly work with Lena Luthor, Eliza had said she would bring Alex with her every time she went out to meet Lena, so that Alex could be assured that she was helping Lena of her own free will. Eliza had even taken a blood sample of her own and given it to Alex while she was there in the lab and told her to run her own tests on it. Alex had and it had come up empty. But she still didn’t like the secrecy.

And on top of that she had to have a stern talk with Agent Rook about orders and protocol. That had been a challenge. The agent had been apologetic about pulling his gun on her, and had said he didn’t know if he could have pulled the trigger, that keeping her in his sights was difficult, but that she had been wrong in pulling the gun on Lena Luthor. Alex disagreed. She had threatened Supergirl. Threatened Kara.

Dave had been…. Odd about that. He had been a bit surprised that Lena was now completely and openly aware that she knew Kara and Supergirl were one in the same, but he didn’t seem convinced that Lena had threatened to take her identity public. Which was frustrating. She had clearly heard Lena threaten her with that, and so had he. Of course Dave maintained that there was something else that they weren’t seeing and that Lena cared too much for Kara to do that.

Still. Alex wasn’t willing to risk it. It was her job to protect her sister, and if that meant she had to keep Lena and Kara apart then she was willing to do that. Lena was dangerous to Kara, more so now that she knew about her secret identity. Her heart skipped a beat in pain as she wondered how Kara would recover from the betrayal; even threatening to out her as Supergirl was a betrayal Alex couldn’t forget, let alone wonder how Kara could, if and when it came to light.

Alex’s hands were tied there. So were Maggie’s, but Maggie had seemed much calmer about everything when Lena had left and she had been invited into the lab for a coffee. If Alex approached Kara about Lena she would have to tell her why she didn’t trust her or like her, and that would mean she would be hurting Kara, and would mean Lena could make use of her threat. Whether she did or not, the threat was there and couldn’t be ignored. Lena Luthor couldn’t be bullied into silence, she was a powerful woman on her own.

Maggie had been pensive about it but had shook of her questions, telling her she needed to think about it, but warning Alex not to do anything rash and asking her to look at it from Lena’s point of view. All Alex saw was red, and not the red of rage. It was the red of blood. Lena could destroy Kara and Supergirl, and there was nothing Alex could do but wait until she made her move.
Shaking her head she pushed off the door and made sure to secure the locks and then took care of her fire arm before she started to peel her clothes of as she walked towards her bedroom. A hot shower, hair wash, and beer and pizza. In that order. She rang for a pizza while she got her pyjamas from underneath her pillow and placed her order with her shoulder keeping her phone and ear connected while she removed her uniform.

Order placed she turned to Spotify and found one of her eighties and nineties playlists and let Toto’s Africa work with the water to wash away her tension. She absolutely did not sing along to any of the songs as she relaxed and let the music flow through her. She was a badass. She didn’t sing. Period.

The shower revitalised her and she was in a much better mood as she dried her hair and settled onto her couch to await her pizza. She’d grabbed a beer on her way past the fridge and propped her feet on her coffee table as she scrolled through Netflix. She and Kara, and she and Maggie had specific programs they watched, so she had to choose something that she could watch by herself. There was a lot of options and in the end she settled on what that looked to be amusing, 1000 ways to die.

She was watching a guy trying to be a survivalist- and knowing he was about to die horribly- when there was a knock at her door. Her pizza! She scrambled from the couch and walked quickly to the door, making sure it was her delivery boy Jason, before opening the door. He was a pimple-faced kid that was trying to work his way through college and she and Kara always tipped him well and he was smiling a greeting.

“Your sister working today?” He asked in greeting as he spun the box and held out the eftpos machine with the other. He knew that when the two Danvers sisters were together they ordered about four pizza’s, so when there was only one or two ordered he knew that Alex was alone or had Maggie there.

Alex nodded as she swiped her card. “She’s got another article.” Of course the civilian delivery boy couldn’t know about Kara, or Alex really, and their jobs but he was friendly and they knew him well enough to talk about their lives a little. Jason lived with his grandparents after his parents were killed in a drunk driving crash, and he was studying criminal justice so that he could ‘put the bastards that deserve it in jail,’ in his words. He knew that Alex worked at the FBI, and that Kara was a reporter.

“I saw her last one, the one on the Luthor?” He gave an appreciative whistle. “She’s smoking that one. A bit crazy maybe, but ho— she cut himself off and ran his tongue over his teeth. Alex had been perfectly friendly and in a great mood until he had mentioned Lena Luthor. She might have fixed him with her ‘badass Agent glare.’

“Yeah….” He stretched the word out and gave a little nod. “See ya next time!” And then he was striding back down the hallway, likely about to start singing as he sometimes did. Alex was rewarded with him belting out the lyrics to some modern popular song as he rounded the corner and she didn’t fight the fond smile that rose to her lips. Some people could find joy in the simplest things and she envied them for it.

But that had brought Lena Luthor back to the centre and she huffed as she shut the door with her foot and locked it.

Maggie had asked her to think things through from Lena’s point of view, and she would try, at least so she could tell her girlfriend that she had. She didn’t want to, and any time she thought of it her blood boiled and she swore her body temperature rose several degrees with rage.

Deciding to write everything out as though she were giving a report to her superiors, she found a
note-pad and a pen and set herself up on the table. She had her pizza box open and steaming and it tasted amazing as she took her first bite. She’d even set her beer on a magazine near by and had her note-pad next to her so she could write everything out.

She started with her mother and her suspicions about her involvement in something shady. She made sure to note the car, the driver, and the fact that the car was currently on hire to a dead man. She also noted that the driver managed to lose her and Maggie’s tail on multiple occasions and could pick up their tracking devices with ease.

Then she talked about the clinic. After leaving Eliza and returning to the DEO Alex had had a word with Vasquez and had the other agent send her through all the information she had gathered on Robeck TLC to her personal account. She’d had a look over it while Kara had been in the med bay and sleeping under the sun lamps.

Basically the clinic had been in danger of going under for the entirety of its existence and the two doctors that owned it often had to go practice at other facilities to pay for the medicine and supplies themselves. The other doctors on their staff volunteered on days off so none of their staff took wages. The receptionists volunteered as well, and the clinic ran mostly off donations. The doctor’s policy was that if you couldn’t afford to pay that was okay, but if you could, then it was appreciated so that they could continue to help those that needed it. Many local business provided funding, and for the most part the clients help fund raise, but they were operating constantly in the red most of the time.

So… the new security upgrades, as well as the equipment and now seemingly unlimited budget had raised a few red flags. Of course there was the paperwork to prove that a wealthy company had liked the hospitals aims and had whole-heartedly funded them…. Just…. With a private wing with heavy security and armed guards. Not suspicious at all. Of course, no one got to go back there. Not the receptionists, not the clients (who were thankful to have free medical care if they couldn’t afford the modest fees for their medicine-the doctors worked for free) so no one could question it at all. The alterations weren’t on any blue-prints or building consents that Alex and Vasquez could find. So as far as anyone knew a wealthy businessman or woman had decided to lend the community a helping hand and use Robeck TLC to do it. Only Alex now knew that that someone was Lena Luthor…. And that Lena Luthor was working on something in secret with her mother.

It was all highly confusing. But back to that at the end of her report.

She wrote about her investigating the room, the way the receptionist had warned her not to go further and the fact she had a panic button. The armed former military and living quarters for them were an added bonus. Finding a fully stocked lab-with equipment that was as up to date as the ones in the DEO, had not been promising. One didn’t hide a secret laboratory in a private wing of a community hospital without their being sinister motives behind it.

And Lena Luthor had been there, looking like she had stepped out of a casting call for ‘Cyborg: Earth’s annihilation.’ Then she had threatened Kara. And that was not okay. Capital N.

But…. To be fair to Lena, she had only offered the threat as a counter-offer to Alex’s own behaviour; a silent threat to expose what she had illegally learnt. No doubt Lena thought she was justified in threatening Alex with her Kryptonite. Kara.

She took a moment to slacken her grip on her pen, now conscious of the way she’d been holding it, and rubbed her palm a little to simulate blood flow.

Sitting back with a sigh she reached for, and took a large gulp of, her beer, before staring at her pseudo report.
From everything she had written in her report she was in the wrong. Lena was well within her rights to buy out a hospital and fund it. She could even create a private wing. Any doctor who wanted and was willing could work with her. The guards were suspicious and Alex would have to look into their firearm permits to make sure that was legal, but she guessed it would be. While Lena wasn’t broadcasting her actions, she likely didn’t want attention drawn to them; so it would have been done by the book. On the record at least. Any bribery or corner cutting would be hidden from prying eyes. Alex and Maggie, on the other hand; had stalked, trespassed and drawn their weapons…. If this were to go any further it would not look good for them… and that, she guessed was what had made Lena hold Kara’s identity as collateral. No doubt someone would go digging into what she was doing, and from all appearances she didn’t want that. So she was basically blackmailing Alex, and Maggie, with Kara’s safety in order to keep them silenced.

The thought didn’t sit well with her. Maggie hadn’t liked the principle of it, either, but had warned Alex that they weren’t seeing the entire picture, and likely wouldn’t until Lena or Eliza told them. Eliza had said that she was there of her own free will- she’d had a weird look on her face though, when she had said that but Alex hadn’t sensed any deception from her so had allowed it. Still, she wondered. What could Lena possibly have that would make her mother want to help her with whatever she was doing? It was probably something to do with her outrunning Cole this morning. After all, Lena had mentioned her health and Eliza had been about to take a blood sample, so maybe they were developing some kind of super-human serum. The thought made her stomach feel like it was tying itself in knots. That kind of tech in the hands of anyone would be dangerous, having it in the hands of a woman like Lena Luthor could be catastrophic.

And that was the whole problem with Kara and Lena’s ‘friendship.’ Oh she had no doubt that Kara cared for Lena. Kara cared for everyone; in a selfless and whole-hearted manner, even the youngest Luthor wouldn’t be cast out from her embrace. It was the fact that Kara had somehow learnt, or been tricked, into apparently loving Lena that had kept Alex up many nights with apprehension gnawing at her gut.

Kara, for all that she was the strongest woman on earth, was one of the most delicate as well. Physically she was as unyielding as time, but emotionally and mentally were completely different stories. People never saw the loss that haunted Kara Danvers, or the sadness hidden behind a sunny smile. People never saw the raw and encompassing grief and weight that sunny, cheerful, hopeful, naive Kara Danvers shielded behind glasses, a ponytail, and pastel cardigans. It was something she didn’t want them to see. It was something she didn’t want to see, because if she did she would collapse beneath the weight of an entire civilisation; the burden of being the last Kryptonian; the responsibility of carrying their customs, beliefs, culture, all on her own. Kara Zor–El couldn’t hold that weight, and was unable to share that burden.

Sure Kal El was of Krypton, but Clark was a super-powered human. The language didn’t fall from his tongue the way it should have, he didn’t know what the mornings under a red sun tasted. He couldn’t share the loss of Kara Zor El. No one could. J’onn could, though. Both being the last of their kind. Being the last to remember. The last to mourn. The last to be. Because with time, there would be nothing left, only a glorified and capitalised ‘S’ on Earth, and maybe the memory of a girl and boy who fell from the stars. Kara couldn’t share that part of her with anyone, not unless they knew her secret, and that killed Alex on the inside.

She wanted what she had found with Maggie for Kara. She wanted Kara to come home to someone who knew and saw and loved all parts of her, but it was dangerous. Very, very dangerous. And not just for Kara. If someone she thought she could trust told the world who she was, Kara would be in danger sure, but so would everyone she cared about. If they kept silent they were still in danger. Being someone Kara cared about meant that you had the potential to be in danger for the rest of your life, anything to get at the superhero. It was a risk that Kara, and whoever she chose to be with, had
to deal with every day.

And Kara would have to live with being the reason for the people she cared about being in danger and possibly getting hurt. She would hold that guilt in her heart and never let it go. It was who she was. She felt everything so deeply.

Then there was the possibility of someone not being able to give Kara back the pieces of her heart she willingly gave away. That would break her sister, and Kara didn’t need any more breaking. If she loved and gave her heart away and didn’t get it back? Kara Zor El and Kara Danvers would shatter. And anyone who was responsible for hurting her sister so badly would have a very angry certified badass coming after them. Still.

Those problems aside there was the main issue of Kara’s choice being Lena Luthor. Almost anyone else Alex could have handled. Literally anyone. Heck, she could even have Cat as long as it wasn’t Lena. Bloody. Luthor.

There mere thought of Lena was… paralysing.

Lena; the scientist CEO of L-Corp was a billionaire, genius, known for being cold-hearted and ruthless. Her portfolio was extensive and her inventions were snapped up the moment they went on the market. She exploited weaknesses in others like a lion signally out a weak gazelle and then moving in for the kill. She crushed her opposition with grace and ease of a snake. Waiting for the moment to strike and powerfully moving in for the kill.

There were reports of peer review journals where a fifteen year-old Lena had torn about the thesis’s of grown men with a sharp tongue and clever wit. And even whispers of a confrontation between Lena and Lex where a teenage Lena had come out on top. She was at the forefront of modern technology with fingers in every advancement-pie and had expressed, in the past, her fascination with ‘super’ humans. Dating one, having unrestricted access to one, would be like Christmas for her.

As a woman, as a CEO, Lena was dangerous. She got what she wanted from people, and, according to the media, didn’t care for who she used to get it, or the ruins she left behind her. She was at the top, and she intended to stay there after fighting her way up the ladder. The way she’d turned Luthor-Corp’s stocks around once she’d taken charge proved just what a dangerous enemy she could be.

Then there was the issue of Lena as a person.

Alex had read Lena’s file. She was, without a doubt, brilliant. She intelligent, devilishly so. She had aced every single test she had taken and was a certified member of MENSA International. She was a genius. She held multiple world, and national titles in chess, and a member of more boards than Alex cared to name. But her private life was less glamorous. Few people spoke of her with familiarity; they mentioned her kindness and generosity when required, but always added that she was cutthroat when going after what she wanted and that you faced her at your own peril. She was a brilliant tactician that always, always held the cards. She was rarely seen socialising; and those she did associate with were always business colleagues.

She had no friends to speak of; her social media accounts were carefully polished and focused on other things. Anything other than her private life. She dodged questions about it with ease, claiming a love for privacy and ‘little time for a personal life.’ The few comments on her from others from boarding school or former and current associates said she was closed off and aloof as a person. Distant. Polite. Brilliant. Superior. Cold. Charming but ‘emotionally unavailable’ one rejected beau commented once.
Lena Luthor didn’t form attachments to people. It was one of the major red-flags in her DEO file and one of the reasons for Alex’s concern. By all accounts Lena was a user, and though she wondered what Lena could possibly want with a junior reporter from CATCO, Alex was worried for Kara. Kara who had so readily given a shark exactly what she wanted. It wasn’t that she hadn’t found the idea of Lena developing feelings for Kara to be…fascinating, but it was after Lex’s escape when it truly dawned on her who her sister was spending so much time with. The media had helpfully highlighted much of the Lex vs Superman crusade, in gruesome detail, and Alex was able to access even more classified filed with her clearance. It had been… horrifying. Lena had grown up with that monster, and no one had known he was a monster until he revealed himself. What if Lena was going to do the same? She was brilliant, resourceful, rich, creative, charming, and had Kara right where she wanted her, of she had nefarious plots in mind.

So for those reasons Alex had been wary, had been cautious. And then there was her name. Alex wasn’t so petty to dislike someone on account of something they had no control over; but Lena Luthor fit easily into the shape of Lena Luthor.

She was ruthless; brilliant; cold; unmoving; ambitious; cunning; and morally ambiguous. She spoke the right words when the cameras were on her, but one didn’t gain as much power as she had without there being shady deals going on. She didn’t appear to care for the consequences for her actions unless it was public image. That she maintained. Her approval rates had climbed after she started her friendship with Supergirl (online and off) and the latest interaction between the two had been Lena commenting on a picture of Supergirl holding a puppy. ‘Look. A puppy holding a puppy.’ And then she had linked a page for a ‘Supergirl Puppy-costume,’ and told Supergirl that if she got one she had to dress the puppy up like her. (The internet, and Kara, had loved it. Alex not so much. Lena was still talking the talk.)

The issue was that Lena had done nothing to dissuade Alex that she was anything more than what her last name suggested. She’d hacked the DEO (granted they’d hacked her first, but tomato potato). She had designed and built anti-alien weaponry. Heck, she’d given Kara an alien killing gun! She still voiced her concerns about Aliens living among them, and cautioned the population of what could happen if these races with advanced technology and biology decided to turn on humanity. And then, icing on the cake, she knew about Kara being Supergirl and had threatened to out her.

Lena Luthor could get away with it to. The DEO would be hard pressed to do anything legal to stone-wall her, and she would likely see them coming and navigate any obstacle they put before her with ease. Kara would be ruined. When Lena Luthor spoke, people listened, even if they didn’t want to hear what she had to say. She was hot property. The amount of magazines that sold with her face on it proved it, as did her astronomical social media follower account. She had as many followers as a major celebrity. With a press of a button Lena Luthor could destroy Supergirl…. But Lena could also shatter Kara, and that made Lena Luthor Alex’s problem.

Alex; the sister, had to protect Kara Danvers; had protected her, no matter how unwilling she had been in the past, or how reluctant. And that included her sisters fragile heart. Kara’s heart reminded Alex of a new-born fauns. Standing on wobbly legs and poking its nose into everything with big doe eyes. But it was still small and young and would run and hide before the legs of its mother for safety at the whisper of the wind. Kara was like that. She liked to pretend she was bold and strong, and she was, but not when it came to her heart. Her heart was the most beautiful thing about her, and it had to be protected. And Alex didn’t think Lena could do that protecting; didn’t think she could hold it with gentle hands that didn’t know how to do anything but crush what was in them.

Alex; the Agent, was tasked with protecting Supergirl. She and her team, the higher ranking Agents that knew Kara’s identity, had kept Kara safe. They made sure no program could run facial recognition software, or that any theorists online were silenced. They helped with physical threats,
providing backup and support, and they had sunlamps and doctors that specialised in keeping her healthy and fit. Most importantly they gave Kara Zor El a place to shed Kara Danvers and become Supergirl.

Kara Zor El was a mixture of Kara Danvers and Supergirl, and Lena Luthor was a threat to both. And now she knew it. And there was nothing Alex could do about it. So maybe she had been wary, cautious, digging trying to find a weak-point so that she could use it to protect Kara. Maybe she could have been kinder, softened her words, leashed her fear but then Lena had done everything she had feared. She had become Lena Luthor, and for Alex there was no going back. Lena Luthor was a threat to Kara in every way and had to be neutralised. Alex didn’t care what she had to do to achieve that. Nothing was more important than Kara.

It wasn’t just Lena threatening to out Kara, it was Lena Luthor threatening to out Supergirl. Luthor vs Super. Lena vs Kara. And it was one fight that Kara wouldn’t win. Not because she couldn’t, but because it would bring her to her knees and break her. Lena wouldn’t even have to fight her on it. And that terrified Alex, more than she would ever admit, not even to Maggie in the nights that would follow; as the clutched her tight and wondered, in a voice choked with fear, if the world would know about Kara come morning, if Lena Luthor had finally shown her true colours. It was ironic. For all Lex had tried to Kill Superman Lena wouldn’t have to kill Supergirl. The betrayal would kill Kara for her.

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The gravel driveway crunched beneath the tires of the large black SUV as it glided to a halt outside the house. It was quiet in the outskirts of National City and the three occupants got out and walked slowly towards the house. One was a tall, broad-shouldered bald guy in a tight navy suit, and the other two were soldiers in full combat gear and carrying machine guns.

One of the two soldiers darted around the side of the house and slammed something into the large barrel of another gun he was carrying and walked inside first. His footsteps disappeared into the house and there was a lot of shouting and then a thud and then some more shouting and then silence. He returned a few long minutes later removing a gas mask and nodded sharply. The other two men entered the house.

The bald man went first and inhaled deeply as he did so before walking through it towards the kitchen. There was a woman sitting at a black baby grand piano and she was fiddling with a piece of technology and he hovered out of sight while she started to play the keys.

She sang along sweetly to the song and her voice rose and fell with each key stroke. It wasn’t a song the bald man was familiar with, but he leant against the wall and listened and let the words fall over him. It had been so long since he’d heard her sing and play, and to do so live was as moving as it always was.

“I wanna call the stars down from the sky. I wanna live a day that never dies. I wanna change the world, only for you. All the impossible I wanna do.”

He sighed and shifted against the wall and watched as her fingers moved fluidly over the keys with a silent strength to them, drawing forth the sounds until they were surely playing on his ribs. The lyrics wove themselves between his veins and echoed in the chambers of his heart.

“I wanna hold you close under the rain. I wanna kiss your smile and feel the pain. I know what’s beautiful looking at you. In a world of lies you are the truth.”

She didn’t falter once with the keys, smoothly moving from each part of the song and onto the next
and he could feel emotion building in the empty caverns of his heart. This he understood. Love he understood, even if it was merely familial love, like the love he had for his sister.

“And baby. Every time you touch me I become a hero. I’ll make you safe no matter where you are and bring you everything you asked for. Nothing is above me. I’m shining like a candle in the dark when you tell me that you love me.”

She moved softly but powerfully through the song and when he finally moved from the shadows and into the light he could argue the moisture in his eyes was because of the abrupt light change.

“When you tell me that you love me,” she finished and flicked her long dark hair from her face and the silence was oddly empty without the sweet sound of the keys and her voice.

“Lex,” she said quietly and rose from the piano stool to pick up what he could see was a recording device.

“Lena,” he breathed and she slowly turned to face him and he could only look at his baby sister with love.

Three minutes later and the SUV was pulling out of the driveway with four occupants inside and the recording device remained atop the piano with a note addressed to ‘Kara’ on it in flowing calligraphy.

-Oh yes I did just do that ;)

Chapter End Notes

Had two different responses to the last chapter, which is intriguing. Some of you sided with Alex and some with Lena, its curious because I am indifferent to how that goes. This chapter is early because I was just too excited. Are you ready for the Angst? Stay on the floor, JHeda. It gets better, and by better I mean it gets really, really angsty and sad :D

Let me know what you all think :D
Supergirl was carried through the DEO National City Headquarters on a stretcher to the medical bay and the special sun-lamps that had been built for her. Her suit was torn and she was covered in rubble and dust and dirt and there was blood smeared over her lips.

Her fight with the real Hank Henshaw hadn’t gone as well as it could have. Their battle had destroyed half a city block, hopefully empty, and had resulted in the superhero blowing out her powers in the fight. They had taken some of her blood, while they held hostage a group of people too stupid or too greedy to run away from the fight, and Supergirl paid for it. They would get their videos sold to the highest bidder, of Supergirl willingly draining her powers to save them, of her sacrificing her blood so that theirs wouldn’t be shed, but Kara Danvers blew her powers out, broke her arm, and cracked a few ribs in the process.

Henshaw had been whisked away by a group of CADMUS agents while the DEO had seen to Supergirl, and their stalemate was being broadcasted all over the news.

Kara had been unconscious when they brought her in. Body exhausted and weighted down by mortality. They had set her bones, cared for her fractures and abrasions, and had left her sleeping in her medical bay with pain killers and what seemed like an entire pharmacy’s worth of pills to offset the colds she was about to get.

She awoke when it was dark and Alex was sitting near her bed reading something from the dull light of her phone.

“Hey you,” Alex smiled and she could see the relief on her sisters face and turned on the mattress. She realised immediately that she was injured and gave a little groan of pain. She could feel the pain through the hazy fog of pain medication and instead settled for shifting her head to look at her sister.

She grunted in greeting, to exhausted and in pain to be bothered speaking. Alex knew the drill and handed her a glass of water and started to tell Kara what had happened. There were no casualties, thankfully, only a few broken bones and bruises from people caught between Hank and herself. The group of people that had been captured and held as ransom for her to blow out her powers had sold the footage, but had been torn apart online for their greed. Supergirl had, of course, been praised for sacrificing herself to save the people, even though some wished she had done so elsewhere because of the damage to the cities infrastructure. Pam, from accounting, would be taking care of that side of things, as usual, and J’onn had flown over the city in a few prime locations to assure the public that ‘Supergirl’ was alive and well. All Kara had to focus on was resting. And there was nowhere else she’d rather than be than with Lena.
Her arm being in a cast would be problematic, but as she intended on telling Lena tonight who she was, and asking her to be her girlfriend, it was less of an issue. Either Lena knew or she didn’t. And she’d either care or she wouldn’t. Either way Kara wasn’t going to endure another day without telling Lena who she was. She didn’t want there to be any secrets between them anymore. She wanted to give Lena everything. Kara Danvers. Kara Zor-El. Supergirl. All that she was and hoped to be. She wanted to give it all to Lena.

When Alex had finished telling Kara everything she had missed while she was out of it, she went quiet, pensive, and Kara didn’t like that all she could see was what Alex wanted her to see. She couldn’t see the tiny ticks around her eyes, the thudding of her pulse, hear the beating of her heart which would tell her what Alex was truly feeling. She hated blowing out her powers. Hated feeling foreign in her own skin. She hated how vulnerable she was. She hated how she didn’t feel like her. Hated that it had been taken from her.

“You said we’d talk later,” she said and brought Alex from her thoughts. She didn’t want to talk about her right now. She wanted to talk about her and Lena and what they might be after tonight. Especially after the secret she was about to tell.

“It’s later, Alex,” Kara said and tried to adjust herself on the pillows without causing too much pain. She didn’t succeed.

Alex met her gaze for a moment and let out a long sigh.

“I’m happy that you are happy,” she began, but she didn’t even have to voice the ‘but’ for Kara to know it was coming.

“Buuuut?” She drawled out, hoping to encourage her sister to share her thoughts with her. Alex was her rock, her anchor, her lighthouse. She turned to Alex when the world didn’t make sense and she trusted her above all else. Alex was her heart.

She knew Alex hadn’t been enthusiastic about Kara spending so much time with Lena, and she had been increasingly agitated with each new anti-alien weapon or device Lena had revealed. She’d been…. Mostly civil around Lena, tolerating her for Kara’s sake, and Lena had been politely distant in response and she hated that her two favourite people were so wary around each other, but hadn’t known how to bridge the gap. Neither of them seemed invested in doing so, but they dealt with each other for her. It did hurt, but Kara had seen another side to Lena than the one she presented the world. She had seen the kind, sweet, nerd that just wanted approval and love and wanted to help. That Lena was the Lena she had fallen in love with first, and that Lena was the one no-one else got to see. She liked that Lena had let down her walls for her and given her complete access to her true self, and not the persona she showed to the public. But Alex was her sister, and her approval would mean the world to Kara. She didn’t know what she would do if she didn’t have it; couldn’t bear to think about it.

“But,” Alex said carefully, and Kara had a feeling she was about to learn Alex’s true thoughts of her best friend, and wondered what it would mean for them. Alex had always been careful not to be too judgemental of Lena while speaking of her to Kara, but she had maintained a distant disapproval that Kara had pretended not to see. She could forget it when faced with Lena’s smile. She forgot a lot of things when she was with Lena. Lena had that effect on her. Every moment stretched for eternity but also went by in a flash. She loathed and loved it in turn. Depending on what they were doing.

Take last night for example.

Last night had been the hands down best night of her entire life. Hands down. Ever. The best night to ever happen in the history of anything happening. Period.
She, Kara, had kissed Lena. Had kissed Lena until she was breathless, and as a Kryptonian living on Earth that was saying something. She had kissed Lena until something warm and foreign and delicious squirmed and curled in her belly. Until she was panting. Until she wanted to consume Lena. Until she wanted Lena to consume her. She kissed Lena until she forgot her past. She forgot the laughs of her parents, the smiles of her friends. She forgot their voices, their faces. She forgot the encompassing loss and grief that kept her earth-bound when reminded of home. She forgot the burden that weighed on her shoulders, like Atlas and the World, she forgot everything about who she was. She forgot Supergirl. But nothing in this world or in the next would let her forget her own name. Especially the way it sounded, the way it felt, falling from Lena’s lips in a breathless, needy gasp.

Her stomach shuddered like she were cold, and she felt the familiar warmth from the night before twist in her belly before fading and leaving an ache behind it.

She shifted uncomfortably on the bed and focused back on Alex.

“But,” Alex said with a slow nod of her head. “She’s Lena Luthor.”

That Kara was aware of. Hadn’t she spent much of the night prior learning what sounds she could pull from Lena’s lips with a scrape of her teeth, a drag of her tongue, a suck from her mouth. She knew exactly who she had her hands and mouth on, thank you very much.

“It’s not that she’s a Luthor, well,” Alex said, and her brow was tight as she tried to voice what she was feeling. Kara wished she could hear her heart betray her so she would know what to say to Alex.

“It is that she’s a Luthor, but that’s only on top of the rest of it,” Alex added, seeing Kara’s forehead crinkle.

“She doesn’t have any friends,” Alex said calmly and then proceeded to list everything that a person could probably find on Lena’s Wikipedia page. Then she touched on her Psyche profile the DEO had. None of that was overtly complimentary. Lena was a shrewd business woman, a dangerous opponent in the boardroom, and an inventive scientist. Very rarely did she fail. She had few human attachments and little family. Lena was a loner. She used people. Much of it was all gibberish. Kara knew the true Lena, and knew that the Lena Alex was talking about wasn’t her.

Yes Lena was intelligent and cunning and resourceful and ambitious and ruthless and creative, but she was also generous and kind and a nerd and sweet and she was so loving. Her soul was a sweet and gentle one, and Kara had been looking for her for what seemed like the entirety of her existence. Lena made her want to be better, to be more. Lena made her finally feel like she could call Earth home, and not have it be a lie.

“She’s expressed interest in special people, wanting to know how they get their abilities and if they can be recreated. She designed a gun that could kill you!”

“It’s programed to my finger prints,” Kara needlessly pointed out, needing to say but having a feeling that wasn’t the point Alex was trying to make.

“She still speaks of aliens as the ‘other’ and wants us to be careful of them. Of you! She’s afraid of you, Kara!”

Kara shook her head, or tried to. She mostly just pressed it into her pillow. Which was warm and soft and like sleeping on a cloud. But Lena’s pillows were nicer. They smelt like Lena.
“We’ve talked about that and she’s good,” Kara gave a little nod and moved onto her back so that her cast wasn’t pressing into her sides. She couldn’t lie on the other side on account of her fractured ribs.

Alex shook her head in exasperation.

“Kara,” she said and drew out the vowels and Kara had a feeling that Alex was finally about to get to her main point. “She has the intelligence, resources, drive, and knowledge to bring you down if she wanted to.”

“Exactly,” Kara said softly and slowly rose to a sitting position and ignored the way her body twinged as she moved her legs to hang off the bed. It was true. Lena could bring her down very easily if she wanted to. “If she wanted to.”

“I love her, Alex,” she confessed softly and saw the lines around Alex’s eyes tighten for a reason she couldn’t place. “I love her,” she emphasised, focused on the way her sister’s jaw worked without a sound. “I love her smile. I love tricking her into laughing. I love brining her food. I love it when she geeks out over nerd things. I love it when she’s tired and sleepy and cuddly. I love it when she’s angry and her eyes turn stormy. I love it when she’s sad but tries to hide it and craves comfort but doesn’t know how to ask. I love it when she does something sweet and kind and doesn’t know how I’ll react. I love that she loves me,” Kara said softly and she couldn’t stop smiling. “I don’t care how she loves me. Only I know she does, and I love that someone so guarded and hurt but bright and beautiful and sweet loves me. Kara Danvers.”

Alex swallowed and looked down, a half shake to her head and her hands had balled into fists.

“I’m home when I’m with her, Alex. I feel like I can be me,” her eyes were welling and her voice cracked a little with emotion. “When I look at her… I’m home. I feel like I can be normal. Like I’m not alone. She is my home. Alex. I love her.”

Alex met her eyes for a long moment, the creases around her eyes deep while her eyes softened and then the stern press of her lips faded. She gave a slow nod and shook her head slightly.

“I want nothing more than your happiness, Kara. I want you to find someone who makes you laugh and smile and can hold you when you’re upset. I want someone to be there for you when you need them, but be there anyway because they want to.” Alex stood and came forward and placed her hands on her sisters shoulders. The faint pressure was grounding. “Because they love you. I want you to share everything you are with someone and have them reflect the love you give,” Alex had taken her hands now and was squeezing them gently, mindful of her cast. There were tears in her eyes and her voice cracked on her next words. “Because you give so much, Kara. You love so much. I want someone to love you as much as I do.”

Kara almost fell off the bed in her haste to hug her sister and the only thing she liked about losing her powers was that she could hug her sister as hard as she could and know that Alex would stay strong in her embrace. She held her tightly, squeezing until her ribs flared and screamed in complaint and Alex held her back just as tight and this is what a true hug felt like. Trying to force your love into someone who was offering theirs in return.

“I love you,” she whispered into her sisters hair and felt Alex choke on a sob.

“I love you, so much, Kara,” Alex rasped out and she sniffed. “And I’m so worried you’ll give your heart to the wrong person.”

Kara just held her tighter and leant her head against her sisters. Alex had always looked out for her
and always would. Her loving Lena didn’t change the fact that Alex would be there for her. Always.

“I know,” she said, nothing but love in her voice. “But that’s my choice to make,” she said gently. “I
know you’ll always be there. You’re my sister.”

“I will,” Alex pulled back a little and wiped under her eyes with a finger and her tone turned resolute. “I will always have your back.”

Kara felt her heart warm with the amount of love in Alex’s eyes and pulled her in for another hug.
She let out a gush of air as the contact struck her bruised body but when Alex tried to pull away she
held her tighter. “I know. I love you. You’re my heart….but Lena is my home.”

Alex sighed and she could feel the moment her sister let go. Alex pulled back and met her eyes for a moment. They were guarded and wary but she gave a little nod. “Okay. Tell her who you are,” she said and Kara’s eyes flickered open in surprise. Alex had been adamantly against Lena for a while, her suspicion only increasing as Lena and Kara grew closer, though she never voiced her disapproval openly, so to have her give her permission was a surprise. “And no matter what,” Alex said and her eyes held Kara’s. “I’ll be here for you. No matter what. I promise.”

Kara gave her a smile moved in for a hug again.

“Oh! Here,” Alex turned and picked a shiny new cell-phone off the table. “Your phone was
destroyed in the fight, but we managed to rescue your SIM and data.” She handed it to Kara and Kara snatched it with a smile. Lena might have text her!

Kara looked up as the phone started and her smile slid from her face. “Do we know why CADMUS wants my blood?”

Alex started to shake her head before Kara had competed her question and Kara’s shoulders slumped.

“We’ll find them,” Alex vowed softly and Kara felt a brief moment of pity for whoever would be on the end of her sister’s wrath. No-one messed with her baby sister. The thought warmed her and help quell some of the unease she was feeling about it. CADMUS wouldn’t want her blood for anything good, that was certain.

Kara managed a small smile in thanks and turned to her cell. The DEO had upgraded her cell once she first started shoulder the protection of National City. She only had the one phone, but it had two identities in it. If she logged in using her Supergirl password it was her untraceable Supergirl account, and if she used her other Kara Danvers account it was her usual SIM. She used her personal password and soon saw she had a myriad of texts and a few missed calls. They were from Lena. Lena <3.

She quickly read through them.

Lena <3:

‘Hey. Be careful out there. Supergirl’s gotten into a fight. Stay safe.’

‘I know you’re probably working, but please be careful. NCPD is warning people to stay away from downtown.’

(Missed Call) Lena <3
‘I hope you’re okay. It’s been hours, Kara. I’m getting worried.’

‘Let me know as soon as you get this. I’m getting worried, Kara.’

(Missed Call) Lena <3

(Missed Call) Lena <3

‘I saw Supergirl got hurt. Please tell me you weren’t nearby. I need to know you’re okay. Ring me as soon as possible. Please Kara.’

‘Kara. Please ring me so that I know you’re safe.’

‘Kara. This isn’t funny. I’m really, really worried. I don’t care what time it is when you get this. Ring me as soon as you can.’

(Missed Call) Lena <3

‘Maggie let me know you were downtown trying to help Supergirl and were injured. I hope it’s nothing serious. Kara, you have to be careful. I know you want to help, but you aren’t indestructible. Please ring me as soon as you get this so I know what’s happening.’

Kara swallowed. That was hours ago. Lena must be frantic by now. She cast a glance at Alex.

“Maggie told Lena I was hurt?”

Alex winced. Maggie had been downtown when the fighting had started, or had gone there immediately to help, and Lena must have gotten in contact with her or something and asked her if she had seen Kara. Her number was easier to obtain than Alex’s and Lena could hardly ring Alex and demand to know she was okay after their conversation earlier. It also made sense for why Kara Danvers had reported on the Cyborg vs Supergirl fight. She was there anyway and had been injured and was being checked over by doctors.

“She was downtown. She saw what happened and had to make a cover story for you. She must have said you’d gone to try and help Supergirl or something.”

Kara’s brow tightened and she clicked ‘call.’

It rang for a long time, and she counted the rings waiting for the moment she would hear Lena’s voice. She could already picture it falling over her and easing the tension in her body and the ache in it.

It clicked over to voicemail. Kara felt her brow crease.

‘Hey, you’ve reached Lena Luthor. I’m probably in a meeting or down in the labs. Leave me a message with your name and number and I’ll get back to you.’

Kara ended the call and immediately re-dialled. Lena had said she wanted Kara to ring her as soon as possible, and that was hours ago, so she was surely waiting for Kara to ring her.

When the second call clicked into voice-mail Kara slowly lowered her phone and stared at it confused. Lena….didn’t not answer her phone, especially when she said she was waiting for a call.
“I’ll drive you, if you want?” Alex offered and Kara smiled at her, thankful. For all that Alex and Lena didn’t see eye to eye, her sister loved her and was willing to stand with her, even for this.

“Thank you,” she said simply and forced herself to her feet. A pair of glasses were on the table next to her and she jammed them on her face as she looked around for some shoes. “But I’d rather you went home. You’ve done enough for me today.”

Alex had a box at her feet and silently offered it to Kara. It was a pair of black converse and Kara beamed and gingerly set back on the bed.

“Only if you’re sure,” Alex hedged gently and Kara nodded in agreement.

“Go spend some time with Maggie.”

Alex inclined her head a moment and flattened her fingers on her thighs. “I’ll see if Bronze and Ross can take over early.”

Kara was slowly lifting her leg to slip on her socks when Alex left the room to go and find the pair of Agents that were due to take over for Rook and MAD and see if they could drive Kara to Lena.

It made sense. Kara couldn’t fly, and she wanted to see Lena. Alex would drive out there and back, so why not send the Agents at the same time.

No doubt the other two agents would like to be relieved earlier than usual. It would just be convincing Bronze and Ross that it was a good idea. But Kara was hopeful. She was liked, she hoped, so they should be okay to do her this favour.

They were and within half an hour she was bundled in a DEO van and being driven out to Lena’s safe-house. She’d been trying to get a hold of her since she had turned her phone on, but was so far unsuccessful. It was late. Maybe Lena was asleep. A part of her warmed at the thought of Lena being so concerned for her that she stayed awake, but her heart warmed at the mental image of Lena falling asleep with her phone in her hand while she’d waited up for Kara.

How Kara had ever lived without flying everywhere she didn’t know. Driving was sooooo slow. And painful. And boring. And slow. It almost took an hour to get from the DEO to Lena’s cabin, as there had been roadworks on the highway, which halted traffic to one lane. Kara almost got out and ran, certain it would have been faster, but then she remembered she was drugged up and broken and bruised. Her cast was an awful pasty colour, and she had wanted to know why it wasn’t a Supergirl blue or red. The Doctor had smiled and shook his head and told her that it was a waste of money for that when she would be as good as new within a few days.

Night was high above them when the pulled into Lena’s gravel driveway and Kara was nearly bouncing in her seat for the car to stop and for her to exit. She was first out but was halted by Ross.

“Wait,” he said and his eyes were sharp and intense on the silent house. “They haven’t responded to our signal.”

Bronze had also exited the car but had drawn his fire-arm and was leaning over the hood with his eyes trained on the house.

“Pioneer, this is Rider. Come in Pioneer.”

Kara glanced between the two agents and the house and bemoaned the loss of her powers.

“Pioneer. Come in.”
There was nothing but static.

“Stay here,” Ross instructed and slowly moved towards the house. Kara frowned and pouted and crossed her arms and huffed but stayed next to the car. She was weaker than a human like this, and she was injured. It would be best for the agents to see what was going on. It was probably a signal malfunction. Lena was probably asleep upstairs.

“Doors open,” Ross said and looked at Bronze. The sound of twin clicks as the safety was turned off fell harshly into the night.

Kara was ready to bolt inside. Her stomach was squirming and she glanced up at the top window where Lena would be. It was fine. Someone just forgot to lock the door. And the comms were down. It was fine.

Kara waited until the two Agents were inside the house before she jogged across the gravel and inside.

“What the fuck?! Rook! MAD!”

Kara felt her blood turn to ice and fear ran icy fingers up her spine.

“This is Bronze,” Bronze could be heard shouting into his comms. “Agent’s Rook and MAD are down. I repeat. Agents Rook and MAD are down. Requesting immediate assist.”

Kara didn’t hear the rest of the call, too concerned as she turned and bolted up the stairs as quickly as she could. Her body protested at the sudden movement but she ignored it and wrenched the door to Lena’s room open.

Flicking on the light she felt her heart get stuck in her throat. The bed was empty. And so was the room.

“Lena?!” She called and jogged inside, wincing as her ribs jarred in protest but the pain was nothing compared to the rising panic beginning to overwhelm her.

“Lena?!”

She wasn’t in the bathroom or her wardrobe and Kara was pounding back down the stairs when Ross met her.

“There’s a note addressed to you on the piano,” he said, and his features were ashen, pinched and pale.

Kara almost stumbled over her feet as she dropped the last few stairs and she did falter as her body jarred with the pain but she rallied and ran for the piano.

It stood silently, gleaming in the moonlight, and there was a note on top of a weird looking cell-phone.

Her heart was hammering as she slowly reached for it. Her name was written in familiar flowing writing, the kind that belonged in picture books of times long past; with golden etching and hand painted pictures and a worn leather cover.

Kara.

With shaking fingers she gently traced the curves of her name, hearing an agent come up behind her.
Holding it gently in her hand she picked up the device and looked it over.

It was slimmer than a cell-phone, longer too, and had no buttons on it. As she turned it over it flickered to life and she blinked at the bright white light.

Her chest was rising and falling harshly and her blood was pounding in her ears. Her boy hurt all over, the pain medication obviously wearing off, and she carefully pressed the centre of the device.

It blinked and then beeped to life and Kara nearly dropped it as she was met with Lena. Only it was a recording of Lena, holographic. The tech was incredible, but that wasn’t what she was concerned with. She gently placed it back on the piano and stood back.

Lena looked exhausted as she sat on the piano stand and turned her head from the camera. Her hair was tussled and her eyes had tight lines around them and there was a slump to her shoulders, something Kara wasn’t familiar with. It didn’t suit her. She wanted to wrap hologram Lena in her arms and keep her safe and warm and loved.

“Hey….Kara…” she sighed and her voice was heavy and Kara felt her heart try to force its way out of her throat as her stomach curled and twisted nervously.

“I- I have a song for you, if you don’t mind…” Lena trailed off and took a deep breath. Her entire body seemed to swell and grow with it, as though she were donning her inner strength and casting it across her shoulders like a cape. Her chin tilted and her fingers settled gently on the keys. And then she started to play.

Kara hadn’t heard this song before, but it was sweet and powerful in turn.

“I wanna call the stars down from the sky. I wanna live a day that never dies. I wanna change the world, only for you. All the impossible I wanna do.”

Kara had loved hearing Lena sing, and hearing her play. It brought out a different side to the normally prickly CEO and made her softer but stronger, vulnerable and yet untouchable. She had a power over the keyboard, stroking the ivory with a guiding hand, easing the music into life.

“I wanna hold you close under the rain. I wanna kiss your smile and feel the pain. I know what’s beautiful looking at you. In a world of lies you are the truth.”

The keystrokes glided over her ribs, and slid through her veins and rang powerfully in her heart. The music kept building, drawing with it the emotion of the lyrics, and she could feel her heart rising, glowing and warm as Lena sang to her. Lena had her eyes closed and her head tilted to the side, and there was a soft, serene smile on her lips as she sang. The muscles in her forearms flexed powerfully as she added longer and more meaningful keystrokes, and Kara could feel each of them thudding in her veins, woven together in a sweet symphony of all things Lena.

“And baby. Every time you touch me I become a hero. I’ll make you safe no matter where you are and bring you everything you asked for. Nothing is above me. I’m shining like a candle in the dark when you tell me that you love me.”

Kara felt a shiver run down her spine as Lena’s sweet and powerful voice carried the second word for a long moment, letting the echo of the keys waver before she was into the next lyrics. There was a difference between singing and *singing*, Kara was learning. She and Alex, and most of her friends and the people on the radio just sang. Lena didn’t. Lena *sang*. She poured her heart out into it, choosing only songs that made sense to her, ones that matched with her moods perfectly and spoke when she could not. Artists like Adele, Celine Dion, John Legend, Ed Sheeran; when they sang you
could feel what they were feeling. Feel the heartbreak, loss, hope, longing and love. When their voices cracked and turned raw, emotion poured into lyrics that wound their way through your veins and set in your heart. They sang when they had no words to speak.

“I wanna make you see just what I was. Show you the loneliness and what it does. You walked into my life to stop my tears. Everything’s easy now I have you here.”

Kara felt her heart constrict at what Lena was telling her. She was the one who had walked up to Lena’s defences and was welcomed into her treasure. Welcomed into her Heart. Is that how she saw Kara? As being some sort of saviour? As being her hero? Her light?

“And baby. Every time you touch me I become a hero. I’ll make you safe no matter where you are and bring you everything you asked for. Nothing is above me. I’m shining like a candle in the dark when you tell me that you love me.”

Was this what Lena was willing to be for her? Was this her confession? Was this her ‘I love you?’ Her heart warmed at it. Is this what affect her words had on Lena? What power did the simple (earthshattering, world changing) words ‘I love you’ have on Lena? A woman who had always been alone, had always held herself against the tides of the world. Had she set Lena free?

“In a world without you. I will always hunger. All I need is your love to make me stronger.”

Lena had opened her eyes now, and Kara was caught in the shade of them, drawn forward to Lena’s gravitational pull and she jerked into the piano and sent it sliding a few inches across the floor. It’s surface was cool as she placed her hands on it to keep her steady and grounded as she wanted to fly away to wherever Lena was, to be right where she promised; Lena’s arms. Safe and home.

“And baby. Every time you touch me I become a hero. I’ll make you safe no matter where you are and bring you everything you asked for. Nothing is above me. I’m shining like a candle in the dark when you tell me that you love me.”

She’d slowed now, fingers firm but gentle on the ivory keys, steady and reassured and her voice had softened now, hard to hear, but dripping with emotion.

“When you tell me that you love me.” She had a small smile on her face now, if Kara were to name it she’d call it bittersweet. “When you tell me that you love me,” she finished, and her tone had changed to wonder and awe as though she couldn’t quite believe that Kara had said those words. As though she had heard incorrectly. As though she were worthy of them.

Kara’s heart ached as the final notes echoed in her and lifted her hand as though she could convey her love for Lena through the hologram. As though Lena could feel her love wherever she was and know that Kara loved her.

Lena moved for the recording and turned it and then her head turned.

“Lex.” And Kara felt her heart stumble and her breath was snatched from her lungs.

“Lena.”

He was off screen but she could hear him. She knew that voice. Had spent hours listening to him talk about Superman, about Clark, about her cousin Kal, while he waged his war against him. She’d watched the trail like many others, glued to the screen and feeling her skin crawl at the hatred Lex had spewed about Superman and aliens and wondered how someone could hate her so much.

Lex was with Lena. He’d been in this house. Right where she stood, probably. The thought made
her feel dirty and made her want to carve scratches into her skin to rid it of the feeling.

“A moment,” Lena instructed and then she was looking at the camera again, a sad, resigned smile forcing her lips upward. And she was still the most beautiful woman Kara had ever seen; in all of the worlds she had seen. Even with her hair tussled, likely from her fingers running through it, as she was doing now, dressed down in jeans and a t-shirt, Lena Luthor had no equal.

“Kara……” She exhaled and Kara felt her skin rise to attention. How had she missed the way Lena said her name? As though it were a confession, a promise, a plea, a vow all in one. The answer to all the questions Lena didn’t know she wanted answered. As though Kara were everything.

“I- some things came to light for me today,” she said eventually, speaking quietly as though she were afraid of the words she was about to say. The surface of the piano was warm now, clammy from her body heat and Kara shifted and forced her hands to her side.

“Humans are…strong,” Lena said and gave a soft smile. “We are resilient, intelligent, driven. We can be caring and kind and generous. But we can also be destructive, full of hatred, and greed…."

She let her words linger for a long moment and her eyes closed. There was a ‘but’ coming, Kara could tell. Everything Lena did was with purpose. She was surefooted and graceful even as she navigated the mine-field her life often was, and she rarely put a foot wrong. She was too calculated for that.

Kara’s heart jumped a little and she shifted her shoulders to ease the discomfort. It wasn’t something she was used to. A heavy, dark feeling sank tendrils into her belly. It sat there, heavy and solid, and writhing and searching and pressing.

“But on the Galactic scale we are weak. We are nothing. Our entire race is vulnerable. Superman and Supergirl have called Earth their home, their duty, their planet, and that’s fine. That’s great even,” Lena said sincerely and closed her eyes with a sigh and lowered her head. Kara stared at her, or the recording of her, in confusion.

Hadn’t Lena and her discussed this? Hadn’t they agreed that for all the ruin the supers could bring, they championed ideals Humanity could endeavour to strive for? She swallowed and rolled her fingers into fists for lack of something to do. It was difficult with one arm in a cast, and it hurt, a lot, but she needed to do something.

“They try to protect us. Protect Earth. They protect all of us…but…” Lena hesitated and her eyes finally opened and Kara was struck with the green of them, even through the hologram. “But they will eventually fail.”

It struck her like a lightning bolt. Pure energy slamming into her with force. Her heart gave a little shudder as the confession ran through her body from the tips of her toes to her crown. Lena didn’t believe in her. Her heart shook and stress cracks formed on its surface.

Kara felt a whine rising at the back of her throat, a herald for the scream building in the depths of her being. She forced it down least heart-break snatch it from her lips and throw it into the ether. Lena chanced a glance off camera and Kara knew she was looking at Lex and she wanted to grab Lena and shake her and tell her that whatever he had said was a lie, that Lena was good. That Kara would always protect her. That Kara would never fail her. She wanted to take her in her arms and promise to always be there for her, to let her know that she didn’t have to be scared because she had Kara, and Kara loved her. She wanted to hold her until Lena would laugh at the idea of Kara not loving her. Of Kara leaving her. Of Kara failing her.
“And Earth will be left defenceless in a war that we can’t possibly win. We will be annihilated. Everything we know will change. The Super’s presence tells other peoples, other worlds, that we are here, that we have two protectors…. Just two, Kara. Two, to defend six billion human lives and countless species. Two.”

Lena lowered her head and shook it slowly. “Those aren’t great odds, Kara,” she said softly, sadly.

Something was trying to force its way from her chest and her throat tightened, keeping it secure, and she clamped her jaw shut least it escape and unleash her pain on the world.

“I… CADMUS… Supergirl…. You… were hurt today,” Lena’s eyes lifted and her brows were soft and her eyes gentle. “In that fight with Supergirl and that cyborg. I- you may have rushed in there because that’s what you do, Kara, but because of her you got hurt.” Lena’s voice cracked and her eyes turned glassy but her jaw worked and she kept talking.

“I know it was your choice, but if she hadn’t have been there, if you hadn’t followed your brave heart, you wouldn’t have been hurt. And so many people have been hurt, Kara. So many….”

“I know I’ve been supportive of her in the past,” Lena said quickly and she was wringing her hands together. “And I still am” She added firmly and her brow tightened a moment and her eyes darted off camera before returning. “I think that what she stands for is something that humanity as a whole stands for, but where there are heroes there are villains. And the villain calibre only seems to get worse. They endanger more and more lives and wellbeing’s and use methods that are increasingly immoral and inhumane to get what they want…. All because a Super is around.”

Lena ran her hands through her hair again and Kara wanted to hold her because her distress was obvious. Her hair was tangled and was starting to split into rivers where Lena had repeated run her fingers through it. “I… have no ill will towards them. You know that,” she said and she was staring blankly to a spot over Kara’s shoulder. “But I can’t help but wonder if life would be easier if they weren’t here. If they had stayed hidden and only saved people from the shadows. I- you got hurt today,” she said and her eyes closed in pain and her fingers clenched. “Because you are you,” Lena said and gave a little shrug of her shoulders and when her eyes opened they were clear.

“Alien technology can be dangerous…. So can Aliens…. But only because humanity has no ground in which to meet them in a fair fight. We are helplessly outmatched. CADMUS…. CADMUS is misguided, but on the right track.”

A sharp gush of air forced itself between Kara’s teeth and between her parted lips and into the kitchen in a hiss. The fissures along her heart shuddered and split and her world shook as pieces of the crevices fell apart. The lump in her throat grew and tried to force its way northward, squirming and pressing and wriggling, trying to escape.

“Humanity needs to stand alone. We can’t depend on Supergirl or Superman, or any of our other hero-vigilante types. We need to defend ourselves from any hostile, other-world threat.”

Lena curled both hands in her hair, and from the way it jerked Kara could see that she had pulled it painfully tight. She released it with a sigh. “I know I’m over-stepping, but I have to keep you safe,” she said and peaked through her hands at the recording device. “I realised today that I would do anything to keep you safe…. even if it means I have to do this…. They’re a threat to you. To everyone.”

Lena let out a great rush of air, her sigh lingering a long moment.

“You gave me the hope to believe I can do this, and the strength to go through with it, Kara.”
was speaking quietly now, head lowered and eyes on the keys. Kara struggled to hear what she was saying but managed it over the roaring in her ears, over the breaking of her heart.

“I’m going to go with them. Please don’t try to find me. I’d hate for you to get hurt.” Lena rose slowly from the piano stand and reached for the recording device and she was suddenly filling the screen. Her smile was soft, sad, heartbreakingly beautiful. A solitary marble statue in a museum of colourful paintings.

“I’m sorry if this goes against everything you believe in.”

Kara’s arm was screaming in agony and when she finally pried her hands open later she would find crescent moons in her palms. Her heart was thundering in her chest and she was certain it was trying to escape its bone confines, desperate to find Lena. Desperate to give itself to her so that she wouldn’t do what it looked like she was about to.

“I’m doing this because I love you,” Lena confessed and Kara faltered, her knees buckling. The cracks in her heart groaned and screeched and split even further and she shook her head, denying what she was witnessing, what she knew to be real. Lena’s inevitable betrayal. She was shaking now, breath rising and falling as she tried to pull air into her unresponsive lungs. She was dying. She was going to be sick.

“You’re my best friend. I have to keep you safe. No matter what happens, know that I’m doing this for you. I can do this. I will do this,” Lena said strongly, back straightening even as Kara felt like her strength was leaving her and fusing with the woman in front of her.

“Goodbye Kara,” Lena said finally and as she ended the recording a bald man in a blue suit entered the frame. Lex Luthor.

And Kara fell to her knees, the echoes of Lena lingering in the house but fading beneath the torrent of her scream. Her body shuddered as she dropped onto the wooden floors and threw her head back, emotion clawing and scratching its way from within her heart with a roar. Her scream was wild and raw and full of pain. The bellow of a mortally wounded animal. The scream of a broken woman. Lena Luthor had broken Supergirl, and she didn’t even have to lift a finger. Kara’s heart had done the work for her.

Chapter End Notes

Do come into my inbox screaming and shattering at the seams, I'd love to hear it :D
So..... I might be just a little bit Evil..... and you also have two chapters this week and a Birthday Oneshot for someone in the FB group. And.... if it was a birthday or something, hit me up with a prompt or request and I'll see what I can come up with :D

Also, if you haven't listened to 'When you tell me that you love me' by Westlife, I HIGHLY, HIGHLY SUGGEST YOU DO. It is a perfect song for what Lena has done/is about to do. It has all the answers.
Alexander Luthor, or Lex, as he preferred, watched as his sister stared absently out of the window and couldn’t hide his content exhale. The sound, so different from the silence that had fallen on them since they had left her ‘safe house,’ drew her from her thoughts and she blinked back to awareness, with eyes so like Kryptonite.

She lifted her brow, a move that reminded him of his mother, and he wondered if she would be pleased that Lena had finally stepped into her place as her daughter; cold, brilliant, unyielding, as untouchable as marble. A diamond in an ocean of coal. A true Luthor.

“I'm glad you called,” he said and could see the way she recoiled slightly in surprise at his choice of language.

Kryptonese wasn’t a well-known language, in fact there were only four known speakers of it—that he knew of—and two of them were in the SUV currently. Kal El, or Superman, when he and Lex had been close, had shared some of his language with Lex, in halting, stumbling words, and Lex had remembered and had passed them on to his sister. They had called it a game, at first, as Lex built an entire database of the language, just in case, and Lena took to it like a natural. She had a gift for languages, like she did for most learning, but took to languages like a fish did to water, and soon the two of them were fluent; speaking back and forth in front of tutors and glorified nannies and even their parents, sometimes when he was unhappy with them. He spoke it to Kal El as well, trying to help the man get in touch with his language as though it could make him closer to his people, as though it made him less alone.

“I didn’t have a choice,” Lena responded, features carefully closing down to neutral interest but he could see her distress in the twitch of her lips and the slight crinkle in her brow. “I have to protect Kara.”

He nodded slowly and settled back in the car, picking a bottle of whisky and pouring himself a glass as their car took them past the city and towards the outskirts. He offered her some, and she accepted a decanter easily, lifting it in salute with a twist of her lips.

“I trust that you'll recall the hit on me,” she said with a tone that offered no disregard. He gave a little nod.

“You’re with me now. That’s all that matters.”

She takes a slow, careful sip of her drink and he can see the pistons in her mind firing. He loved her mind, loves her certainly, but he loves her mind most of all. The only equal he could find, the only mind with his own brilliance, only hers was a few years behind him, already matching him at a younger age. She was his prodigy, his greatest achievement.

“I am unhappy about it,” she said clearly and he could see her frustration and disappointment with him, but he also knew that she knew that if he truly wanted her dead she would be, just like he knew that she knew that if that were the case the two would have gone to war over it. A lot of lives would have been lost in the cross-fire, but he wondered who would have been the last Luthor standing. A
part of him wanted it to be him; mostly because his pride wouldn’t allow it, but the more rational part of him cautioned that Lena could be very, very dangerous when she was mad, and that an enemy you did not unthinkingly make of her.

He inclined his head and she gave a little nod, lifting her glass again, and he knew that they had discussed it, knew where each other stood, and could now move on.

“CADMUS has great plans,” he said and leant forward, bracing his elbows on his knees and glancing up into her features. The left side of her face was cast in shadow from the street lights and the other was lit like the morning sun. It reminded him of one of those drama masks, one black and one white, and he wondered which version of Lena was the one that had called him.

“I hate to think of a world where genocide is considered ‘great,’” she responded archly and he felt a laugh bubble in his chest. He had missed his sister. Missed her intellect and wit. Missed her sharp responses, though his spies in L-Corp had assured him she dismantled her opposition in the boardroom as easily as she took apart the engine of their fathers old Rolls Royce.

“Like you always said,” he offered and leant back again. “I’m looking at the numbers. Six billion lives, Lena. We have to protect it.”

“In that,” she said calmly, coldly and he wondered where is bright, hopeful and warm sister had gone, and then realised he had missed her growing-no, being beaten and forged, into what she was now. “We are in agreement.”

They were silent the rest of the way, and his sisters eyes were…shining…. as she kept her gaze unfocused out of the window and he wondered what she was thinking. There had been a time when they had shared anything and everything, as thick as thieves, as the saying goes, but now they were…distant… and that was his fault.

He was uncertain how to bridge the gap between them, but knew it would take time and patience… and science. Lena and he had first bonded over science and numbers, and maybe they could grow close over it again. CADMUS had many plans, and with another genius on board they would be that much closer to eradicating alien life on Earth.

“No killing,” she said suddenly, and when he lifted his head from his thoughts her eyes caught his own and held them. They were a bright green and almost glowing in the dark and he couldn’t tear his eyes away. It was as though they were searching and seeking into his very soul.

“In war there are casual-“

“No killing,” she cut across him harshly and the fine hairs across his body rose to attention at the glare she was holding him by. “Not unless its absolutely necessary, Lex. We aren’t monsters.”

He considered her a moment, her eyes fierce and glinting and keeping him locked in place, the defiant tilt to her jaw and the way she carried herself, and nodded slowly.

“We will only kill the people that oppose use,” he said and made a mental note to ensure that this command was passed down the chain-of-command. “But if they continue to be a threat, we will get rid of them.”

“Fair,” she agreed and returned back to the window.

His heart gave a little pang at how she had changed. The Lena he had loved would never have agreed to taking any life, not even when it was a necessary fact of it. She could never condone the mindless slaughter of anyone or thing, even if it went against all logic, and to have her now agreeing
that losses would have to be taken, on both sides, was a testament to how she had grown. She was no longer a little girl with wide eyes staring about her at the world with wonder. She was hard and cold, like steel. Melted and beaten into the Luthor Cast, and some small part of him mourned the loss of that sweet, kind-hearted, gentle girl that the world had broken. The other part of him was more excited to see what they would do together, a Luthor not bound by their heart was a dangerous one indeed.

But then he considered it, the reason for her phone call, the message she had left the… woman… called Kara, the alien, Supergirl. Lena didn’t know her friend was Supergirl, and it was painfully ironic because he had detected no lie when she had told Kara that she had to keep her safe and neutralise any threat to her, and that was the superheros. Lena; foolish Lena, had befriended National City’s greatest hero and would now be responsible for her demise. The irony did not escape him.

Lena believed she was protecting her friend Kara, who was close to Supergirl and was getting injured while Supergirl was fighting crime. So she had decided to help stop Kara getting hurt by taking Supergirl off the board, even if it lost her Kara. She had always been led by her foolish heart and no doubt the betrayal by her so called friend would ruin her. That was okay, Lex would be here for her, and together they would protect Earth.

Of course Lex and CADMUS knew that Kara Danvers was Supergirl. The real Hank Henshaw had been swift to inform them of that, and Lex was furious that the alien dare befriend his sister under false pretences and use her so. She would pay for it, once the rest of the aliens had been destroyed.

He considered telling Lena, as she stared blankly out the window, that the woman she called her friend was actually an alien and had been getting close to her to monitor her movements. But he thought that that might break Lena a bit, and she would want to talk it over with Supergirl and then she would be captured and then his plans would be delayed, and that wasn’t acceptable.

He had to tell her Kara was Supergirl once they had her and killed her, so that the inevitable betrayal Lena felt could be soothed by fury and then satisfaction that the lying alien was dead.

But… Lena was probably unwilling to be a part of genocide so they would have to be careful when discussing their plans with her. She had told him when she had rung him that she wanted to neutralise the alien gene, to effectively turn them human. That way they didn’t kill anyone else and they neutralised the threat all at once. It would be better for their image, she had suggested, and she had a point. If they killed the few dozen thousand aliens on Earth then they would be hailed as murderers by some, but if they turned them human then they hadn’t killed anything at all, and that would make them look like the saviours they were.

So Lex had assured Lena that if that was what she wanted, then that was what they would do. Combine their minds to find a way to erase the alien gene and replace it with a human one. Lena would be happy no-one died, she was gentle-hearted like that, and they would get rid of the uneven playing field alien DNA offered them. The Kryptonian's would have their powers neutralised and have to return to their secret identities and daily lives, with no one being any wise. Humanity would rise up to save itself, and he, and Lena, would guide them in its defence.

Of course, he had no intention of actually going through with what he had said. Clark Kent had to die, but first he had to be made an example of. Humanity had to realise that these self-proclaimed gods were fallible, and that they couldn’t rely on them to save them. They had to save themselves.

Lex was doing for humanity, but Lena was doing it for her friend. To keep Kara Danvers, who kept poking her nose where it wasn’t belonged and into alien battles, safe. Only she didn’t realise that the person she was trying to keep safe would be the person she destroyed. That betrayal would hurt Lena, Lena who didn’t have any friends when she was young and probably thought that she had
finally found a friend in the being that was lying to her their entire friendship. It would probably hurt Lena more than she realised, but that was ok. Lex was here, and he would do anything for his baby sister, even go to war with a Superhero, after all, hadn’t he already?

xxxxxXXXXXXXXxxxxx

The CADMUS base, or one of them, was actually a former Luthor facility if the familiar logo on the wall was anything to go by. It was well stocked, Lena noted as she took in her surroundings with a critical eye. To her left was what obviously counted as the living area for the CADMUS agents. They’d pushed equipment away from the wall and laid down camp beds and rolls and had some personal affects around their beds. To her far right was large containers and boxes and she didn’t actually want to think of what was in them, but she could see a few agents with guns and clipboards, so figured they were doing a stock take. It almost made her smile. She loathed stock taking and audits and was momentarily thankful that her building and crumbled to the ground in a massive explosion, even if it caused the enormous head-ache that it was.

Lex was smiling as he pointed people out, people who had joined CADMUS after seeing the ruin aliens and alien tech brought. He was excited and energetic and she could almost believe he was talking about a new blight resistant crop they had developed, one that needed less water and was resistant to all of natures ills; a way to solve world hunger. Instead he was pointing out various devices and how he had obtained them and altered them to suit his needs.

He led her through the ground floor and towards some glass doors and they opened immediately for them. There was a suit, familiar, and her stomach clenched with nausea. So this was where it had ended up. Lex’s war suit.

There were other gadgets and weapons and—an axe? As well as things she didn’t recognise and he led her further into the facility through a door to the side. So this was his show and tell room, the area he flaunted of his skill and weapons where they would achieve their goals.

The corridor was well lit and Lex showed her where there were showers and toilets and cooking facilities. They had a roster of chores and cooking and cleaning and she could see by the rotations that Lex had a lot of people here, working with CADMUS.

He pointed out the laboratory, and yes, he had gone with the whole supervillain thing and had a laboratory in his secret lab, as well as the women’s quarters. He was apologetic but said that it was the best he could do. He told her she’d know her room-mate. Markus, one of the soldiers higher up the command, would be delivering her her belongings once he was satisfied there was no GPS in them. Lex had shrugged apologetically to Lena’s eyebrow arch and had lead her down to the lab.

She passed some things she never wanted to see again, aliens in cells or tied to medical beds and she turned her face away as nausea clawed at her belly.

Kara. That was why she was here. For Kara.

The laboratory was what she expected; silver and sterile and unwelcoming, and so was one of the figures standing next to a handsome elder man.

“Mother,” she sighed and hid her eye-roll. “Of course,” she drawled and gave a slight shake to her head as Lillian Luthor turned around, a surprised smile on her lips.
“Lena! I didn’t think you believed in the cause, she said and her eyes were calculating. Lena forced her features carefully neutral.

“Maybe its time you got to know your daughter a little better,” she said, injecting as much disdain into her tone as she dared. Her mother had never taken kindly to her insolence.

Lex was beaming next to her and threw an arm around her shoulder. It was… bitter-sweet. On one hand she loved her brother dearly, he had been her anchor and lighthouse growing up, but on the other he had tried to have her killed, and even if it was an inconvenience it was still frustrating, and he was planning on killing Kara and committing genocide. Still, she pressed into the comfort, so willingly offered and she so desperate to receive it. She swallowed down the bile as she considered just how badly this could turn out, but then she thought of Kara and her resolve strengthened. Anything for Kara.

“Lena’s here to help!” Lex grinned and tightened his grip around her affectionately and she hated how her heart warmed at the sign of affection and cursed herself for her weakness.

Lillian’s eyes were appraising and she nodded slowly, in what Lena guessed was approval, and she had never had that directed at her, never.

“Welcome to Project CADMUS, Lena.”

A ringing of a phone interrupted her stare-down with her mother and she glanced to see Lex pulling one from the pocket of his suit.

“Yes?” He answered without a greeting and then he was delighted. “Excellent work. I’ll enquire immediately.”

He was animated as he turned back to his mother. “Hank is returning from the Fortress. He has the virus.”

Lillian saw the smile that crossed her mothers face and knew immediately that something that pleased her and Lex so could not be anything good.

“Excellent. Jeremiah, if you could get Lena a password and code and access?” Her mother wasn’t asking and she swept from the room like a queen and Lex gave Lena a small, pleased nod before jogging to catch up with her.

Jeremiah had dark hair, greying at the temples, dark eyes and lines edged into his features, he’d have been a very handsome man in his youth and something about him seemed…familiar…

He grunted at her and handed her a tablet and she glanced down at it. There was no internet signal and the wifi was connected to its own host and she nodded slightly, the system was like what she’d had at L-Corp. The servers were all connected on an L-Corp host server and identification codes and restrictions meant that any member of staff could access any device in the building, but no data would be saved on the devices, that meant the risk of leaks were lowered. All internet usage went through the server and it was the first line of defence for any information returning back to the devices. It was a smart set-up and made sense for a terrorist group.

“Pick a password,” he said and she nodded, already typing something in and aware that the likelihood of it being recorded and noted by the system was very high.

She chose something generic, a seemingly random combination of letters and numbers but which made sense in her mind and handed the tablet back to Jeremiah. She paused as he reached out to take it and could feel her brow tightening.

She chose something generic, a seemingly random combination of letters and numbers but which made sense in her mind and handed the tablet back to Jeremiah. She paused as he reached out to take it and could feel her brow tightening.
“You seem…familiar….” She said quietly and tilted her head to the side. Something about those dark, expressive eyes and mannerisms seemed familiar. “Have we met?”

“No,” he said brusquely and took the tablet back and went back to work. Standing awkwardly in the laboratory while the scientist ignored her she hesitated and took her leave. First things first. She had to find out what CADMUS was planning, it likely had something to do with the Virus someone called Hank had just retrieved… and from the Fortress of Solitude. Yes, she knew what that was because of her brothers research, and anything found there likely wasn’t good.

Second; she had to find a way to foil CADMUS’s plot and destroy as much of the organisation as she could. She would start with the agents; see what they knew, how they had been recruited and what their roles were. She would need to be careful. Her brother and her mother would be watching her, not to mention the rest of the xenophobic soldiers. Then she needed to see what she could do about the aliens they were dissecting, whether she could help them out in any way, without blowing her cover of course.

She wondered where CADMUS was getting its funding and supplies, and made a mental note to look into that as well. She was also very interested in who the DEO mole was and how they were communicating with them.

Her hand absently moved to her stomach where her belly-button ring pressed against the fabric of her shirt. What no-one else knew was that it also doubled as a homing beacon; a homing beacon for a half dozen personally designed missiles. Anything within a hundred foot radius of the little gem would be eradicated from existence if she set it off and didn't press it again to make sure the missiles exploded in mid-strike. It was a design from one of the more…darker… moments in her life, but she kept it as a failsafe, for occasions of kidnapping and ransom. Though destroying the base and members of a xenophobic terrorist group would certainly qualify. Still, she didn’t want to die, not anymore at least, but if it were to come to that she was….resigned to it. You didn’t go undercover with said xenophobic terrorists without that being an outcome, no matter how undesirable it may now be. She had contingencies in place for that, anyway. She had set them up before she had rung Lex.

He had left her a cell-phone as soon as he had broken out of prison, or rather had Mercy deliver it to her while she was at the school with Supergirl. It would have been untraceable and Lena wasn’t about to insult them both by trying to figure out where it had come from, or contact Lex and try to trace him from there. She had her pride, and so did Lex. They both knew it would be unsuccessful so she didn’t try. That didn’t mean she hadn’t sat in bed with the pre-programmed number ready to be rung for many a night, just to hear his voice, even if his words were something she couldn’t bear to hear.

She had been digging into CADMUS ever since she’d hacked the DEO and seen their file. Curiosity had driven her to look further into the organisation when she had learnt that most of its suspected members, or missing scientists, had been previously a part of the DEO. A former government funded division would likely still have ties to government officials, and Lena had discovered the xenophobia ran through members of the Senate, and numerous outlets of organised crime. She gathered that CADMUS was willing to give power to the Senators, and alien technology and arms to the criminals, or that was what she would promise, at least.

It had been her pet project, or one of them. The others were put on the back burner while she focused on ways to help Supergirl, and on identifying the members of CADMUS as well as their bases, allies and other affiliations that a terrorist group needed in order to function. She’d stored the information on the Darknet in various forms of code, a code that she’d developed herself and had encrypted all the data. It was even in Kryptonese, just for extra security. You couldn’t crack the code if it was an
alien language, literally. Or, normal people couldn’t anyway. She had it set up so that she had to deactivate it every few days with a pre-determined code phrase, otherwise the data would form a strike and basically hit the DEO and draw their attention. Then all they had to do was go digging for the information. It was mostly just in case she was caught and killed. It had information for all of Lex’s safe houses, that she knew, everything she had on CADMUS and any other anti-alien threat. As well as her own modifications to Supergirl’s suit, her sun-lamps, and some other anti-Kryptoninte musings.

Originally she had been planning to give it all to Kara when she had compiled some useful information, but then she had discovered her best friend was actually Supergirl. And of course then Kara had to go and get into a titan-gladiator match with a cyborg, who strangely let her live when she blew out her powers. It had actually been that moment that gave her the excuse and drive to finally ring Lex. She had a reason now, protecting her friend Kara, one that was entirely truthful. If she had to neutralise the threats to her she would…. Only Project CADMUS wasn’t to know that Lena was viewing them as the threats to Kara, and that she was going to bring them down. They were a threat to Kara and had to be eliminated.

The government couldn’t catch CADMUS, or Lex, and neither could the DEO and Superman and Supergirl. That left a Luthor to do the work. It took one to know one, after all. Unfortunately for CADMUS, this Luthor was in love with a Super, and that made her very, very dangerous, and very, very determined. Lena Luthor had taken the White side in the chess game, and Lena Luthor was not one you went to war with. CADMUS didn’t stand a chance.

She had toured most of the facility on her own before returning to her quarters for the foreseeable future. Her clothing had been left on her bed as promised and there were empty shelves for her, and enough plain sheets and duvets to supply the two beds easily. She was putting her clothes in the empty places when Lillian returned from wherever she had gone.

Her mother was visibly pleased, which meant that whatever had pleased her had been extensive, for Lillian was not one to face in Poker. None of the Luthor’s were, but Lillian had raised her children that way.

She sat easily on the other bed and brushed non-existent crinkles from her slacks before fixing Lena with her full attention. She could feel her mothers gaze drilling into her back as she decided how she wanted to hang her clothing, by designer or by colour or maybe by cut or even preference? She took the moment to be grateful for something to do to not give her mother her attention, as Lillian demanded. It was a small gesture of insolence, but she had taken the few rebellions when she had been growing up, and habit was hard to fight.

“Why are you here?” Lillian asked, voice sharp and suspicious and Lena had been waiting for her to break the ice, so determined to not be the one to speak first. But of course Lillian’s tone gave the impression she thought Lena’s stubborn silence was petty, and yet when Lillian used it it never was. The irony didn’t escape her. She could feel her heart stumble over itself and she fought the urge to tell her mother exactly what she wanted to hear, to fall into loving arms as she had so ached for when she was a child. Instead she swallowed and pulled her composure to her. She was Lena Luthor, and only Lena Luthor could do what she was about to do.

“The conflicts between human and alien, and even alien and alien have left too many casualties; human and infrastructure,” she said calmly as she turned, and though she tried to remember who she was, her mothers gaze was shrewd and she swallowed and felt the truth bubbling at the back of her throat. She forced it down. Kara. This was for Kara. “I want to make sure it doesn’t happen anymore.”
Lillian appraised her a moment, and long ago she would have faltered and fidgeted under her mothers gaze, but Lillian had soon cured her of such habits. Instead she curled her toes and pressed them into the sole of her shoe until she swore she cut her blood supply.

“You’ve never supported The Cause before,” Lillian commented and Lena knew she was being baited, that her mother had a point. Lillian had taught her children the value of words and of patience, and Lena was familiar with luring people into verbal traps, so she could tell when one was being laid for her. Was an ambush an ambush if you knew about it before hand?

Still, she had to be careful. “I didn’t understand before,” she said simply and forced herself to meet her mothers calculating gaze. Meeting her mothers eyes had always been a challenge; somehow she was just know when she or Lex had done something they shouldn’t have, or had gotten test grades that weren’t expected of a Luthor. The one A she had gotten in high school was a source of shame for the family (apparently) and was something Lillian had never let her live down. Never mind that she had graduated high-school at fourteen and the A had been for University level Business at fifteen from one of Europe’s finest University’s.

“But I do now,” she said calmly, forcing down her discomfort and met her mothers searching eyes with nonchalance she didn’t feel. If she could fool her mother she could fool anyone.

Lillian gave a slow and steady nod, eyes on hers the entire time, and Lena wondered if maybe her mother had been some sort of bird of prey in another life, so intense was her stare.

“And?” She asked with a tone as brittle as glass and Lena’s breath exited her in a sharp exhale and she lowered her head a little.

“I-someone I respect got hurt today,” she confessed, and she wasn’t lying, but hoped that her mother would see the truth she was choosing to share and not dig deeper. “Kara, the reporter,” Lena hedged and her eyes lifted to her mothers, searching for any recognition. There was none. “She went to help Supergirl or something;” Lena said and lifted her hand to wave Kara’s actions off, as though they weren’t a big deal. “And I realised…,” she closed her eyes and nodded slowly, “that if Supergirl wasn’t around then she wouldn’t have gotten hurt…. And that got me wondering just how many people had been hurt by having them around. I did some digging,” Lena said and lowered her eyes from her mothers gaze. While her mother had always enjoyed having you met her eyes while she told you just how wrong you were, Lena had learnt that Lillian also like the submission when you admitted it, to her and to yourself.

“National City’s maintenance budget tripled in the year since Supergirl has been active and so did organised crime. And not just petty crime. Murders, armed robberies, kidnappings, assaults, everything increased and became increasingly violent. The threat of extreme violence and even death increased with Supergirl’s presence.” Lena swallowed and looked her mother in the eyes. Her canvass was prepared, paints ready and brush poised.

“What about Lex? Lillian arched a brow, tone neutral, but Lena remembered the rows Lillian had been a part of and had witnessed when Lens returned to America and realised what her brother was trying to achieve.

“Lex was stupid,” Lena said bluntly and was rewarded with her mothers eyes widening in shock and then tighten in annoyance. Lena felt some part of her wither away even further at how protective of him she was. Lex was always their mothers favourite, the true-born son. Her precious baby.

“He waged war on America’s most beloved man in public. Of course no one stood with him.”
“Neither did you,” Lillian’s voice was as brittle as shattered glass, and twice as dangerous.

Lena let a Luthor smile curve her lip. “Image is everything, mother. You taught me that,” she said with a nod in her mother’s direction and a subtle eyebrow lift, just enough to be impertinent about it but not enough for her mother to call her out on it. “What other choice did I have? What choice did our families name and business have but to stand against him?” She enquired, carefully monitoring her tone so that her mother couldn’t tear any of her words apart. “We had to reject him. Our business would be nothing otherwise.”

She didn’t mention the unspoken fact that Lillian had refused to testify and had said nothing, only had vanished into thin air the moment the gavel had struck. Lena had been left alone with a billion-dollar company on her young shoulders, barely out of her teens and responsible for tens of thousands of employees and hundreds of subsidiaries and contracts. She had grown a lot in those first few weeks, forced to shoulder a burden she wasn’t ready to bear, but she had done so. Amidst plummeting stock prices, scathing media articles, vigilante abuse, stakeholder withdrawals, defaced property, broken buildings, even verbal and sometimes physical abuse to her employees and person. It had broken her, melted her, and beaten her until she was a forged Luthor. Lena Luthor; billionaire CEO, scientist genius standing alone in the middle of a hurricane. It had made her, but had broken her in the process.

Lillian’s ire had faded, slightly, but her gaze was still sharp. “And your….acquaintanceship with Supergirl?”

Time for her masterpiece. Lena didn’t hesitate. This was for Kara.

“Public perception rose immediately after. Our stock prices started to climb and jumped with every photo and article of the two of us. Having a hero on your side can be beneficial.”

She hesitated a moment, seeing her mother still wasn’t convinced.

“I still think their presence is a good thing. They do help people,” Lena said and lifted her hand to halt the vitriol her mother would soon spout. She’d gotten tired of it after Lionel had died and Lex suddenly turned aggressively anti-alien, but soon she’d gone back to Europe and had spent the rest of her teenage-years wandering with Haz.

“They do,” she said and inclined her head. “That being said….. the pros their presence causes does not outweigh their cons…not enough anyway,” she confessed quietly and sighed, glancing up at her mother from under her lashes. The self-satisfied smile on her mother’s features would have once made her stomach churn and feel heavy and suffocating, and she allowed her shoulders to curl in the tiniest amount. Lillian would take it as submission and acceptance, like she always had.

Lillian gave a little nod, her smile growing, and she said with almost fondness. “I’m glad you’ve finally seen things from our point of view. Saving one or two jumpers or halting a robbery or even helping put out a fire does not negate the hundreds of millions worth of damage they cause in their self-righteous crusade. We can’t ignore the criminals that flock to these cities for the thrill of facing off against a hero, or the innocent people, innocent humans,” Lillian emphasised, “caught in the crossfire.”

She paused a moment and her brows furrowed thoughtfully. “I’m sure you remember the Gala those thugs interrupted. You could have died.”

Lena felt a flare of emotion rise directed at her mother. She almost sounded relieved, and the girl she once was ached for the confirmation that Lillian loved her, but the woman she was now realised it was naught but an attempt to lure her into complacency. It was manipulation to get Lena to behave
exactly how Lillian wanted her to, after all, hadn’t she don’t that all her life?

“I didn’t,” Lena responded and could feel her spine tightening with the knowledge of it. She had tricked those thugs to come to her Gala where a trap had lain for them. She had done that, no one else. Lena had. She took care of her-self, no one else did that for her. She ignored that she never had anyone to do it for her and shook the sombre thought off.

“No,” Lillian agreed eventually. “You didn’t.” There may have been pride in her voice, but it’s very rarely been directed at her she was unable to tell.

“Come,” Lillian said suddenly and rose to her feet, presence filling the room commandingly and Lena fought down the instant, child-engrained urge to obey. “We must prepare,” she said as she swept from the room and Lena hastened to her tail least she be left behind.

Lillian led the two back down to the laboratory and Lena hesitated in the doorway while her mother walked calmly in. There was a dark skinned man standing next to her brother as the two leant over a computer. As he turned to see who had entered his red eye caught her attention and she narrowed her eyes a little and tilted her head. So this was the man who had battled Supergirl. A cyborg.

“Manners, Lena,” Lillian chided absently over her shoulder as though the impulse was hard to break as she too bent over the computer. “Lena. This is Hank Henshaw,” Lillian introduced him with a careless wave of her hand and Lena nodded. Ah, so this was the man whose skin the DEO director wore.

“And I’m assuming the man who works with Supergirl is-“


“I was gonna say better looking twin but that works too,” she remarked dryly. Lex smirked at her over his shoulder and then went back to his work and her heart arched for how they used to be. Lex and Lena against the world. Hank growled, a low metallic sound and she lifted her brow, hiding the way her heart jumped in fear. She hoped his obvious enhancements didn’t include hearing, if they did she would be in trouble. She needed to categorise all the CADMUS agents, and especially its leadership. She knew her mother and brother well, it was the others who would cause her problems.

“The Medusa Virus,” the matriarch breathed in awe, as though she had entered a pilgrimage and finally, after decades of searching, found what she had been looking for. Lena leant against the door, staying out of the way, and watched as the laboratory became a flurry of activity.

The matching grins on both Lex and Lillian’s features, and the grim satisfaction she could see twisted onto Hank Henshaw’s made a sliver of unease rise in her belly. Whatever made Earth’s most notorious alien hater, his leader of CADMUS mother, and an alien-loathing cyborg happy, didn’t bode well for any species other than human.

Chapter End Notes

If you haven't listened to the previously mentioned song, I recommend that you do. For reasons.

Also, my next fic (once I finish El Mayarah) is going to be either a Star Wars AU, or a
Medieval AU. With my own twist on them of course.

So, what one do you want me to start first? Demand will win :D I am excited for both of them.
Part Fifty - Three

Chapter Notes

It was a quiet night in National City. A lazy Tuesday evening. The night was taking a chilly undercurrent in contrast to the days scorching heat and sun and nobody paid any attention to a figure wearing a hoodie as he ducked into an alley way. Lots of people dressed to conceal their shape and face walked this quiet street, he blended in perfectly. The weak light from the street-lights flickered ominously and he glanced at the dull, orange glow above a worn door with little interest. His prey lay behind the door.

He took a moment to check his package was secure before taking the handle and forcing it open. For such a rickety and unkempt door it swung open on well-used hinges and he grunted. This was the perfect place.

The alien bar had a scattering of regular customers. A few with blue skin and large, unblinking eyes were over at the pool table drinking what looked like radioactive jelly, or really they were sucking it in through…well, trunks. As he walked further into the bar, barely concealing his disgusted sneer a creature walked past him with two glowing drinks, sparking from the top of the glass. It clicked at him, if he were to be the judge he’d say it was a friendly greeting, but he didn’t do friendly, and certainly not with these things. At the dart board there were another group, and one or two patrons at the bar.

He scanned the room looking for a secure location and trudged towards the bar-tender. She-he could tell it was a she by the clothes she was wearing- was green skinned, like a lizard, and had a purple fin atop her head which vanished into her clothes and he felt a snarl rising and fought down his nausea. He wanted to kill everything here immediately, but as he moved for his gun he felt the weight of the device in his pocket and soothed his ire. He had a job to do first.

“Kelslvae jindu’in ek?” The bar-tender spoke and her teeth were sharp and small and looked to cover her entire mouth. He saw the flick of a purple tongue as she spoke.

He waited silently, body tensing and she nodded.

“What can I get ya?” Her accent was atrocious; drawled out vowels and harsh letters.

Ah, so it did speak human, and English. Good. That would make this easier.

“Scotch,” he grunted and sat at the bar, glancing up into the bottles to see if anyone was paying him any unjust attention. “Neat.”

The creature nodded and turned to poor him one and he shifted his pockets onto his lap so he could get his wallet out. It was human alcohol, a popular brand, so he could stomach drinking it, even if it was in an alien bar.

He downed the whisky straight and set the empty glass back on the bar, savouring the burn as it slid into his body and set him alight from the inside. With his arm leaning against the bar he leant forward and signalled for another. The bar tender seemed uneasy with him, but poured him another as he pulled his wallet out. With his other hand he was pulling his device out and pressing it against the underside of the bar.

He slid a note across the top of it and turned and left. The filth was starting to get to him and he
wanted to take a shower to rid himself of their existence. But their deaths would do it for him.

He straightened and kicked his stool beneath the bar and started to walk to where the signage told him the restroom was, and slid another device up under an empty pool-table as he passed. In the mens room he took a moment to make sure no one was in the urinal before clicking a third device on the underside of the sink. You could never be too careful when plugging rat holes.

As he exited the bathroom he shouldered a human looking alien and the man stumbled back a little into one of the empty tables. The alien was solid, solid enough for him to feel the impact of their collusion but he kept walking towards the exit.

“Oof. Hey!” The alien protested and he fought the urge to turn and kill him on the spot. It would do no good to send the aliens scattering like the vermin they were before the poison could be set in their nest. But still, he wanted to. As he approached the door he pressed a button on his watch and then added his final explosive to the underside of a table as he passed by. He had had many years of practice and no one noticed a thing.

The door swung open with momentum as he stalked through it and he heard it shut with a satisfying jingle.

“Hey!” It was the alien he had bumped into and he growled and kept walking. Forty three seconds.

“J’onn?” The aliens’ question made him pause. So, the interloper who stole his life knew this alien. Time to send a message. He glanced at his watch and slowly turned to face the alien. He was looking bemused, his handsome earth face scrunched as he blinked at the man he thought to be ‘J’onn’.

Thirty seconds.

Henshaw sneered beneath his hood. He loathed J’onn J’onzz and everything he stood for and cared about, and had made it his personal mission to destroy everything the alien held dear.

“J’onn? What are you doing here? I thought you were at the oomph.” The alien doubled over and stumbled back as he threw his fist into his humanoid stomach. Rage had flooded him at hearing the thief’s name directed at him, but to hear it a second time, and to remember all that the scum had stolen from him increased it ten-fold until it was roaring and burning and demanding to be let out in an explosive fashion.

Grunting a little the alien straightened and backed up cautiously, bringing his hands up in front of him in a poor imitation of a fighting stance. Hank Henshaw sneered and pulled his hood back and saw the realisation in the vermin’s eyes.

Ten seconds.

“You’re not J’onn,” he commented unnecessarily and Henshaw saw his muscles bunch and knew an attack was coming. The alien had clearly had no proper instruction, and was relying on the brute strength he could feel as he countered the blow easily.

The timer was running down and it excited him, willing him with a dark satisfaction. Now he would see just how valuable of an asset Lex Luthor was to the team. He blocked a punch with his forearm and slammed an upper-cut into the aliens unprotected stomach. He was lifted from the ground and went soaring back several feet and landed heavily, but as he righted himself panting for breathe he glare at him. Henshaw bared his teeth in response and reached for his fire-arm…and then the fire-alarm began to wail and he paused.
The fire-alarm echoed in the cool air as the alien grumbled and groaned but got back to his feet and braced himself, and maybe he had had minor training, for his hands were now up guarding his face and he carefully stepped back into within Hank’s reach. But Henshaw was more concerned about the fire-alarm and the grumbling aliens that were now starting to emerge from their lair.

Growling he reached again for his gun. Human genius and invention would do what had to be done. He was lifting it to fire when he heard the woosh of a projectile fast approaching and had time to brace himself before he was struck with a blur of blue and red.

Supergirl.

She was slammed into the wall beside him, a good five meters away and grunted at the impact. The superhero was before him, furious, and ready for another round. He let himself grin, baring his teeth as he pulled himself off the ground and then launched himself at her. It didn’t matter that the alien filth had somehow managed to escape their doom, he had a fight to win.

Supergirl was gritting her teeth in self-righteous rage as she struck and parried his blows and he was very thankful to CADMUS for making him her equal in strength and speed. Humanity had it within themselves to be their own saviours, they didn’t need foreign ‘help’ under the guise of worship.

She had clearly been holding back last they had met, or she had been concerned with destruction of property and lives, but now she was giving her everything and he could feel her rage and hatred behind every blow that struck him. He hoped she could feel his. She and her ilk didn’t belong here. Earth was for humans.

They were relatively well matched, he with his enhancements, and she with her unnatural abilities, and he knew that if and when the other alien’s joined in the fight, he would be out-matched. It was time for him to leave.

As he was blown back by her laser vision meeting his own laser vision (and he silently thanked the Luthor’s for that particular design, even if the prototype was a half-decade old), he drew a blade from his boot. It was glowing a faint, sickly green and he saw Supergirl pause as she saw it. Kryptonite.

She was far more wary of him now, and he could see the other alien getting slowly to his feet and recovering.

“Kryptonite?” He rasped out and she nodded sharply, eyes intent on the blade.

“Right,” he said and slowly edged around to the side. “Surround him?”

Supergirl nodded absently, glancing at the aliens stumbling and convulsing on the ground outside the bar and the others who were crawling outside, before turning back to Hank.

“Henshaw! What’ve you done?” She called out, and she sounded distraught over the loss of life, even if they were alien-filth. But it took one to know one. They were all the same.

“CADMUS has plans for Earth,” he growled out, voice gravely like unleashed thunder, as he edged towards the street. “They don’t involve your ilk,” he rumbled and glanced over his shoulder to make sure his way out was clear. “This is just the beginning,” he promised, hoping he sounded as ominous as he was intending.

He jogged down the alley and ducked into the street, glancing up to make sure she wasn’t following him and ran for his car. He could hear the approaching sound of chopper breaking the still of the
night and the ringing cry of emergency sirens getting closer. The sound of them made his heart
almost swell, humans did many things for each other, and to dedicate your life to a service such as
that was an honourable thing to do. He just wished they weren’t helping aliens. But soon they
wouldn’t need to. Soon earth’s minds and resources would belong solely to the human race and no
self-serving alien scum could benefit from their sweat and toil.

His drive to CADMUS base was boring as he followed protocol. He changed several vehicles, stole
a fourth, and then left it while he took his own vehicle back home.

The news was already picking up on the attack, and there were confirmed casualties, which pleased
him greatly. He hadn’t killed as many as he had hoped, but he’d killed enough, and their informant
inside the DEO would soon pass along any additional information. The one though that was
bothering him though, he thought as he pulled into the base in one of their jeeps, was how the fire-
alarm had gone off. He didn’t believe in coincidences. The chances of it going off the very moment
he had unleashed a poison into the air of the bar was highly unlikely. And the news reports had
already commented on their being no fire inside, or nothing big enough to set the alarms off without
their being a large amount of heat, smoke, or flame. So it was suspicious.

Lillian was waiting for him with Metallo and while she gave all appearances of being composed, he
could see the twitch at her eyes and the slimming of her lips conveying her displeasure.

“Hank! What went wrong?” She enquired as he exited the car and thumped towards her. He wanted
a shower to rid himself of the alien residue he could feel clinging to his skin.

“Fire alarm went off right before the countdown finished,” he grunted to her and saw her eyes
narrow.

She glanced at James and he paused and looked between the two. “What?” He demanded in a low
growl and she nodded slowly.

“Go and relieve Ben and Phil,” she commanded. “Tell them we want to speak with them.” The man
nodded grimly and strode off towards the living quarters.

Hank turned back to Lillian. “They’ve been watching Lena,” she said stiffly, tone laden with
suggestion and he felt his eyes narrow.

He had been very suspicious of Lena Luthor’s conversion to their team and had voiced his concerns
to both Lillian and Lex, but Lex would hear none of it, and he felt he was blinded by his sisters
return to look at it objectively. Lillian was more…neutral on the subject, and informed him she felt
no deception from Lena, in fact all indicators suggested she was telling the truth when she told them
she was here to help. But her reasons were…. Complicated. Kara Danvers was Supergirl. And while
they had black-mailed Jeremiah with her survival, for his co-operation, they did have plans to
eventually neutralise her, if she didn’t go down quietly and stay down. The fact that Lena had
become her friend was an opportunity they couldn’t resist, or so he had thought. He was not blind to
the irony that Lena was joining CADMUS to protect Kara Danvers, and that she would have to be against Supergirl to
do so.

Both Lex and Lillian had been very firm that she was not to find out that her friend had tricked her
into befriending her. It would confuse Lena’s boundaries, Lex had said, and he had shaken his head
with fond exasperation. ‘Lena’s got a gentle heart,’ he had said with a smile. ‘She’d be conflicted, I
think, if we told her Kara Danvers was Supergirl when she is trying to neutralise Supergirl herself.
No. We’ll get rid of the alien menace and then tell Lena. That way she doesn’t have to deal with the
betrayal. I’ll avenge her.’ He spoke of Lena fondly, and Hank had taken a look at her records and
knew her to be a dangerous enemy, or a priceless ally. The only issue was, was that she tended to be a difficult read, choosing one option only to turn around and side-line you with the other option. She was brilliant; had an IQ equal to Lex’s, was a design and engineering expert, and was a very, very lethal chess-player. She could even face off against Lex and Lillian simultaneously and win.

The one fault that Lillian had mentioned Lena had, was that she was far too sensitive and concerned with doing what was right. She put her heart into things, and if she was joining CADMUS to protect her friend then they needed to be careful. Who knew how deep her heart went? What if she faltered at the last moment, recalling her friendship with the reporter? No, it would be best to keep her in the dark about it.

Lex had been so certain of it, and Lillian had backed him up, and Hank had no choice but to agree and the leaders of CADMUS had not yet informed Lena that her friend in National City was actually a superhero who had befriended her to keep an eye on her. Her disguise and ploy was very thorough, Hank had thought, when he had gone through the DEO informant’s reports and media.

Supergirl seemed very attached to Lena Luthor, and though she may have been wary of the ‘S’ on her acquaintance’s chest, Lena was fond of Kara Danvers. ‘We need Lena to be focused,’ Lex had added. And he had sounded proud when he had told them that no-one, not even he, could design weapons like Lena could. ‘Who do you think designed your eye?’ Lex had been smug about that, too smug, and his protection of his sister was concerning. If he had other loyalties than The Cause he could become an issue, but his heart was firmly anti-alien, and his mind was the same. Lex was a very desirable and valuable asset and they wouldn’t get far without him, so if he wanted his sister safe as part of his bargain, then safe Lena would remain.

Still. Hank had his suspicions. One’s Lillian had shared, wondering if maybe she was here to protect the hero instead of hurt her. It was why they were monitoring her entries into the CADMUS network, her laboratory requests (for inventory of course), and had soldiers assigned to her to ‘help her with anything she needed. 24/7. No matter what.’

They didn’t have cameras in their facility, not in the laboratories at least, Lex hadn’t deemed them necessary when he had the place built, but there were cameras where they kept important things. They were wired to a hidden network that only Lex, Lillian and himself could access.

If Lena were so stupid as to foil their plot, or somehow hack the alien bar fire-alarm right before the bombs were meant to go off, she would have been seen immediately and detained. So it seemed like she had not, but he would speak to the two soldiers who were ‘assisting’ her today.

“They didn’t report anything?” He enquired of Lillian as the two began to walk towards the living quarters and another soldier moved to take care of the car.

Lillian shook her head slowly. “She’s been in the laboratory for days. Lex’s been thrilled.” A genuine smile crossed her face at the thought of her eldest, and Hank felt a moment’s camaraderie with Lena Luthor. He hadn’t been the favourite child either, but at least his parents had tried not to make it so obvious.

They were discussing how to spread the virus, now they knew it was successful, when Phil and Ben marched up to them.

They were two of the original DEO, determined to see Earth belonging to the human race and were loyal to the cause.

“Metallo said you wanted to see us, Sir,” said Ben and the two soldiers saluted him and nodded to Lillian.
“Yes,” he grumbled. “What has Lena been doing today?”

The two soldiers shared a glance and then Phillip spoke. “Nothing, Sir. She has been in the laboratory for most of the day. Lex made her eat and drink, but otherwise, apart from a few rest-room breaks, she has been at her desk.”

“She was on Twitter for a few minutes,” Ben added and Hank felt his eyes narrow.

“What time was this?”

“Early this morning, Sir. Before you left.”

Henshaw hesitated. “Did she open anything other than twitter? Did you see any code or other websites?”

The two soldiers shook their heads immediately. “No, Sir.”

“She just answered questions,” said Phil.

Lillian was already gazing at him with a raised brow when he looked to her.

“Dismissed,” he told the soldiers. “Return to your post.”

The soldiers saluted him once again and then strode swiftly through the corridor towards the labs.

Hank thought for a moment. It didn’t sound as though Lena Luthor had hacked out of their system (he would later check to find no traces of tampering) and then into the alien-bar alarm, but she was a genius. If anyone could do it, she could. But if the soldiers said they didn’t see her doing anything other than working and going on social media, then she couldn’t have done so.

“Satisfied?” Lillian enquired dryly.

He met her gaze for a long moment. “For the moment,” he rumbled. “But she has yet to prove her loyalties to us.”

“Fair,” Lillian commented and started to walk away, probably to the laboratories and her darling son, so Hank decided to forgo his shower and see for himself what Lena had been doing.

She was bent over a sample with an empty water bottle next to her and a packet of chips which she put her hand in while keeping her attention on her work. She dug around for a moment and when her hand returned empty she huffed and proceeded to ball the empty bag up and toss it towards the bin. It missed. And joined the pile of rubbish around the outside; crisps wrappers, biscuit packets, even lolly bags; evidently the two Luthor’s had been here a while, and had been relying on the calories.

“You missed,” Lex commented from where he was leaning back on another chair with two legs in the air. She tossed him the bird in response and leant down towards her leg, where she picked up another bottle of water and started to crack open the seal.

“Let’s see you do better.”

He smirked at her back as she wrote something down on a piece of paper and went back to looking at his tablet.

“Ah, Hank!” Lex said when he noticed the cyborg. “An excellent job. The Virus worked perfectly,” he turned the tablet to a news media site where the ‘terror attack’ was headlining.
Hank grunted in response and turned his gaze on Lena, who had turned to face them. Her hair was
down and she wasn’t wearing any lipstick or make-up and she looked tired, but her eyes were
shrewd and calculating as she met his gaze.

“It would have,” he commented and folded his arms and stared at the young Luthor, who’s brow
furrowed and she tilted her head curiously. “If the aliens had been inside when it went off.
Somehow,” he said to Lex while he kept his eyes on Lena, “the fire-alarm went off and many of
them managed to get out.”

Lex huffed and shook his head. “Our spy within the DEO reports that someone started to smoke or
something. There was actual traces of smoke and that set of the alarm.”

He was tapping at his tablet as Lena leant back in her chair and brought her leg over her other one.

“Here,” Lex said and started to read the report. “Blah, blah, blah. Ah. Here…. Gideon said that one
of the Infernites had an episode and that is what triggered the alarm.”

Hank gave a little nod but kept his eyes on Lena, wanting to see a minuscule twitch of her eye, a
fidget in her fingers, a change in her stance, anything that would convey her guilt of the action.
Though he knew the species to be prone to outbursts of emotion, usually ending with them coating
themselves in blue fire, the timing was suspicious.

She met his gaze squarely, and if she were hiding her guilt she was doing an admirable job of it for
he couldn’t detect any sign of deception. And how she got one of the alien scum to self-combust at
the right time would be a question worth reviewing later…if she were guilty.

A beeping at her computer drew her attention and she spun around and he stiffened at the obvious
dismissal but she was already looking over her findings and gesturing her brother closer. Lex was
grinning and Hank could see satisfaction in Lena’s small smile and wondered just what the young
CEO had been doing. It was time to check.

He left the three Luthor’s in the room, nodded to Ben and Phil’s salute and walked through the
laboratories. He was looking for someone.

“Dr Danvers,” he rumbled as he came across the alien-loving man and felt tendrils of satisfaction run
through him at how the doctor had tensed and slowly turned to face him.

Jeremiah didn’t meet his eyes, which was acceptable, and he pulled the device he was working on to
his chest as though it could protect him.

“Lena Luthor,” Hank said and leant forward and Jeremiah flinched back. “I want to know what
she’s been doing today.”

Jeremiah hesitated and then moved over to a computer and started to type. He brought up pages of
code that Hank couldn’t recognise, but he would get one of his own men to confirm what Jeremiah
was showing him.

Apparently she had only emailed her assistant and had spent the morning on Twitter answering her
follower’s questions. Jeremiah had stiffened as he scrolled through the pages, and it was then that he
saw his adopted daughter-Supergirl. Kara- smiling at Lena over a table and his breath had stuttered
but he had kept on.

Eventually her morning on the internet had been shown and here was no evidence that Lena Luthor
had done anything other than email her assistant and answer questions from her fans on Twitter. But
still, Hank would be watching her.
Her best friend was Kara Danvers, no matter what excuse she had given Lillian for joining CADMUS, and from what her mother and brother had said of her, Lena’s heart was her weakness. If she found out that the woman she was trying to protect was the one she was helping bring down then she may even betray them. Or… if she was aware of it already, then she was here as a mole and would need to be neutralised….permanently. CADMUS didn’t take prisoners, even if it was a Luthor. If she wasn’t with them then she was against them, and if she was against them then she had to be removed from the playing board.

If Lena had willingly entered this fight as a double agent, she would soon learn what CADMUS did to humans who sided with aliens….

ADDITIONAL NOTES:

Now, because I have to have less than 5k characters in my Notes, I’ve been forced to add this here. Basically each part is an insert from my yet to be written Star Wars AU, and Medieval AU. So far Star Wars has one more vote, but this may change your mind.

“Do you love her?”

The quiet question barely reached her ears over the sound of water trickling down into her cell and she lifted her eyes.

“What?” She rasped, voice hoarse from lack of use and water, and its sound was harsh in the dark.

“Do you love my daughter?” Queen Eliza asked, no demanded, and stepped forward and pressed against the bars of the cell. The torch the guard next to her held flickered and smoked.

Her eyes caught its amber presence and she instinctively tried to move closer, forcing her unwilling body to stretch out from its curled position.

The guard next to the Queen stiffened immediately and there was a metallic hiss as he partially drew his blade. The rattling of her chains reminded her of where she was and she reluctantly shifted back against the wall and tried to relax her stiff muscles.

The queens pale hand was cast in an orange glow as she held it to halt her guard and the sword returned to its sheath, snug and secure.

“Do you love Kara?” The queen asked again and she didn’t hesitate.

“Yes.”

Eliza met her eyes for a moment and then flicked her fingers.

There was chinking of keys and a rattle as the guard unlocked the door and opened it. As he stepped
into the cell with his great ring of keys he cast a glance back at his queen, but her gaze was clear and steady and he obeyed her silent command.

He was not gentle as he dragged her legs out and unlocked the great iron bonds which felt like they held melted into her flesh, and he didn’t care for her whimper of protest as he jerked her arms free.

Unchained she slowly, weakly forced herself to her feet and stood on tottering legs as she tried to straighten.

Her pride kept her upright and she drew her strength to herself, feeling as her power returned to her and she turned her eyes on the Queen of Danver.

“Then save her,” Queen Eliza pleaded, and she was not the queen of the nation then, no she was a mother concerned for the safety of her daughter. “If you love her, Lena, save her.”

Lena took a deep breath and in the cold, quiet, supressing air of the prison cell in the bowels of the old fortress her Power returned to her.

In that moment she could hear the thrum of the sea slamming into the rock face above her; the slight click of rodents as they scurried about in the depths of the prison; the laboured breathing of the prisoners deemed to evil to execute, left to perish to time and malnourishment; even the faint murmurs of tens of thousands of warriors waiting for glory in battle.

Her Power seeped through her, returning her strength with a warmth like a hot meal or a bath, an old friend.

“Champions Duel?” She croaked and Eliza turned and started to walk away, her guard falling in beside her with a clink of his armour. Lena quickened her pace to catch up, body powerful and sleek after the residual effects of the magic restraint restraints fell away.

“Lex’s assassin succeeded,” The Queen responded bitterly. “Kara is powerless. The moment he kills her his troops have the order to attack. We will be slaughtered.”

They marched swiftly through the stone arch ways and were soon climbing the stairs. At the top there was an already open door with two guards waiting at attention.

They inclined their heads to their monarch as she passed and turned suspicious, loathing glances on Lena but she ignored them as she kept to Eliza’s heels.

“He can’t break the terms of-“

“He can and he will,” growled a man ahead of them and Lena instantly slowed to a halt, feeling the fine hairs on her arms and nape rise to attention. The man was coloured like the dark people to the North, with navy flowing robes of a scholar, but he had wisdom in his dark eyes, centuries worth of it.

“Kara Zor El has no Power any longer, just as Lex intended. He will Duel her to the death, and when she fails to Command him his troops will attack. It will be a massacre.” He said firmly, voice reverberating like thunder in the small corridor.

Lena was wary of him, something wasn’t right about him. Something was telling her, very loudly, that he was dangerous and she needed to be wary.

“J’onn,” Eliza said as she continued walking, the guard following swiftly, and the scholar falling into step at her side. “Can you help Lena?” Lena hastened to catch up.
The man, J’onn, nodded once. “I can tell her what I know, but she will have to do the rest by herself.”

Eliza’s lips pressed into a firm line and Lena glanced from the Queen to the scholar suspiciously. How could this man help her? She was of the Luthor line, nothing could help her. Only Death.

The trio led her up what seemed like an endless amount of stairs, and the entire castle was eerily silent. All available men, women, and even children had been called to the Red Fields in preparation for the duel which would decide whose army won the war. The crisp and salty ocean air kissed and caressed her face as she was lead out into the sunshine for what felt like the first time in weeks and she tilted her chin towards the sun, breathing its warmth in and feelings its heat settle in her bones and energise her blood. Its heat called to her.

“Lena!” Eliza’s voice was sharp, a faint undercurrent of fear beneath it and Lena opened her eyes to see they had been joined by a shield-maiden with hair of fire, and a warrior with no hair at all. All were looking at her with mixtures of fear and distrust.

Lena followed the beaconing finger closer and walked to the edge of the ramparts and looked out over the island.

To the North in the Red Fields there was a black wall of men and beast, the Shadervian Empire was here. A smaller size of brightly coloured troops was before the gates to the city, outnumbered by at least three to one, and with no-where left to turn and no reinforcements.

In the middle of these two armies was a stone arch and beneath it were the witnesses and commanders of each opposing force.

“Lex will duel Kara and he will win,” Eliza said gravely, the lines around her tight with grief. She had aged much in the three weeks it had taken the Easterners to cross the Blue Sea. Had she really been locked up for that long? It felt like forever. Around her the sea was churning and roaring and throwing white stallions into the air, the horses bucking and rearing as they clashed upon the rocky outcrop of the Keep. The wind bit and stung and tore, a reminder that it was here and waiting and ready for her. It called to her, asking her to come and play with it.

“When he turns and Kara’s Command fails, he will kill her, and then he will continue with his invasion,” J’onn rumbled, a combination of fury, sorrow and despair. “All will fall under his sphere of influence. He will be the most powerful being in the world.”

Lena tore her eyes away from the East, where the armies of the remaining lands vowed to stand one last time and fight for their lives, for their freedom. Tore her eyes away from where Kara, kind and sweet and gentle and beautiful Kara, was going to die, and back to Queen Eliza.

“We, you,” J’onn said and inclined his head, “must stop him here or all is lost.”

The wind tugged at her hair and she took a deep breath and centred herself.

“What do you want me to do?” She asked quietly, ready to do anything if it could save Kara.

“Save her. Save Kara. Save us all,” Eliza commanded and her voice was clear and powerful even as the icy chill of the wind tore the words as they fell from her lips.

Lena turned slowly to face the North and felt the sun warming her and closed her eyes. Her Power burned within her, building to a beautiful crescendo of red and orange and gold and she let it out. Let it fall from her fingers and cover her skin and she lifted her arms, already feeling the wind giggling and laughing and gesturing for her to leave the prison that was earth.
“Awaken the Dragon,” Eliza begged and Lena’s eyes flashed open; they were green, a bright, beautiful and glowing green, with black vertical slits.

A minute later and a shadow flew over the Keep.

OR:

ACT I (Chapter: Unknown)

The echo of her boots heralded her approach and she could feel the realisation and stiffening of attention of the Stormtroopers ahead of her. By the time she rounded the corner they were at attention, helmets carefully forward and guns relaxed but at the ready.

They stood aside in synchronisation and she waved her hand over the door. Its seal broke with a hiss and it slid back smoothly into the wall and she entered the room. She had been here many times and they knew the protocol. She was to be left alone, and any noises they heard would be ignored, or face her wrath.

The prison aboard was the standard for the Star Destroyer fleet, but this prisoner had been moved and was now locked in a secure room as well as being chained, to the ceiling. The rest of her band of rebels were locked in the traditional prison, but this prisoner was special. She was a Jedi.

She entered a blank corridor with a door at the end, too heavy for mere mortals to lift, but for a Force practitioner such as herself it was an easy lift. The door rose into the ceiling and she stepped into the circular room and gazed on the prisoner.

Kara Zor-El was one of the last survivors of Krypton, a former planet of the Rao System, which had been blown up during one of Darth Cadmus’ expansion quests, and was a current Padawan to the Jedi Master J’onn Jon’zz. While her training had yet to reach completion, the young Jedi had been a formable opponent on the battle field, and with Darth Thorul’s command, she had no choice but to bring the young Force user to her Master for the ritual.

She was fortunate to having been in ‘civilian’ clothing, just as Lena had when they had come across each other on Daxam, otherwise the two would have crossed lightsabres far sooner, and Lena was not certain she would have been the victor.

Instead of wearing the neutral, earthy tones the Jedi so self-righteously swore by, she had been wearing a synthetic leather blue tunic over a faded once-was-white shirt, with black pants and boots. She’d had a black cloak and it was within its folds that she had hidden her lightsabre which was a wise thing to do on a planet that sympathised with the Empire. She would have been identified and hunted down immediately, in addition to the fact that her accent was so clearly Kryptonian the Daxamite’s would have loved to have found one of their rival peoples, if only to put her in the ring to die. Unfortunately for them she had been captured by the Empire, by its Princess, Darth V’raithe, the Sith Apprentice to Darth Thorul, the Sith’ari. The Daxamite Prince had been affronted with her ‘theft’ of his prize, but his parents had quickly told the young Sith she was welcome to the Jedi Kryptonian scum and hoped she had something nefarious planned for the Padawan.

Lena didn’t, but Darth Thorul, her brother, did. It was the reason she was on Daxam, hunting down a trader who had apparently come across a Sith Holocron, an imprint of the Sith who had made it,
which told how to unlock the Force, and steal it from another. Darth Thorul had commanded Lena retrieve it, and so she had obeyed. It was in her possession, and so was the Jedi Padawan he wanted to test it on.

Though much to her ire a group of the Jedi’s companions had managed to destroy her ships Hyper drive leaving them stranded in the Rao System while her crew repaired it, it meant she had time to question the young woman.

She was a magnificent example of the tough life and training a Jedi undertook, though to be fair the Sith were just as rigorous, but they rewarded their Apprentices with luxury as they progressed, and what was the point to Power if you didn’t show it off?

Kara, the Jedi Padawan, had fair skin, but had clearly spent more time under the sun than Lena had, and her hair was blonde, and the first time she’d seen her Lena had sworn her hair was spun of gold and sunshine as it caught the light. She had been quick to offer a friendly smile, even to a stranger, and had been more than willing to share her Credits to those who had needed it. She wasn’t smiling now, she hadn’t smiled since the moment she had seen Lena remove her robes and activate her lightsabre. Instead of a bright light in her eyes she now glared with hate, and undisguised loathing every time Lena came to visit.

While she could have taken the young Jedi on a Royal Transport Shuttle with a fleet of fighters, she hadn’t wanted to leave her ship, and had argued (with herself and her General) that she would feel far more secure on board with her precious cargo than risk the Rebels managing to delay her any further from delivering Darth Thorul what he wanted.

Kara was an engaging young woman and had been steadfast in her beliefs, wrong as they were, and had challenged her every step of the way. Only by using the Force and threatening her friends, who had been caught on board destroying her ship- a fact of which she was both irked with and begrudgingly respectful-, had she been able to control her. Still, she offered fierce glares and bright eyes and a sharp tongue whenever the two faced each other, though recently she hadn’t been able to meet Lena’s eyes.

It may have been because the young woman was bare from the waist up and Lena had been unable to hide her…curiosity.

The trails of her cloak waved from her momentum as she strode to a halt before the Jedi and she could tell Kara knew she was there by the way her breathing hitched before she forced it in and out at a measured pace.

“A group of Rebel’s just boarded my ship,” she said calmly, clearly and was rewarded with startled blue eyes rising swiftly to meet hers.

She was a master-piece, truly; soft skin, sweet looking lips, a gentle curve to her cheeks with long lashes framing beautiful blue eyes that seemed to change shade depending on how she was feeling. She even had a small scar above her left eye, and if anything it increased her beauty, but the most attractive thing about her, bar her smile (which Lena was beginning to think was something new entirely) was the hope she had for…well, everything. She was naive and a Jedi, but something in Lena never wanted that light to fade, could never be the reason for it and she didn’t know why.

“They’re led by a fierce woman with short dark hair and a badge of a red bird on her…ah,” she said pointedly, seeing Kara’s eyes widen she let a small, pleased smile. “So you do know who it is. I wonder,” she said and tapped her lip thoughtfully. “Is this the famous Alex Danvers? Best pilot this side of the-“
“Please don’t hurt her,” the Jedi begged, eyes wide and earnest and alight with fear for her sister.

In response Lena reached into her robes and withdrew her lightsaber. The room echoed with its hum and she could see the defiant fear in Kara’s eyes tinged with its ruby light. But it wasn’t fear for herself, the crinkle in her brow, the lines around her eyes, they were for someone else.

Rolling her wrist she flicked her sabre forward and sliced through the chains holding Kara to the ceiling.

The young Padawan fell to the floor and glanced up at her in absolute bemusement and Lena stared at her a moment before sheathing her sabre and returning it to her hip. Her cloak spun about her as she pivoted and began to stride towards the exit.

“Come,” she demanded and heard the Jedi scramble to her feet to follow her.

She waved her hand of each of the doors and they opened for her and she strode out into the corridor. The two Stormtroopers were there, as was Jesskra, her premier slave stood with a bundle of clothing with a familiar object on the top of it.

“Go and find out who is on patrol in the loading bay,” she commanded and the pair were swift to obey.

“M’Lady,”

She examined the fabrics Jesskra had brought for Kara as the two walked away. She took the sabre and looked it over as she felt the Jedi’s presence behind her.

“Y-you’re letting me go?” Her voice was a long time in coming, confusion dripping from it and Lena paid her no further attention as she tossed the sabre of her shoulder. She heard the Jedi catch it, felt the ripple in the Force telling her the Padawan had taken a defensive stance.

“Mh,” she hummed and started to walk away. “Jesskra will escort you to the loading bay.” The thump of her boots echoed behind her, and a confused Jedi stood half naked in the bowels of a Star destroyer with her lightsabre clapped in her hand. staring after the Sith Princess who’d just released her.

Chapter End Notes

Muse kicked in, so it’s early. Also, which of my AU’s do you want? What are you excited for?

Also, my knowledge of the SW Universe is basically from a few viewings of the movies, don’t tear me to pieces :D
Part Fifty - Four

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The up-beat and almost disco like music pumping through the radio as the unmarked high end SUV made its way through the streets would have been an odd sight, if anyone were out to see it. As it was, the tinted windows and stolen plates meant that even if the three vehicles did draw attention no one would know who was inside, or trace the registration. It also meant that they didn’t see the soldiers carrying machine guns and an array of guns that the general population wouldn’t be able to name. They also didn’t see the woman sitting in one of the back-seats next to a man who had a glowing green chest, like some sort of green and silver spider had dug into his skin.

She was sipping from a water-bottle and bobbing her head along to music from her own ear-plugs and glanced at her watch as they made their way through the streets.

“ETA Two minutes,” a voice came over their coms and a few of the soldiers triple checked their weapons while others took a moment to centre themselves. The woman just turned her eyes to the window while weapons and gear checks when on around her.

It seemed much shorter than two minutes when the three vans finally pulled up at their destination and she pulled her hood over her head as the sound of doors opening and closing echoed into the night.

“Time to go,” the man next to her commented and he was swift from the vehicle, obviously itching to get started. She followed at a more reserved pace and the night was warm as she stepped into it and started to walk towards the building they had halted at. The street lights were reflected on hundreds of panes of glass and the building was a magnificent mix of art and architecture; steel and glass. The soldiers were already moving forward in formation, and she could hear their directions and observations as she followed them into the building; Lord Technologies.

The security guards were quickly neutralised as they passed through the doors and walked deeper into the bowels of the building.

Their fake security clearance would get them into the building, and then it was up to the soldiers to clear the way and escort her to the top floor, to Maxwell Lord’s office.

She ignored the soldiers around her as she stepped into the large and open foyer and turned for the elevator.

The security feeds had been hijacked earlier in the day and re-routed to one of their own false IP addresses, pinging somewhere in the Bahamas, and CADMUS was watching the security guard routes, as well as the police scanners, for any activity. One group broke off and started to climb the stairs, keeping an eye out for security guards. The third team took an elevator and halted on the third floor, and the second team entered and made for the top floor.

“Entering the elevator,” said one of the soldiers and she couldn’t see his face through his helmet and mask but she thought that it may have been Blair. His voice was very deep for such a youthful looking man.

She was running through her mental list of tasks as they slowly climbed the elevator and let the men around her deal with the security and manpower side of the defences of Lord Technologies.
There were a few employees still working, and their neutralisation was noted through the communication system but she ignored it. For the moment the security guards had proved no obstacle, and the employees accepted their situation with little complain. They wouldn’t when faced by machine guns.

“Floors one to nine are clear.”

“Roger. Nine and ten are clear.”

Maxwell Lord’s office was at the top of the building, like most CEO’s and had top of the line personally designed security systems… but unfortunately for him he was not one of the smartest people on the planet. He was indeed a genius, and no doubt crawled his way into the top 100 brilliant minds, but he wasn’t within the top ten. And two of those top ten were currently united in breaking into his office.

The elevator came to a halt with a little ding at the top floor and opened to a wide, welcoming space with a receptionist desk directly before them. The soldiers split into pairs, each set going to a side and proceeding to sweep the floor just in case the camera’s hadn’t picked anything up.

“At the top floor. Clear.”

She eyed the sleek décor and perfectly lined desks and turned her attention to the far end of the room which she could tell was barred and secured with some of the best security money could buy.

“Police feeds are quiet. You are clear to proceed with phase two,” a crackled voice commented and the soldiers took up position on either side of the door.

Two knelt and began to dig through black duffle bags and soon were placing two silver devices on each door. A tablet was offered to the woman and she pulled on of her headphones free to concentrate.

“Miss Luthor,” said one of the soldiers as he rested his hands on his gun. “You will need to disarm-“

“Don’t tell me how to do my job,” she interrupted him as her fingers flew across the keys, underside of her face lit with the light from the tablet.

He gave a sharp nod and returned to attention, scanning for any threat that may have been missed.

It took her a minute and a half and then there was a click of the lock and one of the soldiers pushed the doors open.

Maxwell Lord’s office was…. Boring, and actually rather small for the CEO of a billion dollar company.

It was longer than it was deep and had lots of white lights and silver…. A lot of silver. A silver desk, two parallel benches with designs on them that she would look over as soon as she had found what she was looking for. There was a rolly-chair at the desk and a silent computer, just waiting for her to play with it.

“Clear,” said the same soldier and she carelessly handed him the tablet as she strode into the room, eyes on her prize.

A large window provided a backdrop and she glanced out into the night as she rounded the desk and gently took a seat. She fished her gloves from her pocket and made sure they were snug before tapping at one of the keys.
The computer awoke almost immediately and the screen saver shone with the Lord Technologies logo and she inwardly rolled her eyes. The only reason he had become so popular was after the fall of Luthor Corp and the Luthors. Lex’s defeat by Superman was the only reason the company had been able to take some of the market. It was a slight Lena couldn’t ignore and within time she would rectify it, and hold monopoly of the market, but first she had to find one of L-Corp’s chemical components.

After the L-Corp tower had crumbled to the ground, and repair crews had managed to clear some of the rubble from the ground floor, she and her team had gone into the laboratories to see what they could salvage.

Luthor ingenuity was sound, even if the designer was considered insane, and the research and development and vaults of the lower levels had been mostly untouched by the tons of rubble, steel, concrete and glass that had collapsed on top of it. Of course that just meant that millions of dollars’ worth of equipment, experiments, research and prototypes now had no-where to be secured.

Maxwell Lord had offered a hand with that, offering to store some of their more…valuable…assets… in exchange for…a glance over them. Lena had had little choice but to agree to his terms, but had been very careful with what she had agreed to be sent to store within Lord-Tech, nothing that was too valuable or important certainly. And nothing that the shrewd businessman would be able to enter without having a willing CEO open it for him. It was a relatively good deal for the board-or so they had thought, Lena had torn them a new one for daring to let her tech out into the world, but they had argued that Maxwell had the brains and resources to guard it for the moment, so she had been outvoted.

It still irked her, but no matter. She would have her revenge on the man shortly. Once she found where he had stored Isotope 4-54.

Like many of the inventions and research Lex and her had done, it had been hidden and locked in a biometric miniature vault, surrounded by Luthor Steel, one of Lex’s modifications to traditional steel with a chemical imbalance that meant that the steel was as hard as diamond and just as heat-resistant. Getting into the safe-box without destroying whatever was inside would be very, very difficult. Impossible even, unless you were inhumanly strong, but that would set off a chemical reaction and would turn the box into an explosive. Luthor’s were possessive and jealously guarded what was theirs. They would see it destroyed than in the hands of another.

With her gloves secure she took a small flash drive and plugged it into the computer. Immediately a box popped open on the screen saver and she rolled her fingers before getting to work.

Her fingers flew over the keyboard with deft strokes and after navigating a few traps, and bypassing a few far too obvious routes into the system, she was shortly inside Maxwell’s computer. It had taken her ten minutes, which, on the scale of the system she was attacking by herself, was damn impressive.

With the computer and database satisfied that she was Maxwell Lord; biometric scans, encryptions, and passwords aside, it was time to…keep a neighbourly eye on Lord Technologies…

She opened a feed to all of the security cameras in the building and kept it operating out of sight while she started to look through been digging through his more private entries when one in particular caught her attention.

“Are you in yet?” One of the soldiers asked, obviously getting impatient.

She lifted a finger to halt him and went back to reading.
It was…fascinating material. Material about Supergirl. She took a moment to duplicate the files she was interested in, the ones on Supergirl, while she returned to the L-Corp items and went looking for her strong-box.

“This is taking forever,” another soldier complained and their babbling was bothering her so she lifted her head and stared the speaker down.

“According to the manifesto the isotope is in the basement vaults. Section thirty-seven. It’s in a briefcase with the L-Corp logo on it,” she told them calmly and turned her gaze back to Lord’s computer as one of the camera’s picked up movement. The soldiers immediately disbanded, but one hesitated at the door, obviously waiting for her, and she waved him on, attention on the screen.

The image was grainy but she could see the helmet and the black suit, and suddenly decided her presence was required in the lobby.

She finished up with what she was doing, and took the files she’d stolen from Lord on Supergirl. She was not cheating, Kara was important to her and she wanted to know what Lord had been planning, or had learnt about the city’s caped hero. She didn’t look at any of his designs or inventions. She would beat him fair and square…. But, she considered as she strode towards the doors and flicked off the lights, was it really fair when he was going up against her?

It was something for her to think on as she rode the elevator down to the lobby and pulled her hood up, for aesthetics. Appearance was everything, after all.

She glanced at her watch as she descended and heard the CADMUS teams relaying their descent into the basement, and wondered what lack of tact they would use to get inside and then realised she didn’t care. Half-way down a thought struck her, and she took a moment to make a quick detour. CADMUS was already aware of Guardian’s presence and soldiers were already beginning to head him off and Lena was certain that when they caught him he would be adequately punished.

Strolling through Lord Tech’s upper level laboratory she grabbed a beaker, and started to mix a few chemicals together. She wasn’t concerned about her health, she was dying anyway.

It had been a humanising realisation, to realise what the signs were pointing to. Her body; slowly burning her alive from the inside. It was why she was suddenly increasing her calorie intake, and explained her headaches. Dr Danvers had only confirmed her hypothesis several hours after she had left her hospital and while she was making plans to join CADMUS and bring them down from the inside. She didn’t intend to survive its destruction, or at least, she didn’t think she would. It was a desirable outcome, sure, but not the most desirable. Ideally she wanted to hand the DEO the files of every CADMUS member and the details of their operation, without killing anyone. But she was willing to go out with a bang, as it were, if required. If she couldn’t get the information out and it became a choice between her and Kara, she would choose Kara every time.

She had several missiles primed and ready, awaiting their activation, her bellybutton ring. Twist and click to activate and they would hone in on her signal and obliterate everything within a hundred metre radius. She intended to use it if necessary, after all, she was dying so if she took out the terrorist organisation trying to kill the woman she loved, then it would be worth it. The irony of her situation didn’t escape her. The Kryptonite was making her stronger, faster, and her mental abilities were developing at an astronomical rate. She was certain she was developing….abilities… that weren’t native to human kind, and were prevalent in other….foreign….sentient species, but she likely wouldn’t live long enough to test it out fully. But…. it was also killing her. Whatever Lex and Dr Alan had given her through the years was now manifesting in her cells and changing them.

Changing her as thoroughly as she was changing the chemical components of the solution she was
She was listening to the smooth crooning voice of Michael Buble as she finished her concoctions and left the lab, carrying one beaker with chemicals in each hand.

It took some juggling but she managed to press the elevator back to the third floor, where apparently Guardian was pinned down by CADMUS and bullets were flying.

She waited until the elevator dinged and then strolled confidently out into the floor. It was an office, or was an office. Currently there were soldiers lying prone on the ground with desks up-turned and paper and chairs scattered all over the floor. The spit-fire of guns was obvious and she examined the mess with polite disinterest.

The beakers were steaming in front of her and she glanced at them before walking into the line of fire. She heard the startled cries and calls for a cease-fire as she walked out into the open and turned to look at the CADMUS agents.

“That’s enough, gentlemen,” she said strongly, commandingly and saw them hesitate.

In her peripheral vision she could see a metal head peaking up from behind an over-turned desk and didn’t bother to conceal her eye-roll. No one could see her face. It was fine.

“Ma’am?”

“We have seven minutes until the police arrive because someone,” she emphasised in a low hiss and glared at the soldiers, “decided it would be a good idea to open fire in the middle of a building in the middle of the city. Idiots.” She didn’t bother to conceal her disdain and saw the soldiers look at each other awkwardly.

“Ma’am? The vigilante?”

“Leave him to me,” she said calmly and shifted her weight to her heels hoping her body language would convey her seriousness.

“Ma’am,” one of the soldiers said and he did some sort of movement with his hand and the soldiers immediately began to fall back to the stairs, dragging their comrades with them while others watched the desk where Guardian was taking cover. The soldier hesitated at the top of the stairs and then, perhaps feeling her gaze on him, ducked into the stairwell.

She felt, rather than heard Guardian extract himself from the corner he had dug himself in.

“You’re breaking and entering,” he rumbled and she sighed as she turned to face him.

“I’d say the same for you,” she said and glanced between her two chemical mixtures. Guardian was carefully approaching her and she saw he had a pair of cuffs out, ready to apprehend her and she lifted her beakers warningly.

“I’m here to stop you,” he rumbled again and edged forward. “Put the chemicals down.”

“Mh,” Lena considered it for a moment and then shook her head. “No.”

She ducked backward as Guardian lunged at her and took a moment to make sure her concoctions hadn’t spilled.

“Hey! These are dangerous!” She glared at him from under her hood and shook her head.
“Honestly, you vigilante types…. Don’t give a damn about anything but yourself.”

Guardian rolled to his feet, eyeing her warily as the concoction in her left started to bubble and smoke. “I’m a hero,” he protested firmly. “I help people.”

“Ah ah,” she said warningly, seeing him come closer. “I’d hate to drop these.”

He hesitated and tilted his head around and her eyes narrowed.

“What’s in them?” He asked as he slowly lifted his arms.

“Chemicals,” she provided helpfully and eyed the front of his arm guards. She knew from watching the footage on Guardian that he had a grappling hook in one and a shield on the other. It was impressive tech. Far too impressive for human tech, and it was what had initially drawn her interest to the newest vigilante in National City. Supergirl saying she knew him had only increased her curiosity and so Lena had taken a closer look at him. Learning he was actually James Olsen had come as a surprise and not. Surprise; because she had thought the man was more intelligent to go out beating people up, but also because from how the media had framed him, he was stepping into a ‘heroic’ position, and the man had always had a small, well…. She knew him from the Clark Kent vs Lex Luthor days and knew that he was just and self-righteous, while it suited him. Going around with a mask on and proclaiming himself a hero while he bet people up was just the sort of thing she could see him doing.

“What kind of chemicals?”

“Ones from a lab,” she said while narrowing her eyes at the way his palms tensed and then she dove out of the way as he lowered his palms parallel with the floor and a hook was fired at her.

Growling she got to her feet and tossed the beaker at him. He tried to move, and would have managed it if the upturned chair wheel hadn’t caught the edge of his suit. The beaker splashed over him and he faltered as the metal of his suit began to bubble and steam.

“What the-”

“Language,” she chided archly over his expletive and moved over to right a chair and sit casually before him. He stumbled and shook himself but his suit started to melt and solidify into an unmoving block of metal down his right-hand side.

“You may want to take a seat,” she suggested and folded one of her legs over the other as the chemicals went to work.

James was trying to move and his movements were jerky and laboured, as though he were moving through mud. The composition she had chosen and mixed together would melt the metal alloy of the alien-based metal and then solidify once the chemical had eaten its way into another form. She inwardly congratulated herself as James forced his immobile body onto one of the only free standing chairs in the room. Funny how that could withstand the destruction in the room and still be sitting there as though it were just another ordinary night.

“Who are you?” His voice was laboured through his voice modifier, and slightly breathless, she would guess.

“What?” She asked in mock surprise as the CADMUS agents informed each other they had retrieved the isotope and were now making their way back to the ground floor. “Did you not know who I was before you came charging in here guns, well,” she paused and ran her eyes over his ruined metal body, “not guns, but shield and ego? Blazing?”
He said nothing, but she knew her comment had irked him, if only a little.

“You could thank me for saving your life, for a start,” she commented and sat her other beaker on the floor. The chemicals were starting to bind and the glass was getting cold, almost too cold for her to hold.

“You didn’t—” he began to protest and she lifted her hand.

“Please,” she drawled. “You were outnumbered and out gunned and from what I can tell, your suit is at about seventy-five percent. If I tell you I saved your life, then I did.”

He was silent a long moment, dark eyes staring her down and then he gave a little nod.

“Good,” she said and slowly pulled her hood from her face. She heard and saw his recognition of her and allowed a slow, pleased smile to cross her lips. His gasp of surprise didn’t go unnoticed and she could pick up miniscule movements beneath his frozen metal suit that indicated his recoil.

“Luthor,” he spat and she didn’t conceal her eye-roll.

“James Olsen,” she said and offered her hand as though to request a hand shake.

He was quiet for a moment, likely in surprise, but then, “I’m Guardian.”

Lena sighed. “Please don’t insult my intelligence. Like me or not you have to admit it is there and I know exactly who you are.”

“What the fuck do you want?” He demanded and she inhaled and let her breath out in a sigh.

“Well. That’s impolite,” she chastened. “And to think I kept you from turning into a human embodiment of Swiss cheese,” she said in relation to her coming in and halting the CADMUS agents firing upon the unarmed vigilante and considered it a moment. “Or perhaps a black lace doily?” She gave it a few more seconds of thought before shrugging. “My PhD’s are in science, not English. I’m sure with your…journalistic… background you could come up with a more fitting comparison.”

He glared at her and she could feel his hatred in the air between them. It was something she was used to, the loathing that was now synonymous with the Luthor name, but still. He had no right to judge her when he was out in a mask beating up criminals.

“Out engaging in a little corporate sabotage?” James sneered and she couldn’t help but offer a small, delighted laugh.

“Nonsense,” she shook it off airily. “The life of a CEO is far too busy to be doing anything but devoting time to the company. Something I’m sure Cat Grant will be delighted to impart upon you now she’s returned.”

He clearly understood her hidden jibe for his response was defensive and swift.

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“I’m out helping people. Unlike you.”

She placed her hand mockingly on her heart. “Who?” She simpered innocently. “Me? I would never,” she emphasised and then let the façade fall as well as her innocent mask. “Scouts honour.”

“Liar,” he shot back and she let a Luthor grin cross her face.

“Well…. Only one of us is going out beating people up and finding trouble. Pot meet Kettle,” she finished with a little raise of her shoulder.
“I help people,” James emphasised and Lena lifted her brow.

“I was confused as to your purpose, Mr Olsen, but once I realised who you were….and had a conversation with Supergirl…” James’ eyes tensed and she noted it for future reference but continued, “then I realised why you do….this,” she gestured to the suit.

She let her words linger a moment in the air before continuing. “All your life you’ve been surrounded by these…people that are more than you could ever hope to be. You’ve always been in the shadows to their light, never holding the spotlight but always shining it on them, always forced to stand behind them and you got sick of it.”

“That isn’t true,” he said stiffly and she tilted her head.

“Isn’t it?” She asked gently, wondering how he could call what he was doing a ‘heroes work.’

“I am helping people,” he emphasised again and she could see that he truly believed it.

She gave the two points a moments thought before starting with the first, more important one.

“CatCo is a world-wide, multinational, multi-million dollar organisation with outlets across the globe and reporters in every corner, writing on everything from politics to cookies. The CEO has that power at their fingertips. You could have promoted important ideas and stories by picking reporters that, while not always agreeing with your own views, gave both sides of the story a voice. You could have thrown your support behind new laws and policies and even people who were supporting change in society. You could have given power to those who had no voice,” she said carefully.

The media was a powerhouse in modern society, even if every kid with a cell-phone could tell a tale, but reporters were given credibility, unless you followed Fox and then you were a lost cause anyway. They had a responsibility to speak the truth, even though sometimes many didn’t want to hear it, or their opinions on the truth were skewed. By controlling the power of the voices, then the CEO of a major news organisation like CatCo had almost unmatched influence over society, which should have been used.

James was silent a moment but she could see his thoughts firing behind his eyes even as he glared her down.

“Instead you, an untrained, unauthorised civilian have been running around the city in a suit you, neither paid for, nor designed, and beat up ‘criminals.’” She leant back in her chair and ran her tongue along her teeth. Vigilante justice was a bit of a sore point for her, especially when anti-Luthor sentiment roared through society with the ferocity of a forest-fire; she had been on the opposite end frequently and the idea left a bad taste in her mouth.

“I don’t beat people up,” he snarled and tried to move in his armour. “I apprehend criminals and I help people.”

“It is admirable,” she admitted and then gave a little smile as she saw the creases around his eyes slacken. “It is,” she said and gave a little nod. “You want to help. I believe that. But I do not believe you are going about it the right way.”

“Name,” she said leaning forward and placing her feet on the ground, “one instance where Guardian stepped in where competent, trained, legal, professionals could not have done your ‘job’ for you? In fact, name an instance where your presence didn’t escalate the situation? With injuries and damage?”

He was silent; probably listening to the voice in his ear and no doubt gritting his teeth and she gave a little nod.
“National City has a competent, just police force. The DEO has a presence here, a relatively firm one,” she ducked her head a little, “and a Super. Guardian is not necessary. You walk around in a mask,” she emphasised and shook her head. “Instead of becoming a police officer, or a fire-fighter, or a member of the military or, I don’t know, a volunteer at a shelter or a big brother to the youth, you ride a motorcycle around the city in stolen technology and attack criminals and call yourself a hero.”

“It’s not like that,” James retorted with fire and she arched her brow.

“Isn’t it?”

“Your companion, who, yes I know you are there, stole DEO-government-technology, time and resources to build you a suit so you could fight crime. You are a civilian, using stolen equipment, and acting on your own sense of vigilante justice. Maybe you need to examine yourself,” she said calmly. “Because all I see is a man using justice as an excuse to go out and beat people up.”

She took a moment to let him air his defence, noting that it mostly returned to him thinking he was helping.

“But that’s just the thing,” she interrupted him and could hear the way his jaw clicked shut in fury. “The amount of petty crime in National City since the appearance of Supergirl has decreased thirty percent and is falling quarterly. She puts out fires, carry’s injured to hospital, helps out with crashes, looks for lost kids, stops robbers, and visits kids in hospital. She is a hero because she doesn’t wear a mask and that is the difference between Supergirl, and people like the Bat in Gotham, or you.”

He was quiet a moment, dark eyes eyeing her warily. “You seem to have interesting thoughts on Supergirl.”

“For a Luthor?” Lena enquired with a raised brow. She smiled wryly.

“Supergirl,” she said and leant back in her seat, feeling vestiges of her headache returning. “Is a hero because she doesn’t hide. She works with the government to help people. She does not take the law into her own hands to punish people as she sees fit. She has direction, a team to answer to, a team that monitors all that she does and follows protocols. She is a defence. You,” she pointed to James, “are offense. You attack people. Yes, they may be in the wrong, but instead of following them and telling the authorities what you know, you instead walk into a fight. You actively go looking for trouble and that is the difference. You are a vigilante,” she finished strongly, clearly eyeing James as though he were a member of her board and she were telling him just how she wanted her company run.

“Supergirl is a hero, and that makes all the difference in the world.”

Surprisingly James was quiet a moment and she sighed quietly.

“It’s not that I don’t get it. They make you want to be better, to aim higher,” she said softly. “You want to do what they do, be the person they are but James,” she shook her head slowly. “You aren’t them,” she told him and could feel the crease between her brow. “You’re you,” she tilted her head to the side. “And you’re gonna get yourself killed if you continue. You would have died tonight,” she informed him flatly, in her no-nonsense tone and tilted her head to hear the CADMUS agents as they relayed that they were heading for the vehicles. One was waiting for her but would ‘appreciate your haste, Ma’am.’

“And how would that affect the people around you? Your friends? Your family? Kara?” She let her friends name hang in the air, the first time she’d spoken it since she had walked away from her life to
join CADMUS and closed her eyes as her heart ached.

“There are other ways to be a hero, Mr. Olsen,” she commented as she rose to her feet and picked up the smouldering beaker at her feet. “If it were for any reason other than the front page, and you wrote several of those articles yourself,” she pointed out with a calculating glace, “then you would be satisfied with public service; becoming a big brother, a volunteer, a sports couch, a foodbank chef, a motivational speaker, but instead you go out at night with a mask and use your fists.”

She walked up to him and could see the twitches near his eyes as he was obviously trying to move within his suit. “Is that the message you want the Super’s to pass on? Is that what you want that ‘S’ to mean?”

She stood over him and gazed down into the slit and into his eyes. “H-how’s Kara?” She asked quietly, almost rolling her fingers together nervously but Lillian had long cured her of the habit.

“Why do you care?” he shot back bitterly and he must have seen something through her carefully maintained mask. “You left. She’s barely left her room.”

Lena let that comment fall over her and closed her eyes as the words rebounded in her heart.

She caught a destressed cry between her teeth and forced it back down and forced it back down and took a few deep breaths. “I-,” she swallowed, harshly and shook her head. “I-, she hasn’t come looking for me, has she?” She enquired, eyes wide and heart rate increasing at the thought.

“She can’t,” she said without waiting for a response. “It’s not safe.” Her hair fell about her face as she shook it quickly. “Tell her to leave me be,” she pleaded, knowing her tone was boarding weak and desperate but not caring. If James could tell Kara to stay away then that would be worth it. “I know she will want to. Her heart won’t let me just go, but please James,” she caught and held his eyes, trying to convey her message without speaking. “She won’t be allowed to leave if she does find me. I can’t risk that. CAMDUS has plans that don’t involve nosy reporters.”

‘Ma’am. Police ETA ninety seconds.’

Hesitating a moment she reached up to tap her ear piece. “On my way.”

James blinked at her and looked at the ear piece and then back to her eyes. They widened dramatically as she lifted the beaker and proceeded to pour it over the affected plates of his suit.

“Police will be here soon. You may want to make yourself scarce,” she commented as she began to walk quickly towards the stairs. “Oh,” she paused and spun back to James. He was standing now, trying to force the smelted plates of his right side a part to help with the chemicals.

He glanced up at her and she tilted her head. “I finished the playlist Kara wanted. It’s on my phone. She’ll know which one. Tell her to have a listen and we’ll talk about it when all this is over.”

She nodded farewell. “Nice chat. Let’s keep it private, shall we?” and then vanished down the stairwell; heart thumping, blood pounding, body lean and swift as she bolted down them. She could outrun the elevator if she was quick, and she needed to be. The police would be here in a minute and CADMUS needed to get away. So did Lena. Her plans would be ruined if she were imprisoned, and a break-out would cost her time and resources, so it would be best if she avoided that particular outcome.

She made good time, bolting across the foyer and pulling her hood over her face as she ran out towards the waiting car. CADMUS had disabled the cameras inside the building, or had made sure they wouldn’t be recording but couldn’t do the same to such a large network of city security cameras.
so had instead selected certain areas to pass through at certain times. If the timed it right, and they would, Lex and her had devised the escape route and had programed the cameras to ‘randomly’ cut out at the press of a button. Actually it would mean that the vehicles could take each specific path and vanish into the city without the gaze of the security cameras as their pre-determined path would be covered by seemingly random breeches in recording. It was actually brilliant. Because the code was ‘random’ no would-be pursuers could track the vehicles through the National City camera feeds. They would vanish into thin air.

She was panting as she roared up to the idling SUV and ripped the door open and pulled herself inside.

Almost instantly the car pulled from the curb and drove into the night. The front-passenger pressed a tablet and she knew that the algorithm they had uploaded to the Nation City camera feeds would soon be working and the driver would follow his instructions and let them escape into the night without a race.

Leaning back in her seat she steadily calmed her breathing and closed her eyes. She didn’t need to be aware for the next part. She’d already done enough, and soon CADMUS would have their dispersing agent for the Medusa Virus, and it would all be over. She could only hope that she would be successful, and that her faith in the woman that wore the ‘S’ symbol on her chest, that her love, that her heart, would be enough to see this through. If she succeeded then CADMUS would no longer be a threat to aliens and to Supergirl. If she didn’t, well…. She wouldn’t be alive to see the ruin she had helped wrought, to see a Super finally brought to their knees by a Luthor.

Chapter End Notes

Happy Saturday/Sunday everyone!

Also, Yes I am going to do both AU’s (and more, I have so many ideas :D ) but it was a question to which I would start with. I'm considering doing Act I of SW, and then jumping in to the Medieval AU. The SW one will have three ACT’s to it; its still in its draft stages but I mostly know where I want to go, and if you are familiar with the series you will recognise a lot of the plot, modified for SG of course. Keeping in mind that I've only ever seen the movies. The Medieval AU will have, well, lets be real, a lot of chapters and words. Probably about 150k, just to guess :) -You all know how much I like detail in my chapters :D The SW acts will have maybe 10 chapters in each of them? I'm really not sure yet, its still in its planning stages, they both are.

Still, if one gets way more votes, and I'm feeling it, I will start with it :D

ALSO, WONDER WOMAN WAS AMAZING! Terrified and turned on O_o What a glorious combination!
'Supergirl,' her sisters familiar voice came through her earpiece and Kara slowly let herself fall through the clouds. It was cold and wet, thousands of meters above National City, and it was quiet. So quiet that all she could hear was her own heart-beat, and she was starting to loathe the sound. It meant she was alive. It meant she was alone.

Since arriving on earth she had always felt alone, bar a brief, hopeful moment at seeing her family crest in blue and red on a stranger who offered her his hand, and she had loathed it. She surrounded herself with people, it was one of the reasons she had loved the city, even if sometimes with her new abilities it had threatened to overwhelm her. The noise reminded her she wasn’t alone, even if it always felt like she was.

Alex had helped with that, helped a lot. She was her heart, an anchor to earth, to life, and she would be helplessly adrift if her sister were to ever leave her. She didn’t think she could survive it. Then her friends had helped. A few of them in college, once she had finally learnt to hide her powers and alien-ness, and then her joy at working at CatCo. Winn had been a rock, solid and unmoving and always meeting her smile, and then James had been a tree, tall and unaltering with branches she could hold on to. Cat Grant had been a surprise; fair and knowing with walls like a mountain and strength to her that Kara had looked too for guidance, for somewhere to navigate from. Lena Luthor had been…. Something else entirely.

Lena had been her lighthouse. A strong immovable, unyielding, steady force standing alone against the fury of the sea and shining a light into the darkness. Lena had been her hope. Her El Mayarah.

And now that light, that guiding, hopeful presence, was silent. And Kara’s life was empty. She was empty.

‘We need you to come to the DEO. Something’s… well, just come in and we’ll explain.’

Alex.

Kara sighed and let gravity pull her to the earth. She could let it grasp her to its solid embrace, could fall without halting and slam into the concrete below her. It would cause a thud, a big one, and probably damage millions of dollars worth of infrastructure, but maybe, just maybe, for a brief moment she would feel something. Maybe the darkness would swallow her whole and set her free. Maybe.

‘Kara…’ Alex asked hesitantly and she could picture the furrow to her sisters brow, her sister who had always defended her, had always had her side and brought herself to respond. Everyone she knew had been looking at her sideways after Lena had left, peering at her as though she were fragile, looking at her with pity. Waiting for her to shatter and snap and break and rant and roar and scream and tear the world apart, just like what she was feeling on the inside.

“Coming, Alex,” she replied, hearing her sisters little inhale of relief and then she was forcing her body through the air, feeling the clouds tug at her clothing and try to drag her back to them, hidden in the plane between the stars and the earth. Alone.

‘I’ll be back,’ she told them silently as she let herself fall back towards the earth, and she could see
the faint lights of the city beneath her. ‘We can be nothing together.’

Her body felt like a dead-weight as she soared through the air, which was an odd comparison, seeing as her abilities hadn’t fallen with the setting of the sun. Supergirl was still in top form; physical perfection. Her performance hadn’t changed, but her heart had, and some fractions were starting to wonder at it. Sure, she had performed her obligations; stopping muggers, tossing criminals before police headquarters, even taking photos with sick children, but her smile hadn’t reached her eyes. Her delivery of criminals had been more…forceful than usual, and she had treated the thankful citizens of National City with a distant, reluctant interest.

One of the CatCo competitor’s had even dared to question her commitment to the city with a new headline, ‘Supergirl ready to hang up the cape?’ And had been…slightly biased towards the negative when detailing her loss of heart, her ‘loss of faith’ within the people of National City, because why else was the hero treating it like an obligation instead of a privilege? If the hero didn’t want to be a hero anymore, then she should just leave.

Kara couldn’t forget Cat Grant’s fury over it, and subsequent summoning to her office to ask her what was going on with Supergirl and how could she help.

Kara had told her that Supergirl was going through some stuff, and she, like the rest of the world, would have to wait and find out if Supergirl would be remaining National City’s icon of justice and hope. Cat had been quiet, thoughtful with her, concerned even, and Kara had wondered if she hadn’t actually fooled the woman with her duplicate ploy all those months ago.

‘Kara,’ she had said carefully, eyes shrewd. ‘Even when it gets hard, you have to keep swimming to get anywhere, otherwise what’s the point? I’m here for you if you need me,’ she had offered gently, sincerely. ‘And you tell Supergirl that as well. Us girls have to stick together, okay?’

Cat’s hope and faith in her had warmed her, briefly, but it wasn’t enough to stoke the embers of the fire that burned within her, not enough to make her forget Lena, forget the way she had left with Lex, forget the ache her absence caused.

Alex had been livid. She had ranted and roared and nearly shouted the DEO down around her when she confronted J’onn over Lena’s betrayal. Kara hadn’t felt anything. All of her emotion, her feeling, had left her with a ringing scream as she fell to her knees in Lena’s safe-house, lingering reminders of the woman’s absence surrounding her even as her heart broke.

J’onn, once again, had been the voice of reason but had immediately classified Lena has hostile and the entire DEO knew by dawn that Lena had turned ‘Luthor’.

Winn had been apologetic; sad for her and had offered her a quiet embrace, not spitting anti-Luthor sentiment like the rest of them, James included, and she had accepted his hug blankly. There were cold walls around her heart now and the warmth of his comfort hadn’t breached the icy fortress her heart resided in. Nothing could.

James had…been as expected, history with the Luthor’s aside. He had been ready to hunt her down like a dog and drag her to justice for hurting Kara, for threatening Supergirl. Guardian had also increased in presence since Supergirl had turned away from the public eye, choosing only to step in when lives were at risk, and then leaving as quickly as she had arrived. The vigilante was enjoying the spotlight, actually arriving in time to save people, rather than taking Supergirl’s and the NCPD’s leftovers. Kara had stopped caring. She had said her point and he and Winn had not listened. If they wanted to get themselves killed then, well, the walls around her heart wouldn’t do anything but run with liquid, like condensation down a window. Kara would be untouched by it. Her heart was protected now, only Alex or Eliza, could get to the warmth inside. It was safer that way.
Eliza and, oddly, Maggie had been the voices of reason with the entire situation. Saying that everything they knew of Lena’s character did not indicate a betrayal, and that there had to be something more to what was happening. Alex had been frosty with her girlfriend for a good two days after Maggie had spoken in defence of Lena, and she had been equally betrayed by Eliza. Kara had warmed, momentarily, by their support of Lena, but it had been too little, too late, and the acts didn’t touch her heart.

Kara wasn’t sure what Maggie had seen that Alex wouldn’t, but neither were speaking to her about it. Maggie had just given her a long, slow hug and told her she was here for her and that sometimes everything wasn’t as it seemed.

Eliza had just held her when she had cried what felt like the entire water from her body, until she was drained but unable to sleep because of the power thrumming in her veins. Her earth mother had been strong and quiet next to her while the DEO tried to track Lena down, but Kara knew it would be futile, if Lena didn’t want to be found, she wouldn’t be. Plus she was with Lex and CADMUS. She would only be found when she wanted to be.

The two agents on duty hadn’t been injured, they had only been knocked out, but Lena had left her cell-phone and a message for Kara telling her where she was going, and what she was doing.

Eliza had pointed out, oddly, that Lena had never said that she hated aliens, and that every shred of evidence they had on her pointed to the contrary; that she was an ally. Of course, her joining Lex and mentioning CADMUS kind of ruined that. James, recently in from a Guardian escapade and needing his suit repaired, had been victorious in pointing out that Luthor’s were good liars and that he knew she couldn’t be trusted. Kara hadn’t had the energy to punch him through the walls like she once would have, the fight, the life had been torn from her.

She recovered from her solar flare a few days later and had barely been seen since. Kara Danvers was taking some of her amassed sick-leave, with approval from Cat Grant, much to Snappers annoyance, and Supergirl only showed up if lives were in danger. Otherwise she left the NCPD to do their jobs, like they had done before her, and would do after her.

CADMUS and the Luthor’s had been oddly quiet, and no one knew where they were. Even Jess, Lena’s faithful secretary, didn’t know where her boss had gone. Only receiving an email from her telling her to carry on with the business in the way that Lena had wanted, and she had visited her lawyers the day she vanished, so they knew that Lena’s decision to turn dark hadn’t come out of the blue.

But then she had been distracted by CADMUS’s attack on the alien bar, and she was thankful for the Inferites hot-tempers for one setting herself on fire in rage and triggering the fire-alarm. It had saved a lot of them from immediate death, but many of them were still fighting for their lives in the DEO contaminant zones, including Mon El. Who had kissed her. And she wasn’t particularly thrilled about that, but he was slowly dying while the DEO searched for a cure, so that conversation was on the back burner. Her mum had been in helping Alex try to find a cure, but without the source it was a lost cause, and more of them were dying by the day. They were on edge, as was the alien community, wanting to see what would happen next.

On top of that she had to deal with the fact that her father, and uncle, but mostly her father, had designed the Virus to kill, and not just kill a few, but to eliminate any foreign DNA from Krypton. Her father, her blood, had designed a mass-murdering weapon, and it sickened her.

Winn… had understood that, and some part of her knew that he was…not happy that she was in a similar boat to him (mass murdering parent aside), but… more agreeable and sort of thankful that someone else understood what it was like. To be the child of a mass-murder. Or, he wasn’t thankful,
but he understood and it increased their bond a little. He had told her that her father had done what he had thought was best for their people, with the approval of the ruling council, and that his intentions were to protect her, even back then. She hadn’t liked it. Hadn’t liked that her father was prepared to kill so many people, but had sort of accepted it.

It hurt, she had thought her parents were good and kind and just but learning this, on top of learning about her mother had crushed her further.

Truthfully she wanted to talk to Lena about it. Lena would understand, after-all, she was in the exact same boat, or had been at least. Before she threw down her mantle and ran into the shadows to join her brother.

Kara was still conflicted over it. She missed Lena. Oh, Rao did she miss Lena. It was like an ache in her chest, a heavy and smothering feeling that constricted her breathing and made her feel as though she were weighed down by lead, as though she were human, even as she could still touch the stars.

She hated it. Hated how her body still functioned even though she couldn’t remember the last time food hadn’t turned into ash in her mouth. Couldn’t remember what the inside of her lids looked like in slumber. She’d almost forgotten what her apartment smelt like, looked like, it had been over a week since she had set foot in it. She hadn’t even had to shower, instead she had swum as deep and as long as she could into the Arctic Ocean, until the water pressure threatened to force the air from her lungs, until the dark silence promised to swallow her and take away her pain, until there was no light in the dark.

Every day was a constant reminder of Lena’s absence, and betrayal. She would see things as she flew aimlessly above the city in those first few days; things she would make a note to tell Lena about; pretty flowers, proposals, picnics in the park, and then she would remember that Lena wasn’t there, and her heart would constrict. She fought herself from checking her phone to see if Lena had text her and complained about boring board meetings, or sent her a selfie of her at work in the lab, or even asking her how her day was going. Every time, in those first few days, her phone had gone off she had dove for it, hopeful it was Lena. Lena telling her it was a trick and she was coming home. But there was nothing from the CEO apart from deafening silence.

Kara had believed in Lena so much. So much that it was tearing her apart, and realising, and being told quiet forcibly, that Lena was a Luthor had was now her enemy, was ripping her to shreds.

Oddly it wasn’t Lena’s betrayal that was killing her, Kara, not Supergirl, because Supergirl was a ‘god’, because Kara didn’t see Lena leaving with Lex as a betrayal. Lena had said, multiple times, that she was joining CADMUS for Kara, to keep her safe from the danger she was getting herself in. If only she knew the irony of it. Kara was Supergirl, and Supergirl was indestructible, one element from her home world aside. Lena was going to CADMUS because of Kara, and that was what was killing her. Because she had gotten involved with Lena, had loved her, Lena had walked away from everything.

Her kind, sweet, gentle, generous and beautiful soul-ed friend was betraying everything she believed in for a cause she didn’t hold in her heart for Kara; a woman who couldn’t tell her best friend, the woman she was in love with, that she was Supergirl. Because of Kara, Lena had betrayed who she was to keep her safe. And Kara couldn’t forgive herself for being the reason to push Lena into her brothers arms.

Kara only ever wanted to take Lena’s light and show it to her, and to the world. To guide it, to hold it, to let it shine over the shadowed parts of her and give them to Lena because they were hers, Kara was hers, in all that she was. To be the reason for that light turning to the dark, turning away from her heart, was killing Kara Danvers.
She flew easily through the open doors and into the DEO, landing with a nonchalant thump, just shy of cracking the concrete beneath her. A few agents cast her a glance and then their gazes darted away, she had learnt in the first few days of her blank stare that she didn’t care what they thought of her, and hadn’t liked being on the receiving end of dead eyes.

Alex and J’onn were at the control centre, looking over at the big screens on the wall and Winn was jabbing away at his keyboard. James was there, out of his suit and being patched up by one of the DEO medics, and how had he been able to be a ‘hero’ without being given the speech she had? It was not very fair. She had been told to work with the DEO or be considered hostile, why didn’t he get the same treatment? Was it because he was human?

He looked worse for wear though, bruises on his skin and his face was grim and pinched, matching the expressions around him.

“What?” she demanded as she strode up towards the control panel. She didn’t want to be here, didn’t want the pitying looks people kept on shooting her for putting her faith in a Luthor of all people. She also didn’t appreciate what they were saying about her friend, out of her hearing—or so they thought. If she could bring herself to care about them at all she was certain they wouldn’t be walking… for another six months or so.

Alex cast a look at J’onn and she felt her ire grow. Alex should stop trying to protect her. If she hadn’t, then Kara could have told Lena without being afraid of Alex’s disapproval and then Lena would be here, with Kara. They could be together. But instead Lena was off somewhere with terrible people, probably lonely and in danger, and Kara was here in a place she didn’t want to be with people who had nothing kind to say about the woman who held her heart.

“CADMUS made a move tonight,” J’onn said after meeting Alex’s eyes a moment and she cast him a glance before looking back at Kara.

That was news, good news. CADMUS might have done something and that could lead her back to Lena. She needed to find her, to bring her home, to tell her it was okay and that Kara Danvers didn’t need her protection, because she was Supergirl, but that Kara Zor-El needed her around, because she made her want to be better, make her believe in the crest she wore on her chest.

“And?” She enquired, suddenly animated. She was close to finding Lena!

The two agents shared a look and Winn hunched over his keyboard defensively and her eyes narrowed.

“And?” she hissed, demanding an answer.

“They broke into Lord Tech and stole something,” James answered for her, and while she hadn’t directed the question to him she was thankful he had at least told her something.

“Lord Tech?” Her brows furrowed in confusion. “What for?”

“We don’t know yet,” Alex said clearly, and there was a crease to her brow and a tightening to her lips as she added, “Lena was there.”

Kara’s heart screeched to a halt and then staggered into a run. “How? Where? Was she okay?” She asked in quick succession, almost stumbling up the steps closer to Alex, who had information on the woman she loved.

Alex hesitated and she felt her heart clench and she faltered out of Alex’s reach.
“Alex? What happened?” She asked urgently. She needed to know. Needed to see Lena to know she was okay.

“Winn noticed some anomalies on the National City news feeds centred on one spot,” James spoke up importantly. “We went to check it out.”

“Why didn’t you tell the DEO?” J’onn rumbled and folded his arms and his stern glare was fierce as it flicked between Winn and James.

Winn slunk in his seat a little but James straightened. “We had it covered.”

“Obviously you didn’t,” Alex interrupted harshly.

“Enough,” Kara said and lifted her hand to halt an argument, that looked like it was ready to begin again. “What about CADMUS? What about Lena?”

“We got there and James went in,” Winn said, spinning on his chair to face her and looking very apologetic, like a naughty puppy.

“All of the security feeds were down and the guards were being incapacitated. I managed to get into the feed, but it wasn’t recording. I mean,” he said at Kara’s blank look, “the cameras were still operating, and there was another foreign presence on the server, but they weren’t recording anything. Basically they had hijacked the cameras and stopped them backing up their recordings. It was weird too, they had somehow blocked the alarms and any number from reaching the police. Like, witnesses said that they couldn’t get through to the police, but they could ring anyone else. It was how the police were informed. A passer-by saw the gunfire and when they couldn’t reach the cops, they rang their mum and got her to ring the cops.”

“And then what?” She asked, growing tired of this. She wanted to know what had happened with Lena!

“They caught James and opened fire.”

“And you didn’t call the police,” Alex cut in again, vibrating with fury and her jaw worked as she fought back further words. Winn recoiled slightly at her tone. “James asked me not to, and besides, the entire area had a block over the NCPD number,” he protested and lifted his hands. The agent spun to glare at James but he met her gaze without backing down.

“And then?” Kara repeated, exasperation entering her tone and tapped her foot pointedly.

“Lena came in and I tried to apprehend her. She got away,” James said impertinently and she spun around to face him.

“You saw her?!?” Then what he had said registered and she growled at him. “You tried to arrest her?”

“She was breaking and entering, K-Supergirl!”

“And by that logic, so were you!” She fired back at him and Winn turned back to his computer.

“Okay, it’s uploaded. Why don’t we all just sit back and watch what she had to say?”

Kara spun back to the screen quicker than a blink and stared at it, waiting impatiently for it to begin.

Winn skipped through the parts of James entering the building, checking over the unconscious guards, and then moving further inside. They saw as he was spotted and engaged with a four-man
team, managing to get two of them down by bashing them in the head with his shield, before the other two clued in and opened fire. He managed to take out the other two before they realised he as bullet-resistant, but then a horde of the CADMUS agents opened fire on him.

He had to duck down behind office supplies and things weren’t looking very good for him when suddenly the ‘cease fire’ command was shouted and the bullets halted. The camera angle changed as James peaked around the desk to see a slender figure in a hoodie standing in the middle of the room with two smoking glass beakers in her hands.

“That’s enough, Gentlemen,” the figure spoke and the camera shifted as James looked around to see if it were a trap.

In the DEO Kara inhaled sharply and Alex glanced at her, but her attention was on the screen as James looked back at the scene in front of him. It didn’t look like it was a trap and the soldiers were glancing between themselves bemused.

“Ma’am?”

Lena’s sigh could been seen across the room and when she informed them the police were on their way the soldiers exchanged glances again and weapons were turned to safety mode.

Her command was obeyed and soon the agents were gone and James was edging out from behind his cover. That he immediately tried to detain Lena irked Kara to no end, but she kept quiet as Winn could be heard on the screen cautioning James about the chemicals.

“I’m here to stop you,” Guardian rumbled on screen. “Put the chemicals down.”

Kara didn’t have to imagine Lena’s eye roll at that and felt her lips twitch at her friends sass.

With Winn warning James to be careful he lunged at Lena and she ducked quickly out of the way, and her entire body language when she straightened screamed annoyance. “Hey! These are dangerous! Honestly, you vigilante types don’t give a damn about anybody else.”

James was asking Winn what was in the chemicals as he got to his feet and Winn could be heard frantically entering the Lord Tech database for chemical components. “I don’t know, there are a hundred different chemicals on that floor alone. I don’t know what she’s mixed. Be careful.”

“I’m a hero,” James said strongly from within his helmet. “I help people.”

“Ah, ah,” Lena said warningly as he tried to get closer and she lifted the chemicals in threat. “I’d hate to drop these.”

‘Ask her what they are,’ Winn suggested. ‘Distract her.’

“What’s in them?” Guardian asked as he settled his stance and lifted his hands forward. The woman went still and there was a minuscule movement to the hood.

“Chemicals,” she responded pertly.

‘What kind-,’ Winn began.

“What kind of chemicals?” James enquired, buying time for his hook. He needed to edge to the side a little more, it would make it easier to apprehend her if nothing was in the way.

“Ones from a lab,” she replied and Kara inwardly smiled. Typical Lena, not giving an inch, and
doing it with class.

She tensed a moment before James did, and the grappling hook narrowly missed her as she ducked out of the way.

‘Damn, she’s fast!’ Winn was commenting as James pressed the button to recall the hook and Lena was making sure her concoctions hadn’t spilled over. ‘Who is this girl?’

He could hear her growl of annoyance though the camera and then she was throwing the beaker at him. It shattered on his suit and immediately started to bubble and steam and eat at the corner of his suit.

“What the fuck!” James cried as he tried to force the chemicals off his suit with his glove and was rewarded with it starting to steam and melt as the chemicals went to work.

“Language,” she commented airily and embodied grace as she took a seat a few meters in front of him. “You may want to take a seat,” she suggested as she sat calmly and watched as the suit started to melt into solid pieces of metal, restricting his movement.

‘James! I’m getting all sorts of readings on the suit! What’s happening?’

“I can’t move,” he grunted quietly. “The suits melting and then solidifying.”

Winn’s awe could be heard in the background as he tried to figure out a way out of the situation, as well as who would know the exact chemical components for the alien metal.

James’ breathing was laboured as he fell onto a seat and glared across at Lena. “Who are you?” He demanded.

Her tone was mocking as she replied and Kara caught James wince out the corner of her eye. He had been well and truly unprepared for facing CADMUS and Lena Luthor, and it looked like he understood that now.

“You could thank me for saving your life, for a start,” Lena was saying on screen and placed the second chemical mixture on the floor. The glass was partially frosted and was steaming.

James tried to protest but Lena’s argument was sound, and Winn was agreeing so he gave a little, reluctant nod, camera falling and lifting.

And then Lena pulled her hood back. James’ sharp gasp could be heard on the screen and Winn’s ‘no way,’ summed the reveal up perfectly.

‘Shit,’ Winn commented. ‘We need to get you out of there.’

“Luthor!” James spat on screen and Lena cocked her head to the side.

‘I’m calling the police,’ Winn said and they could hear frantic typing.

“No, don’t,” James protested strongly, voice tight with rage. “I wanna bring her in. We’ll take her to the DEO.”

‘Fuck,’ Winn said. ‘I can’t get in. They’ve blocked the entire network for this area.’ He whistled in awe.

Kara’s heart ached. Lena looked tired; pale and a little thinner than last she had seen her. Still, her eyes were sparkling with her intelligence and she inclined her head regally and offered her hand.
“James Olsen,” she greeted, clearly setting the stale-mate.

‘Fuck,’ Winn swore. ‘She knows who you are! What’re we gonna do?’

Winn’s little panic was going on in the background and James was harsh as he told him to pull himself together and turned back to Lena.

“I’m Guardian.”

Lena rolled her eyes as she took her hand back with a little shrug, and Kara’s lips twitched in amusement.

“What the fuck do you want?” James was demanding on screen and Lena’s disappointed exhale was obvious.

“And to think I saved you from becoming a human embodiment of Swiss cheese,” she saw drawling with faux affront. “Or a black lace doily?” She pressed her lips together in thought and then shrugged.

‘Dude, rude!’ Winn was saying. ‘Or-wait, maybe she was referring to the suit…’

“My PhD’s-“

“PhD’s, as in plural?” Alex mouthed to Kara and she hushed her, wanting to see what happened next.

“What the fuck do you want?” James was demanding on screen and Lena’s disappointed exhale was obvious.

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‘Dude, rude!’ Winn was saying. ‘Or-wait, maybe she was referring to the suit…’

“My PhD’s-“

“PhD’s, as in plural?” Alex mouthed to Kara and she hushed her, wanting to see what happened next.

“Out engaging in a little corporate sabotage?” James asked and Winn’s, ‘Oh, nice one!’ could be heard faintly.

Lena laughed and shook her head in amusement, and Kara’s heart clenched at the sound.

“Nonsense,” she said and made a pointed remark about James out being a vigilante when he should have been devoting his energy to CatCo.

True to form James defended himself and his actions.

Kara let Lena’s words wash over her as she stared at the screen, staring longingly at the face she was missing.

Lena was surprisingly sincere as she talked about James constantly being a shadow, a side-kick, to the Superhero’s in his life, and genuine as she acknowledged he did want to help.

Her point on James having more power to do good as CatCo’s CEO was met with nods of agreement from Alex, and a glare shot to the hero before she was back to listening.

When Lena mentioned the DEO Winn swallowed and shrunk a little in his seat and J’onn folded his arms, stern crease to his brow deepening. Kara took a moment to wonder if he wold be disciplined like Alex recently had. Her sister hadn’t let her in on what she had done, but J’onn had been very unhappy and had begrudgingly given her a week suspension and she had to dismantle and clean every single weapon in their armoury. She’d hated that- there were a lot of guns there. Kara hadn’t really paid much attention to it, she’d been powerless for a few days, dealing with a killer cold, and then when her powers returned she had basically fled the city for the silence of the skies and hadn’t looked back. She only came back when lives were in danger, not having the heart to get involved with the petty issues of a city that didn’t really know or care about her, Kara her.
Still, Lena had made some excellent points, and while James tried to defend himself, valiantly, his attempts fell flat. Lena didn’t often lose, and she had obviously given James/Guardian some thought. Which wasn’t a surprise, Lena and Supergirl had spoken of it briefly once before, back when she was mad at her two friends. So, now she refined her arguments.

She may have been a bit biased with her ‘beat people up,’ comment but it was a fair point. James went looking for bad guys and engaged them rather than informing the police of their movements. In a way it was honourable of him to jump into the fight, but it was also illegal (the police were after him for a reason, and there was a reason he wore a helmet), and he did always escalate the situation.

Winn was telling James to calm down quietly and his breathing was harsh as he glared over at Lena. Kara could feel the power of it, the intent behind it, even through the impartial camera lens.

When Lena put James’ actions in the light it didn’t make sense. If he did want to help then why was he hiding and doing so at night? Why hadn’t he joined the police or military or coast-guard or become a volunteer. Surely his presence would benefit youth in need of guidance? There were many ways to be a hero, and James wasn’t fulfilling his to the best of his ability by being Guardian.

Winn whistled admirably as Lena mentioned she knew he was there, and knew he had built the suit. ‘Damn, she’s good!’ and James had to hush him.

In real life Winn winced and shifted on his seat as all the DEO agents looked at him and then back at James, and many looked to J’onn for guidance. If they didn’t have proof of Winn breaking his contract, and the law, then they had it now. It was clear insubordination, and J’onn would have to punish them both somehow. Part of Kara felt a jolt of satisfaction at that. She had to follow the rules, so why shouldn’t they? But then she felt sickened by herself for her pettiness. James and Winn were fragile with good hearts and had stepped up while she had been absent. True, they had only intercepted a few robberies and muggings, but still.

James and Winn defended themselves, with the duo offering times when Guardian had intercepted crime and been there to ‘save the day,’ and Lena let them talk. Kara didn’t listen to the arguments, she was busy scanning Lena for any sign of injury, or something that could lead to her whereabouts.

“You seem to have interesting thoughts on Supergirl,” brought her from her musings and she paid extra attention to the dialogue on the screen in front of her.

Lena gave a little smile. “For a Luthor?” And lifted her brow in that haughty, pointed manner that she did. Kara’s heart fluttered.

Hearing Lena defend her made her heart warm, and the walls around her heart started to melt. Even if Lena was going against Supergirl for Kara, she still saw Supergirl, and that made a big difference. She just seemed to love Kara more. The thought warmed her, because Lena saw her for her.

“And how would that affect the people who care about you? Your friends? Your family?” Lena was inquiring on screen and Kara felt her heart freeze when she spoke her name.

She inhaled sharply at, “Kara,” And wasn’t the only one to notice the emotion that darted across Lena’s features. She wanted to find her, to find her and never let her go, to keep her safe and shelter from the turmoil and dangers of the world. To let her know she was loved every single day for the rest of her life.

Lena was speaking again, but Kara was trying to control her breathing. She missed Lena as though a whole had been made in her heart and was bleeding into her chest, filling it and constricting her with every pulse.
“H-how’s Kara?” Lena enquired and Kara’s head snapped up, wanting to hear what James would say and how Lena would respond. She sounded young, so young, younger than she had a right to be for the burdens on her shoulders and she wondered how old Lena actually was. She surely had to be in her late twenties for her success, maturity and intelligence, but Kara wasn’t actually sure. And Lena’s Wikipedia page wasn’t any help (she’d looked already) and the woman herself had been silent on the subject.

James was protective of her, as he tried to be, and fired back, “what do you care?” and Lena’s eyes flickered closed briefly and the lines in her features deepened in pain.

“You left,” James said, begrudgingly. “She hasn’t left her room,” he said, and it was the best he could do in the situation. He could hardly tell Lena Luthor that Kara was Supergirl, but telling her she hadn’t left her room was as close to the truth as he could get.

Lena faltered at the confession, emotion running through her body with a shudder. “I-I,” she choked out and Kara needed to know where she was right now. She needed to find her and chase the pain away and leave only her love in its place. She didn’t like the distress Lena was showing.

And then Lena’s features smoothened from distress to alarm and her head shot up. “She hasn’t come looking for me, has she?” She asked swiftly, eyes wide and tone belaying how serious her question was. “She can’t,” Lena emphasised. “It’s not safe.”

She shook her head frantically and her tone bordered desperate. “Tell her to leave me be. I know she will want to. Her heart can’t let me just go, but please James,” she paused and her eyes were bright and green and full of emotion. “She won’t be allowed to leave if she does find me. I can’t risk that,” she said carefully, eyes wide as though trying to say something with them but not being able to. “CADMUS has plans,” she said and Lena tilted her head and narrowed her eyes minutely, “that don’t involve nosy reporters.”

Her eyes were clear and concerned as they gazed over at James and then she reached up to her ear, “I’m on my way.”

‘Dude, someone’s listening in to her. We’re fucking screwed.’ Winn was complaining and you could hear his deep breaths over the background noise. ‘I can’t go to jail. Look at me! I’d be eaten right up! I’d last all of five minutes and what about my Star-’

“Shut up, Winn,” James hissed as Lena approached him and gazed into his eyes a moment, thoughtful. Then she upturned her second concoction over his suit. It immediately startled to bubble and hiss and melt.

“Police will be here soon. You may want to make yourself scarce,” she told him and then started to walk away.

‘She’s right. They’re on their way. You needa get out of there.’

“Oh,” Lena turned back at the stairs and she had one hand on the wall, pressing into it and her brow was creased but her eyes were clear as she gazed back at James. He was trying to pry the sections of metal apart so he could move more fluidly but looked up at her.

“I finished the playlist Kara wanted,” she told him and there was a small smile on her lips as they formed Kara’s name. “It’s on my phone. She’ll know which one.” Her smile twisted slightly, bittersweet, but no less beautiful. “Tell her to have a listen and we’ll talk about it when all this is over.

“Nice chat,” she called over her shoulder as she turned back to the stairwell. “Lets keep it private,
shall we?”

And then she was gone.

Kara felt her absence as deeply as she had before she had been on a giant monitor in front of her, only now it was more, as though the brief image of Lena had filled some of the hole, but had filled it by taking some of the edges and placing them in the middle. It only left a bigger hole.

Winn clicked a button on his computer and the screen went blank.

“Find out what CADMUS stole,” J’onn rumbled dangerous, a voice low like thunder. “And put our agents out on alert.” As the DEO erupted into movement, and James was led away, Kara stood alone in the centre of the hurricane.

J’onn turned to Alex. “Can you get a message to the Alien community? Through Maggie maybe, or M’Gann?”

Her sister gave a sharp nod and dug for her cell-phone.

“Tell them to be vigilant. CADMUS is preparing to make a move.”

“Right,” Alex agreed and brought her phone to her ear as she started to walk away. Her sister met her gaze as she came down the steps and there was pity in her dark, expressive eyes and Kara turned away from the hand offered in comfort. Alex was human, there was nothing she could do to make any of this right, nothing she could do to heal the pain in Kara’s heart.

She’d never hated her alien biology so much as when she was dying on the inside and on the outside her body was as powerful and fuelled by Earth’s young sun as it was. She wanted to fade away, return to the stars and beg them to take her back, to guide her into Rao’s light. It was the only light she could see, but her body wouldn’t let her, the warmth and life of the yellow sun was keeping her here in its false light and she felt her hatred of it grow. Because of it she was stuck, lost, adrift in an ocean of emotion with no lighthouse to guide her home.

Chapter End Notes

In light of my reaching 300k in Word, you get an early chapter :D Can you feel the fight coming? Angst is on the horizon. Followed by fluff. and then by ANGST! And then fluff. Ooooh, and is anyone talented enough to do a fan-vid for me? I’d LOVE it if someone did :D

And.... I’m speeding things along now. I’m ready to move on from Mercy, so something's wont be written, but they will be addressed. Of course, that means I may have a few plot holes, so point ’em out if you see ’em :D We have about 10-15 chapters to go, but we all know my bad math. I mean, I once thought we would be 150k-200k words, oops. :D Mwah.
The capture of Lois Lane, James Olsen, Martha Kent, Detective Maggie Sawyer, Alex Danvers and several of her DEO Agents had played out exactly as Lena and Lex had predicted. Right down to the time it would take and the insults each party had offered upon realising their capture. Hank Henshaw had been very impressed by the raw power of the two Luthor mind’s combined, and had to admit begrudging respect to them both when each extraction team reported in successful.

Eliza Danvers had been the only one to escape CADMUS’s net, but that didn’t matter, they had Supergirl’s sister, sisters girlfriend, and her human father, as well as her friend. And Kal El would come for Martha Kent, his wife, and his friend, so truly it had gone well. Lena and Lex had planned for everything.

Lois had been captured as she entered the supermarket, and immediately gagged and removed of her tracking devices. James Olsen had been down town seeing about repairs to his bike and had tried to fight off the CADMUS agents, but he had been subdued easily. Detective Sawyer had been snatched on a stake-out and taken to a secure location, with her tracking beacon in tact. Alex Danvers had willing gone after her girlfriend, and had enlisted the help of some of her colleagues for the mission as alien weaponry had been used in the capture. The NCPD also joined in on the operation and they were caught as well. They were restrained and removed of their devices and any tracking beacons and had their weapons confiscated, but Hank had warned his teams that they weren’t to hurt their prisoners if they could help it. They were not the monsters here. Aliens were.

Getting to Martha Kent had been ridiculously easy and she had been helicoptered from the Kent farm with no one being any wiser. For heroes they didn’t take appropriate steps to guard what was close to them, but hindsight was twenty-twenty. It would have been difficult to get to them if the Super’s had guarded them better, not impossible, but harder.

Eliza on the other hand had an unknown element to her life, one that CADMUS hadn’t foreseen. A former military officer and a member of the Luthor household; Zachery Augustus Hamilton. The man had seen their tail and had immediately begun defensive manoeuvres and had vanished. How he knew where the cameras were not was a question for another time. But as Eliza had been helping at the DEO, and she had appeared there after her abduction attempt, it was likely that HAZ was under DEO hire. It was something the Luthor’s would have to investigate further. They couldn’t have one of their former household working so closely with the enemy.

Isotope 4-54 had been exactly what Lena had said it was. The dispersing agent bonded with the Medusa Virus beautifully. It had been a beautiful sight, and Lex had grinned as he’d thrown his arm over his sisters shoulders on their return. She had been quiet, pinched and pale, and she had looked like she was in pain, but she had hidden it admirably. She hadn’t hesitated as she opened the case and handed the isotope over. Lex had asked her about her slightly mournful gaze at it and she had confessed that she had originally designed it to spread the latest in L-Corp seeds; a harder, sturdier, better plant that would withstand nature, and provide a much needed food resource.

Lex had been proud of her, and had told her that together they would fix so many things, they would show the world what humanity could achieve, they would show earth how humans would save themselves. She’d looked him in the eyes then, a small smile on her face and her head tilted. ‘Like we’d always said we would?’ She had asked and Lex had nodded fondly, a bigger smile on his face. ‘Like we said we would.’ Lena had smiled then, genuinely. ‘Okay. Let’s save the world,’ she had commented and the two had walked off talking of their past and the things they had wanted to do. They had clicked back into their sibling relationship very quickly, considering how badly Lex had
ruined Lena’s reputation and company, not to mention the attempts on her life. But Lena was soft like that, loyal and trusting, loving. If she was with Lex she would be a great asset.

Her proof of loyalty to the Cause had indeed surprised Hank Henshaw, so certain he was that she was not a killer, that he had even told her so, to her face while she and Lex were in the kitchen. It had been a…humbling moment. The two young Luthor’s had gone still, gaze flickering to each other, having a silent conversation. Lex had stiffened and his jaw had clenched and his chest had swelled. Lena’s eyes had gone cold, dark and dangerous and she had let a small smile cross her features and Hank had told himself the shiver that ran down his back had been because of the chill to the room, and not her words. “That’s what you think,” she had said, and there had been shadows in her eyes and as she met his blankly he realised that maybe he had underestimated the youngest Luthor, for in that moment she clearly had the eyes of a killer. Lex had cast her a glance but had remained quiet and Lena had soon excused herself.

When she had first told them of the isotope, they were sceptical. They were tying to figure out how to spread the virus across the city and then the world, without manufacturing it in multiple doses of minimal quantity.

From what she had said of it, it would be perfect for their cause. The only issue was that it was currently stored in Lord Tech and to get it they would have to break in and steal it back.

Lena had mentioned, when asked if she could replicate it, that it would take her years and that the materials were virtually non-existent as it was, so stealing it was the best option.

And so CADMUS had plotted the theft of Isotope 4-54 from Lord Technologies. Lena had insisted on going along because she knew what she was looking for. It was a fair point, and she was a better hacker than their team combined, Lex included, so it made sense that he manipulate the cameras from afar while she hacked into a highly secure room and network. She had done well, directing the team to the safe-box and then getting them out before the police arrived.

They had monitored her conversation with Guardian, or James Olsen in his day job, and had been surprised to learn his identity, but every point Lena had made of him made sense. The only issue any of CADMUS leadership was her constant badgering about Kara. Hank was almost ready to tell her that Kara was Supergirl just to get her to quit saying she was doing this for Kara, and she hoped Kara was okay, and all that nonsense a soft, woman’s heart did. It was foolish really, how attached she had become to the alien parading as a human, Kara Danvers, but women had weak hearts, and hers was making her a valuable asset to the team, even if she wouldn’t shut up about her friend. Honestly, it was driving him mad. She only mentioned her once or twice sure, but every time she did Hank felt his hatred and disgust rise. The lonely and desperate Luthor had turned to the only affection offered to her, and by an alien looking to keep an eye on her, it was rather sad. But once CADMUS had succeeded, and the aliens were all dead, then Lex would be there for Lena. CADMUS too, if she wanted to turn back to science.

But the true solidification of her place with the Cause had been the night before, when she had quietly pulled Lillian aside and handed her a flash-drive. Proof of Jeremiah’s betrayal, and of her own loyalty. They had been monitoring Jeremiah, of course they had. He had tried to escape multiple times and had been punished quite severely for it, and eventually he had submitted, or so they had thought. Learning he had switched out the isotope, making the virus inert, had been an unpleasant surprise, and so had Lena tricking him into telling her his plan and then her running to tell them.

Lena had been getting to know everyone; very well, though she stayed away from Hank, Metallo and her mother for the most part. She had been ecstatic to learn Jeremiah’s last name, and they had feared that she would soon put the pieces together about Kara, but she remained blissfully oblivious
and Jeremiah knew the consequences of his insubordination. Lena had just been interested in stories of Kara growing up, and she had spent a lot of time with Jeremiah, until Lillian had to tell her to leave the man alone so he could do his work.

Then she had spent time with Lex in the lab, helping him develop a serum that would make the CADMUS soldiers super-or meta-human. So far they had accelerated their healing and speed, and had enhanced their strength. But there were side affects. Too many injections and the serum would over-load the hosts body and their heart would basically explode. Those poor unfortunate test subjects, but they had died for a good cause.

Lena was still operating under the belief that the Virus would negate all alien DNA and morph it into human. The stupid girl still believed that they weren’t planning on killing every alien on earth. Lex had assured her they weren’t, and she had nodded and looked at him with trusting eyes and had agreed. What CADMUS wanted, he had explained, was to make sure the aliens couldn’t use their powers over humans. They didn’t want the aliens to have an advantage over the human race. Their serum would do that, but then she had asked him if they had to kill all of them. So, Lena had realised that the virus would kill all foreign bodies apart from the Kryptonian’s, and knew that that was what they wanted. Of course CADMUS had modified it to make sure it only targeted the alien DNA, and not the thousands of species of earth creature, but still. No-one present had thought Lena had the heart to go through with it.

It had been a defining moment. Hank and Lillian had been ready to detain Lena, but Lex had just taken her hand and told her, very seriously, that it was for the best. He had explained to her with a softness in his voice reserved for children, but not in a patronising manner, that aliens were a threat, she knew that, and that this was the only way. They would have time to leave earth, if they wanted, but those who chose to stay would be considered hostile and then would die for it. Humanity couldn’t risk leaving any of them here, look at what they had done. Lex had gone on to explain what aliens had done and why they should be stopped, and oddly it was like he was explaining some new experiment to his younger sister, and Hank had wondered if they had once been like that, two dark heads giggling over paper their youth indicated they had no right to be reading, but their intelligence let them.

Lena had agreed, and Hank didn’t think that there was nothing she wouldn’t do for Lex, nothing he couldn’t convince her to do. He was her Hero. Funny how the heart worked.

She hadn’t helped him with the virus any further, apart from making sure it wouldn’t kill any earth creature, and had then locked herself in a lab. They hadn’t been able to figure out what she was making, and it didn’t look like she knew either, by how the angry and disappointed groans that could be heard every so often. Lex had had to go in and drag her out to make sure she ate and slept; she was getting run down. Pale and thin, and if it were his problem Hank would have been concerned. Lex was though, and Lillian, though she merely offered pointed comments about how her clothes looked drab and the bags under her eyes. He had been thankful that his own parents hadn’t been so concerned with image as Lillian was, Lena was not the favourite child, that was for sure.

Lex had been delighted upon opening some of her files and finding her scribbled notes, and had immediately started to work on her designs, because she was focusing on something else. She didn’t want to kill the heroes, she had said, but she did want them neutralised if necessary. Of course once her mind started to churn she had developed some magnificent ideas, and Lex had immediately taken her formula and run with it. They only had enough materials left for one bullet, but it would be worth it. The Kryptonite had bonded magnificently with Lena’s formula and from what Lex had tested with a tiny sample, it would kill them, almost instantly. Normal Kryptonite weakened them, and prolonged exposure started to kill them, but if they ran away from it, or spent some time under the sun, the effects were neutralised. Lena’s version wasn’t. Lena’s version would kill them. Almost
instantly. It wouldn’t be affected by the anti-Kryptonite tech the DEO would arm their heroes with. They would die.

Lex hadn’t told her he had borrow her notes and work, hadn’t wanted to give her reason to be uneasy. She still thought that the Kryptonian’s might live through this, as the Virus wouldn’t kill anything of Krypton. Lex had other, grand plans for them though, which Lena was not a part of.

But, for all her naivety she had told them of Jeremiah’s betrayal. The Doctor had confessed, under slight pressure from the smooth-tongued Luthor, that he was planning on rendering the Virus inert to allow the DEO and those that worked with aliens, some time to figure out a way to stop them. It would take them a few days to get new bombs and then place the proper virus in them. He wasn’t to know that Lena had run straight to mother, like a girl desperate for her affection, and told her what he had done. She had even handed the proof over.

Lex had immediately switched the virus capsules out with the proper ones and Jeremiah was none the wiser. While Lena didn’t have to tell them what Jeremiah had done, for there were cameras that caught the entire thing, it proved her loyalty to the Cause, and no one had distrusted her since.

Currently the last of the CAMDUS missiles was being loaded onto a truck, and it took less than an hour. The other four had already been shipped off to undisclosed locations and soon the hanger was eerily quiet.

The Luthor’s, Metallo, and Hank were the last to leave, and he and Lillian shared a glance before they got into their separate vehicles.

Lena and Lex were still talking quietly as they got into their car, and actually, she was starting to look decidedly unwell. She was paler than normal, thinner to, for all the junk she was consuming, and there were shadows under her eyes. It was proof of her obvious dedication to the Cause. And it would soon be over and she could return to her normal life, if she wanted. She could help them save the world if she were willing, but they would approach her about that later.

CADMUS’s plan was simple. They were to use the captured friends and family of the Super’s (as well as a few innocents snatched to make the numbers more important) to lure them into the trap. They would then give a big speech about how bad aliens were and how CADMUS was saving them and then they would release the virus. The Kryptonian’s would be forced to watch as the other aliens died around them, and then Lex would kill them both. There would be no aliens left on Earth. They would have saved humanity.

Hank was personally hoping to have another match with the Martian, but Lillian had talked him out of it. They had a better chance of succeeding if he was with them from start to finish, especially when the two Super’s arrived to stop them. It was better this way, Lillian had informed them. Bring the Supers to them, distract them so they couldn’t stop the missiles, and then kill them. Metallo wouldn’t be able to compete with them both, Lillian had said, and so Hank was staying. He was satisfied in knowing that the Martian would die by sunset, even if it wasn’t by his own hand. He and Metallo had already decided which Super they were getting.

James didn’t like Supergirl, which was fine with him. Kal El was the first to gain the love of humanity, and the beacon for aliens everywhere, so Hank would take great pleasure in killing him.

Their drive to the docks, and to the abandoned warehouse they had ‘borrowed’ for their purposes went by quickly as he thought of finally having his revenge and before long the lead doors were shutting behind them.

The prisoners were packed in a corner, a few extra kidnapped humans to make up the numbers, as
well as all of their un-needed aliens. Most of the aliens were broken and beaten, full of despair and longing for death that was only hours away. They had dissected most of them, learning all they could from their biology to find a way to protect humanity.

They hadn’t needed as much restraining as the human prisoners, they were already defeated, where as the humans were full of fire. Which only went to show just how superior humans were.

They were all clustered together in a group, bound and gagged and glaring fiercely. But CADMUS were not monsters, the individuals had been fed and watered and toileted, under heavy guard of course, especially the DEO agents. So really as far as abduction and threat of death went this was as a pretty good trade. They were just cuffed, gagged-when not eating or drinking- and had guns pointed on them for about twenty-four hours. It could have been worse.

To the left there were large monitors and a computer system where a few agents pottered, and to the right there was a cage. It was for the two Kryptonian’s once they arrived. Lex had some grand idea about making them fight to the death or something, to show the world their brutality, their inhumanity. It would all be live-streamed, of course. Dramatic was synonymous with Luthor, after all, and then he would kill them.

But Hank was hoping he would wait until the Virus had killed every other alien first, he wanted to see their failure, see what despair they had brought upon the invaders of earth. All because they had thought themselves better than humans, they had allowed this. It would break them just as surely as the Kryptonite bullets would in a few of their guns. Luthor’s didn’t spring a trap half-arsed, that was for sure.

The warehouse was lined with lead, so they couldn’t see inside even if they wanted to. CADMUS hadn’t bothered about sound-proofing the building. It was too costly and really, after today they would never use it again. The Super’s had no choice but to walk to their deaths if it would save the humans. If they didn’t it was only proof of how they valued their own lives above humanity.

Taking a moment to make sure everyone was in position he caught Lena over by the prisoners, speaking with one of them, who, to his amusement, head-butted her in the face. She stumbled backwards and then straightened and Alex Danvers was thrown to the ground by the force of Lena’s return punch. Who knew the slight woman had so much strength. But it was later, as he tried to figure out how everything had gone so wrong, that he realised that he, and everyone else, had mistaken Lena Luthor. She was the most dangerous adversary they could have ever faced, and she knew exactly who Supergirl was when she pulled the trigger on her. They had been played. He and Metallo and Lillian, and their entire brain power combined with Lex’s, had been played, and all by a lone woman. A woman in love with an alien. A Luthor in love with a Super.

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At ten thirty-seven am National City ground to a halt. Car’s idled in the street; citizens gazed up at billboards; barristers froze and looked to their televisions; every streamed video, every conference call, every text message, every device flickered to black and then started to play a video.

The white masked head with fathomless pits for eyes started to speak. “People of National City. The Earth has been stolen from us.”

On every screen across the city the same message was being broadcast, flickering slightly as the
connection was disrupted but returning just as strong. Images of Superman and Supergirl in the middle of fights and destroying public and private property.

“And the enemy has come in the guise of heroes. They say they come in peace. To protect us from ourselves.”

It cut to an image of Supergirl going rogue, lazer ing police cars and men in black aiming their guns at her.

“But how long will it be until these gods decide to rule instead of serve? We are the antidote to their poison.”

The images cut to aliens running rampant in the streets and citizens fleeing in terror.

“We are the scientists who will show them what humans are capable of. Those who have sided with the invaders will not be spared.”

The voice was speaking again, a woman’s voice, overlayed by a voice modification.

“You cannot stop us. We are everywhere.”

The video cut out to show a figure with a mask on and speaking from what looked like an old warehouse.

“It is time to show the alien invaders that Earth belongs to the humans.”

The camera panned around the warehouse to show a cage, figures bundled on the floor, and a few guards standing around and watching with inhuman weapons.

A faint, slow clapping made the figure speaking pause and turn and the camera followed the speakers gaze. A figure with long dark hair, probably a woman, stood next to a taller, bald man in a suit.

“Nice speech,” she commented dryly, faintly, slowly clapping it out in a way that wasn’t anything but mocking. “Practice that in front of the mirror, did you?”

The speakers sigh could be heard echoing around National City.

“Manners,” the speaker hissed and the woman brought her hand to her chest in mock horror.

“Me? I’m the one being rude when you’re planning genocide? Right,” she said and tossed her hands slightly. “Of course. You’re absolutely right. Do continue.”

A man in black and carrying a gun approached the woman and the moment he put his hand on her she tossed him over her shoulder and went down to a knee, slamming her elbow into his throat.

Their conversation was muffled but after a few pointed moments she let the man rise.

The woman in the mask sighed again, a long suffering sigh and shook their head faintly as the camera panned back to focus on them.

“Right. Apologies,” said the speaker as they spun back to the camera. “Supergirl! I am certain you will recognise some of these people.”

The camera blinked and the image changed to a line of bound and gagged prisoners, some looking a little worse for wear, as the camera bobbed up and down with their movement. Two women, in
particular, were more bruised and bloody than the others, and they glared fiercely at the camera before it clicked back to the person in a mask.

“It is time for you and your cousin to meet your match,” the speaker said grandly, waving their arms about them. “For every minute you delay a civilian…. A human… is killed…. Come to your death, Supergirl. It is time to die like the rest of your kind.”

The camera panned again around the room to the cage, the guns, the prisoners and then settled back on the speaker.

“We are CADMUS. And we will save Earth.”

The screen cut to blank and regular broadcasting continued, and in a secret base in National City, Kara Zor El Danvers fell into a chair, which creaked under her weight but held steady, as she realised what had happened. CADMUS had Alex, they had her sister, and if she and Kal didn’t hand themselves over, then innocent people would die.

“Kara,” J’onn Jon’zz rumbled as she rose to her feet and started to walk towards the exit.

“We have to think about this,” he said quickly. “We have to plan. They have the Medusa Virus.”

CADMUS did have the virus, but if she didn’t go now then they would kill Alex, and Maggie, and she had seen James and Kal’s Earth mother there as well, and their missing DEO Agents. It occurred to her now that everything had been a set up. First Lois had gone missing, and then Martha Kent. James hadn’t reported back, and when Maggie had gone missing Alex and a team had gone in after her, and they had been captured as well. The only one to escape had been Eliza, and that was thanks to her driver who had managed to lose their tail in the busy streets: though he was currently in a DEO cell for reasons J’onn wasn’t telling her.

“Call Kal,” she instructed and took a deep breath as she hit the sunlight and ignored the agents looking to her in sorrow. It was time to exchange her life for her sisters. Kara Zor El would join her parents, her friends, her people, her world, in Rao’s Light by sundown. One family for another. It seemed like a fair exchange and few things in life were.
Part Fifty - Seven

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It was surprisingly boring waiting for Superman and Supergirl to show up, and after her public berating by her mother, for what felt like the ten thousandth time, she was eager for something to happen.

Fortunately CADMUS had seen her little outburst as signs of stress and low blood sugar and not the warning she was trying to send, (plus she got on her mothers nerves which was always a bonus). Lex had forced her to eat something; which she did gladly, but she still pointed out to their leaders that if they were so proud of what they were doing, then why were they hiding their faces? It was something for them to think about. After all, they were about to be victorious, so shouldn’t they be proud and show the world who they were? What kind of Luthor hid?

Still, she was surprised when the two Super’s burst through the roof, one after the other with Supergirl in the lead. She was glad she was mostly by herself because she couldn’t conceal her sharp inhale at seeing Kara for the first time in what felt like years, but had only been a few weeks.

She looked as flawless as usual, landing with an impressive thud in the middle of the warehouse and rising swiftly. But it was her eyes that gave her pain away; they were… lightless. Empty. She might have been alive, but she wasn’t alive like Kara normally was, and it killed her to be part of the reason for that absence of light.

Superman landed beside her a fraction later and they both took up their classic ‘hero’ poses.

Hank and Metallo started to walk towards them and Lena quickly ducked out of the way and over towards the prisoners, chewing daintily on a biscuit as she did. She didn’t need to get involved in this, besides, she wanted to sound out how ready Alex, Maggie and the DEO were ready for a fight.

While she hadn’t expected Alex to head-butt her as she leant in to speak with her, it had provided an opportunity for her to return and speak with her and maybe slip her a way out of her cuffs.

These handcuffs were special, biometric cuffs that only opened when the approved person opened them, and that person was either Lillian, Hank, or Lex, and neither one of them was about to release their dangerous prisoners. So that left Lena. She had it in her pocket, actually and had been working on it the night before, secretly, of course. Fortunately the cuffs were made from steel and steel was prone to rust, which, any mediocre scientist or engineer, or anyone actually, knew.

But it took a genius, which Lena was, to create the perfect balance of the agents to the steel which would ensure the corrosion of the restraints increased about one-thousand percent. All it needed was water, or some form of liquid, and away it would go. She had compressed the solids into a bar and had cut the bar already, hoping to somehow pass it on to one of the agents or police officers, and now Alex had given her a perfect reason to go back and pick a fight without causing suspicion.

As Kara and James, and Clark and Hank threw themselves at each other, and the CADMUS soldiers took up ready positions on the outskirts, Lena wandered nonchalantly over to the prisoners. Alex had a beautiful black eye, if she didn’t say so herself, but her glare wasn’t diminished. Maggie was frowning at her as well, but Lena thought it had more to do with how she had socked her girlfriend in the face, rather than anything else.
Conscious of the eyes that could be on her she was rough as she tore the gag from Alex Danvers mouth. The agent took a moment to get moisture in her mouth before she was rearing up trying to get to Lena.

“You bitch, Luthor,” Alex spat and Lena had to balance and kick her back down. She landed heavily with a grunt and glared up at her.

“Temper, temper, Agent Danvers,” she chastened gently and cast her eyes to Maggie, hand going into her pocket. “What would your mother say?” She asked and turned her attention back to Alex. The agent was livid, a wild rage to her eyes and she was almost snarling.

“Mera.” It was Maggie and Lena turned from Alex and gently pulled the gag free so that Maggie could address her.

“Lena,” Maggie said gently and her features were grave and pinched.

“Why’re you doing this?” She asked completely bewildered and Lena could feel her confusion and betrayal. “You don’t have to. You can let us go and we can help you,” she said with a firm nod.

She ignored Agent Danvers’ scoff.

“I can’t, Detective,” she replied simply and then glance around her and crouched down next to the detective. She could sense movement of the prisoners and cast them a warning glance before looking back at Alex’s girlfriend. “Even if I wanted to,” she offered and pressed her lips together and shook her head. “This… has to happen. Everything has been planned for.”

She lifted her hand over her shoulder to one of the men standing guard while the other one rested on the concrete. “They’re stronger and faster than you could ever hope to be,” she said and turned back to Maggie, voice lowering waringly. “Even if you did manage to get out of these restraints, which, you can’t, you are unarmed, out-numbered, and out-matched. You wouldn’t get anywhere.” She looked into Maggie’s eyes and then lowered them to the ground and lifted them quickly. Maggie’s eyes narrowed and Lena flicked her gaze back down again to where her finger was tapping.

Tap and lift. Tap and lift. Maggies eyes narrowed even further on it and then she inhaled sharply and glance up into Lena’s eyes. ‘T’ she breathed softly and Lena’s eye tightened a minuscule amount.

Swift tap, long tap, swift tap. R.

“I know you’d give it a good attempt, Detective,” Lena pointed out, eyes on Maggie’s face as she kept her own directed on Lena’s finger as it slowly tapped out a Morse-coded message.

In the background the Super’s and enhanced humans were fighting ferociously, the anti-Kryptonite to their suits helping them keep the fight equal.

Lena kept her body still and her eyes on Maggie, hopefully keeping her face from view of anyone else. Alex was shifting and glaring at her but her feet were bound tightly and she wouldn’t be able to move. Maggie on the other hand had caused a bit less trouble and her legs, while bound, weren’t bound as tightly.

Swift tap, swift tap. I.

“It took us a while to develop a serum to enhance them, but we did manage it.”

She could feel dozens of glaring eyes on her, prisoners muffled and bound but still full of fight and she ignored them.
Swift tap, long tap, long tap, swift tap. P. Her fingers curled back in on themselves a moment and she flattened them out.

“But,” she added with a slight incline of her head. “There are issues.”

Long tap, long tap. M.

“They only last a few hours and then we have to wait for the serum to clear their system. They’re basically useless afterwards,” Lena shook her head and rolled her eyes.

“Should you be telling them this?” Enquired the guard and Lena paused and turned to fix him with a look.

“Phil,” she drawled. “Don’t be embarrassed. Two hours and thirty seven minutes is an admirable attempt for a man in bed.”

Maggie didn’t hide her snort and the soldier glared at her and Lena let out a soft laugh as she turned back to the detective.

“Men,” she said with a long suffering sigh and glanced back down at her hand.

Swift tap. E. Trip me.

She smiled wryly at Maggie as she rose to her feet. The detective’s eyes followed her up and she could see her body tensing as she readied to follow her message and Lena placed her hands back in her pocket and lifted a brow pointedly.

“So, Detective, even if I wanted to I could help you,” she settled her weight and could feel the moment Maggie decided to move. She set her weight back and swept her feet around her in a sudden movement and Lena let herself be swept down. Just like she had asked of Maggie. She was thankful the detective knew Morse-code, otherwise she wasn’t sure how she would have helped them get out of their restraints.

Though she was prepared for it it still hurt.

She let out a grunt as she landed and Phil immediately came walking over, ready to discipline the prisoners as he had obvious already done to several of them- if the way they were holding themselves, and the bruises and bloody faces were to go by.

She waved him off and shook her head and as she pulled her hands from her pocket she slid the chemical component up her sleeve. Maggie had settled her weight and was glaring at her and Alex was grinning. She could see the satisfaction in the eyes of the captured and she inwardly rolled her eyes.

“Nice one!” Alex commented and she shuffled a little. “Come over here, Luthor, and I’ll do the same.”

Lena rose slowly, and as she placed her hands on the ground to help her up she slid the small roll out of her sleeve and under Maggie’s body. The detectives eyes widened for a brief moment and then she was back to glaring at her, kicking her heels back and hiding the roll from view.

Lena glared down at her imperiously, ignoring the smug smiles she could feel directed at her and clasped her hands together, nail polish gleaming.

“You are fortunate, Detective,” she began carefully, imperiously, eyes drilling into Maggie’s. It was
time to see just what kind of abilities she could use on others.

She had tried to be very careful about revealing them to anyone else while she was with CADMUS, and Eliza wasn’t aware of them, but Lena had realised she was starting to pick up on certain vibes from the people around her. She had quickly learnt what everyone of the CADMUS agents was interested in and used that information, information she somehow knew, to get them to open up to her and tell her things they may not have been willing to tell her. It had occurred to her, as she had sat alone in her room in the dark, that she was getting their thoughts and feelings, almost like she was reading their minds. But it wasn’t as simple as that. She just picked up on things they felt strongly about, it was like she had a bad television reception, like the ones she had seen on old television shows (because the Luthor’s had never had poor reception, they had always used their own satellites where ever they were in the world and they were designed to perfection).

She had once tried to see if she could force someone to think something, really, she had been thinking about pizza for some reason, and one of the soldiers had mentioned he had a sudden craving for it. She hadn’t given it any thought until later, when she realised that the likelihood of them both thinking about pizza at the same time had been very slim. So she had started to focus on the people around her more. It increased her headaches, made her nauseas, and of course exhausted her, but she wasn’t willing to stop. If she could get them to work how she wanted them to, then maybe she could figure a way out of this mess.

Jeremiah had been an easy target. He hadn’t wanted to tell her about Kara, or about the missiles, but he had been weak-minded and she had been persistent. He had told her everything, far earlier than when she had purposely gotten them caught on camera. It had been images, pictures in her mind that hadn’t made sense, but she had worked out what he was planning before he did it, and then she had acted accordingly.

“That I am so well mannered,” she said, voice turning cold and almost mechanical as she tried to force what she was thinking into Maggie. Her head was hurting again. “If I weren’t I’d most certainly have Phil beat you, or at the very least spit on you.” Lena cocked her head to the side, eyes narrowing in concentration. “But hydration is important and I really am far too civil for such savagery,” she offered sagely. Maggie looked rather blankly up at her but then her eyes cleared and she gave a minuscule nod.

Lena let a smile cross her features and rubbed her forehead as a wave of dizziness hit her. “Nice chat,” she smirked as she walked away, pointedly leaving Maggie and Alex ungagged.

Alex shuffled closer to Maggie as she walked away, and she could hear her congratulating her girlfriend on knocking Lena down, but also wondering what in the world had possessed her to do it. She was lucky she hadn’t been shot.

Which was true, Lena considered as she walked away.

Lex was standing over by Lillian by the monitors as Superman and Hank, and James and Supergirl went at it. It was really like witnessing a battle between gods, each of them stronger than any man (or woman) had a hope to be, and each fighting for what they believed in.

“What Benji,” Lex instructed over the ferocious sounds of their fighting and a man over by a case flicked it open and proceeded to lob grenades towards the duelling four.

They exploded in the area around the Kryptonian’s and they faltered as a green smoke surrounded them. Kara was the first to be brought down, scrambling weakly at the hold Metalo had around her neck and Lena’s heart leapt and in that moment Kara met her eyes.
They were wild and frightened, like an animal locked in a cage, and she blinked and then they were gone. Metalo lifted Kara boldly as she faltered underneath the airborne Kryptonite and threw her into the cell. Clark was soon to follow, only he had been dragged in by his hair, face contorting in pain as his skin turned green.

The moment the doors locked on them a green tinge lit the bars and the Super’s recoiled from them as the Kryptonite on them went to work.

A few of the guards gave little cheers and Lex was beaming as he surveyed them.

“Okay!” He grinned and rubbed his hands together gleefully. “Let’s begin!”

“Mum?” He enquired and Lillian turned back to the control panel and pressed a few buttons and then the familiar white mask was on one of the screens while other camera’s turned to the prisoners and to the Kryptonian’s in their cage.

Lena swallowed and walked over to stand near the cage, carefully crossing the battleground the four titans had claimed as their own. The concrete was shattered and broken and many of the pillars holding the roof were either missing or bent, but fortunately it was still holding strong.

She tuned out the usual CADMUS speech, to concerned was she with Kara. Supergirl didn’t look well. There was blood drying on her face and her hair was tangled, and the defiant light in her eyes seemed dull and a shadow of its former self.

Clark was in similar shape, the Kryptonite had given Hank and James an edged and they had utilised with extreme force and their bodies would take a bit to recover while they expelled the toxin.

Lex was beaming at the camera and gestured for the agents to come closer with it as he walked over towards the caged Super’s. They were the very image of defiance; standing in their hero poses even though they were locked up and looked as though they had taken a beating.

“People of the world!” Lex beamed and spread his arm out as though offering them the world. “These are the alien invaders you call heroes,” he boomed and the distaste in his voice was obvious. “Brought down by human ingenuity and by humans,” he emphasised and Lena wondered if the silence she could hear was the collective inhale of National City.

“They are not the heroes they have lead you to believe! They are wolves, and would have us as sheep! But we, of CADMUS, we are your shepherds,” he said strongly, and his voice and posture held his conviction and he didn’t seemed crazed. “We are humanities saviours!”

The agent with the camera took a moment to pan around the room and Lena ignored it in favour of trying to get Kara to look at her again.

“You’re not a saviour of anything, Luthor,” Clark said, eyes blazing and his glance was torn between his bound and gagged wife and mother, and his foe. He embodied defiance as he stood in a cage with his cousin, crest proudly on display and chin tilted arrogantly. Lex stiffened at the interruption and his voice turned low and cold.

“Careful, Kal El,” he hissed. “You aren’t in a position to be mouthing off.” Lena felt a shiver run down her spine and cast a concerned look at her brother as the camera turned back on him. He was back to his happy, charming self immediately as he addressed humanity.

“They have concealed their true nature from you,” he said calmly, carefully, and his tone was apologetic as he continued. “They are clever, but we are smarter. We will show you the truth!”
He turned back to the cage and his smile was anything but pleasant.

“What do you want?” Supergirl demanded wiping her mouth and glaring through the bars at Lex, still pointedly not meeting Lena’s gaze.

Lex gave a small, delighted chuckle and clapped his hands together like a child.

“What I want, Supergirl,” he said pleasantly, “is for you to die.” Lena winced at the venom in the word but remained where she was. Maggie hadn’t had enough time to get everyone out of their restraints just yet, and she couldn’t risk her own cover yet… but everything was going according to plan.

Kara flinched slightly, but her defiance was back, hands on her hips and it was an odd look for her, standing next to her arrogant cousin.

“But first!” Lex said with a flourish of his hand and Lena blinked at him. “I want the two of you to fight!” He said it with the enthusiasm of a race commentator, all wide-eyed and toothy grinned. “To the death!” He added darkly, and his features turned deadly serious, before he was back to grinning again.

“Chop, chop,” he said and clapped his hands together.

Kara and Clark exchanged horrified glances and in unison turned back to Lex and shook their heads frantically.

“I’m not going to fight him!” Kara’s brow was crinkled and her jaw had slackened momentarily in shock, but then it tightened and tilted.

“I won’t hurt her,” Kal said strongly, voice firm in his resolve. “I won’t be the monster you think I am.”

“Monster?” Lex blinked curiously and he gave a low, dangerous chuckle. “Oh I know exactly what you are, Superman, or should I call you by your earth name?” He enquired and lifted his hand to his lips in thought. Lena’s glance snapped over to him immediately as Clark stiffened and his eyes narrowed.

“Mh,” Lex hummed thoughtfully. “No, maybe not just yet. But,” he said and his eyes narrowed back in on Clark’s, hatred burning in the air between them. “If you don’t kill your cousin, I’ll start with your earth mother.”

Clark launched himself at the bars in rage only to recoil with a furious growl as the Kryptonite burned him and force his retreat. Kara was hovering next to him, helping him up and he pushed her away and they both tried to burn Lex with the power of their glares alone.

“Don’t you dare hurt her Luthor! Don’t you dare!”

“I’m not going to,” Lex said patronisingly and rolled his eyes in exasperation. “In fact we are going to let all the humans go…. As soon as you’re dead. So really, if you want their freedom you’d better get to the beating!” He smiled a little at his own rhyme.

His features turned serious. “You have thirty seconds before we pick at random. Wouldn’t it be a shame if it was your mother, or your friend?” He enquired and then turned his dark gaze on Kara. “Or your sister?”

Lena and Kara stiffened in unison and Kara’s jaw moved with her frantic, furious breathing and her
eyes lifted past him to the prisoners. Alex had probably said something, but not at a humanoid volume.

“Lex,” Lena called waringly and when her brother turned to face her she tore her eyes from Kara and looked at him.

“Lena,” he beamed happily. “How about a little bet?” He asked and her stomach twisted as the camera turned to face her. She forced her features neutral and swallowed as Lex continued. He sounded just like he had when they were children and they had raced each other to see what their minds could build, only this time instead of a rocket or an engine or a robot, this time it was a bet on two beings who would fight to the death.

“How about a little bet?” She asked clearly, inwardly thankful that her voice didn’t waver.

“Superman vs Supergirl! ‘Til the death!” He said gleefully and waved her closer.

She met his gaze a moment, glanced at the camera no doubt broadcasting her joining to the Luthor family name, and walked over to him.

“Terms?” She asked quietly, casting a glance at the two Supers.

This was not something she had foreseen, originally. Benji, while she was talking X-Men with him, he loved X-Men, when he had lingered on the first movie where Logan is fighting cage-fights for money. It had been something important, especially as his mental projection had been of the two Supers, and so Lena had pressed on him, gently, and had eventually figured out that Lex was going to make them fight, to show how brutal they truly were, and then he was going to kill them. She’d had to recalculate her plan immediately. But things were still going according to her reformed plan.

“Ah-ah,” Lex cautioned playfully and waved his finger at her. “Pick a victor.”

Lena met his eyes squarely and didn’t have to give it a moments thought. “Supergirl will win. But she won’t kill him.”

Lex tilted his head and she lifted a brow. “She wins, they all live”, she said pointing to the prisoners, alien and human.

She let her words hang in the air, heard the sharp inhale of Supergirl—probably, and ignored the glare from the camera as Lex considered her words.

“Agreed. But if Superman kills her….” He looked her directly in the eye. “They both die and you help me, help CADMUS.”

Lena let her eyes narrow. “I have been helping,” she answered swiftly, stiffly.

He smiled at her, his half-smile that he used to give her when she had done something that pleased him. “You give it your all,” he told her firmly. “But,” he added with a smile and nod in her direction. “You don’t have to make weapons. I know how you feel about that.” Then his features stilled and he looked at her with full seriousness. “But no more ‘miscalculations,’” he even did the bunny ears for quotation marks. “You don’t miscalculate,” he told her as though it were as true as the sun rising in the East. “I’d rather not blow up all of my men.”

She lifted a brow. “You were going to blow up a hospital,” she snarled. “I don’t care who or what was in it. Hospitals and schools and parks and, and,” she waved her hand around to convey her point, “populated areas are off limits. We agreed on that.”
There was a tightening of guns and several of them lifted in her direction.

“What? That was-what?” One of the soldiers faintly asked and Lex spun on him immediately, rage flashing in his eyes.

“Hurt her and I’ll make you wish you’d never been born,” he thundered, voice roaring in the warehouse as though Zeus himself had shouted it down from the heavens. Lena was fairly certain everyone had recoiled at the direct threat.

Lena crossed her arms defensively as she felt the ire in the room turned on her- this she hadn’t accounted for, but no matter, all she had to do was wait. Lex had her gun and he would shoot one of the Supers with it, and when he did… All hell would break lose. She just had to wait. It would happen, even if she wasn’t here to see it.

“I apologise for your comrades,” she said clearly, calmly, unflinchingly in the face of the soldiers anger. “But they were going to blow up a hospital. I couldn’t let them do that.” Her heart was racing and her palms were sweating and she wondered if this was how she died.

They grumbled and Lex was quick to get the attention off her and her actions.

“Anyway,” he drawled and spun back to the cage.

“You picked Supergirl, if she wins we kill her and Superman’s family. If she doesn’t win, then well, she dies anyway, but so do her family,” he pointed over to the prisoners and Lena followed his gaze. He had clearly decided to up the terms of the fight, giving each Super a reason to give it their all.

“No!” The two Supers shouted in unison, stepping up to the bars before being forced back and glancing between their families and Lex.

“We aren’t fighting,” Kara said strongly. “We won’t,” she shook her head. “I won’t,” her voice cracked and Kal looked at her and back at Lex, folding his arms across his chest.

“I can’t choose that!”

“Ah,” Lex said gently, as though speaking to a naughty child. “But you will.”

He snapped his fingers and one of the soldiers came forward carrying a little box and offered it with an open lid to Lex.

“I’m sure you know what this is,” he said as he pulled out a familiar glowing red syringe. Red Kryptonite. “Now,” he said airily as he slid the syringe into a dart gun that was handed to him. “We only have enough for one of you… so! Which will it be?” He asked friendly, as though he were offering a free hair-cut or make-over.

Kara and Clark shared a look with each other, features identical with saddened horror and they shook their heads.

“No, please don’t make us do this,” Kara asked and her voice cracked and she swallowed. “We’ll, we’ll leave if we have to, we’ll die if you want, or, or stay in this cage forever, but please,” she begged. “Don’t make us do this. Don’t make us choose.”

Lex looked at her blankly as her heart-felt plea echoed around them and blinked.

“All right.”

Lena?” He enquired and she fought back her wince as all eyes, and cameras, turned back on her.
Her breathing hitched as she realised what he was wanting from her and she tilted her chin as nausea threatened to consume her and shook her head slightly, eyes defiant. She would not choose which family got to live, though she knew which one she wanted. If necessary she would make the choice for Kara, and have her hate her, but it would save her sister.

“Come on Lena,” Lex prodded and she cast a glance at the two heroes.

“I’ll tell you what,” he said thoughtfully. “She wins; I’ll let you keep her as a pet.” He gave a little nod and then smiled at her as though he were giving her a gift. Lena swallowed.

“Super…man,” she rasped, wondering when all the moisture in her mouth had rushed to her hands, and if her heart was going to pound its way from her chest. She closed her eyes. “Give it to Superman,” she said and lowered her head. She heard Kara’s gasp but couldn’t look at her, didn’t want to see the betrayal on her face, couldn’t tear her gaze away from Lex’s.

He was looking at her puzzled but gave a little nod and then passed the gun off the Henshaw.

“When you’re ready, Hank,” he said cheerfully. Kal was backing up in the prison, hands up and eyes darting everywhere for a way out. Kara was staring at Lena in shocked betrayal and her eyes were welling with tears.

“Lena!”

Lena finally turned to look at her, and fought down how her heart clenched and ached and split at the wounded, lost and pained expression on Kara’s face. “What? I- why?”

“I had to make it a fair fight,” she commented airily, forcing nonchalance into her voice. Truthfully she knew that Kara could never live with herself if she had been forced to kill Clark, and by extension his family, it went against everything she believed in, and she would rather die than be forced to do it. This way Lena had made the choice for her, even if it meant losing Alex, and maybe James? She wasn’t sure if James counted as part of Clark’s or Kara’s Super-family. But if Kara had won, then she would have destroyed herself with the guilt, at least now it gave her someone to blame. Gave Clark someone to blame as well. A Luthor, just like her brother a mother.

“I’m not,” Kara said breathing heavily as Hank approached the bars and Superman backed up, eyes on the dart gun as it came up close to the bars and tracked his movements. “I’m not gonna do this. I can’t do this.”

“You have to,” Lena said simply, quietly, knowing Kara would hear her. “And if its rage you’re worried about,” she gave a small laugh, “you’re a woman. Of course you’re angry. You just have to use it.”

“I’m not angry,” she called loudly, loud enough for Lena to hear her and know that the conversation wasn’t just one sided.

Lena raised a brow, ignoring the camera back on her. “Aren’t you?”

She let her question hang in the air a moment. “Your parents lied to you about Krypton. They sent you to Earth to raise your cousin, you a child, to raise a baby,” Lena ticked each point off as she spoke them. “Then when you got her your cousin, the last of your kind, the last of your blood, all that remained of your family, rejected you and gave you to someone else.”

Lena could see the emotion welling in Kara’s eyes, meters away as they were, but forced herself onwards. If they had any chance of following her plan this had to happen. Kara had to get mad. They had to tick down the clock.
“Not only that, but then he doesn’t come and see you, he doesn’t contact you because it’s ‘too
dangerous.’”

“That isn’t how it happened!” Clark defended eyes on his cousin who was staring at Lena with
slumped shoulders and a lost expression. “It was to keep her safe!”

He gave a grunt as the dark hit him and the ruby glow faded into his skin. He stared down at the spot
in awed horror.

“Shut up Superman!” Lena shot back, letting her hatred of him leak into her voice. “You don’t
deserve to wear that crest, to call yourself a member of the House of El.” Lex was blinking at her in
surprise but she ignored him, venom dripping from her lips as she addressed Clark.

“You left her alone, with people who had no idea what she was or what she could do. You
abandoned her, your family to the mercy of humanity. And Kal,” she said frankly. “People suck!”

“She was bullied in high-school for being different, she was all alone,” Lena emphasised and her
hand cut through the air like a sword to punctuate her point. “An entire planet of people, and the one
person who could have at least tried to understand her, and be there for her, was more concerned
with his career. She should hate you,” she said, voice returning to normal volume.

“You parroted the words of your House, El Mayarah, and yet when she needed you, you were
nowhere to be found. You don’t know what that crest means, and yet you wear the symbol as
though it was your birthright,” she said pointing to the ‘S’ crest. “You don’t deserve it.”

Then she turned back to Kara, fearing she was getting off track and letting her emotions out. Lex
was looking at her oddly and she could feel her mothers eyes on her, and her mother always knew.

“And then you go through life hiding, afraid of being who you are, while he parades around
claiming hope and freedom and everything that that S stands for but he doesn’t understand. When
you finally reveal yourself you are treated less than he is, because you are a woman or because you
came second, it doesn’t matter. Everything you do, everything you are is held up and analysed and
you are found wanting. No matter what you do, you can’t get it right.”

Lena quietened now, not wanting the camera to pick up on her words but knowing it would. “You
have to pretend to be less than what you are, you aren’t allowed to be angry, you aren’t allowed to
get even, you constantly hold back. And in your private life you have to hide your loss, you can’t
share that with anyone, how could they possibly understand?” Lena hesitated, but Kara still wasn’t
there, still wasn’t angry enough to fight, to use her anger to fuel her long enough to chip away at the
clock. “And you are lied to. You find out your aunt is alive,” Kara flinched back, visibly stepping
back as though she had been punched, “ and that your parents lied to you. And you have to fight her,
to fight your only family, someone who understands you, because though you have him,” she
pointed to Clark, who was almost crying now, “ he can’t or doesn’t understand. And then she dies,”
Lena tilted her head.

“Those circumstances were…unpleasant at best. But more lies, more hiding who you are, more
holding back. And then you are drugged, the worst parts of yourself forced to the forefront and you
had to show that to the world, show them how broken and beaten and lost you were, and they reject
you. After everything you had done for them, every self-less act, every heroic deed, they turned on
you. They cowered from you.”

Lena halted and Kara sniffed and she wasn’t there yet, just a little more, it was all she needed. If
Kara could ever forgive her, she wondered but this had to happen. There was no other option. She
had to get mad enough to fight Clark, or at least make it look like she was giving it her all. Anything
to tick down the clock. The two supers would need the help of the DEO if they were to protect all
the innocents here, and the only way the DEO could help would be if the enhanced injections faded,
but they still had at least a half hour, so she needed to buy more time.

“And you have to go through it all over again, knowing the moment you mis-step you’ll be torn
apart, you who only wanted a home, you who only wanted to belong, you who didn’t want to be
alone.”

“Shut up, Luthor!” Came a faint shout from the prisoners. “Leave her alone!” and then she was cut
off with a yelp. Supergirl’s head snapped up and she approached the bars, clearly trying to get to
Alex, but Lena couldn’t let her go just yet. The only way to win this was to give her mother, brother,
and CADMUS what they wanted…and then pull the rug out from underneath them.

“And what about your friends?” She asked quietly, silkily. “Your fragile, very mortal, human
friends? The ones going out beating criminals up because of a misguided ego and a hero-complex.
They lied to you, they used you.”

Lena paused and took a deep breath, ‘forgive me Kara,’ she sent up to whatever deity may be
listening. ‘Please forgive me.’

“They don’t need you,” she said calmly, fiercely, conviction layering every-word. “What have you
brought to their lives that they didn’t have already apart from pain and suffering and loss?”

She took a steadying breath and then went in for the kill, using everything she knew about her friend
to break her. She wondered what her stock prices were doing, probably crumbling, but well, it was
only money, and this was for Kara, even if she never spoke to her again.

“That’s the truth of it, isn’t it Supergirl?” Lena asked softly, as though she didn’t quite want to tell
her this, but needed to. “You aren’t needed here. The world adores Superman in a way that you can
never achieve and he never wanted you. Your parents sent you away, your aunt left you, your family
betrayed you, and so have your friends. So don’t tell me you aren’t mad, don’t tell me you can’t feel
it burning you from the inside, desperate to get out,” Lena said and lifted her voice, filling her word
with fire and hoping that Kara would use her words as a life-line to her rage, and use that to save
them all.

“Don’t stand there and pretend any longer, let yourself out, Supergirl. No more playing nice,” Lena
said and shook her head pointedly, wondering if she was looking as crazy as she was fairly certain
she was sounding.

“No more holding back. You. Are. A. God,” she said firmly heat pounding in unison with her
words, so loudly she wondered how the camera hadn’t picked up on it. “Prove it,” she hissed.
“Show the world that sent you away; show the family that betrayed you; show the city that turned
their back on you; show the friends that used you; show your family who rejected you; show
yourself….”

Kara slowly lifted her eyes to Lena and she could see red through the tears, see the rage her words
and brought to the surface, the loss, the hatred, the despair, the weight of the world and the anger, oh
the anger simmering under the surface. “Show that lost, alone girl who… you …are.” It would occur
to her later that maybe she hadn’t been talking just about Kara her, because she was pretty sure her
life had similar curves to it, similar betrayals.

Lex coughed politely. “Woah, um, easy there Lena…..” She was pretty sure the entire city had gone
still in shock, so had she to be honest. She hadn’t meant to let out that much, and of herself as well.
Her inner musings, and the shocked silence of the warehouse, was interrupted by an enraged roar and Supergirl threw herself at her cousin. Kara had such loss and sorrow and rage, that all it had taken was a few words for it to come pouring out of her, but Lena knew it was her heart that fuelled it, and hoped that her heart would be strong enough to pull her back…. Probably once she had killed her cousin.

Lex nodded to himself and blinked as the two titans started to battle it out. “Okay then.”

Never before had there been such a battle on Earth. Superman versus Supergirl, in a battle to the death. Maid of Steel versus Man of Steel. Hope versus rage. Love versus loss. Which titan held the power to overcome their wrath?

Chapter End Notes

For a special Commander :D

I felt... off writing this. It didn't seem to want to word. So some things might not work. I couldn't get the flow right, but eh. Enjoy.
It was…..brutal…. the fight between Kara and Clark, Supergirl and Superman. In all honesty it was horrifying, but she was unable to tear her eyes away as the two clashed together with a roar like thunder and a blur of red and blue. For the most part her eyesight was unable to pick up on the two exchanging blows that would bring a freight train to a stand still, and she was thankful for that, she didn’t want to see the wrath she had unleashed, the desperation in Kara’s eyes and the rage as she fought her last remaining blood relative. Clark was not her concern, his self-righteousness had bothered her for a long time, but Kara, dear sweet Kara, what had she done to her?

She had Clark relatively well-matched, but Lena was biased and put her faith in Kara for the win. Or maybe it was love, faith and love were often interchangeable, so perhaps it was that. Either way her heart was telling her Kara, and so her mind had followed. Kara had to win. She would win. Lena believed in Kara in a way she had never believed in anything before. Kara was…everything.

Still, she hated seeing her recoiling from Clark’s blows, hated seeing the way their laser vision met in the middle of the cage, hated seeing her stumbled from the bars as she was thrown onto them. She made herself watch as the two fought, she owed Kara that much, even as it tore her apart from the inside.

The battle was a blur, literally and figuratively, but as they two came close to blowing out their powers, after at least a half hour of duelling, they started to stumble around and give in to their exhaustion. In an attempt to be polite CADMUS had returned a majority of screens and devices back to the people of National City, only streaming the fight on one network over the internet, and a few billboards in the centre of town. They had taken great lengths to ensure that they couldn’t be tracked and Lena was sure the authorities, as well as Supergirl’s agency, were chomping at the bit frantic to find them. But they wouldn’t, Lena had helped Lex make sure of it, and it was only one more mark on her conscious. But as long as Kara was standing at the end of this, with at least Alex at her side, then everything was worth it. She’d make a martyr of herself if it meant keeping Kara safe.

The two were exhausted; their suits were torn and their blows were wild and off the mark, slowed to a pace even Lena could fight at. Their last meeting of laser vision had blown the two of their powers and now they were exhausted, beaten, and broken.

Clark was peering through a swollen eye, and Kara was continuously wiping blood on her sleeve, she may have even knocked a few teeth loose. While the Red Kryptonite wasn’t fully releasing Clark’s darker side, it was enough for him to be willing to fight Kara all out, and he had used his strength and words to the best of his ability.

Their exchange of words had been too low for the humans to pick up on, and neither had the camera, but the few times they had lifted their voices, they were shouting in Kryptonese. Lena was thankful she knew the words, but not thankful for how they cut into her sweet, kind, gentle, puppy of a friend, and knew that if they both made it out alive, there would be a lot of awkward talks and hugs and general atmosphere as they tried to get over it. Hopefully Kara would have Alex, and maybe even Lena if she wanted, and if Lena were alive and not in jail or something.

It was awful, watching the two fuelled only by rage and loss now as they fought, leaning on each
other for support as they tried to bring each other down. Kara was crying now, completely exhausted and she crawled away from her cousin and started to ball her eyes out.

Clark was leaning against the bars, the Kryptonite in them burning his skin as he lay limp against them and a low, pained whine was escaping his throat in agony, but he was too exhausted to move.

“Well…..” Lex’s voice broke the silence in a low, drawn out sound and Lena had never felt such hatred for him as she had in that moment, had never hated anyone so much.

“Finish him, Supergirl,” Lex commanded and Kara shook her head as her shoulders slumped and she glanced up at him with dead eyes.

“To it,” he added imperiously but she just closed her eyes and curled in on herself, body as broken as her heart.

Tears were streaming down her face and her body was shaking with the force of her sobs but she didn’t make a sound.

Lex let out a loud sigh and shook his head as though she had disappointed him in some way and Lena had to press her heels into the floor to make herself not blow her cover and run to Kara.

“Right then,” Lex said and turned back to his mother. Lillian had been watching the entire time from the control panel and she gave a little nod and removed a key from around her neck.

Lena forced herself away from the cage, turning away so she didn’t have to look at how broken she had helped make Kara, her hero. Her chest felt heavy and compressed as though someone were standing on it and she had to take several deep, controlling breaths in order for her to calm herself. She could feel the edges of her vision turning grey and she forced them back, now was not the time.

“For the past couple of weeks CADMUS has been working on a virus, a virus that would wipe out all alien life on earth,” Lex said proudly and Lillian offered him the key. He took it with a flourish and then turned to Lena.

“Come, Lena!” He gestured and Lena saw the camera follow her slow approach over to the control panel. “Let’s do it as a family!” He said and he sounded so excited, like the time she had proposed they go to Disneyland as a family and only Lex had ended up going with her, with Haz as a bodyguard/driver of course. If only this had been the key to sending forth her L-Corp seed, the one that would hopefully help reduce famine, instead of missiles intended to commit genocide. She could share in the happiness and belong, but she was planning treachery instead. Her heart panged. What would she have left after this? L-Corp? Maybe? Probably not. Would Jess stay with her? She couldn’t ask her to.

“It’s because of you that this is possible,” he beamed at her, and inwardly she bemoaned the nail in her coffin. If she did make it out of this alive she was going to be in so much trouble it was almost not worth making it out. But still, she had so many things she had to apologise for Kara, so she would make it out if she had to.

Over in the far corner where their rocket-launcher waited, the doors were opened and a car dragged the missile out into the open. Some of the NCPD were shouting through their gags now, and Maggie and Alex’s words were lost as they shouted in unison.

Over in her cage Supergirl lifted her head before lowering it in defeat.

Lillian inserted the key and flicked the first switch, with Lex quickly flicking the second. Then they looked at Lena. She hesitated examining the blood of her nails as they caught the light, and her hand
hovered a long moment.

“Lena?” Lex asked concernedly and she could feel her mothers sigh building and she let her fingers curl and lowered her arm with a shake of her head. She couldn’t do it. Would never do it.

Lex frowned at her but shrugged and flicked the final switch. Then he pressed the button. Over in the corner there was a rumble and then fire flare at the doorway and there rumble of the missile being launched echoed in the warehouse.

The CADMUS agents cheered and clapped each other on the back and Lena looked down. Bits of concrete and rubble still littered the floor, even over by the control panel and computer.

Over in the corner by the prisoners a few of them were crying, maybe tears of joy, or maybe relief. The humans were angry and devastated and Alex had tears in her eyes and she was shouting about someone called John.

“Hank,” Lex called out and Hank was already striding over to where a few of their scientists stood. He signalled Jeremiah out and proceeded to drag him across the floor, Dr Danvers offered little resistance.

“Dad!?” Alex shouted and over in the corner she was struggling but stilled when a gun was turned in her direction. “Dad!” She shouted again and Jeremiah shot her a sorrowful smile as he was forced to his feet. “Dad! No!”

“Dr Danvers,” Lex said slowly and the agents quietened, obviously sensing something going on.

“You seem as happy as the rest of us. Want to tell me why that is?” He enquired silkily and Jeremiah swallowed. Lena could see his throat bob.

“The missile succeeded,” he muttered, eyes lowered. “‘Course I’m happy.”

“Mh,” Lex let out a little hum. “Yes, it did… even though you tried to sabotage three of them. But, you see, there were actually five.”

Jeremiah went still and his head snapped up, eyes wide and jaw slack,

“Oh yes,” Lex said conversationally. “We know all about that and I’m sorry to say but it didn’t work.” A false sorrow crossed his face. “You really shouldn’t have trusted Lena. She has a great Poker face, wouldn’t you agree?”

Jeremiah turned his gaze on her immediately and she ignored his betrayed look and forced herself to not look at Kara or Alex, who was now shouting bloody murder.

“I apologise for the deception, Doctor,” she said calmly, fighting the bile that threaten to roar its way up her body. “But it was necessary.” And it was, Jeremiah had only known of the three missiles, not the five. Lena couldn’t risk picking the wrong two to change, and so had realised that she needed to ensure they were all changed. But the odds of them not being aware of Jeremiah’s betrayal was painfully low, and so she had told her mother about the doctor ensuring that the actual missiles contained dud virus’. It was the only thing she could think of. Trick CADMUS into switching out the actual virus, which they thought was fake, with actual fakes. So far no one had caught on and she hoped that they didn’t.

“There, ya see?” Lex commented and he smiled fondly at Lena, and then looked back at Jeremiah. “But what are we going to do with you….?” He tapped his lip thoughtfully and Hank had a gun pressed to the back of his head.
“If you’re gonna kill me, do it yourself,” Jeremiah grunted, a familiar fire in his eyes. “I can’t do it anymore. You can’t blackmail me any more. Just let me go.”

“Mh... okay,” Lex commented and nodded at Hank who cocked his gun and put it back to Jeremiah’s temple.

Over at the prisoners Alex was screaming again, and Kara had risen to grip the bars of her cage as she tried to pry them open, but she couldn’t. For Alex she would do anything, even near death, for Alex she would try.

“Lex,” Lena interrupted quickly and Hank huffed but Lex met her gaze and she shook her head.

“Don’t,” she said firmly.

“Lena,” he burst out with wide arms. “I know your fond of him, but he betrayed us! He has to suffer for it!”

“Does betrayal count when he was imprisoned and coerced and blackmailed?” She shot back just as quickly.

“Release him,” she said quietly. “And not from life, that’s not,” she shook her head slowly. “You’ve gotten what you needed out of him, you all have,” she said as she looked at Lillian and at Hank.

“Let him go home.”

Lex’s sigh was audible but he flicked his fingers at one of the soldier’s. “Put him with the others,” he said with a shake of his head and Lena nodded to him in thanks. “You’re soft,” he commented but there was fond exasperation to his tone.

The doctor was hauled back to his feet and glared at her as he was marched away. He had some choice words for her, but she ignored them. She would take his words any day for it would mean he was alive. And it was nothing she hadn’t heard before, the same blows hitting the same places. Nothing she couldn’t handle. Her armour was stronger than that.

“Now, for Superman!” Lex said happily, already turning from his minor set back and looking over at the cage. The soldier with the camera followed him and Lena walked along slowly behind. She was just so tired. Her head was hurting, and her heart was hurting.

“In less than a minute,” Lex was telling their viewers, “the missiles will reach ideal height and release the virus all over the country. We positioned them to hit the natural wind movements. Give it a month and all aliens will be dead,” he said proudly, as though everyone should share his joy and Lena swallowed.

Clark was limp against the bars, defeated but defiant, too exhausted to do more than glare at Lex. Kara was before her own bars, a smear of blood along the concrete where she had dragged herself to them. She was using them to hold her up and was staring over at Alex and Jeremiah was they were reunited for the first time in a decade. They were both crying, loudly, and Kara looked like she wanted to but her own tears had already fallen so much she couldn’t muster a single one.

“You’ve failed Superman,” Lex sneered up near the bars and Kal glared up at him. “You should never have come forward,” he said venomously. “You should have stayed in the shadows. Because of you they’ve all had to die.”

He clutched the bars of the cage so tightly that his knuckles went white. “You say you give people hope, but all you do is teach them to rely on you. What happens when you aren’t here, hm? What
“What happens when you gain their trust and they believe in you and then you let them down? What happens to the people you leave behind in your shadow? What about them?!” He shouted and Lena felt her eyes narrow as she looked at him.

“You are not a God,” he snarled. “If you were the people who trusted you, the people who loved you wouldn’t get hurt.” He was breathing heavily now and Lena was looking at him concernedly.

“You can’t promise to protect people and not protect the people who need you the most.” Lex said, breathing harsh, voice strained with some sort of heavy emotion and Lena took a cautious step towards him.

“Lex?” She enquired. She had only seen her brother like this once, after Lionel had died and Lex had started to turn anti-Superman.

He glared down at the fallen Super for a long moment and only Lena’s gentle, cautious touch of his arm brought him back.

He cast her a glance and then looked back down at Kal.

“You can’t protect us. You can’t let us think that you will always be there and then not be. Humanity can’t depend on you,” he said fiercely and then he drew a gun from within his clothes. Lena tensed at the sight, but Clark just gazed at it and then look back into Lex’s eyes.

“You will fail. You already have,” Lex said as he looked down at the gun. “I would have called you brother, once,” he said and swallowed and Lena took a step back in surprise. “But you,” Lex shook his head and let his breath out in a shuddering exhale. “You failed me. You didn’t keep my family safe.”

Lena inhaled sharply and stumbled back a few steps.

“You should have been there!” Lex shouted, forcing the words from his lips, voice raw with emotion. “You should have been there,” he hung his head and there were tears in his eyes. “But you weren’t,” he croaked in a fractured sigh, sorrow replacing anger as his shoulders hunched forward.

“Lex?” She asked in a broken whisper as she finally understood why Lex had gone from loving Clark, to loathing him. Because no one had loved Clark more than Lex, no one had believed in Superman more than Lex, until he hadn’t. And Lena hadn’t been able to figure out why, but now she knew. Because of her. It hit her as though she had been punched directly in the chest, the air left her lungs in a gush and she almost fell backwards in her attempt to get away from Lex as he slowly turned to her.

His shoulders were hunched forward and his eyes hollow and so sorrowful as they looked at her pain and love and forgiveness asked of her all in one.

“What did I tell you when you first came home?” He asked her gently and she could hear her blood roaring in her ears and her chest was rising and falling as she tried to get her breath back, but it had been stolen by Lex’s confession.

He smiled at her sadly, a little bit of hope and love in his gaze. “I love you. You’re my sister.”

Lena was paralysed by shock, frozen with it and she could only stare at the gun he held out to her.

“I want him to know what it feels like to fail someone you love. To stand by and do nothing, to be
unable to do anything. To break every promise you ever made them in that moment,” he said with fierce fire in his eyes, but a gentleness to his words as he lifted the gun pointedly.

“I want him to understand that powerlessness. I want him to feel it. I want him to understand the gravity of what him failing us means.”

“You want him to feel human,” Lena rasped as she looked at the gleaming silver of the gun. It was a small one, heavily modified, if the magazine was anything to go by, and she looked back into her brothers face.

He gave a little nod and she slowly, under his reassuring gaze, reached out and took the gun. It was cold and heavy in her hand but her palms moulded around the biometric scanner with the ease of someone coming home. She could feel her heart thudding in her chest, pounding through her veins and wondered if the cool metal could sense her indecision.

“It has your Kryptonite in it, the one you had in your notes?” He said as they both looked back at the two heroes. Kara had dragged herself as close to her cousin as she could, bloody prints staining the bars and a streak of it behind her. Blood was pooling behind Clark already and his one open eye was full of sadness.

“M, sre,” he grunted out, and blood fell from his lips at the words. “M, sre,” he repeated and his features twisted in pain as he realised what Lex was talking about.

“Show him what it means to lose when it matters the most, to fail when you are depended on,” Lex told her softly and guided her shaking arm around to point it at Kara.

Kara’s eyes widened at the movement and she shook her head slightly as Lex left her arm and it hung there shaking, with the barrel pointed at Kara.

“Lena,” she rasped and her eyes were full of pain, both emotional and physical, but there was affection there, or at least a shadow of it. “Lena don’t do it.”

Her hand shook slightly and she moistened her lips. She didn’t hear as Alex Danvers started to scream at her, begging and pleading for her not to do it. She couldn’t hear much over how her own heart-rate had stilled for the first time in weeks or how the weight on her shoulders fell when she met Kara’s eyes, when she saw the love Kara still had for her in them.

“Be your own hero,” Kara said softly, panting in pain and clutching her side. She tried to give Lena a reassuring smile, but it fell flat as she slid down the bars into a heap near her cousin.

Lena took a moment to steady herself. “This has to happen,” she said softly, wondering if the camera would pick up on her words, or if she were telling them to herself, and hoping in them, believing that they would be true. “I’ve ran the numbers,” she added and blinked, hard. “This is the only way.”

Kara smiled at her then, using only her eyes and god, Lena wanted to throw herself at the bars and hold her close and keep her safe and protected and spend the rest of her life apologising for what she had done.

“Don’t let them take your light, Lena,” she asked as she fell even further against the bars, resting against them to keep her gaze up at Lena. “Don’t let them ruin your heart. Shine like a candle in the dark,” she breathed and Lena gave a little, soft, sad smile. Oh, beautiful sweet Kara. Was that her confession?

Lena inhaled, a shaking long movement that filled her chest until it was burning and when she released it the gun steadied and she aimed it for the ‘S’ on Kara’s chest. El Mayarah.
“Only love…. And hope can save the world,” she said simply and saw the Super give a little, resigned nod. “El Mayarah.”

And then she pulled the trigger.

The recoil spread through her arms and into her body and she could feel the sound revibrating in her chest, echoing in her heart and she let her air out in a gush.

The echo of the gunshot rumbled in the empty warehouse like thunder, growling and growing until it felt as though Zeus’ fury was contained in within steel and concrete. The screams of the prisoners was swallowed by it, and Lena was certain that a thousand voices in National City were crying out. She was Lena Luthor, the first Luthor to kill a Super.

Lex was blinking at her in startled surprise and Clark gave a groan of protest and slumped down next to his cousin, trying to place his hands over the hole and getting their bloods mixed. The red over the ‘S’ in Supergirl’s chest started to expand and the hero was limp on the concrete as her life-force seeped from her skin.

Alex’s incoherent screaming fell on deaf ears and Lillian commented, “Well. I guess you really are a Luthor.” Her mother sounded so proud, the only proud she had reserved for Lex. It was the kind of proud she had ached for as she had grown up, it was the kind that said ‘well done,’ or ‘I’m proud of you,’ or ‘I love you.’ If only it hadn’t been false. But Lena had come to terms with never being someone her parents could be proud of, instead she wanted to be someone she could be proud of, someone Kara and Eliza could be proud of, someone Jess would be proud to work for. She was Lena Luthor, and she was proud of that fact.

She took a steadying breath and turned to face her brother. Euphoria and surprise were in equal measure on his face and he blinked and looked at her as though he were seeing her for the first time.

“Lena…”

Over on the computer the cameras following each of their five missiles caught their explosion and the amber light as the virus fell down to the earth. It was beautiful; for something so destructive. The flecks of the virus glowed with some foreign light, as though a fire lived in each of them, and instead of climbing like sparks from a camp fire did, these drifted slowly to the ground like snow. Or maybe a mini fallen star.

“I’m sorry,” she said suddenly and turned to Lex and looked him directly in the eyes. “I’m sorry I didn’t see…that I didn’t want to see…. I’m sorry I left you,” she confessed softly. Lex’s eyes tightened in confusion and the light from the virus coming in through the open doors caught the top of his crown and made him look like he had a slight amber aura.

“I never intended for this to happen. I didn’t know,” she shook her head and lifted a trembling hand towards him. “I thought it was because you hated, but now I understand.”

Her brothers eyes had narrowed in concentration as he tried to register her words, and she knew it wouldn’t take him very long to figure it out.

“What was it you said? I have an excellent Poker Face?” She asked and tilted her head, feeling her eyes well as she pressed her lips into a smile. “I get that from you, brother,” she swallowed harshly, trying to for the emotion down the lump in her throat.

“But we haven’t been playing Poker, have we?” She asked rhetorically and glanced at the cage that held, or did hold, Superman and Supergirl. It was empty now, the bars bent and broken and melted.
“We’ve been playing Chess,” she said and turned to face him and straightened. She could be proud of this. She was a Luthor, the last one standing.

“Check,” she said firmly, clearly, letting her voice carry over to her mother who was watching the aliens look to the heavens for their death. “Mate!”

Lillian understood almost immediately and spun to face her.

“You!” She spat, a mixture of fury and surprise. “You switched out the isotope,” she trailed off as she understood and over in the corner by the prisoners, where no-one was watching because they were staring at Lena, a few in false FBI vests rose to their feet.

“I did,” she said firmly, proudly and lifted her chin.

“Hundreds of different scenario’s,” she said softly and shook her head, hair curling over her chest. “So many different outcomes, but even I didn’t see it ending like this, Mother.”

“Y-your formula?” Lex blinked in confusion as though he hadn’t quite caught up with what was happening and she cast him a sad glance.

“Worked exactly like it was supposed to.”

She didn’t even flinch as the sound of guns cocking in the warehouse echoed like a bastardised applause. For a brief moment she recalled what Padme Amidala had said in Star Wars, ‘So this is how liberty dies. With thunderous applause,’ and realised that this was what they had all felt at that moment, an overwhelming sense of dread and smothering despair.

But it was okay. She could die now. It wasn’t desirable, sure, but she had done what she had set out to do.

“I originally planned to blow us all up,” she said conversionary as the guns came up on her and the red dots settled over her, lighting her like some frankensteinish Christmas tree. Her heart-beat was steady and strong. She was resigned to this. “But I’m not the terrorist here.” Letting out a slight sigh she looked over at Lex, ignoring her mother and the CADMUS soldiers as she looked at him. She caught, out the corner of her eye, the DEO agents moving up towards their guards, and knew that soon they would need all the help they could get.

“I love you, Lex,” she told him truthfully. “I love you,” she shook her head slightly, eyes watering and glassy but she would not let them fall. “But I couldn’t let you do this. I couldn’t let any of you do this,” she added and stared around at the soldiers ready to shoot her for her betrayal.

“You could have been discovered and killed at any moment,” Hank Henshaw grumbled and she could see begrudging respect in his eyes even as he lifted his gun to kill her. Lex appeared speechless and the broken betrayal on his face was sure to haunt her, if she survived.

“I know,” she offered simply, and didn’t even try to protest as he steadied the gun and clicked the safety off.

She closed her eyes as his finger tightened and the gun barely recoiled in his inhuman strength and she could feel the bullet as it tore through the air. The world seemed to slow down and she saw it in her mind as it spun towards her. She could move, sure, but she was just so tired and her body refused to obey.

The bullet collided with something harder than steel and she let her eyes flick open. Kara stood in front of her, eyes glowing gold as power rippled across her skin like a golden aura borealis.
Her suit was still torn and bloody, but beneath it her skin was as flawless as the day she stepped into Earth’s yellow sun, stronger than it had ever been. Her cape was still fluttering out behind her by the momentum of her speed and she was haloed by the amber specks of virus falling around her.

She looked perfect; she looked like an angel, she looked like a god, she looked like a Superhero. Lena’s Hero.

Their eyes locked and in that moment she knew that Kara understood everything she had done, and thanked her for it. Even if she didn’t understand and was hurt by it.

“Hi,” she breathed out, letting a small smile cross her lips. She didn’t think she’d ever be able to not smile at Kara.

Kara’s lips lifted in response, before she was sweeping Lena into her arms and depositing her on the other side of the warehouse, away from the rain of bullets that were descending on her.

“Shoot them!” Someone, maybe her mother, commanded and then all hell broke loose.

Kara flew in to engage Hank and Metallo at the same time, dipping and weaving and exchanging blows as though she hadn’t just Solar-Flared and been beaten nearly to death. Her golden Kryptonite, or Terrao, as she had nicknamed it in her head, was the best reverse of Kryptonite she could formulate, combined with what was basically a miniature sun. Kara had been injected with the equivalent of several days worth of pure sunlight, with Kryptonite designed to enhance her absorption and process of it, and was now basically Supergirl on steroids. The only downside was that Lena didn’t know how long it would last. She hadn’t gotten that far in her tests when she had snuck it into her book for Lex to find and then make for her. But still, it had gone to plan perfectly.

Lena spared a thought for Clark, and wondered where Kara had put him, but then her mind was forcing her forward.

The NCPD and DEO were already fighting, trying to hold their own against modified soldiers and they were….holding their ground, the element of surprise helping them, but not much as the soldiers caught up and opened fire. The innocents had run for the doors immediately, but Lena was more concerned with the unmanned computer and the information it had on it.

Peering out from behind a pillar as a hail of bullets spread across the warehouse, she eyed the distance and then broke into a run.

Supergirl was laughing, actually laughing, and it was a sad and broken sound, a dark sound, as the bullets, Kryptonite in them, bounced off her chest like metal. Some of the soldiers had broken rank at that, but others had turned their guns on the prisoners, and so she was escorting them to safety even as she held off Hank and James.

The computer and cameras were still blinking and Lena slid to a halt in front of it, slamming almost painfully into the table it stood on. It was wheeled, easier for the CADMUS agents to get it into position earlier, and she knew that if she hoped to delete all traces of the virus from the CADMUS servers then she needed to be alive to do it. That meant she had to get the table, and its computer, out of the line of fire, or at least get somewhere safer.

It was heavier than she thought, and she gave a little grunt as she threw her weight behind it and started to push. The wheels locked into place but she ignored it and forced it across the floor, the screech made her hunch her head into her shoulders and grit her teeth, but she was determined and soon the entire table was dragged behind a pillar. It wasn’t much cover, and the errant bullet still landed painfully close to her, but she would take what she could get.
Thankfully the computer had its own generator and power source and she had forced that across the concrete as well, so she didn’t have to worry about running out of power, or having her computer disconnected. She’d knocked what hadn’t been needed off the table, but she’d still ended up dragging a switch board for the cameras, and a camera itself around behind the pillar with her.

She straightened and reached for the keyboard immediately and started to type, fingers frantic across the keyboard.

Footsteps caught her attention and she nearly leapt from her skin when a figure slid around the pillar to hit the table and then grin up at her.

“You look like shit, Little L,” Detective Sawyer smirked up at her, gun in her arms as she rolled to her feet and huddled behind the table, peeking out at the fighting going on.

“Nice to see you to, Detective,” she commented wryly, hearing her heart thump in her chest at the surprise. Maggie looked a little worse for wear, a bit of blood at her brow, and her knuckles were bruises, but her dimples were in full force as she cast Lena a glance.

“What’s the plan?” She asked, getting straight to business and firing off into the warehouse. Lena winced at the sound but turned back to the computer.

“Honestly I hadn’t intended on getting this far,” she offered absently as she scanned computer code. She needed to get out into the internet and then reverse hack the CADMUS servers and find all the information they had on the Medusa Virus, if she didn’t and anyone escaped then they could just do this all over again.

Maggie grinned at her. “Going under-cover does that,” she peeked back over the table and clutched the gun to her. In a fluid movement that Lena admired from the corner of her eye, she rose and fired off several shots before ducking back behind safety as answering fire came back at her.

“But seriously, Lena, what’s the plan? What’re you cooking in that brain of yours?”

“Keep them off me,” Lena said as her eyes canned the code and the detective cocked her gun with a grin and clicked her magazine into place. It was badass.

“I need to delete the formula for the virus,” she explained and the detective gave a little nod and went back to shooting.

“I thought you said that super-human serum you gave them only lasted two hours,” she complained as she fired a few shots, stance strong and shoulders braced. She was referring to, of course, the fighting that was going on across the warehouse as the enhanced soldiers held off the angry NCPD and DEO agents with ease.

“On average,” Lena cast her a glance and went back to her typing, opening up a line to the NCPD and DEO while she tried to search for any traces of the virus.

“It depended on the subject. Most only lasted about two, but some could do three or four hours,” she said and shook her head as she was denied entry into the server she was after.

“We need back-up,” Maggie called unnecessarily and Lena nodded even as she tried to find another door into CADMUS. One would have thought that with her being let into their servers she should have been able to hack her way in, but no. It was proving difficult. “What about Supergirl? How long will that last?” The detective demanded as she ducked back behind cover. Chips of concrete crumbled from the pillar above them and Lena brushed it off her face absently.
“Backups on its way,” Lena replied and was started by a shot landing right next to her. She gave a yelp and turned around and Maggie dragged her to the ground. A CADMUS soldier had come around the side of the pillars, obviously realising she was up to something, or wanted to kill her for her betrayal, and had opened fire on them. The keyboard was dragged off the desk and hovered in the air above her. “I don’t know! I didn’t get a chance to test it.” She replied to the detectives second question.

“Stay down!” Maggie commanded and braced herself on her knee and started to fire back. The soldier ducked behind another pillar and Lena glanced at him before rearing up and slamming the keyboard back on the table.

“What’re you doing! Stay down!”

Lena shook the detective off and went back to her frantic typing, eyes narrowed at the monitor as she tried to find a way out of this.

“What do you mean, you don’t know!?” Maggie barked, eyes narrowed as she held her position and empty shells were popping to the ground around them like little chimes. Their two subject threads were odd, but made sense to the two.

“I don’t know,” Lena snarled back as her fingers moved across the keyboard. “I didn’t have the time or space to run tests. I don’t know how long it will last, and I don’t want to be here when we find out!”

“Fuck!” The Detective swore as her finger tightened on the trigger and nothing happened. “I’m out.”

She dragged Lena back under the table and Lena held to her keyboard as she did and peered up at a, frankly, terrible angle for her neck to see the monitor. She still wasn’t in and she was running out of time.

“Hey!” She shouted as the screen to her computer cracked and had a great hole in it and shards of glass splashed across her and Maggie.

A few more gun shots fired next to them and she flinched away but braced the keyboard on her knees as she kept typing. She ignored the pieces of glass digging into her fingers, its pain was sharp and clear, but she could still type so she did. She could see some code through the shattered screen and it was all she needed. She had to find a way in or they would lose everything if Lillian, Lex, or Hank escaped.

There was a few false clicks as their attacker realised he was out, and Lena chanced a glance at him, hoping the threat was terminated, but then he drew a large knife.

“Shit.”

Lena had to agree. Though the bullets were still flying out in the middle of the warehouse, things weren’t going well for Supergirl and her allies, well mostly her allies. The enhanced soldiers had the upper hand, and she had been forced to engage all of them at once, plus Hank and Metallo, in order to cover the NCPD, and DEO. Or at least that was what Lena had gathered from the shouting.

“Okay Sawyer, you got this. You so totally got this,” Lena heard Maggie talking to herself as she warily pulled away from Lena and cautiously stepped out to engage with the approaching soldier.

Lena cast a concerned glance over her shoulder at the detective; eyes narrowed, shoulders brace, stance ready, before returning back to her computer. The keys had bloody prints on them, drops of blood pooling in the cracks between them and Lena ignored the deep, pretty red of her life-force, as
she forced her fingers into movement.

“Give us a shout if it’s going badly,” Lena said wryly, feeling a moment of concern for the detective before shaking it off. Emotions would do her no good. She needed a clear head in order to get what she needed.

“Thanks for the support,” Maggie drawled and Lena felt her heart warm. Maggie was a good person, one she would be glad to call friend, if all this worked out.

The code swam before her eyes as she tried to use the opening she had made in the back-door of the CADMUS servers and tried to enter the secure files. It would have been easier if she were on site, and wasn’t in the middle of a fire-fight, but she had to make do.

“I’m in!” She called over her shoulder to the detective, wanting to let her know of her progress but not having the time to turn and check on her.

A muffled grunt was her reply and the sound of a fist-fight, but she had to concentrate, she just hoped that whatever deity that were listening, that the detective would make it out okay.

Once inside the CADMUS server she went looking for the files on the virus and started to force erase all of the information. Part of her mourned the loss of such technology; what could she do with that advancement if she put her mind to it? What could she do with a virus that attacked and erased certain cells? The medical possibilities were endless, but so were the destructive ones, and she had decided, when she first learnt about the virus, that she had to destroy it. Humanity couldn’t be trusted with it just yet. There was a feminine shout behind her, but she forced herself to stay away from it, and as the continued sound of a fight continued, she knew Maggie was buying her time.

Still, as the files flashed before her eyes on the broken screen she tried to memorize as much as she could, taking it all in and hoping that maybe someday she could use the virus to save lives, rather than destroy them. There was the clatter of metal falling to the ground and Lena typed a few more commands into the server, ordering the permanent deletion of the virus files and set up the progress bar.

“Erah, erah,” a rasped, choked calling of her name made her turn around.

Maggie was on the ground with the CADMUS soldier on her with his hands around her neck. She had one hand on the hands around her neck and the other was scrambling at the soft parts of his face for purchase. The knife was bloody and a few meters away.

“Just a second,” she called frantically as she turned back to her keyboard and kept typing in her commands.

“Ergh,” Maggie grunted out and Lena pressed a final button and then launched away from the keyboard.

The soldier saw her coming but didn’t have time to react and Maggie jammed her hand into his eye, right before he slammed his fist into her face. She slackened, from the lack of air or from the blow, but Lena collided with him before he could press his advantage. They both went tumbling in a mess of limps and bodies. Lena felt her air leave her lungs as though someone had popped a balloon, leaving her hollow and empty, and she struggled for breath as she rolled away from the soldier.

It was Ben, one of Hank’s loyal soldiers and one of the enhanced. But he, unlike Phil, had never managed to last the average.

“This is Ben,” Lena rasped as she forced herself to her feet, ignoring the palm prints she left on the
concrete next to Maggie and the way the glass bit into her skin.

“He could never go the distance,” she shared a smirk with Maggie as the detective spluttered out a few laboured coughs, and could see how her humour startled the detective but also amused her. Maggie was shaking her head in suspended disbelief as Ben strode over to the knife, and it was a big knife, with teeth at the edge.

“There are pills for that,” Maggie rasped, hands over her abdomen and Lena glanced down and saw the blood slowly staining her shirt. Her throat was already a deep red and she could see the outlines of large hands in her skin and felt something in her flare with rage. Maggie was her friend and she didn’t like that he had come so close to killing her.

“That’s what I said!” Lena responded in delight, sharing a fierce grin with Maggie before turning back to Ben. He was approaching slowly carefully, with the knife held pointedly, its edge gleaming with menace.

“You’ve got this, right?” Maggie croaked out, a hint of panic colouring her tone and she was paling now, turning from red back to her normal skin tone.

“Yeah,” Lena breathed and nodded quickly as she carefully stepped away from Maggie. “Totally got this.”

“You’re a traitorous bitch,” Ben snarled and Lena kept a wary eye on the knife while watching his torso to see if she could determine his movement before he moved. “I’m gonna kill you. For my friends.”

“Your friends,” Lena sneered, eyes on the knife, hopefully buying time for someone, anyone, to come around to their side of the warehouse and shoot Ben, “were going to place bombs in a hospital.”

“A hospital that served aliens,” Ben spat out and then he dove for her and she jumped to the side, narrowly missing suffering a similar injury to Maggie.

He had defensive armour on, the kind that covered the chest and the back, but didn’t do much for his sides or legs, so that was where she needed to strike him.

He eyed her warily now, wondering at her speed, and she brought her hands up, noting the lines of blood following the lines in her hands and curling down her wrist.

He came for her again, and she ducked to the side and brought her arms up. Duck. Duck. Parry. Her arm came up to block his over-head strike and she paused long enough to give him a smile and see his confusion before she was darting away and slamming her elbow into his head. He stumbled back and then reared up, coming at her with more respect; wary but confident. She was mostly concerned with the knife and she blocked multiple blows from his other arm, feeling her forearms go numb with the strength of them. It had been a long time since she had fought, actively fought, sparring with Bella aside, and if she lived through this she vowed to take it up again. At least three times, no, she decided as she ducked and Ben’s leg shot out and she slammed onto the concrete, four times a week. Yeah, four times a week was good.

She kicked her leg out and used its momentum to spin her around and up into a standing position and kicked out with her legs. She was built for speed and agility, not strength, but she was tired of playing nice.

Time to get nasty.
Ben clearly hadn’t been aware of her martial arts training, and well, that cat was out of the bag now, but oh well. She struck quickly, a series of jabs and strikes that he managed to parry before she swept her leg up and around and kicked out into the joint behind his knee, twisting her body out of reach as he stumbled.

She took a moment to steady herself and then kicked out again before moving in close and trapping his arm between her body. She curled her hands and drove her fist up into his side, using her rage as a guiding force and he grunted in pain. The knife crumbled to the ground and she kicked it away, towards Maggie. It was the best she could before she was forced to release him.

She missed his leg coming up to collide with her thigh and she swore as it went numb and she was pushed away. She shifted most of her weight to her right leg as she waited for feeling to return to her left, and used her arms to block him the best she could. Punching him directly in the chest was a waste of her energy and would only hurt herself, she needed to get back under his armour or hit him in the head.


He tried to kick her and she darted backwards, using her hands to force his leg down and then she bounced back, slamming her foot into his knee and forcing him down. And then slammed her fist down towards his head. Her knuckles jarred at the impact and she let out a hiss as their combined momentum drove them forward and then he was going for her legs. Her stomach curled uncomfortably as she was lifted into the air and driven into the concrete.

“Omph,” her air left her in a grunt and then his fists were flying for her face. She brought her arms up to block her face the best she was able and tasted blood. And rage. She could feel it pounding through her system, like fire, energising and full of energy.

Growling she threw her hands up and curled her leg around his as he straddled her and used her knee to force him forward. Then she twisted out from under him and jerked her body back as he responded and then she slammed her fist forward into his groin. He convulsed under her, the veins in his neck standing out, and then she moved back away from him and struck him again, using her foot this time. Then she left him there, groaning and mumbling and clutching himself and stumbled backwards. Her face was aching and she wiped blood from her mouth as she gasped, drawing ragged breaths into her lungs.

Her head was ringing and the punches to it had done very little for her headache and she clutched her head as though she could squeeze the pain from it, but she was unsuccessful.

She felt the movement, knew each muscle twitch as Ben rose back to his feet, face red and with the vein and tendons in his neck prominent. She braced herself and the fire ran through her body, warming her until she could burn with it, and then she lifted her leg up and slammed the side of her shin into the side of his neck. He dropped as though he were a puppet cut from its strings and lay in a crumbled heap.

It may have been a dick move, but she needed him out of commission for as long as possible, and he had tried to kill her, so she wasn’t in the mood to be fair. He went still instantly, limp but still breathing.

Maggie let out a whistle, “Damn,” she rasped. It was weak and strained, but she heard it over the pounding in her ears as she stumbled over to Maggie.

She unzipped her jumper and tore it from her shoulders and Maggie smiled weakly. “You’re hot, Luthor, but I have a girlfriend.” Maggie had gone ashen, but her dimples were flaring as she teased
her gently.

Lena paused a moment, chest rising and falling with her breaths, and then she gave a soft laugh and bundled her jacket up. “I’m not stripping,” she said in amusement through bared teeth and offered it to Maggie to gently press against the knife-wound in her lower abdomen. “And that’s good,” she panted, “because I kinda like her sister,” she said and met Maggie’s eyes for a moment and then she scrambled to her feet. “I’ll try find you a med kit in the-omph.”

She had the strangest sensation of floating as she was lifted from her feet and suspended in the air. It couldn’t have been more than a few seconds, but it was enough for her to lift her gaze from Maggie’s, where it had been as she stood to go and find a first-aid kit in one of the CADMUS vehicles, to where Hank stood a good dozen meters in front of her with a beam of red connecting the two of them.

Time seemed to slow down as she felt fire, different to the fire from before, roar through her body, starting at her abdomen and burning, devouring her, and her lips were torn open in a scream she had no breath to utter.

His features were twisted into fury as his laser vision beamed into her and she felt herself falling backwards as the tips of her fingers started to get cold. She could feel ice, such a stark contrast to the molten lava in her chest, crawling up her fingers and into her hands and snaking along her arms. It intruded on her vision to. Casting it in grey and she could see it moving into the centre of her world and she saw a flash of blue and red appear next to Hank and then it was moving towards her as her vision started to fade. An anguished howl accompanied her into darkness and then there was nothing.

Phew. Is everyone else okay? No one need the hospital? Commander Wood and JHeda: how goes the floor? I hope you have blankets and pillows.

Chapter End Notes

As promise JHeda. Enjoy.

I convinced JHeda to write a little fic- go check it out! It's the reason you have two chapters in two days :D http://archiveofourown.org/works/11290950
A Tuesday was the second worst day of his life. Funny how that happens. In media its always somewhere awesome; a bar, club, a cemetery at night, which, creepy but understandable. That guy opens that vault, that girl reads from that book, that idiot looks at that guy funny, some moron runs his mouth, that blonde bimbo goes for a stroll in five inch heels at night. It’s always predictable and it never seems like it happens on a weekday, maybe it’s because villains understand the struggle. Or maybe it is because they want to stick to the man and turn shit upside down on your day off. Still. It never seems like a week-day in the movies. But a Tuesday, starting out as ordinary as a Tuesday could, became the second worst day of his entire life. They day he watched his best friend die. On television.

And it all started at 11.37 am on a fucking Tuesday.

To say that Winslow ‘Winn’ Schott Jr was having an amazing day would be a gross understatement the equivalent of saying that water is wet. In fact, he was in a fucking shit storm. First Eliza Danvers had been escorted into the building and her driver/body guard had met J’onn’s eyes and then promptly been tossed in a cell. Then they learned that the team Alex took with her to retrieve Maggie from her hostage situation had gone missing. Superman had called Kara terrified out of his mind telling them that his wife and mother had gone missing, and, to top it all off, multiple reports were coming in across the city of people being abducted into vans. Kara had been scouring the city, alongside furious NCPD officers, and a lot of the populace, to no success. The kidnapped were well hidden. Until they weren’t.

The moment the disembodied voice and creepy white mask showed up on every single one of their screens the DEO tech team was already scrambling to try and trace it, or to at least find where CADMUS might be striking next. Like always the camera feed used a flea-like system, jumping from IP Address to IP Address and leaving them scrambling for the actual location.

J’onn appeared within moments of being informed and stood in the centre of the command centre with his arms folded and a stern crease to his brow.

‘You cannot stop us. We are everywhere.’

His frantic fingers on the keyboard weren’t successful and any attempt to reclaim their system from the breach was unsuccessful, which was concerning and he made a mental note to bring it up at a later date. If CADMUS could not only hack their system and disable it remotely, did that mean that they had full access to their entire database? It was far more advanced than normal. Usually they could get control of their own system with relative ease because the recording usually played on top of it, but now it was in it. And that was very, very worrying.

Resigned he sat back, feeling the hairs on the back of his neck lift as cold fingers stroked his nape, and watched as the camera feed showed an open building. It looked like an abandoned warehouse and he tried to remember and take notice of as much as he could so he could try to locate it later. It had large pillars holding it upright, with a lot of sun and light entering the building. Many of the windows seen were broken or shattered and there was a distinct lack of... warmth to it, as though the building had long been abandoned.

There was a great cage in the centre, with multiple vehicles parked in the warehouse and he knew
that the number plates would be false. CADMUS was far too smart to be caught out like that. But still, he would look over the footage later to see if he could find anything.

Kara whooshed to stand near him and he chanced her a concerned glance as the camera started to pan on a group of people sitting with gunmen stationed around them. Prisoners.

He felt his heart clench as he realised that this must be where James was. His friend had been missing for just shy of twenty-four hours, and he and Kara were unable to find him. It made sense that CAMDUS had him…. But if they had him…. Then they knew who Kara was… and…. Then he realised that that was where Alex and Maggie were as well. And Superman’s wife and mother. And all the missing NCPD and DEO members. CADMUS had them. His stomach churned. This was not going to go well.

‘It is time to show the alien invaders that Earth belongs to the humans.’

He could hear how Kara clenched her jaw and the skin around her knuckles went white with the strain she was curling her fists.

The slow, mocking clapping of a woman snagged the attention of both the camera and the speaker in the mask and they both turned their gaze on her.

Her voice was faint, dry with sarcasm, and had an incredible amount of attitude in both her words, tone, and body language. ‘Nice speech. Practice that in front of the mirror, did you?’ The masked woman huffed; a long suffering ‘why me’ sigh.

‘Manners.’ The parental reprimand was clear in the short word.

Kara was frowning at the large monitors, tell-tale crinkle between her brows. “Lena,” she breathed and Winn turned back to the screen and watched Lena Luthor toss her hands in the air.

‘Me? I’m the one being rude when you’re planning on committing genocide?’ The entire DEO took a collective inhale and J’onn was quickly ordering multiple teams to prep themselves. ‘Of course,’ she scoffed. ‘You’re absolutely right. Do continue.’

Someone had evidently taken offence to Lena’s words or tone, for he advanced on her. He soon regretted his decision when he ended up on his back with Lena bending over him with her elbow to his throat.

She let him up soon enough and the woman in charge beneath the mask called all eyes and cameras back to her.

‘Right apologies. Supergirl! I’m sure you recognise some of these people!’

Kara’s grip on her chair tightened and the metal bent beneath her strength and then turned to dust beneath her hand. The camera walked down a line of prisoners. Some of them NCPD, and others the ‘FBI’ cover the DEO used when going out. Others still looked to be petrified civilians. He recognised Lois Lane, and James, and of course Alex and Maggie. They looked like they’d been roughly treated, some were bloody, visibly, and their clothing was ripped, torn, and dirty.

‘It is time for you and your cousin to meet your match. For every minute you delay a civilian… a human… is killed. Come to your death, Supergirl,’ the speaker called grandly. ‘It is time to die like the rest of your kind.’

Kara collapsed onto a chair which groaned under her weight but held steady.
‘We are CAMDUS. And we will save Earth.’ And then the head was gone and the DEO servers were returned to them.

Winn could see the exact moment Kara made her decision. Her defeated posture; slumped shoulders and lowered head, stiffened and steel took over her form. She stood with a resigned tilt to her chin and she looked at him briefly before she was striding from the room. And he understood then that she was saying goodbye.

His throat was tickling and he had to clear his throat several times to breathe better. His eyes were glassy and he could dimly hear J’onn protesting but Kara was resolute.

The DEO was eerily silent following her absence, as thought she had sucked the air from it with the strength of her flight.

“How’s she going to find them?” Winn had the state of mind to question. He was met with blank, horrified stares, and fury radiating off their leader.

“Track her.” J’onn commanded quietly, voice a low, deadly rumble. Like contained thunder. “If CADMUS wants her, they’ll have to get her attention. We’ll follow her in.”

“Sir.” It was Vasquez. “Alpha through Echo teams are ready.”

“Agent Schott.” Winn started slightly at J’onn turning his attention on him. “Track Supergirl’s location, use social media, building security feeds. Anything. Find where they are getting her to go.”

Winn nodded and went back to his work. The DEO already had an algorithm that was keyed for anything Supergirl or Kara Danvers related and all he had to do was monitor it. Until then he planned to hijack multiple sky-scraper security feeds and turn them skyward in the hope of catching the tail of a cape, or a flash of blue. Anything that could help them find Kara.

“Sir. CADMUS have kept the feed open,” Vasquez said and she was staring at a screen where the same warehouse was shown. They weren’t doing anything, the CADMUS agents on screen, they were all just….waiting…

The air of the DEO was the same. The same intense and heavy air, thick with anticipation. It was a waiting game now. Supergirl had to let them know where CADMUS was so they could help her, or they had to find CADMUS on their own. Various agents were already on the task, and no doubt the rest of the city was talking about the bold move by the xenophobic group. In fact the mentions online were astronomical. CADMUS and Supergirl were trending on all platforms of social media, and outlets over the city were discussing CADMUS’s latest attack. They would have a hard time finding Kara in all of the media-storm, but they would try.

And then, not ten minutes later, Kara and Kal landed in the building, bringing pieces of the ceiling down around them. And so began the beginning of the end, the second longest hour and a half of his life. The death and re-birth of Kara Zor-El.

~*~

She could still hear the screaming. Could still see the moment Lena was lifted in the air by a beam of red light, held there as though she were weightless, before gravity grasped at her. Their gazes met and held for a fraction of a second, a moment that extended for eternity. Lena’s bright eyes were warm and shining and there was love there, love in her gaze directed at Kara, as Lena was dragged back to earth. Kara had thrown her fist at Hank Henshaw, not caring for the strength of it, and then blurred to Lena, catching the woman before she hit the ground.
“LeNAH!!” The shout tore itself from her lips, roaring its way up her throat and rushing between her teeth. Her friends body was warm as she enveloped her in her arms, guiding her gently to the concrete and looking over her, hovering protectively over her as though she could guard her from anything, even from death.

“Lena!” She called desperately as she knelt on the concrete over Lena. She didn’t feel powerful right now, even with Lena’s Kryptonite still roaring though her veins like liquid sunlight. She felt weak. Human. She took a brief moment to look over Lena’s body and swallowed. Hank’s lazer vision wasn’t as powerful as her own but it was still powerful enough to do an incredible amount of damage and she knew instantly that if Lena were to survive this it would take a miracle. Her stomach churned and she could taste bile at the back of her tongue and forced it down. Lena’s heart-beat was slow, unsteady and Kara’s fingers created rivets in the concrete as she tried to ground herself. Then she cupped Lena’s head, certain she would open her eyes at any moment if Kara were gentle enough. Her hands felt unnaturally warm against Lena’s skin as she cradled her head and neck and she could feel the faint pulse of her heart beneath her fingers.

The faint thudding beneath her fingers came again, softer, weaker, slower. And again. This time the moments between each pulse lingering longer and longer. And again. And then again. And then….

“Lena!” She shouted, directly into her friends pale features as though the force of her heart-break could re-start her heart. She clutched her with gentle hands, begging and pleading for her to come back, for that heart beat to flutter against her fingertips again.

“No.no.no.no.no.no.no.no,” it was the rhythm of her own heart, silent for a brief moment in synchronisation with Lena’s and then thudding with such speed she was certain it would be drawn out into a single sound.

There was a pressure in her chest, building and clawing and trying to tear its way out. The only sound she could hear was her own heart-beat, its pounding frantic, the swift unmeasured drilling of a war drum sounding the charge. It was getting harder to breathe and she couldn’t seem to draw enough air into her lungs and it hurt, Rao did it hurt.

“No! Lena!” The fractured pieces of her heart shook and trembled as Lena lay unmoving, and she was blind and deaf to what was going on around her, her vision and focus, her world, drawn on the woman limp in her arms.

“No! Lena! Please! Rao! Come back! Please no! I need you! Don’t leave me! I don’t want to be alone! Rao!!” Unbidden she’d fallen back to her native tongue, the words falling from her lips with the ease of practice, of curses and plea’s whispered to a long-lost world at the edges of space, with only the stars as her audience. Minute fissures split along the shards of her heart, like hair-line fractures that grew and split and were forced apart like magnets. The cavern of her chest shook and cracked and rumbled and roared as each of the pieces that remained were split, again, and again, and again, until all that remained was dust. “Help me! Someone! Anyone! Please.” She wasn’t sure if she were screaming out-loud or within her mind. It didn’t matter. No one was there. No one would help her. She was all alone.

Furious she slammed her hand onto Lena’s chest. Her body convulsed limply around the blow before going floppy like a child’s doll. Again, she slammed her hand down, ignoring the blood staining her fingers. Lena’s life-force was beautiful and so alive and belonged in her body.

Lena’s features transformed for a moment, the long dark hair merging into features she’d recognise anywhere, her mother. As she stared down at her, her mothers face morphed into her aunts; Astra’s features pale and eerily still with death. Then her father. Then her friends. Countless faces she recalled from her youth, lost now to the stars and for her to remember alone. An unfathomable
Someone was screaming. The sound was muffled and faint, like someone were shouting through water. She ignored it and slumped forward over the body, as though she could keep it safe, keep them all safe, even as she knew she had failed. Her hands were wet. Sticky and yet not and she lifted them before her vision blankly, even as the blue of her suit darkened with Lena’s blood. She stared at them a moment, the ruby liquid dripping from her fingers and then scrambled for it. If she could put it back in her body then Lena would live, she knew it. Everything needed blood in it to live, so if she put Lena’s blood back in her body then she’d wake up. She had to wake up.

There was...something at her shoulder and she shook it off as one would an errant fly. Lena needed her now. She could save her. She couldn’t save Krypton or Astra or her parents, but she could save Lena. She had to.

“Supergirl!”

There was that presence again and she nudged it to the side with her shoulder as she tried to cup Lena’s blood and drip it back onto the soaked grey t-shirt she was wearing.

“Supergirl!” The voice came again, a persistent shake of her shoulder and she could feel her ire growing in her, building and dragging the heart-ache up with her, raw and burning with an unfathomable fire and yearning to devour. It was hot. Molten. It blazed with a hunger that could consume the very earth they stood on.

Her eyes snapped over to her left and she could feel the fire burning behind her lids, ready to be released.

Maggie Sawyer recoiled slightly, ashen features wincing, the lines in her face deepening in fear rather than pain and something inside her stilled. She waited, poised, coiled like a spring. How dare she interrupt her saving of Lena. She would pay for it.

“You have to time your compressions,” she rasped out, lips tight with pain and she faltered and shifted on the concrete, the jersey Lena had given her dark with blood. Kara blinked. What?

“When you compress,” Maggie croaked and her hair was damp with sweat, and she had dark red marks around her throat. “It has to be quicker.”

Kara blinked again and then turned back to Lena. Maggie tapped out a fairly swift beat with her fingers on her thighs as she slumped to the side, in too much pain to hold herself upright. Or maybe it was exhaustion.

“Come on, Supes. You’ve got this,” she lifted her lips in imitation of a smile and slumped a little further and her eyes strayed to Lena’s face.

The fire inside her melted away and she could see Lena now as Maggie did. Limp, ashen, unmoving, her blood staining the concrete in a dark red wave, the contrast of wine to a white rose. Beautiful. Deadly.

Lost, and finding Maggies belief in her an anchor, she started on Lena’s chest, carefully monitoring her strength and speed so as not to crush Lena’s chest as she tried to re-start her heart.

“Come on, Lena,” she snarled through clenched teeth as though the brunette were being particularly stubborn. “Come on!” She lost herself in the repetitive movement of lifting and lowering her palms over Lena’s heart, desperate to give the CEO some of her strength, any of her power, so that her chest may rise and fall on her own.
“Supergirl!” The scream was faint but enough for her to lift her head. Alex was running across the concrete, gun lifting but the angle would be all wrong for her to neutralise the threat of Hank Henshaw. He was approaching with fire in his eyes and Kara lifted her gaze to match his, daring him to try to take Lena from her again. She could feel the fire re-ignite and a snarl split her lips even as she maintained her protective posture over Lena and her compressions. She could feel the air hum with the tell-tale sign of the heat vision building and let the fire linger behind her eyes. They were burning; all encompassing with the desire to be freed, to consume the person who had taken Lena from her.

Hank reared back and she tensed, ready to meet his attack with her own, but determined not to leave Lena. Henshaw wouldn’t be getting out of here alive. Not if she had anything to say about it.

There was a whoosh and then a blur struck Hank and sent him flying and J’onn J’onzz cast her a glance before marching into engage with a furious Hank Henshaw. “Help is coming!” He shouted as he and Hank collided; mirror images of each other. Reassured she turned back to Lena.

“Come on, come on!” Rao, for perhaps the first time in her life, shone His Light on her. Lena’s heart-beat, once still with the eerie silence of an echo in an ancient cathedral, fluttered beneath her hands.

“Lena!”

A breathless, pained whine parted Lena’s blood-stained lips with a soft sigh and her eyelids trembled.

The pulsing beneath her hands grew in strength, like the awakening of the living in response to the sunrise-sluggish but eager to face the new day. Alive.

A strangled sound grumbled and caught at the back of Lena’s throat and her eyes flickered open.

They were wild, unfocused and frantic but they were open, full of light, and Kara couldn’t help but slump forward in relief. Lena was alive.

“Hey, Little L,” Maggie croaked and lifted a trembling hand, ashen and quiet.

It took Lena a long moment to respond, her throat bobbing in the attempt and then, “I’m definitely in hell.”

Maggie stuttered out a breathy laugh, more of a stuttered rush of air. “I’ll drink to that. I sure as hell aint climbing no fucking stairs.”

Lena’s eyes drooped and Kara pressed her hand to Lena’s cheek to get her attention, sure her chest was fit to burst with relief. She could feel…something bubbling in her chest, warm and golden and light.

“I’ll buy the first round,” she rasped out and her lashes were soft on Kara’s hand and she shifted her gaze a little and Kara could see the effort it took her, could see her eyes trying to focus on her.

Maggie snorted next to her and Kara glanced at her and then up and over to Alex as her sister slid to a halt next to tem. “You’re buying more than the first round,” Maggie scoffed and leant gratefully into her girlfriend as Alex crouched next to them, eyes dark with worry. She placed her gun on the concrete and reached for Maggie’s side where the blood was obvious.

“Mh hm,” Lena hummed in agreement and her breath escaped her with a sigh and she closed her eyes.
“Lena!” Kara said concernedly and a dopey smile curled Lena’s lips.

“Shusssh, Kara,” she murmured, voice thick and heavy. “Sleepin’.” She nuzzled slightly into Kara’s palm.

Kara could feel Alex tense next to her and her gazed lifted from Lena to Kara and then back to Maggie. The CEO’s eyelids fluttered again and then she went quiet. Kara would have panicked again if it were not for how she could feel her heart-beat in the air, could hear it thudding sluggishly, in her veins. Exhausted but alive.

“We have to get her-get them both,” Alex corrected after looking Maggie over. “To a hospital. Now,” she emphasised.

A sudden crash alerted them to the battles still going on around them. J’onn had been thrown into one of the other pillars. He rose and shook himself, rubble falling off him and then flew back at Henshaw, only to be thrown side-ways by Metallo’s chest-piece laser.

“Supergirl!” J’onn shouted as he recovered from the blast and flew into the ait, only to be grabbed by Hank and thrown into the ground. A small crater formed around him. Metallo had blood on his face but grim intent in his eyes as he circled around Hank and Kara felt torn. If she didn’t get Lena to hospital she would die, but J’onn couldn’t take on both enhanced men by himself. If she left Lena she could save J’onn, but Lena would be the collateral. She glanced down at the ashen features of her friend and then over at J’onn, who was being pummelled from both sides, and then back at Lena.

“I cant-“ she began and faltered. Duty demanded she join J’onn. Metallo and Hank needed to be stopped, CADMUS needed to be stopped, but her heart. Oh, her heart was crying out that she not leave Lena, that Lena needed her. It couldn’t bear the thought of leaving her again, of letting her go.

“Alex,” she croaked in a broken whisper. “I- what do I do?”

“I’ll take her.”

She glanced up and her eyes widened at the reappearance of her cousin. Kal was still struggling to breathe and held himself at an odd angle, but he was there and smiling gently at her, eyes grave with concern. His wounds were still weeping and his bruises were visible, but he was here. Alive. Something in hr chest loosened at the sight of him, something she hadn’t realised was tight and tense. It was a relief to know she wasn’t the only one left, that even though he was distant and they had a lot to talk about, he was still here.

The moment Lena had shot her with her special Kryptonite she had been overwhelmed by the absolute power roaring through her veins. It had paralysed her; like when she was first out of her pod and stepping into the young life of Earth’s sun, only ten-fold. She could feel the sunlight in her cells, every molecule and atom turning into its own tiny star, fuelled by Lena’s gift. Gold waves moved through her body repairing cells and restoring blood loss, her body supercharged and vibrating with power. She could hear voices in the distance, Lena, speaking as though through water. Muffled. Distant.

She could hear the heart-beat of the ants on the concrete, could sense the great chambers in the hearts of a pod of whales miles off the National City coast. The small indents in the concrete beneath her felt like great gorges to her fingertips. She could smell the sweat that had fallen into the mixture, could pick out the different gravels combined in it. The thick metallic taste of gun oil was heavy on the air, as well as sweat and blood and fear.

Her body felt powerful. She felt powerful. Like when she was on Red Kryptonite, but only now she
knew that she was unstoppable, the power in her blood, like liquid gold, hummed and curled, a quiet, steady power. Like the ocean on a peaceful day. Rolling powerfully but with a silent, patient strength and wrath to it.

Clark was above her, slumped over her but eyes watering and she could feel the broken bones in his body, could see the blood pooling around the damaged skin, could hear the crack in his ribs as he inhaled. He still thought she was dead. She was on the brink of a sensory overload when she heard the safety clicking off and knew that she had to get to Lena immediately. But first she needed to see to Kal. She dove for him and lifted him easily, forcing her way out of the cage and flying into the day light faster than she had ever been. She was Supergirl on Steroids. Pausing for a moment, she coiled her muscles, feeling them tightening with anticipation and then hurled Clark up and into the sky, directly towards the sun. His limp body defied gravity and soon the blur of red and blue faded and she roared back down to earth, back to Lena as the triggers coiled and a bullet tore through the air.

She ran alongside it, watching it spin in the air and took Lena in as she approached.

She was standing with her palms open at her sides, slightly lifted as though to welcome the death that was swiftly coming for her. Her alabaster skin was paler than usual and the structure of her jaw and cheeks were more defined. Her foundation was doing little to hide the dark purple lines under her eyes and the baggy hoody she was wearing did little to conceal how the weight had dropped from her frame in recent weeks. Kara felt her heart clench. She didn’t like that Lena wasn’t well and was struck with a sudden urge to fix it, even though she knew it wasn’t that simple. Lena had left. Lena had joined CADMUS.

She had done it for Kara, she had always known, but now she was realising the extent of what Lena had done for her. She had pretended to join CADMUS in order to bring them down from the inside. In an ironic way it made the most sense. The DEO and authorities, and indeed, the actual FBI had been unable to catch Lillian, Hank, and Lex, even with their combined might. They didn’t stand a chance of actually bringing the organisation down. But Lena…. Lean was a Luthor, that much was clear now, even if she had a brighter heart than they did, and it would take a Luthor to bring another Luthor down.

Still, they had much to discuss, and what Lena and Kal had realised about Lex something the others were in the dark about, needed to be spoken of. She wasn’t sure where they stood on this, how could she ever bring herself to trust Lena again? How could she forgive her? She didn’t know, but she was certainly going to try. Lena deserved a conversation at the very least, she had earnt that.

When this was over, she and Lena were going to sit down and have a long talk. Maybe they could be friends again, maybe they couldn’t, either way, she needed it to happen, if not for her own sanity than for Alex’s and the DEOs. They had to clear Lena as hostile if she wasn’t, even if they never interacted again. After all, she had just saved her life and maybe given them all a way out of this mess.

She slid to a stop in front of her friend, ignoring the red beams settling over her form as the first bullet bounced off her skin.

Lena’s eyes flickered open and just like the first time she’d seen them she was star-struck. They widened in confusion, surprise, and then…joy….and…. love.

Lena’s smile had been sorely missed and something in her chest settled at the sight of it.

“Hi,” she breathed, lips splitting into a soft smile and Kara could feel her own smile lifting. She didn’t think she could ever not smile at Lena, especially as she was the reason for the smile.
There was a moment’s pause and then the bullets screamed through the air in a horizontal rain and she swept Lena into her arms and sped her away from the danger. She deposited her gently next to a pillar, took a moment to cup her face and draw her fingers along the soft, smooth skin of Lena’s cheek, before she was back in the fight.

They tried shooting her with Kryptonite, and while she faltered momentarily at the sight of it on reflex, she soon released that she was as impervious to that as she was to metal and laughed at them. CADMUS was full of cowards and some of them ran at seeing her still march towards them, even as the green bullets fell to the ground useless. The rest of it was a blur; fighting the CADMUS soldiers, helping the DEO and NCPD, seeing James, Maggie, and Alex fighting. Martha Kent and Lois Lane were a surprise and so were the other aliens, and they, along with the rest of the human prisoners, scattered like ants in the rain the moment the gunfire started. She didn’t blame them, but at least they were safe.

She was dimly following Lena’s movements while she fought, easily managing to hold both Hank Henshaw and Metallo off now that she was a Super-powered Super, and she registered Lena telling Maggie she wasn’t certain how long the serum would last. It was a concern, but she’d deal with that when she came to it. Lena’s words, how she had gone under-cover and that Maggie had apparently known? She made a mental note to sit Maggie down and talk to her. Had Lena told her what she was planning? Because Maggie had always been oddly supportive of Lena, even when they learnt she turned to CADMUS. It was something she had to think on.

She punched Metallo in the face as she heard Lena and Maggie goading the CADMUS agent and implying he needed performance enhancements for his sex-life and bit back a laugh. The cutting humour was just like Lena, and she had missed her best friend. Missed her so much. Missed her like a flower missed the sunshine.

And then Lena had said something life-altering, something she knew in her heart but had never heard out-loud. ‘That’s good because I kinda like her sister.’

Oh. That was….. she almost felt bad about listening in on Lena and Maggie’s conversation, even if it was just to make sure she was still alive. Lena had just admitted to Maggie that she had feelings, more than platonic, friendly feelings, for her. Kara Danvers. She could have floated. Knowing and knowing were two different things.

And then her heart had almost stopped when Hank broke away from their fight and sent his laser vision back at her. She had been fighting with James and keeping her laser vision on Hank while she was helping escort a wounded police officer out of the line of fire, when Henshaw had gone after Lena in what was clearly a revenge mission. Lena had, had no chance. Kara had time to see her stand from where she was crouching down next to a wounded Maggie, and get hit with the red beam.

She’d flashed to Lena’s side quicker than she had ever been, slamming her fist into Hank on her way past and snarling in satisfaction as he went flying to the other side of the warehouse. She managed to catch Lena before she hit the ground, and her heart was humming and then it leapt in surprise, shock, and pain. Then it faltered and Kara was helpless as it had halted. And then she had brought her back; somehow. Somehow Lena’s strong heart was beating again, and Kara vowed to do whatever it took to ensure it stayed that way. She would protect her. From everything. She would keep her safe. Even from her cousin.

“I’ll take her,” Clark repeated and she could feel her body curling protectively over Lena and her eyes heating in warning. There was no way that Clark would be able to let Lena’s betrayal slide. She couldn’t trust him to get her to hospital. He wasn’t as fast as she was. He didn’t love her like she did.
Part of her was terrified that the moment Lena left her arms she’d be unable to hear her heartbeat and the thought of it almost paralysed her.

Kal took a hesitant step forward, trembling and bruised hand offered to her.

“Don’t touch her, Kal!” She snarled warningly, and Lena stirred in her arms and she instantly shifted her gaze down.

“Kar,” Alex said softly and she flicked a glance to her sister. Alex’s features were pinched and ashen as she eyed Maggie. “Please let her go.”

“I flew over police and ambulances as I came in,” Clark offered reassuringly. “And I think I saw the DEO as well.”

Maggie gave a pained cough. “She said they were on their way.”

Alex was squeezing her hand and then looked back at Kara. “You are needed here, Supergirl,” she said strongly, firmly, softly. “Superman can get her to hospital. She has to go now,” she added as though Kara weren’t aware of just how dire Lena’s health was in. She could hear just how sluggish and slow the blood moving through her body was, could smell it tainting the very air around them.

“Please,” Alex said gently and her sisters hand was warm on her arm, touching her through the torn holes of her suit. “Let her go.”

“I failed her once,” Clark confessed and her head snapped up to look at him after a few more moments of indecision. His features were etched sorrowfully as he looked down at Lena’s limp form. “I-I understand now, he whispered and then looked up at Kara, steel entering his tone. “I failed her once,” he said firmly, resolutely. “I’ll not fail her again.” Conviction layered his vow, but it was the look in his eyes that convinced Kara to slowly let her go.

Kal sped to her side, not as fast as normal, but just faster than a human could and he gently, ever so gently let Kara lift her into his arms. She took a moment to run her finger tips down her face in farewell and then stepped back, returning to her Supergirl persona and ready to get back to work.

Clark held her eyes for a moment and gave her a little, reassuring nod, and then he was gone, taking Lena with him. Taking Kara’s heart with him, for though it was battered and bruised by Lena’s actions, and very confused, it still belonged to the young Luthor.

As she turned back to the fight she considered it; a Super in love with a Luthor; a modern Romeo and Juliet; star-crossed lovers. But it did make sense, she thought as she flew at James. Kara had travelled across the stars to come to Earth, and then she had found Lena. She’d travelled through galaxies to come home, and then she thought that Lex may finally get what he, and CADMUS, wanted if Lena were to die. Because Kara didn’t think her heart could survive the fall-out of the death of another home.

Chapter End Notes

Hi guys. I apologise for my absence I’ve been dealing with some stuff. I'm still here, and still writing (Mercy and others) but maybe not as frequently as normal. So I apologise for that. That being said we are nearing the end of this arc and will move onto some fluff, and then the next arc. Then the end. So thanks for sticking with. Also, check out
my new story if you want something fluffy- my mental state needed it. Mwah.
-Had a request for a POV of Lena shooting Kara from some other people, so a little bit
of Winn for ya, and maybe some more later.
Part Sixty

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Thud. Thud. Thud. The steady, rhythmic pounding echoed in her ears. Each strong, reassuring heartbeat wove its way through her veins and settled in her heart where it contracted powerfully and sent out her own blood at the same speed. Settling into the metal Kara Danvers, AKA Supergirl, let out a long sigh. It had been a very, very long week, and it was only Saturday afternoon. She’d had a trying few days, especially in the aftermath of the foiled CADMUS plot, foiled by Lena Luthor herself, and the CEO being shot. Not to mention her and Clark being unable to meet each other’s eyes as well as the return of Jeremiah to the family.

Things between her and Clark were tense; words cutting and things perhaps better left unsaid, untouched upon, forgotten; shadows locked in their hearts least they see the light and show just how ugly they were. She had known, or at least suspected, how Clark had felt about her, but having him say so, to shout at her with such venom and…resentment…was something else. She knew she had not been kind to him, but he had been an adult when she had first arrived to earth, and the last of her family, the last of her kind. He should have kept her. He should have. Not that she would change her life as Kara Danvers; never. Alex was the greatest sister and best friend anyone could ask for, and she was so thankful that she had her in her life. It’s just…. Having someone around to understand what she was going through, of being so different, would have been life-changing. She wouldn’t have felt like she was alone, surrounded by an entire planet of people. Lena had…. Brought a lot of things to light, things Kara didn’t want to acknowledge or even think of, and they would need to talk about it, as soon as she woke up. And talk about the Kryptonite and Lena’s dependency on it.

That had been a revelation she had too exhausted to deal with as once Lena’s special Kryptonite had faded, so had her strength and she had solar flared like never before. She’d been moved to the medical wing, just a few meters from Lena actually.

Clark had flown, badly it was to be admitted, Lena to the nearest hospital. The DEO had to pay for the damage to their front door as he had crashed through it, the young Luthor limp in his arms. Still, Superman’s orders were followed and instantly she had been taken in to the Emergency Room. Kara later learnt that Jess had sent a small army of private vetted security to guard her day and night while she fought for her life. The prognosis had not been good. Kara had known that, known that even as she flew in to help J’onn with Hank and Metallo and what remained of CADMUS, that the odds of her ever hearing that heart-beat ever again were slim. Virtually nil, if she were to be honest with herself, and she could now, now that Lena was alright, even if she hadn’t woken up.

After CADMUS escaped, Lex, Lillian, Hank, and James among them, she had returned to DEO Headquarters. Or rather, she had been taken there. She had solar-flared spectacularly and the arrival of the DEO agents, armed to the teeth and furious, had saved her life. They had stormed the building. With the NCPD, and had driven the rest of the xenophobes away and arrested the others. When questioned they, and the DEO, had said that a homing signal and shattered their servers and lead them straight to the warehouse. Right around the time that Lena had taken control of the CADMUS computer.

There had been many sides to the ‘Was Lena Luthor guilty or not’ debate, especially as her actions had been broadcasted live across the city. The fact that her life hung in the balance afterwards, and that CADMUS had openly called her a traitor and how she had saved Supergirl, and the detective,
had given her supporters a lot of encouragement. But the anti-Luthor sentiment ran deep, especially after what she had said to Supergirl, and how she had been responsible for the death of at least a half dozen people. Still, both she and Kal had done their best to support Lena, especially when J’onn interrogated the captured soldiers and had put the information together.

Eliza had been at the DEO; had been there since the failed kidnapping attempt and she had been the one to approach J’onn and finally tell him why she had a bodyguard loyal to Lena as her driver. Lena was the person on the camera affected by Kryptonite. J’onn had been…. Livid…. but had been willing to listen to Eliza and had even asked Superman for access to his secret cache of Kryptonite so that they could heal Lena. Clark had agreed without hesitation, even going to hospital to retrieve Lena himself once he had given them some Kryptonite. That had caused a media frenzy; Superman retrieving Lena Luthor from hospital and carting her to places unknown.

Truthfully he had flown her straight to the DEO and the kryptonite they had within. Eliza had been part of the team trying to heal Lena, and the DEO scientists had been in absolute awe of how her body responded to the radioactive rock. It was to Lena what sunlight was to the Superheros. Her body had started to regenerate and within seventy two hours it was virtually impossible to tell that she had been fighting for her life earlier in the week. She was still asleep, her body trying to heal itself, but her vitals were strong and steady and the doctors thought she would wake up soon.

Eliza had taken her hand and told her gently, that it was for Lena to talk to her, to tell her why, but that it would be okay. Kara hadn’t liked that answer, and hadn’t liked it any more when Alex refused to tell her. Maggie had convinced her not to, and Alex had begrudgingly agreed. That hurt; Kara had to admit. She didn’t like secrets being kept from her, especially when they concern her. And when they concern Lena.

So now she was just waiting. Waiting for her to wake up. And she would wake up. She had to. She didn’t know how long she had sat there but was drawn from her thoughts by an agent running through the door.

It was Agent Rook and he gave a sharp nod to her. “Supergirl. You’re required at the Command Centre. I have been appointed Miss Luthor’s guard.”

Kara hesitated and tuned her hearing into the bowels of the DEO to hear Hank complaining about the DEO being hacked again and demanding someone fix it.

“I will inform you immediately if there is any change,” Rook added and held the door open for her. Rather pointedly she thought. Alex was demanding her presence and she sighed, casting a reluctant glance to the quiet Lena, looking the way sleeping beauty must have (but far prettier) before she begrudgingly rose to her feet.

“What’s happening?” She asked as her boots dragged her away from Lena.

Rook shrugged.

She paused at the door let her eyes linger on Lena’s pale features for a long moment that she wanted to stretch out forever and then she walked to the command centre. The sooner she sorted this out the sooner she could return to Lena. Besides, she wasn’t sure how much help she could be; she still didn’t have her powers back.

The tech division was frantic and J’onn stood in the centre with his arms crossed and brows stern. Alex was next to him in a similar stance and she felt her heart warm at seeing her sister and space-dad together.
On screen there was a bunch of code, Winn standing over Vasquez as she typed frantic commands.

“What’s going on?” She wondered as she approached and J’onn glanced at her.

“The DEO monitors words and phrases used on the internet as alerts,” Alex told her absently, eyes on the giant monitor.

Kara blinked and then looked around her at the angry agents. “And that’s important because?” She knew why it was important, someone was talking about something they shouldn’t, but what she meant was why was the DEO looking like it was being hacked again. A routine event would be easy enough to identify so why was this one so special?

“A few minutes ago someone raised almost every flag-word we have.” Alex paused. “They couldn’t have been more subtle if they put The Times Square Jumbotron on top of the White-House.”

“So who is it?”

“Got it,” Vasquez crowed happily, interrupting Alex’s reply, and on the large monitor in front of them a video clip flickered into life.

‘The Department of Extra-normal Operations,’ Lena Luthor tilted her head and a half smile curled her lips. ‘I’d like to apologise for the…panic,’ Lena’s smiled widened, ‘you are currently experiencing, that was not my intent.’ On screen she inclined her head regally and Kara’s eyes narrowed at the screen.

‘Since you are viewing this I assume that I am dead,’ she said calmly. ‘If that is the case then my algorithm has pre-determined commands which will give you access to all the information I have gathered.’ Lena gave a little sigh and a crease appeared between her brows.

‘Firstly, if you take nothing else I have for you, please take this. There is a mole in the DEO,’ she said firmly and her voice echoed loudly in the suddenly silent command room. ‘I was unable to discovered their identity, but I know that they, and maybe more, are working for CADMUS. I also managed to find money trails, supporters, and even senator donors to their cause. I’ve also included the location of as many of Lex’s bases as I could find, and have authorised my lawyers to allow Supergirl access to all L-Corp files in order to find any more. In addition,’ Lena said clearly, as though her actions were nothing to be proud of but were merely an obligation, ‘I have complied a list of all CADMUS agents I could locate as well as their weaknesses and strengths and possible pressure points. I’m afraid it was the best I could do.’ She gave a little nod. ‘Good luck. El Mayar-’

“J’onn?” Kara demanded, voice lifting in panicked curiosity as his head snapped around and then he vanished and Kara felt her heart-rate kick-start.

The panic roaring through her veins fired her cells and she was running towards Lena and she could hear sounds of a scuffle and forced herself faster. She may have run in a direct line to her, bowling walls over in her desperate attempt to get to Lena. As she burst through the last wall she quickly took in the scene. Agent Rook was limp on the floor in front of the door and the door itself was open with J’onn lying just inside in a heap, blood splattered around him.

Kara didn’t hesitate. She flew through the door and launched herself at the assailant even as her mind tried to process what was going on. Agent Cole, and if she had to have pointed a finger at a mole she
wouldn’t have pointed one at him, Agent Rook had seemed far more suspicious than he, was standing before Lena with his gun trained on her. Lena was sitting on the bed and facing him, eyes open but unfocused and they were green, so very green. The green of Kryptonite.

She could see the tightening of muscles in Cole’s body as he pulled the trigger and the sound of it boomed in her ears as she roared towards Lena desperately, hoping she would get there in time but knowing it was unlikely. She was just a moment too late.

Lena’s pupils dilated and then she was hit with pure power, a wave of it rippling out from Lena in a green wave. Cole was disintegrated on the spot, the power, like the fury of Hades’ hounds, tearing up the room and tossing the shelves, tables, chairs, bed, and Kara herself about as though a miniature hurricane had been unleashed on the spot.

The wave hit her with the force of an out of control freight train, picked her up, and tossed her out of the room and down the hall. She was picked up and bundled along like a tumble-weed in a dust storm and it was a new experience for her. Then the Kryptonite started to work its unfortunate magic. She slammed into a wall and her vision turned grey and then nothing.

xxxxxXXXXXxxxxx

It was the first thing she was aware of. Light. And she squeezed her eyes shut and tried to burrow further into her mattress to escape it. Then she paused. Her mattress wasn’t as comfortable as normal, wasn’t comfortable in the slightest in fact. Eyelids tightening in confused suspicion she brought her arm up to her head and let her fingers trail along the fabric. It was scratchy, firm, and nothing like her sheets.

She opened her eyes and was met with bunched up black fabric and she swiftly sat up, eyes darting around the area to let her know where she was. She was in a glass box! Heart hammering she launched herself to her feet and spun around, looking for an out.

The walls of the cell she was in, for she was clearly in a cell, were flat planes of glass that were angled and she followed them around to realise she was standing in a hexagon. It had a grey concrete floor with the glass windows and the roof was out of reach, not that it looked to be much help. It was just the same hexagon shape as the rest of the room and cell, and Lena made a mental note to look into the designer and what their obsession with hexagons were, but with light in each second ring. There was a bench in the cell at least, and a tray of food, which she resolved not to touch until she knew where she was.

Outside there were concrete walls in a hexagonal shape with glowing beams arcing up to the ceiling. It looked like fortified steel and there was a keypad over by what was obviously the door, if the positioning of the bench and cell were to be the judge. She couldn’t see the lines in the wall where the door would appear, but it was the only area in the room with extra, unnecessary space, so what other purpose could it have than to be a door.

Growling to herself she resolved to wait for her captors and gave a moment’s thought to who they were. It took her a few moments and then she sighed and slumped down on the bench in the cell; the DEO. It did make sense. The military didn’t have technology like this, and she doubted the cell would be as nice, and they would want to pick her brain more than the military, or at least would claim so due to her alien related actions. And she kind of remembered Supergirl?
The thought made her head hurt and she lifted her hands to it, mentally noting she needed to wash and brush her hair. She needed time to remember what had happened, but she knew that something must have for her to have gone from Kara’s arms to a cell and in, she glanced down at her body, heart hammering as she remembered what state she had been in. Huh. She was… healed. Perfectly, she thought as she touched her stomach and side. Her eyes narrowed. Her belly-button ring wasn’t there.

Suddenly needing to know, to confirm it with her eyes rather than hands, she lifted her shirt up and examined the alabaster skin beneath its black, scratchy fabric. Her skin was just how it had been for years; lines etched into her skin in various shades of silver and faded red, angry and purposeful and she slowly lowered her shirt feeling her throat catch and her nose tingle. She was back to normal; for a moment there she had almost hoped, hoped that she wouldn’t have those reminders and then she felt foolish and swallowed down her bile. What she had done to herself had been for herself, even if it hadn’t been the best thing she could have done. To hope they were gone was a betrayal to the person she had been, a dismissal of what she had been through.

Signing again she lowered her head and retreated into her mind, remaining aware enough of the door if it were to open, but needing to plan for various outcomes. She had been running through various scenarios from her most recent information; the aftermath of the foiled CADMUS attack, and her own options for response when the door opened. She could feel her spine tightening but didn’t look up and tried to keep her breathing even as she turned from her mental list of ‘You are being held for conspiracy and murder as an Agent of CADMUS’ responses and tried to see who it was from under her lashes.

It was Agent Danvers.

Lena lifted her gaze squarely and met the Agents imposing glare with a neutral expression.

The two were silent a long while, each waiting for the other to break the stale-mate. Minutes stretched and Lena knew that Alex was waiting for her to crack first, a sign of her submission, even if it were petty. That was fine. Her thirst for knowledge outweighed her pride, and she hadn’t had much of that recently anyway.

“I want to talk to Kara,” she said slowly, firmly. “After that I’ll tell you anything you want to know.”

Her heart was pounding in her chest, she could feel it thumping in the veins of her neck and could hear it in the blood rushing around her ears. Alex didn’t say anything, just glared at her a little more, and then turned and pressed her hand on the key-pad. It blinked green and the door slid open, letting in great amounts of light before closing behind her. Her cell seemed oddly dark now, but she guessed the lights were dimmed for her comfort or something.

It was at least another hour, by her reckoning, before the doors opened again and Kara was lead through. Kara in her normal cardigans and jeans; as unnoticeable as could be, only this Kara held herself just a little bit differently than Kara Danvers; there was steel to her body language and she didn’t return Lena’s pleased smile.

“Kara!” She rose immediately, shaking off the sting of rejection and walking as close to the window as she could. Her breath misted on the glass for a brief moment before she pulled back, not wanting to seem too desperate, but it had felt like years since she had seen her best friend. Kara folded her arms and stared at her, jaw clenched and eyes grave and Lena faltered.

“Alex said you wanted to see me?” Kara uncrossed her arms and her fingers curled at her sides as though she wasn’t sure what to do with them, and in that moment Lena saw just how hurt and confused and lost Kara was behind the mask.
“I do,” she said softly, knowing that Kara would hear her. “I-,” she paused and looked down at her hands as she thought about how to proceed. Her childish vision of her jumping into Kara’s embrace and it being all okay was exactly that, a childish fantasy. She knew how people hurt, and knew the pain she had caused would take a long time to fade.

“I don’t really know where to begin,” she said and gave a shaky, self-deprecating laugh and ran her fingers through her hair, wincing as they tangled. Kara shifted unsettled and Lena looked at her; really looked at her. She looked…. Exhausted. Actually exhausted, and for Kara to look anything other than perfect meant something was off.

“Are you okay?” She asked suddenly, voice rising and cutting. If anyone had hurt Kara they would face her wrath, even if she were currently in a little glass box. When she got out…..

Kara shrugged. “I’ve been better,” she said and titled her head. “I don’t- Lena, why would you- you left and you- never said and I-”

She halted and took a shaky breath and Lena felt some of the earlier tension leave her shoulders. Kara wasn’t okay, but she would be, that much Lena understood.

“I know I have some explaining to do,” she said softly, sincerely and Kara snorted.

“You’ve got that right,” she said and her words were cutting and Lena winced. She knew Kara wouldn’t understand, but she didn’t like her hurting, and she didn’t like being the reason for it.

She fought down her ire; Kara had every right to be angry at her, every right to feel betrayed.

“I-before I begin, what happened? I don’t remember much.” A thought struck her. “Is Maggie okay?” She demanded, and could hear her heart rate increase in fear for her friend.

“Maggie’s fine,” Kara said quickly, lifting a hand and Lena leant forward and pressed her head on the glass in relief. It was cold and smooth and when she sighed her breath misted it up. She frowned at it as she pulled back.

“Everything went okay,” Kara continued obviously deciding to let her know that people she cared about were okay, or maybe she was just trying to make her feel better like Kara did. “Well, not okay, but it could have been worse. The NCPD and DEO got your location soon after you got to a computer. They managed to arrive in time to help. Superman and Supergirl are alive. A few aliens died, and um, the DEO been going to those locations you sent them in your message?” Kara’s voice raised in question and Lena gave a little nod. Her algorithm had been set for her to delay the release of information every few days with selected phrases and online activity, as she must have been unconscious or locked up for more than seventy-two hours, it would have been released.

“A few CADMUS agents died and so did a few aliens,” Kara’s features softened in sorrow and Lena felt her heart try to jump from her chest, to propel her forward and take Kara into her arms. “And others are in critical condition. Your mother, brother, Hank and Metallo escaped but there wasn’t any genocide…. So thank you…..”

Lena leant against the edge in the glass so she could better observe Kara and she gave a little nod. It wasn’t the most pleasing of outcomes, but still. No genocide was a win. And Kara was still alive.

It was her time to talk. She had done what she had set out to do, even if it hadn’t all gone to plan.

She closed her eyes for a while to gather her thoughts and then haltingly began to speak, knowing that Kara deserved and needed her vulnerability, even if it wasn’t just Kara who was going to hear this. Lena wasn’t stupid, she knew she was being monitored and it was likely that J’onn, Eliza, Alex,
and maybe even Superman himself were about to listen to her tale. But for Kara she would try. Kara needed her to.

“I-it was after a conversation with Supergirl…” she began softly and opened her eyes and looked at Kara. “That I realised I had to do something… and when Lex broke out of jail I started to go looking for CADMUS.”

Kara winced and shifted on her feet, re-adjusting her glasses nervously.

“I- they weren’t that difficult to find, to be honest,” Lena said with a little modest shrug. “I knew what to look for and so I went looking. And then I started to piggyback their servers, look into the conversations and activities. I-” she paused and looked at her hands a moment, uncertain of how much to divulge but knew she had to be honest here, it was the only way. “I didn’t know who to trust with it.” She said, examining her nails and made a mental note to go find a filer as soon as she were released. “So I kept it,” she lifted her shoulders, “and kept gathering more. And when I realised Lex was with them, that mother,” she swallowed, “was with them, I knew that only a Luthor could bring them down.”

“You should have come to us, to me, to the DEO! Supergirl!” Kara protested and took a few steps closer to the cell. Her head tilted to the side as though she had heard something and Lena had a feeling it was probably Alex warning her to not get emotional or something. “You didn’t have to go it alone!”

“But I did!” Lena protested softly, firm in her conviction. “I’ve always been alone, Kara. Always,” she emphasised. “Everything I have ever done has been by myself. I could never count on anyone-“

“You could have counted on me!” Kara interrupted her, taking a few more steps closer to the cage and her eyes were so blue, a blue Lena had sorely missed. And yes, Lena knew that now. Knew that if she had gone to Kara Danvers Kara would have gone to Alex, and to Supergirl, and the information would have taken the right paths and CADMUS would have been warned by their spy, and they would have gotten away. The Medusa Virus would have been released and thousands would have died. But part of her had wanted to do it herself, to prove to the world, to Kara, and to herself, that she was more than her mother and brother, more than her last name. It took her a lot of thought to realise that only a Luthor could bring CADMUS down, only she could do it. She had failed in that regard, and would never be trusted again, but she had tried.

“I knew their plans for the alien population,” she continued absently, lost in thought of when she had realised what it would mean for her, and for Kara. What paths they would have to take. “Well, knew what they wanted, rather,” she ducked her head. “And I couldn’t let that happen, not if I could stop it. And…” she hesitated, but she’d promised herself to be truthful, even if it meant exposing herself to being hurt. “I couldn’t let that happen to you,” she whispered.

Kara blinked and a crinkle appeared between her brows.

“Do you know how I see you?” Lena asked her softly, words a soft breath. “Do you know how you make me feel?“ Lena shook her head while she kept her eyes locked on Kara’s.

“You are so special, Kara,” she said in soft wonder. “You are the kindest, bravest, loyalist person I have ever met. You constantly try to do the right thing. You are caring, gentle, smart and funny. A little bit of a nerd, but it’s cute,” Lena said, unable to stop smiling at Kara. “You’re generous, good, so sweet- I think its because you eat so many donuts,” Lena added with a little mischievous shrug.

“You constantly look for the good in people, for the light in them, even if it isn’t there. And you’re willing to foster it,” Lena said, voice firming and spine straightening. “You are willing to give the
world your heart, without asking for anything in return, but only hoping that people will see your light, see your strength, and take hope from it, take strength from it, take love from it.” Her voice cracked slightly and she swallowed her wince. She would not be ashamed of loving Kara. She would not be.

“And the thought of them taking you, of you getting hurt,” Lena swallowed harshly and wet her lips. “I- I could never let that happen…” she trailed off and met Kara’s gaze with her own. Her eyes were a little wet, but that didn’t matter.

“I love you, Kara Zor-El,” she said firmly in Kryptonese and Kara’s jaw dropped and she faltered. “I am in love with all of you. And I hope you can find it in your heart to forgive me for my actions but know that I will spend the rest of my life loving you, standing beside you in any capacity that you’ll have me.” She placed her hand on the glass and tried to force her love for Kara through it, so that Kara knew how she felt about her, knew why she had done what she had. “I will place my life at your side in your fights, my heart alongside yours and I will use your light as a lighthouse, a guide for my own actions for my life, for the way you have so much hope and love for all of us,” she used her other hand to gesture to the area around her, knowing it was small but hoping to get her point across. Kara was at the glass now, hesitantly staring at her while her eyes watered, not that Lena could see her all that well as she was opening crying now.

“And,” she faltered as Kara met her eyes and she could see something else there, a soft, faint hope. “If you’ll have me,” she said softly, much softer than before, voice lit with gentle hope and love. “I’ll be your partner in all things. I want to know who you are. I want to go to your favourite places, experience your favourite foods and cultures. I want to watch game shows with you, try to sneak kale into your lunches, eat junk food with your family. I want to sing with you. I want to fall in love with every little detail about you, fall in love with you all over again each day.” Lena paused and forced down her tears and wiped them away. “But mostly, Kara, I want you to know that you are not alone. That you will never be alone ag-

She was cut off by the glass breaking and warm arms wrapping around her fiercely and she paused a moment and then returned the embrace just as strongly, ignoring the shards of glass digging into her skin and the blearing of the cell’s alarms. Kara was here. Kara was safe. Kara knew that she loved her.

“I love you,” she said into Kara’s ear and tightened her muscles until they burnt with the strain, as though she could force the love she had for Kara into the woman herself. It was a promise; a vow to stand with Kara in all things, to always remain at her side, to always be her friend, to let her know when she was wrong, to trust in Kara to show when she was wrong, to let Kara’s heart be her guide, to love her. Always.

“Who would have thought?” Kara laughed shakily into her hair and Lena tried to press against as strongly, ignoring the shards of glass digging into her skin and the blearing of the cell’s alarms. Kara was here. Kara was safe. Kara knew that she loved her.

“To be fair,” she murmured back, taking comfort in the moment but knowing they still had some issues to work through, “you kissed me first.”

Kara snorted. “Does that make you my damsel in distress?”

Lena felt her eyes narrow playfully and tilted her head back to look at Kara properly. Her glasses were wonky and her eyes were a little red, but she was smiling, joy radiating out of her like the sun. “Well,” she said slowly, and then she had a thought and smiled with it. Kara beamed back at her, giddy and full of energy. “The hero does always seem to get the girl. I guess that makes you my...
“Hero?” She asked, certain her face would be sore from smiling so much. Kara beamed and her smile changed; turning soft and gentle and loving and warm.

She pressed a gentle, playful kiss to the tip of her nose and Lena could have shone with the soft, kind, unconditional love she was being showered with. She knew they would need to talk things out, but at the moment she was willing to delay that conversation and the pain it would undoubtedly bring to remain in Kara’s loving embrace. There were lies told on both fronts, betrayals and manipulations and a lot of pain and it would take time to heal those wounds.

She also knew it wouldn’t be easy; not for her, or for them (them as a couple? The thought made her heart sing) because she had willingly joined a terrorist organisation, and had been indirectly and directly responsible for breaking a lot of laws and for the loss of many lives. But still, she was confident that she would be able to weather the storm. After all, she was a Luthor that had a Super. She was Lena who had Kara, and together the two would be unstoppable.

Kara sealed their mutual agreement with a single word, letting Lena know that she wasn’t alone, that she was loved, that she had Kara.

“Always.”

Chapter End Notes

So, I joined the SuperCorp Big Bang! Much excitement for that! Join up if you are interested- its on Tumblr. (Basically it is a creator event where artists and writers pair up to write and to draw for the story- its cute as).

And..... SDCC was a shit-storm. I hope everyone is doing okay. We write and read and create for the fandom because we love it and we don't need a straight white guy/gal in a position of influence and power to tell us what we can and cannot feel. We do not need their validation to exist and to love. We do so outside of it. Still, much love to ya'll.

And, I love HP, Could you tell?
“You doing alright, Little Danvers?”

Kara barely lifted her head from where it was resting against her arms on the bench. She figured Maggie needed a response so grunted in reply.

The detective snorted and gently pulled out a seat and eased herself into it. Maggie had been stabbed in the abdomen, and had defensive wounds on her arms, but the stabbing had fortunately not been fatal. She was off duty for a few months while she recovered and she probably wouldn’t be drinking again for a long while, but otherwise she’d be fine. And there was even talk of a commendation; for all of the officers involved and the DEO. Lena had been suspiciously left out of that list while they decided what to do with her.

“Nah,” she said and lifted one leg on top of the other as she tried to relax on the chair. “You’re not alright. You’re hurting,” Maggie gave a little shrug, normal dimples shielded for the moment. “That’s okay,” she said and then she hesitated. “But so is she,” she nodded in the direction of the break-room television where Lena’s actions were being broadcasted as the experts debated over her crimes.

J’onn was talking to her now, interrogating her both verbally and likely telepathically, now that the team of doctors had declared Lena healthy. Lena had been surprisingly accommodating, and after her demand to see Kara, had been cooperating willingly and fully. She was still keeping her business secrets, which had been expected and existed outside of her capacity as the double agent she had been.

There was a lot of rumours, even inside the DEO, about what Lena’s motivations had been and whose side she had actually been on. The lower level staff only knew what the public knew; that Lena Luthor had betrayed CADMUS, had gone ‘under-cover’ according to Detective Saywer of the NCPD, and had been called a traitor and almost killed for her actions. In addition they knew that Superman had flown Lena Luthor to and from the hospital, and that the two were standing in her defence. And they knew that their own mole in the deo had been killed in his attempt at assassinating her. Still; it was very suspicious and they would follow J’onn’s lead on the matter.

“I know,” Kara mumbled into the fabric of her suit and turned to look at Maggie.

“How are you doing? Healing nicely?”

Maggie gave a little shrug and then flashed her dimples as she leant forward conspiratorially. “Yeah, but don’t tell Alex. She keeps fussing,” she leant back with a wink and Kara fought down her blush.

Hearing a tell-tale heartbeat approaching, one she could recognise in a crowd of people, she lifted her head and turned, listening for Lena. It took her a few minutes to be escorted to the break-room and when she did she hovered in the door frame a moment, J’onn standing strongly behind her.

“We’ve talked and Miss Luthor is free to go. I’ve authorised Agent Rook to take the head of her security detail but I’m sure you’ll both want to talk,” J’onn said and to her surprise clapped Lena on the back and gave her a fond smile.

She gave him a nervous smile in return. “Thank you, Director J’onnnz.”
“Call me J’onn,” he said and nodded to her as he turned. “We’ll be in touch with your PR team to draft a statement.”

“Thank you,” Lena whispered quietly, appearing almost overwhelmed by the kindness, and J’onn smiled at Kara and Maggie both before walking away.

“Hey, hey Little Luthor!” Maggie’s dimples were out in full force as she smiled at Lena, and Lena replied with a shaky smile that steadied.

“Detecting. Still alive and kicking I see.”

Grinning Maggie rose to her feet. “Not for lack of trying. I see the devil himself spat you back out.”

Lena barked a laugh, the first genuine laugh Kara had heard Lena make in what felt like years. She couldn’t help but smile in response and knew it was probably a dopey smile, but she couldn’t help it. Her earth family was here and they were alive.

Jeremiah was recovering with Eliza in her hotel, with HAZ guarding and driving them, and Maggie was still driving Alex up the wall. Lena was here. Lena was alive. Lena loved her, all of her. She knew their conversation was a long time coming but wanted to exist in the moment for as long as she could, where they weren’t cutting each other open with their words and dragging all of their hurt to the surface.

Lena heled her hand out for Maggie to shake and appeared affronted when the detective smacked it away and instead went in for a gentle hug. She stood for a moment taken-aback before returning the hug with gentle pressure.

“We reached an agreement,” she said in response to Maggie’s earlier statement and pulled away after a, in Kara’s opinion, very short hug. But Maggie didn’t seem to mind, in fact she looked like she understood Lena’s aversion to touch and didn’t see the need to push her on it, she just accepted Lena as she was, and it was one of the things she loved about Detective Sawyer. Maggie was a very go-with-the-flow kind of girl, she took life as it came, and didn’t seem to judge people and she accepted people for who they were. She was a very unique person, and one Kara was proud to call friend, and even maybe one day, family.

“Atta girl,” Maggie grinned. “Maybe you can give me a ride home? I think Alex is staying and there is a tv show I wanted to catch.”

Lena nodded in agreement. “Of course. I have my assistant picking me up shortly.”

Kara met Lena’s eyes quietly and Maggie glanced between the two and gave a little nod. “Alright, I’ll go say goodbye to Alex and meet you at the door. Thanks. Later,” she lifted a hand in farewell and moved relatively fast for a woman stabbed earlier in the week.

The air between them was a little tense, and was to be expected to be fair. After Lena’s confession of love, which, still made her want to fly, J’onn had instructed the DEO doctors to look her over and make sure she was okay, and when she was cleared, he had sat down with her and asked her a lot of questions. She’d been in a small room with him, alone, for a very long time, long enough for Kara to go out and bring some food back for them, and for Lena to have rest-room breaks. Kara hadn’t been able to listen in, J’onn had requested it and so she hadn’t, so instead she’d wandered around the DEO and eventually flopped down in the break-room and waited. She may have destroyed a few levels of Candy Crush while she waited, and had even used Alex’s account to gift herself lives.

While she waited she channel surfed. She watched a half hour of a home improvement, then got
hungry watching a baking show and had to zip out for some donuts, and then she had watched one of those talk shows where people aired their problems on national television. After that she surfed some more, watched some car show before she got bored and turned on the news.

As it had been since Lena had publically betrayed CADMUS and saved the lives of almost everyone involved the ‘experts’ were debating Lena’s betrayal; her motivations, her actions, her words, even the consequences of it. Rumours were still flying because L-Corp hadn’t made a statement, neither had the DEO, and Superman had carried Lena out of the hospital and she hadn’t been seen yet. They didn’t even know if she were alive?

The news anchors and experts were currently debating the legality of what she had done, and what sort of laws could affect her for being a part of, no matter how unwillingly, attempted murder and other illegal activities.

They had been discussing her apparent building of weapons that blew up- a van near one of their hospitals had been thought to have a bomb in it and had gone off accidently but now they knew the truth of it; Lena Luthor had sabotaged the weapons.

It had been then that Maggie had interrupted her and she was thankful for it. And now she and Lena were alone.

J’onn had allowed Kara to look over the reports from the CADMUS agents and it had been clear that she had been friendly; open, helpful, and working with them towards their genocidal mission. They had no idea she had been going in under-cover and it had come as a huge shock. Vasquez had managed to trace a cyber-attack on an alien directly to Lena; after much prodding from J’onn, who had admitted she had sent a hate-full message to one of the Infrities in the alien bar in order to evacuate the building before the first test of the virus went off. She had saved many aliens in the process.

He had even offered her a few words, as he went away to write up his formal report on his interview with Lena and Lena herself had been escorted to the medical bay. “She loves you,” he had said softly, eyes grave before he cast a…soft…look after the departing Luthor. “She really does. Listen to her. Let her tell you why,” he had said and laid a large, comforting hand on her shoulder in support. Then he had walked off in the direction of his office, probably to begin his report, and Kara had returned to the DEO break-room knowing she wasn’t welcome in the med-bay while they ran over tests with Lena.

After she had foiled the attack on her life Lena had fainted. Kara only knew this because she was told after she woke up under the sun lamps. The Kryptonite radiation that had been healing Lena was still stored in her body, repairing the small, minute damages that they couldn’t see with the naked eye, and in response to the threat the Kryptonite had burst from her skin and, well, eaten any bio matter within a five metre radius. Dr Keller would need new plants, but thankfully no humans, bar Cole, had been close enough to the blast. J’onn had been thrown across the floor and into Rook, his larger form protecting the human as they were pushed away, and Kara had had the same problem, only she was Kryptonian so it reacted a little bit differently to her. Still. Alex had been furious and scared, and Alex had been on edge a lot recently, and had had Lena thrown in a cell- though Kara did hope that whoever carried out Alex’s instructions while J’onn was unconscious hadn’t actually thrown Lena. Maybe placed gently. That was a much nicer word.

Eliza herself, after much debate with Alex –she’d even resorted to calling her eldest by her full name, which Kara winced in sympathy, either for Alex or for the agents who had heard it- but had eventually been allowed into the cell with equipment to look Lena over. As Eliza had been working with Lena already, she knew a lot of what was going on and had explained it thus;
Lena Luthor, having been exposed to Kryptonite radiation, drew it into her skin, much like Kara did with sunlight, and used it to strengthen her cells and repair her body. Eliza didn’t say how the reaction occurred, only that it did and said that Lena had some ideas but hadn’t shared them with her, but only wanted to know how to fix her little problem. Eliza had indicated a slight change in Lena’s brain waves and body’s capability, but said there had been nothing concrete to hypothesize her control over the Kryptonite. Her body had reacted to the threat and the Kryptonite had been thrown from her body. It may, she emphasised, have been caused by the imbalance in Lena’s body with the radiation starting to eat away at the cells it had previously restored. But she wasn’t certain, it was all new territory for her, and for the DEO scientists who had marvelled at it much like they did with Kara.

Alex, of course, had been suspicious, and had been very cautious about it since Lena Luthor needed Kryptonite, and had it inside of her, when it was one of the only substances capable of hurting Kara. And after the radiation had exploded from her, had placed Lena in a cell for her protection and for the protection of everyone else. In addition to that she was worried about what other abilities Lena may have, as Lex Luthor himself had escaped capture by lifting a police car and throwing it at a helicopter. If Lex was enhanced, then maybe Lena was too and it could all have been a very elaborate trap. Kara didn’t think so, when told of it, but admitted it was better to be safe than sorry, and with Lena in a cell no one else could get to her until they made sure the DEO had no other mole. She didn’t like it, but she understood.

Seeing Lena in the cell had felt wrong, very wrong. She was slumped and defeated, and Kara had been torn between throwing herself at Lena and holding her and never letting her go, and sulking and licking her wounds because no matter why Lena had done what she had, it still hurt.

J’onn had warned her, before she had gone in to see Lena, to let her speak and to hold her cards close to her chest if she wanted the truth. He had seemed certain that Lena would tell her, Kara, everything. And Rao had Lena had something to say.

I mean, she knew that Lena cared about her; that much was obvious. But Lena had actually said she liked her, like-liked her, to Maggie, but had never to Kara’s face. Sure, singing beautiful songs to her was a sign, but it wasn’t the complete picture. And Lena knew Kryptonese! Her heart had nearly leapt from her mouth and she had been certain even Alex would be able to pick up on how strongly her heart was beating. Lena’s accent was terrible, of course, but hearing those words, words she had ached to hear, in her mother tongue and spoken by the woman she loved had made something in her chest feel warm and full and floaty and golden. It had filled a hole Kara didn’t realise she had. No one spoke Kryptonese anymore. Kal had tried to speak it to her, but he had been slow and unsure and the words didn’t fall from his lips as they should have, and he wanted her to learn English so she could blend in better, so that was all they had spoken. It had hurt. Really, really hurt to be cut off from another large part of her by someone who should have been there and comforted her, and Lena knowing it, not that she even knew how Lena knew it, and speaking it to her somehow made her confession of love all the more real and all the more meaningful. It was everything she didn’t realise she had wanted from that moment. Lena telling her she loved her, all of her; Supergirl, reporter, Zor-El, all in one, and doing so in her birth tongue. And, well, that cat was out of the sack, or whatever the human saying was-though why they put cats in sacks was very weird. Lena knew she was Supergirl, though how she had figured it out she didn’t know. Her disguise was excellent damn it!

Add that to the list of things they had to talk about, and add it she had. There was already a long mental list that Kara had going and she planned on getting answers for every single one of them. At the top of the list was why Lena had gone alone to CADMUS.

It wasn’t like she didn’t know why because she had been painfully obvious about it the entire time, even going so far as to tell her that she was the reason she was joining CADMUS, but why she
didn’t tell her, if she knew she was Supergirl, or even if she didn’t. Lena didn’t have to go in alone.

Then she wanted, no, she needed to know about Lena, and Maggie and Eliza, and even Alex. If the people she cared about most were keeping secrets from her then that needed to be addressed— they were more breakable than she was and she needed to keep them safe. And she really wanted to know about the Kryptonite and what that would mean for Lena and for them, but if she’d had this issue for a while it wasn’t affecting Kara, she would have noticed—surly.

And well, knowing the reason why Lex hated her so much, well, hated Kal so much, would be a good bonding experience and she felt like she really needed to know. Apart from those three points she as fairly certain she and Lena could get through any other secret or lie or anything that the two of them may be holding. She wanted to know everything, and hoped to get some answers, and get them soon. She didn’t like waiting.

But now she was faced with starting that conversation. What did she say? Lena had told her she loved her— and she felt her heels lift from the ground in memory— and she loved Lena, so how did she approach it without there being any more hurt to them both. She could hardly start with, ‘Oh hey, Lena. I know you joined a terrorist organisation and did all manner of things for them while you tried to bring them down from the inside, and your little speech to me while I was stuck in a cage sucked even though it was a little bit true, and then you go and actually shoot me and that sucked but then you go and get yourself killed while protecting my sisters girlfriend who apparently knew you were going in under-cover because she met you and my mum while you were working together in a secret laboratory because your body is addicted to the only substance in the world that can kill me, and you never thought to tell me, and for some reason your brother used to love Kal and now he hates him and only the three of you now know why, and maybe you should tell me, and on top of that you said you got his reasons and that you love him even though he has done some horrible things, and, like do you know how much I missed you and love you and do you want to spend forever with me?’

Because honestly, even for her Kryptonian brain, that was a bit much. She didn’t want to get off on the wrong foot but it was an issue, all of it, and needed to be addressed. Sooner rather than later, because as it was it was kind of driving her mad.

She was lost in her own mental panic attack while facing Lena when she, as always, came to her rescue.

“Did you—,” she paused and hesitated and Kara lifted her head immediately giving Lena her full attention. “Did you want to grab something to eat? I’m starving.”

Kara blinked a moment and then gave a little nod and Lena smiled slightly and stepped to the side of the door in silent invitation.

Now Kara was confused, did she want to eat with Supergirl or with Kara? But since she knew they were one and the same then she just wanted to eat with Kara. So then did they go in public and do it because someone would see Supergirl leaving the DEO with Lena Luthor and then if Kara and Lena showed up together it would get people talking, but then if she just ate out with Supergirl it would be weird, well, not weird because Kara loved Lena and Lena loved Kara, but they wouldn’t be able to be private. And there was absolutely no way that Kara was about to let Lena out of her sights, not now. Half the city wanted her head for her joining CADMUS and for what she had allegedly done and said, and the rest wanted to kill her for tricking CADMUS. She was in more danger than she ever had been before. Kara would not let anything happen to her.

“I’d like to walk, if that’s okay,” Lena said softly, as they walked down the corridors and Kara directed her to the exit. She walked steadily, measured, but there was a slight slump to her shoulders and a kink in the rigidity of her spine and Kara felt her heart ache. Lena was hurting, and probably
exhausted, and maybe just a little bit scared. And it occurred to her that she hadn’t really tried to
comfort Lena after everything she had been through, not really. After she had burst through the glass
to hug Lena, and the alarms had sounded, J’onn had insisted on an interview with Lena, now that
they were both awake and relatively healed. She had silently pulled away from Kara, placing a
gentle, soft kiss on her cheek, before walking over to him. And that was the last she had seen of
Lena until she had been dropped off by J’onn hours later. It was almost night time.

She must have felt so alone.

Kara clenched her fist and then released it and darted glances at her friend? From the corner of her
eye. She needed to give her a hug or something. Right now.

She glanced up and down the hall way before hesitantly touching the tips of her fingers with Lena’s.
Her heart rate jumped and she glanced out from under her lashes to see if it were intentional and
Kara purposefully brushed their fingers together, firmer this time. Lena’s fingers twitched and on the
next pass of their hands she curled hers hesitantly around Kara’s and cast her a shy glance.

Her heart nearly leapt from its chest and she returned Lena’s shy smile with one of her own and then
tugged gently. Lena looked confused but willingly followed her into an abandoned corridor and then
Kara pulled her into her arms and held her close.

She was taller than Lena was, especially without her heels, and Lena fit snuggly against her, the soft
curves of her body matching Kara’s. Lena melted into the embrace and shuddered and the beat of her
heart stuttered but she didn’t make a sound as she tucked her head underneath Kara’s chin and turned
her face into the protection of Kara’s collar. Lena was warm and soft and even though her clothes
were several sizes too big for her slender, delicate frame, and her hair smelt like regular wash rather
than her expensive shampoo, she still smelt like Lena beneath it all. And Lena smelt like home.

Something in her chest eased as she listened to the soft, steady thumping of Lena’s heart rate so close
to her own and Lena sighed and the tension in her shoulders eased.

“I missed you,” she murmured and Kara felt the heat of her breath tickle her skin and the fine hairs at
her nape rose to attention under Lena’s soft, hands gently stroking the skin there.

Kara felt a purr rumbling in her chest but forced it down and instead hummed in content agreement.

“We have a lot to talk about,” Lena said after a few minutes of them standing there together, lost but
together, in each other’s arms. A few people had come around the corridor, only to pause at the sight,
and then take another route to their destination at Kara’s glare.

“I know.” And Kara did. They both had much to say, and much to hear, but she just wanted this
moment to last. To finally have Lena where she belonged, with her, in her arms, safe.

“I—,” Lena hesitated and her heart-rate tripped over itself and Kara held her tighter, as tight as she
dared, and to her surprise it was tighter than usual, which may have had something to do with the
Kryptonite in Lena, but she’d ask her mother later. “I’m scared,” Lena finally confessed, so softly
that Kara even struggled to hear it and only knew it had been Lena speaking by the fan of breath on
her neck. She wasn’t sure exactly what Lena was cared for, but she knew she’d stand with her and
protect her if need be.

“Me to,” she said and closed her eyes, gently nuzzling Lena’s hair and breathing in. “But we’ll
get through it,” she said firmly, belief in them; herself, in Lena, and in them both, strong. “El
Mayarah, right?” Her attempt at being serious was interrupted by the growl of her belly and she
would have blushed, because there was absolutely no chance that Lena hadn’t heard it. “I’m hungry,
she defended instantly, per habit, even though she knew that Lena had never judged her for her appetite or what she ate—bar trying to get her to eat Kale—which, ew.

Lena’s shaky laugh was followed by a, “God, you’re such a dork.”

Kara grinned. “Yeah, but you love me.” And she knew that now. Knew it within the very fibre of her being, in the veins charged with the sun. Lena loved her. All of her.

Lena hummed in agreement. “I do,” she said in Kryptonese and slowly pulled away.

“I know we need to talk, and soon,” she emphasised, and her eyes were so beautiful Kara could get lost in them, spend years trying to decide if they were green or grey or steel, depending on Lena’s mood.

“But can we talk tomorrow? I’m just,” she ran her hand through her hair and swallowed. Moistening her lips she continued, “I’m a little…..raw right now. I don’t want to say something wrong or not meant it. I want to talk when I’ve showered, eaten, and had a good night’s sleep.”

Kara’s brow tightened slightly before smoothening at the vulnerability in Lena’s eyes and she gently lifted her hands to cup her cheek and Lena’s lashes fluttered, she could hear the soft sound like the wing-beat of a butterfly. Lena nuzzled into her comfort and Kara’s heart warmed. Though she really needed answers, she needed Lena to be okay more, and if she had to wait a few more hours until Lena was ready, then that was okay. Lena needed to heal herself some before she started to tear those wounds open again.

It must have been difficult for her going into CADMUS alone and knowing she could be killed at any moment. Kara, at least, knew she had the DEO at her back; usually led by an angry Green Martian Space-Dad, and a whirlwind of fury contained in a human body of a sister. Lena didn’t have anyone, and Kara was starting to realise that. But now she had Kara, and she was pretty sure that Lena also had Maggie, and maybe even Eliza. J’onn seemed to be on Team Lena as well, he didn’t just let anybody call him J’onn. And Alex would come around; she appreciated loyalty and dedication to family, and badassary; and not to mention Lena had saved Maggie, protected Kara, saved her parents, and loved Kara. Alex would get there, even if she had to drag the two of her favourite people into a room and make them talk- she couldn’t bear it if the people she loved most couldn’t get along. Her sister just needed some time, but she had to admit that Lena was not innocent in making herself out to be the villain.

“We’ll talk in the morning,” she decided, letting Lena have even more time to gather her thoughts and to rest.

“I’m not going anywhere,” she said firmly, conviction layering every word. “I promise.”

Lena swallowed and she could feel the gentle thrum of her hear-beat under her skin and rubbed it softly.

“I love you,” Kara said and could feel her heart want to soar at the words and this, this feeling was why lovers said it constantly. She understood now. She felt invincible when Lena’s smile softened and turned warm and she was saying all manner of things with her eyes alone.

“I love you to, Kara Zor–El,” Lena said and leant in slightly before lifting up on her toes and gently kissing her on the lips. Kara’s eyes closed and she felt her body turn into a puppet on a string, the only thing keeping her upright was Lena’s lips on hers.

Her belly chose that moment to protest and she opened her eyes to find Lena looking at her in fond
amusement. “Come on, let’s get you fed,” she said and started to walk away. Kara grinned, she liked the idea of food. And with Lena no less.

She caught up to Lena with a few bounds and as they passed through security she felt her smile fade and her anxiousness increase. Lena was going out in public, someone could try to hurt her.

“Are you alright staying in uniform?” Lena asked suddenly, voice hesitant and she faltered near the doors, hand going to curl protectively around her stomach. “I’d like some fresh air but-“

“I’m not going anywhere,” Kara promised and gave a little smile. Lena relaxed the slightest amount.

There was the thudding of boots and a panted, “Oi! Don’t leave without me!” Maggie rounded the corner, cleared security with a flash of her dimples and limped up next to them.

“Would dream of it, Detective,” Lena smiled and Kara cast the detective a glance. She had a group of four agents on her heels, Agent Rook among them. He had been tasered by Cole as he had refused to stand aside for the other agent, and had been suspicious of his motives. Cole had tasered him as, though not on the same team, they had been friends. Rook had been cleared by the doctors and appeared keen to return to duty; guarding Lena.

“Miss Luthor. Supergirl,” he inclined his head respectfully as he came to a halt before them, fire arm resting easily. “We have been cleared by Director J’onnz and are to be your protection.” Rook’s lips twitched. “He has requested you recall your conversation and don’t be difficult.”

Lena huffed and rolled her eyes but nodded and then looked at Maggie, and Kara glanced between Lena and Rook and wondered what he was talking about.

“We’ve decided to get some food, would you like to join us?”

Maggie glanced between the two of them and lifted a brow. “Are you gonna be talking?” She asked shrewdly and Kara shook her head.

“We decided it would be better to talk in the morning after a good nights sleep.”

Maggie gave a sharp nod and then her dimples flashed again. “If that’s the case. You’re buying, Little L,” she said and started towards the door.

“Miss Luthor,” Rook said and they turned to him. He had a piece of paper in his hand. “This is an official pardon from the President. No charges can be laid against you for any crimes, alleged or otherwise, while you were working with us to bring CADMUS down. The information has already been sent to your PR team.”

Lena inhaled sharply and Kara cast her a concerned glance.

“They will be informed that you volunteered to go under-cover as an operative for us and relay information back to us. As far as the world will know, you were acting under our orders.”

Lena nearly sagged against the wall, her relief apparent.

“Thank you, J’onn,” she whispered, mostly to herself, and Kara understood. J’onn had seen enough in Lena’s mind to be convinced of her intentions and basically had her cleared of her actions. She wouldn’t face any repercussions for what she had to do while with them, and for what she had done for the aliens in National City, and the world. She was a hero.

“Will you be returning to your penthouse or relocating elsewhere?”
Lena took a moment to reply and Kara watched her brain ticking over until she finally said, “My penthouse.” Kara felt her eyebrows tighten and opened her mouth to protest when Lena lifted her brow pointedly and she closed her mouth. Lena would have already thought about staying at her place, but the penthouse was far better protected than any place Kara could offer her, and Lena probably wouldn’t willing stay in the little hovel the DEO would provide. Apart from an air strike or something like that it was probably the safest place of high quality that Lena would be willing to stay. It would be even safer if Kara were with her the entire time.

She gave a little nod and Lena’s pleased smile tilted the world.

They emerged out into the sunshine and managed to walk a few meters, surrounded by the DEO agents, before all eyes appeared to be on the three of them. People walked into actual power-poles as they stared. Maggie barked a laugh before wincing in pain and Lena cast her a small, knowing smile, aware of exactly what Maggie had found amusing.

Jess was waiting about a hundred meters away, leaning against a car and when she saw them she beamed and ran towards them. “Miss Luthor!” The DEO had their guns up immediately and Jess faltered, lifting her hands and skidding to a stop. It didn’t do much for them not drawing attention to themselves. People were frozen on the footpaths and stalled in cars with wide eyes on them. The agents and Kara were constantly scanning the area and looking for any threats, and Kara stood tall, daring anyone to try to harm Lena while she was at her side.

“Let her through,” Lena commanded and the agents obeyed immediately and Kara looked to Lena, having never heard such command in her tone. That must have been her CEO voice, the one she used when she knew she would not be disobeyed. Jess came up to them, a pleased smile on her face, after glancing warily at the agents, and her eyes were watery.

“Miss Luthor.” Jess smiled and shook her head and pressed her lips together. “It’s good to see you.” Kara heard a little sniffle and Lena’s smile widened. The two had only been communicating in the past few hours, and only via cell-phone, as Lena had been unconscious in the hospital and then in the DEO. Jess must have been frantic to find her boss and make sure she was okay.

“Tears of joy?” Lena enquired silkily and Jess gave a shaky laugh and shook her head.

“Relief. Job markets tough,” Jess said with a straight face and Lena smirked.

“I’m sure surviving me is reference enough.”

Jess blinked in dismay. “Don’t talk like that, Miss Luthor! You’re an amazing boss!” She said firmly and gave a little nod.

“I have some clothes for you; casual and business,” she continued before Lena could speak and pointed to the car. “And I spoke with Phil in PR and the team is working on a media release as we speak.” Jess hesitated and glanced to Supergirl and to the agents around them before looking back at Lena seriously.

“They didn’t protect you very well,” she said seriously. “And I wish you’d told me. I could have helped.” She crossed her arms and almost looked like a petulant child.

Lena had started walking to the vehicle, obviously eager to get out of her borrowed DEO clothing, and the group moved with her as though caught in her orbit. “It was my decision,” Lena said softly. “I knew the risks and took steps.”

“Yes,” Jess said dryly. “I’ve been in discussion with your lawyers… you planned for your death.”
Jess’s brow tightened and Kara knew that the two of them were feeling the same way about Lena going in under-cover and knowing the odds of her survival.

Jess clicked her keys and the car beeped as it was unlocked and Lena smiled at Kara and ducked into the car. Kara glanced over it with her x-ray vision just in case, but saw nothing of interest and turned her attention back to their surroundings. Lena didn’t take very long, and soon she was emerging in a pair of jeans, hoodie, glasses, and white high-top sneakers.

Jess ducked into the front passenger seat and emerged with a phone and a card— one of those black business credit cards. It had the L-Corp Logo on it and that of a National Bank.

“I didn’t know where your phone and cards were so I got you this,” she held up the phone and then offered it to Lena, “and I got your business card.”

Lena smiled as she accepted the phone and then the card and her smile was… unusual, one Kara hadn’t seen before. “I’ve never actually used this,” she said looking at the card and then shrugged and put it in her pocket along with her phone.

“And as I tell you every time, Miss Luthor, the CEO,” Jess emphasised, “has every right to use the company card. Especially when traveling.”

“Even when they’re staying in five-star accommodation and flying business class?” Lena asked wryly and Jess scowled at her.

“You don’t owe them anything, Miss Luthor,” Jess said sharply and Lena shook her head slowly. “Besides,” Jess continued. “I had Mikala connect it to your salary instead,” she added smugly. “It comes off that so technically it’s not company money so you can spend it how you wish.”

“Spending money I don’t have,” Lena said and lifted a brow pointedly, but she sounded amused. “How…millennial… of me.”

Jess rolled her eyes. “You can pay it back. I just wasn’t able to sign for any of your replacement cards, and I didn’t know where the others were- I had them suspended though,” Jess added and then shrugged and turned serious. “I didn’t know if you were—if you were,” Kara could hear her voice catch and Lena stepped forward and placed her hand on Jess’ arm.

“I’m here. I’m okay, Jess. Really.” Her voice was gentle and soft and she ducked her head a little to try and meet Jess’ eyes. Her secretary cleared her throat and wiped away a tear.

“Right,” she swallowed and straightened, returning to the professional she was. “What are your plans for the evening?”

“We are going to eat,” Lena said and then glanced at Kara, “and then I’ll be returning home. Agent Rook,” the agent nodded to Jess and then went back to looking at the streets and buildings, “and his team have been assigned to protect me. From the government.”

Jess’ eyes went wide and she looked at them again before turning back to Lena. “I’ll shop for your apartment then,” she said and gave a little nod. “Ring David if you need a ride,” then she gave a smile as Lena inhaled sharply. “He was released a few weeks ago, and wants to get back to work.”

Jess gave another nod to them all, cast a glance over the agents, and then opened the driver door. “Call me if you need anything,” she said and smiled happily at Lena. “It’s good to have you back, Miss Luthor.”

Lena gave her a little wave as she stepped back into the protection of her detail and looked at Kara.
“You’ve been remarkably patient,” she told her in Kryptonese, and Kara had to fight back a smile at hearing Lena speaking her language. “Shall we feed you?”

“C’mon,” Maggie complained. “Let’s get some food!”

Kara gave a little nod and bowed dramatically and swept her arm down the street. “After you, M’Lady! And My Lady,” she bowed to Lena.

Maggie just shook her head and then strutted smugly ahead of them. “How do you feel about pizza? ’cause I feel very strongly about it.”

Lena smiled and accepted her arm and linked theirs together and that was how they went into a pizza restaurant. They filed in and everyone looked at them, and the poor workers almost froze at seeing exactly who was in their store’ Supergirl, and Lena Luthor, and a lot of big dudes with big guns, but were accustomed to a lot of shit and mostly took it in their stride. Though they asked Kara for her autograph and a picture, which she obliged while they waited.

Maggie joked that maybe they could get free pizza and the manager was swift to offer them whatever they wanted and then Maggie, Lena, and Kara had to explain that they were joking and would of course pay for what they wanted. It took a lot of convincing, but they managed to get the manager down to offering them free drinks and fries while they dined. It was a fair deal; the publicity the store would get would more than make up for the inhuman amount of pizza Kara inhaled, but she didn’t like to use her fame to get things, and Lena looked uncomfortable with it. Maggie, for an odd reason, seemed okay with it, and when Lena discreetly questioned, told her straight up. ‘Pride is for those who can afford it. Usually people like your white ass. Free food is free food. I’m not on duty and they’re doing it for Supes.’

It had been a little awkward while Lena processed what she had said and then she gave a slow, acknowledging nod and then Maggie changed the subject. It made Kara wonder a little bit more about Maggie’s background, because she was right. Pride was for those who could afford it.

The DEO agents were also offered pizza and took turns eating, making sure there was always at least three of them ready to defend Lena, and Maggie at her request, though Kara knew that Lena would be the priority. Not that people were doing much more than staring at them, the Luthor and the Super, laughing and eating together less than a week after Lena had shot her with the Detective who seemed chummy with them both. The mostly just stared and whispered and held their phones in their direction. Lena had been missing for a few days now, and no-one even knew if she were alive, so to see her eating, drinking and laughing with Supergirl and the detective was a shock.

They managed half an hour before the entire shop was full and with a horde of press outside and Lena kept casting them glances while she toyed with what remained of her pizza.

“Argh ou gerna eat vat?”

Lena shook her head and offered her her final slice and Kara beamed as she accepted it and inhaled it just as she had the other slices she’d eaten.

“Home?” She asked when she had finished and wiped her fingers on a napkin. Lena gave a little nod and she had been yawning for the past five minutes, so Kara knew it was time.

Rook spoke into his radio and the agents around them pushed people out of the way as they moved into formation, not that they had to try very hard, even with a packed restaurant, their guns did plenty of talking for them. Kara, Maggie, and Lena were tucked safely in the middle of the agents and together they walked towards the doors. She could already hear the press shouting and screaming
and the lights were beginning to bother her, and knew they were bothering Lena by the way she hid into her hoodie. Maggie also looked a bit uncomfortable now, but she hid it behind her badass detective mask.

The moment the door opened the press swarmed forward and Lena muttered something unpleasant about them in Kryptonese to Kara and she barked a laugh.

“I can fly you home?” She enquired as people shouted questions and jammed cameras and microphones in their faces, their sheer number allowing them through the human shield the DEO were trying to make.

Lena hesitated a moment and then nodded. “Maggie?”

“I’ll be fine. Just get these boys to drop me off on the way over,” Maggie shouted over the questions and Kara nodded as she didn’t think Lena had heard. She tapped Agent Wolfe on the shoulder and shouted into his ear that she was taking Lena and could they drop Maggie home. He nodded once, obviously more concerned with how the press weren’t paying any heed to their instructions to stay back, even with their guns in hand, and Kara halted Lena.

Lena turned to her in question and Kara smiled and offered her her hand and she had a flash of a knight offering his hand to a lady in one of those old, beautiful paintings.

Lena accepted and then Kara pulled her gently closer, ignoring how the press surged closer.

“I have you,” she whispered to her, knowing Lena would read her lips and Lena gave a little nod. “I’ll never let you go. Ever again.”

“El Mayarah,” Lena smiled and she slowly lifted them from the ground, Lena’s heart-rate remaining steady as they did so, secure in the knowledge that Kara had her and wouldn’t let her go. Would never let her go. El Mayarah; they were stronger together.

Chapter End Notes

Swiftly goes the year, does it not?

For Sara: may it make your day brighter.
Part Sixty - Two

Chapter Summary

TW: Reference to murder, to attempted murder, strangulation. covering up of said murder, and to child abuse. It can be taken as Sexual Assault/Implied Rape/Non-Con, and/or Physical Abuse. It is not, what I would call explicit (I don't define anything), but please, if this could trigger you, stay safe. This is going to get a little heavy.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The smell of hot chocolate woke her and she took a moment to nuzzle into the soft pillow beneath her and curl into the sun beneath heavenly sheets. It took her a few moments to register she wasn’t in her own bed, but by then she had sorted the smells clinging to the sheets and pillows, lingering on the air. Lena. She was in Lena’s bed. Letting out a happy sigh she turned over and blinked at the sun coming through the open blinds.

It was early morning, obviously, but not as early as she was usually up, which was odd but understandable considering how stressful the past few weeks had been. With Lena in her arms and safe she had been able to let a lot of her tension leave her body, and obviously she had needed the rest.

Turning her attention into the apartment she could hear the whirl of a likely expensive coffee machine dribbling liquid into a cup and the gently clinks of someone preparing breakfast in the kitchen. She turned her head a little and peered through the walls, able to confirm Lena was up and about, safe, and was making breakfast. She was content to watch her still-only-just-a-friend move around her apartment while she prepared breakfast and then rolled over with a sigh.

She left Lena to her own devices as she pondered how the morning could go and what she wanted to say. She had thought she would spend all night thinking on it but once she had Lena in her arms, finally able to rest after weeks of being on edge, she too had felt her eyelids grow heavy and had fallen into sleep.

But now she was awake the thoughts that had been swirling around the back of her mind came to the forefront and it was difficult to decide which one was more important. They were many points, some more important to her as Supergirl, others more important to Kara Danvers, others even sill more important to Kara Zor-El. Though she knew now, at least, that whatever J’on had gotten from Lena in their interview had firmly set her on their side, which was a relief. The thought of Lena being against them, against her, was too painful to think about.

She was lazily gazing out the window when something drew her attention back into the penthouse. Listening she realised that Lena’s heart-rate had accelerated and her breathing was laboured and Kara was up and zooming into the kitchen before her mind even registered Lena’s panic-attack.

Lena’s hair was in a loose pony-tail and strands of it had broken free to curl about her face and she was wearing a blue thigh-high kimono over her Supergirl pyjamas. She was….mesmerising. Pale skin lit with morning light and all of her CEO walls non-existent and as she raced towards her Kara felt a deep, longing ache for her to be greeted with this every morning for the rest of her life.
“Lena!” She called as she slid to a halt in front of her friend and hesitantly reached out to her. Lena flinched at her sudden arrival, or maybe it was the movement, and the white-knuckles grip she had on the bench top.

“Hey,” she cooed softly and gently reached out to touch her fore-arms, Lena’s wide, stormy eyes watching her every move. She didn’t flinch away from the touch, but didn’t respond to it, so Kara took that as a win and gently rubbed her skin in comfort. “I’ve got you,” she said quietly, ducking her head to try and meet Lena’s eyes. “I’m here. You’re safe. I love you.”

It took her a moment, and she slipped into Kryptonese nothings, half remembered words her mother had used to lull her to sleep on Krypton, and eventually the wild, lost look in Lena’s eyes settled and she shifted.

Kara met her gaze a moment before opening her arms in silent invitation and Lena stepped forward and into them and buried her face in her shoulder. Having Lena in her arms felt right. It felt like home. She lowered her head as Lena’s body shook in exhausted sobs and nuzzled her hair. It smelt like normal and she felt her body curl around Lena and try to inhale her presence. Obviously while she was sleeping Lena’d had a shower and she nuzzled closer. Lena didn’t seem to mind and pressed closer against her, arms going around her back and pulling her tight.

Lena cried for a long time, and Kara let her, knowing she needed to get this out and knowing Lena needed support now and when she was ready to talk.

Eventually her shaking subsided and she could hear the soft, steady beating of Lena’s heart echoing in the chambers of her chest.

“Better?” she murmured, eyes closed and cheek pressed against Lena’s head.

“Mh,” Lena hummed shakily in response and squeezed her tighter before gently pulling away. The warmth of her faded immediately and Kara resisted the urge to pull her back into her arms where she belonged.

“Did you—” Lena halted and glanced at the bench where her butter had a little puddle of bright amber around it. “I was going to make pancakes,” she settled on and brushed the locks of hair out of her face.

“I like pancakes,” Kara said suddenly, both because she did, in fact, love pancakes, but also because Lena was trying to make her breakfast and she absolutely wanted that domesticity.

Lena gave a little nod. “Did you want to have a shower then? I,” she hesitated and her eyes darted to the side. “I wanted to make you breakfast,” she finished, sounding a little embarrassed.

Kara looked over Lena a moment and then gave a little nod. As much as she would like to help make breakfast, Lena had wanted to do this herself, and maybe she’d like a little space to clutch the shreds of her composure to her.

“Okay. Thank you,” Kara said softly. Lena’s half smile made her heart ache.

“Just grab what you need from my closet,” Lena suggested gently as she washed her hands in the sink. “Have a look in the third drawer and then in the fifth one.”

Kara gave a little nod and followed the instruction, pausing once to glance back at Lena as she reached for the butter.

Lena had spare clothes in those drawers and a set of undergarments with the tags still on and Kara
got what she needed before retreating into the master bathroom. Lena’s shower was as good as she remembered it being and she didn’t feel odd as she used her shampoo and body wash and a thrill ran through her. She would smell like Lena.

Super-speed saw her through the washing, dressing, and then drying of her hair and she was back out in the kitchen to smell as Lena set the first pancake down on a plate. She felt her mouth water. It smelt amazing and she was very tempted to take the pancake and dip it into the batter and then inhale it, but a warning glance from Lena—which told her that Lena knew exactly what she was thinking of—made her change her mind.

Instead she eyed the second cup of steaming hot-chocolate and pounced on it. She brought it to her lips and hummed in satisfaction as the rich, sweet smell coated the back of her tongue before she could even take a sip. Lena cast her another glance and a small smile crept on her lips as she poured another pancake into the pan. There was another pan simmering with a mixture of banana and brown sugar and Kara couldn’t wait to start. She also had a third pan with some bacon sizzling and Kara’s belly growled in anticipation. She blushed as Lena looked at her and she smiled with her eyes before nodding to the large double doored refrigerator.

“There is frozen berries in the freezer if you want them, and there is maple syrup and whipped cream in the fr-”

Kara dove for the refrigerator and Lena finished, “fridge,” amusement colouring the word.

It took her but a moment to find the whipped cream in a can and she pulled it instantly and gave it a little shake before popping the lid and tipping her head back.

It whirled and hissed as the cream emerged from the can in a flowered pattern and she happily closed her mouth and swallowed it down before turning and facing Lena.

Lena blinked, haloed in the light, with her spatula hanging limply in her hand and with her head tilted. She had a look of fond amusement on her face and her lips were split in a smile.

Kara felt heat rush to her face and awkwardly lowered the can to her sides. “I um, when I first came to Earth the Danvers um… I really like whipped cream?”

Lena’s heart rate jumped and thudded and she straightened and Kara paused and looked her over wondering as to the reaction. There was a slight dilation to her pupils and her breathing increased before she spun back to her pancake and pointedly controlled her breathing.

Oh. Oh. Kara’s mouth went dry and her heart beat out its response. Right. Okay. Cool. That was…. That was cool. Better than cool. Great even. Yup.

Suddenly unsure of what to do with the revelation that Lena was physically attracted to her she shuffled a moment and then lofted the can back to her mouth.

She could see Lena’s tongue moisten her lips and was struck with a sudden jolt of electricity running through her body. Swallowing she was thankful her Kryptonian biology meant her oxygen intake was less than that of a human as she very nearly choked on the cream. thankfully she was smooth and didn’t make a fool of herself.

She leant against the bench watching as Lena deftly poured some mix into the saucepan and then eyed the large stack of pancakes sitting under a heat lamp. Maybe she could?

“Don’t you dare,” Lena said warningly and Kara sighed and slumped back against the bench.
She huffed, loudly, and settled against the bench again, almost content to watch Lena cook her breakfast. It would have been better if she could have been eating said breakfast while watching Lena cook her more, or if she could take Lena in her arms while she cooked her breakfast.

She considered it a moment; walking up to her and wrapping her arms around her and Lena would lean back into her and Kara would nuzzle into her neck and maybe place little kisses there, content just to be in her presence…. And maybe sneak a rasher of bacon off the plate while Lena was distracted.

“What are you smiling at?” Lena asked curiously, playfully as though she had some idea of what was going through Kara’s mind.

She fought the urge to glance down and away from the warmth in Lena’s gaze, and gave her blush up as a lost cause, and shrugged her shoulders a little, wanting to go with the truth to see the pretty, pleased flush dust alabaster skin.

“You. Always,” she replied sincerely and was rewarded with Lena ducking her head a little, a blush crawling over her cheeks and a pleased smile etching on her lips. Lovely.

Her stomach growled and she wrapped her arm around it in comfort. She would be fed soon, she knew that. Could smell that.

“I-“ Lena hesitated and her heart rate accelerated and the grip she had on her spatula turned white. “I took the liberty of asking Clark here,” she said cautiously and kept her eyes pointedly on the pancake in the pan.

Kara felt a shudder run through her and a half dozen questions flew through her mind and she couldn’t decide which one to ask.

“Um,” she ran her hand through her hair and swallowed. “Um, why did- when is he?”

“He should be here shortly. I-“ Lena hesitated and glanced at her. “I know that you two aren’t in a good place right now,” Lena said softly and her eyes were big and sorrowful and full of pain, and all Kara wanted to do was take her into her arms and never let her go. “But he wanted to come and talk to you- I think Lois was pushing him- so I asked him to see me-us- first…” She finished and swallowed, heart-rate spiking in anxiety and Kara’s stomach curled in response.

She didn’t want to face Clark today, and not after what he, and she-they- had said to each other while he was under the effect of the Red Kryptonite. She had said some hard truths as well, and Kal’s native language, the language that should have fallen from his lips with ease, was foreign and stilted and harsh and she had hated it. Hated what had been taken from them. Hated that he didn’t share her pain so at least she wasn’t alone, their loss could be shared. But he hadn’t wanted her. He had turned away from his House, from their House, and that was a betrayal that she could barely stomach. It was treason of their blood, betrayal of the highest order. She especially didn’t want to face him before, or even after, her talk with Lena. She had a feeling it was going to be very emotional.

“Oh-kay,” she said and turned her attention on the pancakes Lena was dividing into two.

Lena only had two on her plate and was sparse with her sprinkle of bacon and drizzle of syrup, but indicated Kara help herself. She happily did so, hungry as always but wondering if the food would settle heavy in her belly and if emotion would turn it into a torrid water spout and force if from her body. It had only ever happened when her heart controlled her body and tried to expel its pain, forcing food upwards and outwards while it raged and bellowed its torment.
They sat, rather awkwardly if Kara were to judge, at Lena’s kitchen bench on the bar stools. It was….silent but polite when they did speak, both of them were lost in their own thoughts and it was Kara who first heard the arrival of her cousin.

He hovered for a moment outside the windows and then knocked on them. Kara saw Lena start from the corner of her eye and instinctively reached out to her, only to recoil just millimetres from her—what if she didn’t want her comfort?

“Clark,” Lena acknowledged and pushed away from the bench, her hardly touched pancakes slowly going cold. From the looks of it she may have had a piece of banana and some bacon, but nothing else had been touched. “The balcony’s open.”

Clark flew away from the window and he was soon inside the house, cape imperiously waving behind him and he looked uncharacteristically nervous as he came into the kitchen.

Kara didn’t know if she wanted to meet his eyes or not. She could still taste the bile of their words, could still feel the ache the fury of them had left behind, and knew when they finally talked it would be one of the hardest things she had ever done.

Lena had gone pale and her heart-rate had accelerated but her gaze was clear and steady.

“Lena,” Clark said and his eyes were sombre and his voice soft. Kara started slightly. Clark had always referred to Lena as Miss Luthor, even when they in private, so to hear him say her name, and with, she hazarded a guess, familiarity, was startling.

“Kara,” Clark greeted her, voice too low for human ears and with a little nod of greeting.

“Superman,” she greeted calmly, ignoring the increase to her heart-rate, knowing that everyone inside was uncomfortable and just not willing to show it.

Lena rolled her eyes and scoffed. “Oh, please,” she said with a slight snarl to her tone. “We all know who each other are. Enough with the formalities. You are family.”

Clark flicked her a long, appraising look and nodded and then looked back at Kara. “I—“ Clark hesitated and Lena muttered something uncomplimentary under her breath, something Kara couldn’t quite hear but could get the tone of, as she turned away and returned to the kitchen.

Clark glared after Lena’s retreating form but his expression softened after a moment and the strength to his shoulders lessened and he looked at Kara.

“When you’re ready, Kara,” he said softly, jaw moving with the words as he considered them, “I’d like to speak to you about…” he glanced at Lena, who met his gaze squarely and went back to loading the dishwasher, “what was said and has been done.” It was rather shocking to see her normally confident and arrogant cousin looking so confused and apologetic, but Kara knew they needed to talk things over, needed to clear the air, even if she wasn’t ready for it. Still. Clark had made the first step and she was willing to meet him in the middle. She had to. He was the last of her blood.

She gave a small nod in agreement and looked back at her breakfast. It was delicious but…. She wasn’t hungry anymore. Her stomach felt like it was using her intestines as skipping ropes in a double-dutch style and it was starting to take its toll.

The three of them settled into awkward silence and Kara wondered if she could maybe help Lena with the dishes so that it at least gave her something to do and she got to her feet and did so at a human pace.
Lena’s eyes came up in surprise but she met her gaze a moment and directed her to the compost bin for the food scraps and continued to rinse the saucepan.

Clark stood awkwardly in the middle of the room, looking so out of place in his Super-suit, because even though it was Lena’s space, Kara was more welcome, Supergirl was more welcome than Superman. The idea oddly pleased her but then she returned to feeling weighed down by lead shoes and clothing and shuffled around the kitchen and Lena. She wanted desperately to touch her, to do anything to ease the frantic thrilling of her heart beat, to soften the rigidity of her spine, but Lena was recoiling from her space and curling into herself as the minutes stretched on, and she didn’t want to do anything to make her seem weak in front of Clark.

Eventually, when all of the dishes were put away, and the bench wiped clean for about the third time, Lena spoke.

“Where were you?” She asked of Clark in a soft hiss and the two Kryptonian’s sagged in unison at someone finally breaking the silence. “When,” Lena’s words caught in her throat but she forced them on, “L-ionel died?”

Clark hesitated, took a partial step towards Lena who visibly flinched away from him, and Kara felt herself shift closer to Lena ready to defend her. Clark halted and lifted his hands in a peaceful gesture but his eyes were on Lena.

Lena who had her head thrown back with her hair falling out of ponytail and with her eyes wide and striking in their stormy lack of colour. Her face and body was set with silent defiance, but her heart-rate gave her away. It was humming, the sound almost blending into one continuous beat.

“I-“ Clark sighed and his shoulders hunched and he looked like Clark now, Clark wearing a Superman-suit that was far too big for him and didn’t belong on him. “I was proposing.” He said. “To Lois,” he added unnecessarily and Lena’s grip on the counter turned her knuckles white, but she kept her voice even as she clarified.

“So you were proposing while I- while I was-“ Lena’s words were choked in her throat and Kara inched forward with the urge to take her into her arms and keep her safe, to fight off the demons that were tormenting her, but didn’t dare to, least Lena shatter in her arms and she would never forgive Kara if she did that in front of Superman.

“Yes,” Clark said and his eyes closed in pain and when they opened a moment longer they were soft and full of pity.

“No wonder Lex hates you,” Lena said and gave a shaky laugh that didn’t do anything to conceal how close she was to breaking. “You did fail.”

“Yes,” Clark’s response was a sigh, a confession so silent as though he were afraid of it.

Lena caught and held Clark’s eyes for a long moment while Kara glanced between the two as though she were at Wimbledon.

“You can see yourself out,” Lena said eventually, voice measured. Were it not for her superior hearing Kara wouldn’t have been able to detect the slight quaver to her words, the tremble as each vowel left her lips.

Clark gave a little half nod, a jerk of his head like that of a sparrow, glanced to Kara and then turned and walked away.

As he exited a shudder ran through Lena and Kara took a partial step towards her, wanting to help
but not knowing how.

“I killed Lionel,” she said suddenly and her laugh was as brittle as shattered glass and Kara felt her heart ache.

“He was strangling Lex, you see,” Lena continued, voice strangled but features void of emotion and eyes unseeing, looking to the past. “I hit him over the head with that trophy over there,” she said glancing over to the trophy standing on the corner table near a vase of flowers. She was eyeing it with a fierce intensity, like that of a predator on its prey.

“Lex,” she continued and Kara could see how she was trembling, how her body had wound itself as tense as a bow before its release, “didn’t want-didn’t want, she paused then and forcefully removed her hands from the counter top and stared at them as though she hadn’t quite realised how tightly she was holding it. There was a faint red line amidst the red, right across each palm from the strength she had gripped the marble edge. As she held them trembling to her eyes they wept and Kara took another step closer to her, hand outstretched.

“And so,” she swallowed and Kara could hear it catch on the way down, hear the trembling of her heart, “we set it up.” She finally turned her gaze to the side to take in Kara and the lost, wounded, afraid look in her eyes made Kara’s knees buckle before they held. “It was remarkable easy,” she said and her accent was slipping through, her voice soft but brittle as she forced her confession onwards.

“He liked to drink a lot, did Lionel.” Her jaw was working through the words, pushing them onwards and force them free from their prison. “All we had to do was pour some whisky on his clothes, drop the glass at the top, and throw him down the stairs. Gravity did the rest.” Lena moistened her lips with a shaky part to them and her exhale shook as she freed it. Her eyes had turned glassy with unshed tears and Kara didn’t know what to do with her hands. Did she touch her when she so clearly didn’t want to be touched? Or did she not touch her when she clearly needed the comfort? Her fingers curled and unfurled in their indecision and she inched closer to Lena, knowing that she hadn’t told her the full story and dreading it.

“We paid off the coroner when he suggested it could be anything other than an accident and we… just….moved on. Luthor’s are good at that,” she said and rolled her shoulder and her jaw tightened as she clenched her hands. “Not seeing things they don’t want to see. Pretending nothing can touch you. Rising above it all,” she added and a tear rolled down her cheek and traced the contour of her jaw. It rested where her jawline curved down to her mouth and trebled as she breathed and Rao, she was still so beautiful.

Her fingers shook as she forced them open and Kara could feel her muscles protest at the action after their previous abuse, but Lena gave no outward sign of the discomfort she must have been feeling. Instead she seemed oddly fascinated by the small red vein of blood snaking its way down her dainty white wrists. It was a beautiful contrast. Objectively.

“Why-“ Kara rasped and paused to clear her throat and inched forward again. Lena gave no indication of approval or disapproval for her close proximity so she took that as a win and hovered just shy of touching her friend. She could feel her heat, feel Lena’s heartbeat thrumming through her veins. Could taste the blood coating the air, metallic and thick at the back of her mouth.

“Why was Lionel strangling Lex?” She managed, her own heart hammering as she waited for an answer she had a feeling she knew.

Lena turned to face her fully now, chest rising and falling as though she’d run a marathon and her blood was roaring rampant through her veins, setting her afire from within.
“Because, *Supergirl*,” she said mockingly, lips curling into a sneer. “Some people are weak,” she spat out, words harsh and cold but eyes hallow and empty, like glass eyes. “And need other people to protect them.”

Kara would never call Lena any version of ugly, not in character, spirit, or in body, but the way she spoke those words, directing them to an unknown person with such venom and hatred twisted her regal features into something else, something that didn’t represent Lena at all. She ignored the faint ache of hurt in her own heart in the light of Lena’s pain, for she knew that the person Lena was referring to as weak and in need of protection was herself…. A younger, innocent Lena.

Something in her chest growled and roared at what it was hearing and hatred, so vile and black and thick and encompassing kindled in her chest with the ferocity of a wild fire. Someone had hurt Lena. Someone who was meant to protect her had hurt a beautiful and hopeful sole and Kara wanted to tear them apart. She wanted to hear their screams, see them sob for mercy, watch the life leave them. She wanted them to suffer. She wanted them to die.

Lena’s eyes were closed and her lids fluttered with unshed tears and Kara caught a warped reflection of herself on the tear that trembled at Lena’s jaw before falling to the floor. Her eyes were red in her fury and her face was twisted into something hateful and full of fire. She recoiled at it a moment, turning from her own rage and pain and instead looked at the woman who had, in her own words, risen above it. But Kara was learning that these things never truly left you and Lena’s particular wound was likely still festering and bleeding.

“Being a victim,” Kara began strongly before halting at the way Lena rolled her eyes as though she knew exactly what Kara was going to say. It occurred to her that maybe she did. For even if no news outlet had caught of the youngest Luthor needing counselling Lena was a problem solver and had probably sought her own way to survive.

Lena was a scientist at heart, though Kara suspected that she was more of an El as her ‘hope’ for the world was beyond Earth, belonging to a heart forged in the stars. She had probably done her own research.

“Surviving something is nothing to be ashamed of,” Kara said strongly, feeling the words reverberate in her chest and bounce off the arches of her heart and build into a roar, as though every part of her was echoing it back to her in the hopes it would reach Lena. “You told me that,” Kara said fiercely and pressed closer to Lena. Lena recoiled slightly, curling into herself and suddenly seeming small. And it struck Kara as she hesitated that maybe this was a part of Lena that she still was, a young girl who had kept a terrible secret with only her brother, and he was likely at a loss of how to help his younger sister.

Lena’s disbelieving smile was broken and wry and mocking and full of disgust and pity for that young girl and Kara couldn’t take it anymore. She took another final step closer and wrapped Lena in her arms and held her securely. Lena stiffened in her arms and her heart-beat accelerated, her breathing turning shallow.

“You are not alone,” she whispered fiercely into Lena’s hair, ignoring how the strands tickled her lips. “You told me that we were not to blame for the actions of others. You told me that we can only control our own actions and that we are not responsible for what other people do or say.”

Lena was squirming, pressing against the warm arms that held her trying to free herself. Kara held her tighter, ignoring how she was trying to stand alone when she didn’t have to. It reminded her of when she had first come to Earth and the Danvers had tried to offer her comfort and she had shrugged it off until Alex had snapped at her, telling her she was a fool for brushing off comfort when it was freely offered. She still remembered Alex’s anger as she had told her no one could go it
alone, and that she was a fool for trying, and that she would die alone-eventually- if she didn’t
accepted comfort if it were offered. It had reminded her of her home and she had broken down even
further, knowing that the House of El considered accepting and offering help as an honour, and that
she was being a fool.

“Needing help. Accepting help,” Kara said and pulled back just a little so that she could direct
Lena’s gaze to her own to let her know the seriousness of her words. “Is not a weakness. You are
not weak,” she said fiercely when Lena’s wide, frightened eyes finally lifted to meet her own.

“I let- he-” Lena stammered out and Kara’s responding, “No!” startled her.

“No,” Kara repeated and cupped both of Lena’s cheeks with her hands, gentle and as reassuring as
she could. “No. Lena…..”

She ran her eyes over Lena’s features and stroked her thumb across the soft, slightly wet from tears,
skin. “Lena, you are so beautiful.”

Lena opened her mouth and Kara placed a finger over her lips to silence her. “No, she said firmly.
“You are.” She shook her head slightly and looked at the woman who couldn’t see just how bright
her own light shone.

“They say that I am naive for wanting to help so many people. For believing in them, but it’s not
naivety. It’s hope,” she emphasised, eyes never straying from Lena’s own. She could see her
reflection in them if she looked hard enough, could see the birth and death of stars in them if she
stared long enough. “It is hope that makes me go out and help people. Hope that gets them to stand
with me. Hope that brings life and light and love. Hope….And you have it. You are so good, Lena
and I will tell you this every day until I die.”

Lena’s breath was a shaken sigh and she was trembling beneath Kara’s hands, just like she had all
those weeks ago in the park when Kara had told her she loved her.

“You are not weak. You are not bad. You are not a hundred other things that they,” her hand shot
out to wave broadly at the entirety of National City and the World, “say you are. Only you can
decide who you are. You; accepted the mantle for your families company when it would have been
easier for you to let it go. You; moved the headquarters to National City. You; navigated various
threats on your life and succeeded. You; saved the aliens in the city. You; lifted your company and
brought it into the light. You; brought down CADMUS. You; saved me. You. Are. My. Hero. And I
Love You.” Kara was breathing heavily by the time she had finished, and Lena’s eyes were wide
with wonder.

“Are you weak?” She demanded fiercely breath falling on Lena’s lips and fanning her hair gently
back from her face.

Kara could feel fire in her veins, pounding through her body with a fierce desire and purpose.

Lena took a deep breath and straightened in Kara’s hold, her eyes blinking away her unshed tears
and they turned firm, resolute. Steel. And Kara wondered, not for the first time, if the name given to
her was a mantle that truly belonged to the woman in her arms. The Woman of Steel she was not, but
Lena certainly was.

“No,” Lena said strongly and Kara was certain that in times long ago men would have fallen to her
steel in battle, followed her to the ends of the Earth, and held her strength in their hearts as they faced
certain peril.
“You are my strength,” Kara said and pressed her forehead against Lena’s, hoping that in tis she
could offer Lena her strength so they could carry each other. “You are my Light. My fire. I carry you
with me always,” she said softly and Lena’s hands were wringing the collar of her shirt but Kara
didn’t care about the fabric. “And you can never fade,” her voice was a reverent whisper. “Because
you are an idea, Lena. You are Hope. My Hope,” Kara confessed, but it was nothing she would shy
from, or be ashamed of. She would tell the world of it if she could and vowed to find a way to show
Lena just how she made Kara feel, what she made Kara believe.

“I love you,” Kara finished and wrapped her arms around Lena once again. She could feel the
beating of her heart through her skin and it set its pace in Kara’s blood, uniting their hearts with one
song.

“And I you,” Lena’s reply was a breathless exhale as she finally relaxed in Kara’s arms. But it was
as though a storm had finally broke and Lena trembled and shook and then a choked cry tore itself
from her lips and she went limp in Kara’s arms. Kara held her close and guided them gently onto the
floor while Lena shook into her neck, body straining with the effort of holding her tears back,
cradled within the safety of Kara’s arms.

“He hurt me,” she whimpered and it was broken speech, lost to an ocean of tears and pain that Lena
couldn’t or wouldn’t let out.

“I’ve got you.” Kara whispered, feeling her own tears fall onto Lena’s dark hair and her heart ached
in pain and she wanted to tear the world apart and make sure it never turned on the sweet, gentle soul
in her arms but knew it wasn’t possible. Lena’s pain was Lena’s. But she wasn’t alone anymore.

“You aren’t alone,” she promised and pressed her lips to Lena’s head.

And Lena fell apart, finally free to let herself fall and trust in someone to catch her. Kara tightened
her hold as though she could force her love into Lena, let her see just how Kara saw her. Lena was
Life. Lena was a Light. Lena made Kara believe.

In Hope. In Love. In Humanity.

Chapter End Notes

I hope everyone is okay. I'll reply to your comments (on this and the last) in the next
chapter. Also, Guess who got into Game of Thrones? and what a bad idea that was :D
Binged watched in three days. Up to Season 4 :D Mwah.

Also, I'm not personally familiar with anything ^^^^ . Google research doesn't help all
that much. Still. Love and Strength to any and all survivors. El Mayarah.
Alex Danvers let out the breath she had been holding as she swiftly walked away from DEO briefing room three and made her way to her locker. She wanted to beat something until she got an answer. The news hadn’t been good. CADMUS still had the virus and Lillian and Lex were still evading custody with the help of their enhanced soldiers and Hank Henshaw.

Lena’s actions, everything she had done and gone through had been for nothing, well, not nothing. Kara and the captured aliens were still alive, and they had gotten Jeremiah back! But their enemy had gotten away, and even worse, they were now aware of Lena’s alliance to them and if anything it painted an even bigger target on the young CEO’s back.

She still wasn’t convinced about the youngest Luthor, she had her reservations, after all; the woman had played CADMUS, the DEO, Kara, and her mother and brother at once, but… the evidence that supported her outweighed the burden of her last name. Lena was a Luthor, through and through, that much was obvious by how she had played everyone and had looked after her own interests, but, according to J’onn, who’d had a little talk with Alex after he had interview Lena, Kara was one of Lena’s interests. And Kara had enough enemies that having one of the potentially most dangerous women in the world care about her and protect her was nothing to turn her nose up at. Maggie had been the one to help her see that. Lena wanted to protect Kara, and as Kara was Supergirl, Lena wanted to protect Supergirl as well. Having a Luthor on your team, Maggie had said pointedly, was not a bad thing. Lena had a lot of resources and they could use her to further their own ends.

Still. The fact that Lena had pretended to join CADMUS, and had given Alex no indication of her being on their side and, indeed, had almost gone out of her way to make Alex distrust her, didn’t really go any way to get Alex to like her, or even to trust her.

But J’onn had spoken and she figured he had seen something in Lena’s mind while she was weakened- because apparently he hadn’t been able to get a good reading on her before- and said she was firmly on team Kara. And…. As much as Alex didn’t trust Lena still, she trusted in J’onn, and if J’onn said Lena would protect Kara then she was willing to let her do so. She didn’t have to like it, or even like Lena, but she would at least let Lena and Kara do as they were.

Besides, she had bigger issues to deal with; namely Lex, Lillian, Metallo, Henshaw, and CADMUS and their next plans. They had learnt from Lena, and the captured CADMUS soldiers, that she had only switched out the isotopes and that the actual virus still existed, so really, she hadn’t done much, only delayed the inevitable. But she had managed to save Jeremiah, Eliza, Martha, Lois, Maggie, herself, and the other DEO and NCPD officers and the other citizens and aliens. And they were protected now so that CADMUS couldn’t take them again, but Lena doubted Lex would try that a second time. He would move on to the next plan.

Unfortunately he had the virus still, and that meant he could use it on the aliens of NC and the world. There was also the fear that Lex would find a way to rewrite the virus so that it killed all aliens on earth, and not just everything not Kryptonian. They probably could do it as well, as they had figured out a way to protect everything human and kill other alien life-forms. CADMUS just had to figure out how to disperse it now that the DEO and Sup’re knew how they wanted to do it and they either carried on with the same plan; set the virus on the world’s natural wind paths, or do something else. The DEO didn’t know what CADMUS would do, they only knew that CADMUS would try and that they had to be stopped.
She was dragging her wrist wraps from her locker when her phone chimed and she sighed as she reached for it, wondering who it would be. Her mother and father were together under guard, Kara was out as Supergirl, and Maggie was probably going mental stuck at home on medical leave. It occurred to her briefly, and with slight bitterness, that she didn’t actually have any friends or even acquaintances outside of work or her family. It was a saddening thought. Not that they weren’t everything to her, and she to them and she knew they would die for her without hesitation, but she didn’t have many people in her life. But she was thankful for each and every one of them and knew that they felt the same way about her.

There was an unknown number and her eyes narrowed as she swiped her passcode and opened the message.

‘I have a plan to get the virus. Bring what you need for a blood transfusion to Catco. Don’t tell Kara. LL’

Eyes narrowed she tried to take in what Lena, for LL clearly stood for Lena Luthor, wanted. And more importantly, why she didn’t want Alex to tell Kara. She had the instant thought that she should tell her sister, but realised it was petty. She could wait to see what Lena wanted and then she could tell Kara. What concerned her though was the need for a blood transfusion. It was very specific equipment that really only had one purpose, and how Lena thought she could get the virus off of Lex she didn’t really know.

Making a quick decision she tossed her wraps back in her locker and swiped across on her phone, dialling Lena. If Lena wanted her to keep a secret from Kara then she needed to talk to her. If Lena wasn’t willing to co-operate then she had to tell Kara.

The young Luthor picked up immediately.

‘Alex.’

Checking to make sure she was alone Alex got right to the point.

“What are you doing?”

There was a moments pause and then Lena sighed, and Alex was able to hear the sounds of glass and a hum of activity in the background.

‘I love Kara,’ Lena said and Alex leant against her locker. This she knew. Lena had already said it multiple times and it was increasingly obvious with how she looked at hr sister. Didn’t mean Alex had to like it. She didn’t enjoy being played for a fool.

“So?”

If Lena wanted them to trust her she had to start believing that they would back her up. Maggie had given a painful little speech about it when she and Alex had discussed everything while Maggie had been in hospital. She had told her that it had been obvious about Kara and Lena for a while, even if Alex didn’t want to see it, and that Lena was clearly willing to do anything to keep Kara safe. Of course learning that Lena had purposely deceived them and gone undercover by herself hadn’t really made the DEO happy, but Maggie had told her it was pretty badass. Alex did have to begrudgingly agree, and while she knew that Lena didn’t know who the mole was she could have told Kara, or even Alex. There was no way Kara, and Alex, would betray Supergirl. Still, Maggie had an answer for her there.

Lena had always been alone, that much had been painfully obvious. She may have had the best
tutors that money could be, and the elitist schools in the world, but no one ever stood with her or even called her a friend. It was a painful reality for the youngest Luthor, even before her brother cast their name in infamy. It only got worse after the Lex vs Superman debacle, Maggie had said sagely. Lena couldn’t depend on anyone; she didn’t know how to ask for help (and would be too afraid of rejection to do so even if she could make herself ask) and no one offered, content to let her fall, drag her down even. She was so used to going it alone she had probably never thought about depending on Kara or Alex for help. So she had gone it alone. She had even put in safety measures in the event of her death, likely planning for it. Maggie had been impressed even if she had thought that Lena had been stupid to do it by herself, because no one could do it alone. But it was all Lena knew.

Alex had given it a long thought when visitor hours had passed, and spent a long time at the look-out over the city turning things over in her head. She still hadn’t been happy with how Lena had gone about her double-agency, but her results had gotten them closer to CADMUS than they had ever been. She had also helped to save a lot of lives in the process. Alex just wished it hadn’t been so cloak and dagger, and that Lena hadn’t been so…. Arrogant about it, trying to bring them down by herself. But… as Maggie had said, she truly doubted Lena believed she had another choice. The DEO psychologist had also reinforced the idea of Lena doing things alone. It made her highly resourceful and efficient, and very confident, but it also meant she didn’t know how to depend on other people, which was how a team worked. She also wished that Lena hadn’t been such a bitch about it.

She hadn’t even tried to pretend she weren’t anything like her last name, if anything she went out of her way to make it look like she was. Threatening Supergirl in front of her, threatening Kara in front of her, even building an alien gun. Not to mention she had Kryptonite. It was almost like she had given up on trying to be a better person, and that thought, more than anything, made Alex pause.

If Lena believed that no one would let her do better, then why would she try? Alex had certainly not given her a chance, and rightly so, but at the same time she sort of understood it. It hadn’t been a pleasing revelation, but one she was slowly coming to terms with.

Alex hadn’t given Lena a chance, in fact she was willing to block every attempt Lena could possibly make, and in return Lena chose to be exactly who Alex feared she was; Lena Luthor. Which only fuelled the circle of Alex not trusting Lena and Lex, being hurt, playing at Alex’s fears and increasing them, which made her lash out and not trust Lena and then it continued on and on. It was ridiculously petty, and Maggie had kissed her on the knuckles and told her, quite frankly, that Kara loved Lena, and that even if she didn’t like it if she supported Kara she would need to be civil to Lena. Not to mention Lena gazed at Kara like she had cast the stars for her alone, Maggie had snorted, hoping that she never looked so sappily at Alex. So Alex had agreed that

‘The idea of her pain…cripples me,’ Lena said after a long pause and Alex could almost picture her chewing her words thoughtfully. ‘I need to fix that, if I can. I have to fix it.’

“How?” Alex asked, feeling something curling in her stomach. Heavy and thick. Lena was…. Lena liked to think things through, but when her heart was involved she tended to act first. It was something they both had in common. For Kara they would do anything, without using their considerable intellect; instead they seemed to just throw themselves into any situation, and it appeared that this was what Lena were doing.

‘I think I can get Lex to hand over the virus,’ Lena was saying and Alex stiffened. Lex would not be handing the virus over easily, and whatever Lena had planned was probably something very reckless.

“How?” She demanded, voice cutting as the swirling feeling in her stomach expanded.
‘Don’t worry, Agent Danvers. No one will get hurt.’ There was an odd pause and Alex thought she should comment on Lena’s odd tone, but then she continued. ‘Are you in?’

“Yes.”

‘See you soon, Agent.’

Lena hung up and left Alex staring at her phone as it turned black. Part of her wondered exactly what Lena had planned but if she thought it would work then maybe it would, they had no other plans.

She did as Lena asked; firstly changing into civilian clothes and then getting the needles and sanitary products required for a blood transfusion. The unease she was feeling only increased as she tossed the equipment in a duffle bag and made her way to the garage.

The DEO had a nice assortment of vehicles in the basement; SUV’s, jeeps, vans, and bikes, and she walked up to one and picked up the helmet resting on the handlebars. Placing her palm on the reader she set the helmet on her head and swung her leg across the bike, the duffle bag secure over her shoulder.

She was able to get across town very quickly, weaving in and out of traffic and generally not obey the traffic rules. It was fine. DEO vehicles would raise flags in the system and the DEO would take care of any traffic infractions occurred by the driver.

Eventually she pulled up to CATCO and left the bike outside- it wouldn’t get stolen and if it were towed then a DEO grunt would be sent to retrieve it.

The CATCO tower glinted in the sunlight as she jogged towards the building. The security was mediocre and she was soon on her way up towards the media floors, guided by instinct. If Lena were here it would be for Cat, or maybe James? She wasn’t sure, but either way; CATCO meant the media floors of the building, so that was where she was headed.

A few people gave her curious looks and her glare persuaded them to leave her on the next floors and eventually she rose into CATCO by her lonesome.

The elevator dinged and she exited glancing around to see all the employees basically standing there and staring at Cat Grant’s office as though they were fly’s and her office the light.

And they were staring because there was a White Martian sitting on the couch while Lena Luthor was working at Cat’s computer and James Olsen was setting up a camera under Cat Grant’s watchful eye. The unease in her belly grew tenfold, so much so that she thought that a nest of wasps could be flying around inside, even though she knew it were impossible.

There was a respectful glint in Cat’s eyes as she eyed the Luthor and she lifted her head to watch as Alex arrived.

“Alex?” James spoke to her first and his features twisted into confusion and Lena’s eyes lifted briefly as Alex looked between Meghan and Lena and thought of what was in her bag. The reality of what it was that Lena was planning hit her and nearly forced the air from her lungs.

“No,” she said harshly and Lena’s gaze was sharp as she lifted it from Cat’s computer.

“Yes.” She said calmly and in a tone that conveyed her certainty.

“Absolutely not!” Alex shot back and marched into the room. “It’s suicide!”
Lena lifted her shoulder in a non-committal shrug.

“Either you help me, Agent Danvers, or you stay out of the way,” Lena said calmly and the screens behind her changed to show the image of Cat’s office from the camera with Cat standing near Lena and with Meghan waiting.

“It is not your decision to make, Agent Danvers,” Meghan spoke softly, her voice a low rumble and she rose to her feet, head almost brushing the ceiling. “Miss Luthor has asked you here so that you could help, but we will do this without you.”

Alex lowered the bag and folded her arms with a glare. “I can’t let you do this!” Regardless of how she felt about Lena, Kara cared for her, and letting Lena do what she was about to do would…. Ruin Kara.

Lena met her gaze for a moment and pushed herself away from the computer and walked over to Cat’s balcony and tilted her head for Alex to follow. She was off half a mind to dial for Kara and let her know what her girlfriend was planning on doing, but something made her leave her cell in her pocket and follow Lena out onto the balcony. The same balcony Kara had thrown Cat from.

Lena’s profile was magnificent in the light, exhausted and with her shoulders bring a weight few would understand, but magnificent.

“I can’t,” Lena began and faltered and Alex leant against the railing and felt it digging into her hip before she shifted slightly. They were quiet for a long time, Alex using rarely used patience and she was sure her restlessness was obvious to Lena in the way she tapped her fingers and shifted on her feet. She took the moment to observe Lena; truly observe her, trying to cast aside her previous and current assumptions about the woman next to her.

It was hard to believe she were only twenty-four; she carried herself with the strength of something unmoving, a mountain perhaps. She was ridiculously intelligent and carried herself with a timeless grace and from what Kara had said she was a bit of a nerd. She was also kind and generous; that much was obvious from her background checks and the donations to charity she had made. Many of those had been difficult to link back to the young Luthor, especially the ones for the families of the people Lex had killed and harmed.

But… she was also desperately lonely. Alex was able to figure that out. Both from her own encounters with the woman, from what Kara had told her, and from what her psyche evaluation had told her. The young woman had little to no friends and devoted her time and resources to her company. Her attachment and affection for Kara was an irregularity but her apparent devotion to her sister was something else. Were it not for her last name Alex would probably have been more approving of her friendship and then burgeoning relationship with her sister. It was a prejudice she was struggling to get accustomed to but she wasn’t the only one.

J’onn had been guarded; Winn was suspicious but also a bit of a fan-boy over how intelligent Lena was; James was… firmly anti-Luthor in every way, even if, to be fair, Lena had done little to earn it; Eliza had been cautious but was far more open to the idea of Lena and Kara being friends, especially after Alex found them working together (and she was still a little bitter about that). And don’t get her started about Clark. Really, the only person on Lena’s team from the beginning had been Kara. She had stood alone for so long it was a wonder she even knew how to share her burdens with Kara, but Kara did have that effect on people.

But then she considered it; a mountain Lena was not. She was Atlas, doomed to stand against the weight of the world for all of her life. It was in part a burden cast by her last name and Lex’s actions, and by her own acceptance of the guilt. She had accepted the mantle of her last name and had braced
against the fury of the world. She didn’t strike back or offer any defence of herself, she just quietly went about trying to make a difference; using her intellect, skill, and heart to do all she could.

As she appraised her a moment longer she realised that perhaps that was why Kara had been drawn to Lena, apart from seeing her inner light and goodness, they were both very similar. They each carried the wright of the world on their shoulder, both by choice, and they each wanted to make the world a better place and to help people. They had both suffered but had come out of the forge stronger than before. Lena…. Got Kara in a way that Alex wasn’t able to. The realisation was bittersweet. Alex had known Kara for longer; protect her for longer; loved her for longer, but she didn’t know what it was like to be alone, truly alone, not like Lena did. Not like Kara did. And for Kara to have someone that got her, and loved her… then Alex couldn’t get in the way. Not even between a Luthor and a Super. But then again, she doubted she even could. Fate had an ironic sense of humour.

“I want to do this,” Lena said softly on the exhale of a sigh and Alex’s jaw tightened. “I have to do this.”

She ran some quick calculations but already knew what the outcome was going to be. “The chances of your survival are-“

“Ninety-nine percent,” Lena interrupted and slowly turned to face her. “I told Kara I had a ninety-nine percent chance,” her voice lifted in a mix of self-loathing and bitterness. “And it’s going to stay that way,” Lena’s voice had lowered warningly and Alex bristled.

“I’m not going to lie to-“

“-And I don’t expect you to. By the time she realises it will be too late.”

Alex folded her arms and felt her glare tightening. “I’m not helping you to your death,” she said stiffly. Kara would never forgive her.

“Then don’t,” Lena said calmly, eyes glinting in the light. “Help me save her.”

Feeling like she should never have picked up her phone and instead should have beaten a punching bag until her knuckles were bruised and life made more sense, she ran her fingers through her hair.

“How is dying saving her? Because that’s what’s gonna happen.”

“I know,” Lena replied simply and turned back to looking over the city. “But she’s lost enough and I don’t want her to lose hope. And that is what will happen, Alex.”

Lena didn’t call her Alex very often and that, more than anything, made her try to read between the lines, try to figure out what Lena wasn’t saying. Losing Lena would be a devastating blow and she honestly wasn’t sure if Kara would come out of the loss unscathed; Kara was far too attached to Lena and she’d lost so much already. But Lena seemed determined, and Alex wasn’t able to take on M’gann alone, she would lose that particular fight, and the Martian was agreeing with Lena. She briefly wondered how that conversation had gone and wondered if Lena had walked up to the Martian and asked her to help kill her. It was probable. Lena likely had some self-sacrificing issues that would need to be addressed, she didn’t value her life or well-being very highly. Probably on account of how she had been raised and how toxic the world thought she was. Heck, she’d probably throw herself off this very balcony if she knew it would keep Kara safe forever.

So; she appeared to have at least given this some serious thought. What else was Alex missing? Lena dying would devastate Kara, but she seemed to think that her loss wouldn’t be the end, so what else
was there? It took her a moment, and she inwardly cursed herself for it. Of course. Lena didn’t care about herself, but Kara did, but Kara also cared about the people she had vowed to protect the moment she took her families symbol and stood behind it. Lena was trading herself for that belief. Lena was one person, and her willing sacrifice could mean that the entirety of the alien population on earth would be speared death.

“I can die trying,” Lena said softly, breaking Alex from her thoughts. “But I can’t live knowing that I didn’t, and knowing that it will destroy Kara to fail. To be alone again.”

And this was what Kara had seen in Lena, all those months ago. Why she had been so resolute in Lena’s defence, and why she had been drawn to Lena. The same light that burned in Kara burned in Lena. The light of someone who gave everything and expected nothing back, who risked their lives to protect others. The light of a hero.

Kara would take the genocide of the aliens personally; especially as it was Krypton in origin and made by her father. She would think she had failed, and…. As Lena had said; she and Kal would be alone. Truly alone, surrounded by humans. She would lose hope, because how could she protect anyone after letting a genocide happen? Alex didn’t know if Kara could come back from something like that, and Lena certainly believed she couldn’t.

Lena let out a long sigh and glanced at Alex from the corner of her eyes, still facing the city. “So will you help me?”

Kara was probably going to kill her. Then her mother was going to bring her back to ground her for the rest of her life or kill her. Still. This was for Kara. “Alright.”

Lena’s eyes widened in surprise before her features went carefully blank and Alex couldn’t get a read on her.

“Thank you,” she said softly as she pushed off the balcony with her hip. Alex frowned at her. J’onn was gonna kill her to.

“I’m not doing it for you,” she informed her as she turned and started to walk towards Cat’s office.

“I know,” Lena responded from behind her.

And she wasn’t doing it for Lena. She was doing it for Kara. She’d do anything for Kara. But… so would Lena, as apparent by both her defection to CADMUS and by her current suicide mission.

99%.

The number was bold in her mind. Shit. Kara was actually going to kill her. But it would be worth it. Kara could hate her and still be Kara, but if they lost to CADMUS she feared Kara wouldn’t be Kara any longer. And it wasn’t like the DEO had any better ideas. In fact everyone just seemed to be waiting for CADMUS to strike, resigned to their fates. At least this way they were going on the offensive, however Lena taking M’ghann’s blood counted as going on the offensive.

The camera had been fully set up and Cat was speaking to a slightly ruffled White Martian, who looked very relieved to see them return while James was fiddling some more with the camera. Trust Cat to ignore the potential risk to her life and go digging for a story. She was a very strong woman and a worthy mentor to Kara.

“I’ve taken control of Minerva,” Lena said firmly as she entered the room. “All you have to do is run the program and I’ll hijack every device capable of audio and video.”
Alex blinked a little and turned to glance at the young woman behind her. She lifted a brow in question.

“When Lex and I were younger we built a satellite system to hold important information- a system unhackable but able to be received anywhere in the world from any device, provide you knew the password. It was how CADMUS was broadcasting their signals. They’d taken control of it. Now I’m going to do the same.”

“Because that’s legal,” Alex muttered and strode over to her bag and started to take things out. James snorted but she could see that he agreed, but that was not a surprise. He didn’t really support anything Luthor.

Lena gave a little shrug. “Originally it was designed to house all the Luthor information. It was a silent system so that we could stay ahead of our competitors... its where most of Lex’s files on Superman are.”

Alex stiffened and looked at Lena. “And Supergirl?”

Lena shook her head. “Lex didn’t know about her,” she said calmly and had started to roll her sleeve up. “Any material information I knew of I destroyed as soon as I heard of his arrest.”

Alex’s eyes narrowed. “The FBI couldn’t find anything.” She acknowledged cautiously.

Lena nodded. “I wasn’t going to leave that information for anyone to find. Anything important is in Minerva.”

Alex’s brain was whirling as she slid on a pair of latex gloves. “And your mother knew of it so she could access it?”

“Yes and no,” Lena said as Alex walked over to her with her sanitising wipes and some tape.

“She knew about the system and figured out how to trick it into taking over a few servers, but anything major had to be done by myself and Lex. It was how CADMUS managed to get control of everything in their last message.”

Alex gave it a little thought and looked curiously. “Just how smart are you?” She knew Lena was intelligent, as was Lex, they were both leaders in any scientific, engineering, or mathematical field they took to, but what kind of numbers did that convert to? Her IQ had never been tested, on request of the woman herself, but she would regularly surpass other intellectuals. And what better way to hide how smart you are than by not taking an IQ test? For all she knew Lena could be the 99th percentile. Lex was in the 98th at least, according to Superman.

Lena grinned. “Very,” she said and then ducked her head into her shoulder slightly, smile turning shy. “Smarter than Lex.” Her eyes softened and her smile loosened and Alex set about wiping the area for the blood line, deciding not to comment.

Lex may have been a monster but he was her brother, and Alex could only imagine what that betrayal must have felt like. Kara had sort of explained that with her mother, father, and aunt, through her tears of course. Kara at least had had other people to love her, and guide her. Lena didn’t.

“Are you ready?” Lena had her eyes on M’ghann and the Martian nodded, walking over to the couch and sitting down on it and silently offering her arm. Alex repeated her sanitising process with the alien as Lena went quiet and she left her to her thoughts. From the odd smile M’ghann’s lips
stretched into she obviously thought the action was unnecessary but she let Alex do it, obviously seeing that Alex needed some sort of control or order over the situation.

“We have a plan,” M’ghann told her quietly. “It is our only one.”

Alex connected a clear tube to a capped needle and bag and then faltered. Direct blood transfusions were virtually uncommon in the medical field, even in emergency medicine, least you kill the donor, and more than one would be needed to get the transfusion to actually keep up with blood loss. She hadn’t thought to grab a stand for her IV lines because it hadn’t occurred to her. Her usual medicine practice involved a room, or a DEO medical van where she was only dripping blood into a patient, not taking blood from one and giving it directly to another.

But then again, M’ghann dwarfed Lena so as long as the needles connecting the two of them were going downhill then gravity would do the work for her.

Changing her mind she connected the needle and tube to another needle and made sure the length between the two would work for how Lena and M’ghann were situated.

Alex hesitated as she uncapped one of the needles. “Are you sure this will work?” She glanced between the two.

M’ghann’s eyes grew dark. “It will work.”

Lena lifted her arm silently and adjusted it on the cushions.

Sighing Alex eased the needle into Lena’s vein and the woman hissed a little at the pinch but didn’t move as Alex secured the needle with some tape.

“Cat Grant,” Lena opened her eyes and blinked a moment before turning to find Cat. “Are you ready?”

On the assortment of screens behind Cat’s desk Lena’s image, sitting next to a very alien looking alien, straightened and her business persona descended over her.

Cat gave a little nod and stood behind her computer. “I want still want the exclusive,” she said and Lena’s lips twitched.

“It’s been arranged.”

Cat gave a little nod.

“And do it,” Lena commanded and Alex ducked out of the frame, not really wanting to be on camera for what was about to happen. She went through a mental revising of what she was wearing in case she would give away the DEO by her uniform, but she was back in civilian clothing so that was good. She just may have to hide her face if she needed to.

“Mr Olsen?”

James gave a little nod from behind the camera, head popping to the side a little to address Cat. “Yes.”

And then Alex watched as Cat’s shoulder rippled in movement and the camera’s around them flickered and then Lena Luthor’s voice emerged from every speaker in National City.

“Lex.”
What? An update?! Yes, yes it is. I know it's been a while, too long really. But, onward!

Sorry for the delay. I've had a writers block on it for a while; probably due to the length and other projects sucking my muse. Life is life. I'm not abandoning Mercy, do not fear. I will finish it, even if the updates are more scattered than usual. I'll be speeding things along now, probably, more eager to get it over with and devote my full attention to your (my lovely readers) Christmas present (which fic shall it be? ST or Marriage? Hm).

Still, a lesson has been learnt. Don't plan something so massive and not have it planned chapter by chapter, you inevitably get lost and loose direction, which, I fear, is what has happened with Mercy in many instances. Oh well. I have enjoyed it, will continue to enjoy it, and hope everyone else will as well.

Also, with what is currently going on in the world/ fandoms; Actors are people to and they do have feelings and as other (presumably decent) human beings we should be supportive of survivors, but that does not mean we abuse the accused. Hate and violence only breeds hate and violence. The justice system, will see to the consequences.

And for the Sanvers fans- fan made media is where our hearts reside. We do a better job of telling the stories anyway.

(And the problem with readying/ writing so many fic is you forget what happened where and if it were real! Fan girl/boy problems ;)

“Lex.”

When that one word echoed from a hundred-thousand different devices Kara felt fear seize her and paralyse her in mid-air. She and Clark, she more than Clark as he had returned to Metropolis to be with Lois, had been searching for CADMUS for over a week and a half, and two weeks since Lena had foiled their genocidal attack.

To her immense relief whatever Kryptonite poisoning that had been plaguing Lena had somehow, according to Eliza and Alex, dispersed with that massive explosion of energy when Cole had tried to kill her. It meant that Lena was now back to normal, apparently, and the few tests they had done on her with exposure to Kryptonite had confirmed it as her body hadn’t reacted positively to the radiation. It had ignored the exposure instead of taking the energy in and converting it.

Lena was relieved but also a bit disappointed, Kara had thought, as having the poisoning had meant she was able to do some incredible things with her body and mind, but at the cost of her health. Kara was just happy that Lena was no longer dying. The radiation had affected Lena oddly and the DEO doctors weren’t entirely sure why it had taken the course it had and assumed that Lena had been exposed to some other, bastardised version of it and that was what had altered her cell structure.

Kara also privately thought that a lot of people were thankful that a Luthor didn’t get strong off the weakness of a Super, which was utter nonsense in her humble opinion. Lena was no threat to her. The only threat Lena was, was if she were to smile that smile at Kara and make Kara’s body suddenly unable to hold itself upright.

Things were going well for them; now that everything was out in the open and Kara Danvers and Lena Luthor were officially dating. The world wasn’t aware of it yet as they wanted to keep things private and as personal as possible, but her friends and family knew that she was actually dating Lena now, and not just very close friends. Lena Luthor was her girlfriend.

They’d been on one date so far, officially, but they eased into a romantic relationship so fluidly that Kara finally understood what the denizens on Twitter were meaning about their interactions. They were basically already dating, just without the hand-holding that made her tingle and kisses that made her stomach bounce around like a puppy.

The press had been going nuts for Lena for the past few days, ever since she had officially returned to work. She’d had three days off on personal leave and Kara had stayed with her alone at the top of a tower protected by some very determined security guards and DEO members. Anyone caught sneaking into the building was escorted out with extreme prejudice and after trying a second time they were arrested. So for the most part Lena and Kara had been left alone, as J’onn had taken over her Superhero duties for a while, wanting her and Lena to talk. They had talked a lot; covering everything that Kara needed answering and while some of the answers hadn’t pleased her she and Lena had reached an understanding and she knew why Lena had done what she had. Still. She had emphasized that Lena wasn’t to go it alone again, she never had to ever again. She had Kara now.

Having Lena in her arms safe and sound, and curling into her for comfort and protection had made
her feel…. Powerful and also filled her with the need to be very gentle with something so precious. It was like she had been gifted guardianship over a small animal; a kitten or perhaps a puppy. Something in need of love and care and security.

They had spent the rest of their time off together, just enjoying the physical closeness they had missed and soaking up each other’s presence. Lena had profusely apologised for what she had said to get her and Clark to fight and had also told her she could have died with Kara hating her but she didn’t want to see Kara loose herself under the Red K. Kara had hugged her then, wrapped her in her arms as Lena shook. She had been so soft and unsure about it and had soaked in Kara’s quiet affection when Kara had told her that she was thankful she didn’t give her the Red Kryptonite. She couldn’t have lived with it if she had been forced to kill Clark, and she would have, that much was obvious. She had more rage than he did, less restraint. She had been her own person when she had been given her gifts but Clark had grown up holding back. If she had been under the influence of Red K, she probably would have killed him.

She still needed to talk to Clark but they had both been avoiding that and she wasn’t sure she really wanted to have that conversation. She knew they needed to, but she really, really didn’t want to. What the two of them had said to each other needed to be addressed and she knew she resented him for abandoning her; for not wanting her; for not wanting to speak her language, their language; for encouraging her to hide for so long; but mostly trying to make her human like he was. Because Clark wasn’t Kal El, not really, Clark was a human in a Kryptonian body on earth, and she had told him so as they exchanged blows.

So no, she really didn’t want to have that conversation. Not while she was still so raw and hurt. But she knew they needed to address it sooner or later, maybe when he came back from Metropolis. Lois had been Lois about being kidnapped and threatened; having never lost faith in Clark even once, though she had been concerned when the Kryptonite came out and when Kara spirited him away and he was missing for a few minutes. She’d even given the Daily Planet an exclusive on her kidnapping. Cat Grant had been furious at that and had demanded an exclusive from James who had reluctantly agreed when Cat had questioned his ‘other’ job seeing as he had not devoted all his time to running CATCO while she were gone and what could he possibly have been doing.

Reading the article had been a source of amusement for Lena and Kara as they cuddled on the couch under a blanket and surrounded by junk food. James had been very careful to suggest he had been one of the many victims just picked up for the numbers but of course had to address his semi-relationship with Superman. Watching him skirt the topic had been entertaining.

The press were still after Lena, in those first few days, and it hadn’t died down, even weeks after her double-crossing. L-Corp had issued a statement with the DEO’s press release (under the name FBI) telling the world how Lena had been approached and had agreed to go undercover for them as an agent. Unfortunately they lost contact with her, through no fault of her own, and it was only her quick thinking on the computer that allowed them her location and they arrived to save the day. They praised her actions as heroic under herculean pressure and thanked her for them. If anything the press release and Lena’s joint statement from her PR team had done little but fuel the fire. She was the hottest property in National City…. And no one had seen her since she had been spotted enjoying pizza with Supergirl and Detective Maggie Sawyer.

Until today…. When her face appeared on every screen in National City.

Groaning in frustration, because her girlfriend was probably about to get herself into some trouble, Kara zoomed down to a building and took in the scene on the giant monitor.

Lena was sitting next to- was that M’ghann?!- and was on a familiar couch. Catco. Lena was at
Catco!

She swiftly rose into the sky and then shot above the buildings towards the Catco tower. Pam from HR had given her a thorough talking to on unnecessary damages to public property- PowerPoint included- and the thought was on her mind as she worked. She didn’t like causing damage, especially as the DEO had to pay for it and each payment, as it technically was a government agency, had to be given to higher-ups. They weren’t happy tax-payer money was going towards broken windows from her flying to fast near-by or broken pavement when she landed a little too heavily. She was working on it.

As she flew she heard Lena speaking, and zeroed in on her girlfriends heart-rate. It was beating steadily, a powerful thump in her chest and Kara used it as a beacon to guide her forward.

Lena changed language then, switching into a language few people could speak fluently, but Kara guessed Latin was a class the Luthor’s grew up taking and the language was probably one they used to communicate when they didn’t want anyone else to know what they were saying.

“I know you can hear me.” Well. It would be hard not to, considering Lena’s voice was emerging from every device capable of audio in the city, even if no one knew what she was saying.

“But I need you to listen…. Do you remember when we were young? What you told me my first night as Luthor?” Lena’s voice turned nostalgic and as she flew past a building she could see Lena’s features turn bittersweet on the monitors up the side.

“You told me everything was going to be okay because I had a brother now, and you would protect me.”

Kara focused through the buildings on Catco, seeing Lena’s smile curl half of her mouth in a bitter-yet-charming smile.

“I know why you hate Superman, now,” she continued after a moments pause and shifted her arm on the cushion before realising the needle was still in her arm. “And I get it, Lex. I do,” she said firmly but then her voice, and face, softened. “But you can’t blame him for the actions of others. He cannot shoulder blame he is not accountable for…. But I understand how you feel.”

Kara saw the balcony ahead of her and zoomed towards it. Glass vibrated in its windows as she passed and she consciously slowed her pace.

“I want you to hand over the virus, Lex.” Lena hesitated and tilted her head to the side. “I’m not gonna ask you to do it because you love me. You know how I hate emotional blackmail. I’m just asking you to do the right thing.”

She paused and nodded to someone off camera and then Alex shuffled forward, face set but eyes determined.

“This is M’ghann,” Lena said, reverting back to English now. “She’s a Martian… from Mars. Like an actual Martian.”

Lena flashed her a smile and leant towards the camera as the Martian blinked. “She makes an absolutely cruel martini.”

M’ghann rumbled a laugh. “That’s because you tried to drink Supergirl under the table.”

Lena frowned at her as on screen Alex began to connect the two IV tubes together. “Which I wasn’t aware of,” she pointed out and she was almost pouting.
“You did admirably. For a human.”

“Thank you,” Lena said smugly.

Blood started to flow from M’ghann’s arm and down the clear tube to Lena’s, and the two watched it as it crept along closer to Lena’s skin.

“Should we survive this I’ll introduce you and Zor-El to a drinking game from my planet,” M’ghann rumbled and Lena lifted her gaze from the blood entering her veins and Kara launched herself onto the Catco balcony.

“If we survive this I’ll hold you to it.”

Frowning internally Kara placed her hands on her hips and strode imperiously into the room, catching her figure on the screens behind Cat from the corner of her eye. Lena had said her chances were 99.9% if she could get M’ghann to agree to it, but her wording just before had been…odd.

“Promising to buy the detective a round, and now promising to engage in a drinking game? Miss Luthor,” she said as she paced over to the couch and glared down at the tube connecting Lena and M’ghann. “Do you have an alcohol problem?” She still didn’t like the plan; joining her blood with M’ghann’s seemed like a bad idea, even if her chances of survival were almost one hundred percent.

Perhaps Supergirl and Lena Luthor should not have been so friendly with one another but Kara couldn’t help her affection for her girlfriend leak through, this was Lena. Besides, after all that Supergirl and Lena had gone through they could at least call themselves friends.

Lena grinned wickedly at her slightly teasing tone, unable to be mad when she was in the presence of her girlfriend. “As soon as she’s off medical leave I have a present for her.”

Kara brightened. She loved secrets and being a part of them, it made her feel wanted and included. “Oh,” she cooed, turning her attention briefly from the way Lena’s blood and M’ghann’s was mixing, and the consequences of it, “what is it?”

“The point of a secret, Supergirl,” Lena rolled her eyes a little and Alex lifted a brow from where she was over by James, keeping an eye on Lena. “Is to keep it.”

“I’ll still act surprised,” Kara pointed out. Lena always went all out- traits of being a Luthor- so whatever she had planned for Maggie was probably awesome. Plus it kept her mind off the way Lena’s side had tensed and the muscles were straining against the fabric of her shirt where the blood was entering. Unease flickered deep in Kara’s belly.

“She’ll never know,” she added sagely and gave a little nod to punctuate it.

“Yes,” Lena agreed dryly and looked at her sceptically, turning her head a little to follow Kara’s movements. “And the fact that this entire conversation is being broadcast live across the city means, what, exactly?”

“Oh,” Kara deflated a little and folded her arms. “That… makes sense.”

Lena inclined her head and then looked over at Alex.

“How long will this take?”

“Not long enough,” Alex’s reply was swift and her brow was creased with an emotion Kara didn’t recognise.
“I can’t say I like this plan,” Kara said, frowning over at Lena and glancing over the IV line and back to her girlfriend’s features. When Lena had talked to her earlier and said she had a plan Kara had been sceptical but Lena had been determined.

“I know you said you had a ninety-nine percent survival rate but—"

She was cut off by the way Alex inhaled sharply and coughed a little to clear it. Eyes narrowing as the heavy feeling in her belly twisted her insides she eyed her sister.

“Agent?” She asked, unaware of her voice dropping dangerously and her eyes sparking.

“Survival. Right,” Alex rasped out at a higher pitch than normal. “Absolutely. Ah. Yup.”

Kara felt her stomach fall and spun back to Lena.

“What is your survival chance?” She demanded hoarsely, suddenly realising that Lena hadn’t said she’d had an almost 100% survival rate, only that her chances were ninety-nine percent. Chances. Not survival.

“Supergirl,” Lena sighed and then lowered her eyes to her hands.

“Virtually none,” she said slipping into Kryptonese and Kara felt her heart freeze.

She carefully controlled her breathing a moment, eyeing the blood disappearing into Lena’s skin and then launched herself across the room and at the blood that was going to kill Lena.

M’Ghann halted her. She towered over them both and Lena yelped as the needle tore at her skin and it was the pained sound that brought Kara skidding to a halt.

“Take it out!” she demanded, furious and frightened in turn. Her fists were balled at her sides and she was leaning towards Lena, staring aghast at the blood streaking its way down Lena’s arm. “Its gonna kill her! Take it out!”

“Its too late!” Lena retorted and she had gone pale, paler than usual and one of M’Ghann’s mammoth hands had to steady her as she was guided back down to the couch, M’Ghann’s blood dripping onto the fabric.

“Supergirl… its too late.”

Kara registered the words, heard them echoing around in her skull which was strangely empty of sound, but couldn’t grasp at the idea of them.

Lena leant back as she pressed a cloth to the wound. “If I were alien I would turn,” she explained calmly while Kara’s chest rose and fell with her fury and the scene was broadcasted to the entire city. “But as I’m human its going to kill me… probably,” she added and ducked her head a little.

“Lena,” Kara rasped and stumbled away from the couch to land on the opposite one, staring in horror at her girlfriend.

“I need the Medusa Virus if I’m going to have any chance of survival,” she said and M’Ghann had retrieved Alex’s med bag and was rummaging around inside as she walked back to the couch.

“We can reverse it and kill the foreign cells before they kill me.”

“How long do you have?” Kara asked weakly, still not sure if her limbs could hold her if she stood. There was a wooshing sound at the edges of her hearing and she focused a moment on it before
returning her attention to Lena.

Lena gave a little shrug as M’Ghann set the bag on the couch and brought out some antiseptic wipes and a plaster. Alex was still hidden over behind the camera and Kara figured she didn’t want to be on the same screen as Supergirl and with such scrutiny.

“I’m not sure yet,” she said and her heart rate had accelerated, just enough to be noticeable.

“We need to get you to a hospital,” Kara decided and stood and then turned to see her cousin stepping into the room.

“Kal,” she said and walked towards him. “Is there a way we can stop or reverse this?”

Clark’s features were oddly sombre and he shook his head and Kara ran her hands through her hair and looked back at Lena.

M’Ghann was gently dabbing at the wound and quietly apologising for standing and ripping the needle out with her movement while the camera watched them both.

“What about dialysis or something?” She asked as she strode back into frame and later she would be concerned with the obvious concern she, Supergirl, was showing Lena Luthor on camera, but currently she was too concerned about her to care.

“No,” Lena said and her head had snapped and her eyes were grave and Kara’s breath left her as though she’d been punched.

“Lena-“ Kara tried to protest and Kal appeared behind her.

“Let it go, cousin,” he said gently and sighed as he looked at Lena. “I know that look. You’re not getting anywhere or anything.”

Lena titled her head in thought, brow furrowing before smoothening and to Kara’s surprise she grinned.

“Except, perhaps, a punch to the lower regions?” She asked innocently and Kara turned to look at her cousin in confusion when he snorted.

“It was a cheap shot, Miss Luthor,” he said folded his arms and if Kara didn’t know any better she would have sworn he was going to pout like a child.

Lena titled her chin imperiously as M’Ghann stitched her arm. “If I recall correctly you told me to.. hit you with my best shot.. so I did,” she said with a smug curling of her lips and a flash of her teeth. Next to her M’Ghann snorted in laughter and Lena turned her head to grin at her.

“What happened?” Kara demanded, looking quickly between the two. M’ghann shook her head but her laugher was obvious as she started to carefully stitch the torn flesh at Lena’s elbow and Kara resisted the urge to go to her and make sure she was okay. Supergirl couldn’t get to personal with her while being filmed.

“Well,” Lena began and there was a twinkle in her eyes.

Clark quickly interrupted. “Lex and Lena used to prank each other a lot. I was, on several occasions, asked to help out. Lena called unfair for the two on one and I, foolishly,” he added with a wince, “agreed to give her a free shot in apology. I regrated it immensely.”
Seeing how there was a slight dusting of red to her cousins cheeks and how Lena was the embodiment of smug over on the couch she slowly turned to Kal.

“What’d she do?” She asked suspiciously, hearing Lena giggle softly from the couch. She spun back to the sound and felt her lips twitch in response. She couldn’t be mad or sad when Lena was happy. It was like Newton’s law of reaction. When Lena smiled Kara smiled. Plus it helped her not think about how Lena was going to die if they didn’t get the Virus back from Lex and CADMUS.

“She ah,” Kal hesitated and ran his fingers through his hair awkwardly. “She hit me in the ah,” he gestured to his groin area and winced.

“You never got involved again,” Lena said smugly from where she’d started to sweat on the couch.

“And what did you do?” Kara asked bemused as she looked back at her cousin.

“Helped me sneak out,” Lena commented and she was smiling fondly over at Clark and it struck Kara, for the second time, that there was history between the two and she was hit with a flare of jealousy.

Kara wandered slowly over to the couch and sat down. “Sneak out?”

Cat was still over at the computer screen and was watching everything with keen attention while James and Alex, still behind the camera, were no doubt curious as well.

“Queen concert,” Kal said as he appeared on the couch next to her and his smile was of fond reminiscence as well. “Lex and I helped her sneak out and then I flew her to the concert and back.”

“And nearly dropped me!” Lena interrupted shortly and Clark held his hands up. “Twice! Your cousin is a much better flyer.”

“Hey! I was learning! It was that or drive there! Plus with how much you drank it wouldn’t have been safe!”

Lena frowned at him in reprimand. “I handle my alcohol perfectly thank you very much,” she said archly.

Clark snorted and Lena’s glare intensified and he quickly schooled his expression. “Now, maybe.”

“So, what happened then?” Cat asked and Lena started, obviously forgetting the presence of the others in the room.

“We,” Clark began and Lena interrupted.

“I went to bed and three hours later woke up in the middle of the pool,” she said and glared over at Superman. He looked very apologetic.

“It was Lex’s idea! And you dyed his hair pink!”

Lena grinned in recollection. “That was funny,” she said and let out a little pleased sigh. “He was so mad.”

“And then?” Kara asked looking between the two of them.

“And then Superman decided to give me a free shot so I built a glove and hit him right in the Kryptonian family jewels,” Lena said with a little laugh. “He dropped like a puppet without its strings,” she grinned devilishly while Kal frowned over at her.
“It broke your wrist,” he pointed out as two patches of colour appeared on his cheeks.

Lena nodded. “Worth it,” she said sagely. “We were going to give you the footage for Christmas.”

Clarks head shot up and his eyes widened. “You kept it?” He demanded hoarsely and Lena’s smile faded.

“Of course. We kept all of them,” she said seriously and tilted her head. “Did you want to see it?”

“Yes!” Kara said suddenly, startling herself with her enthusiasm even. “Yes,” she repeated at a lower volume. If it was of Kal when he was younger she wanted to see it, plus she might see a younger Lena as well. And ‘all of them’, did that mean there were more videos of Kal as a kid? And just how close had he been to the Luthor’s before Lex lost his faith in him?

Lena met her gaze a moment and then turned and looked over at Cat and her computer.


The computer was obviously doing something by the way Cat blinked at it in surprise and frowned at the screen.

“It wants authorisation,” she said hesitantly.

“Lena Luthor, Alpha Prime,” Lena said clearly and turned back to look directly into the camera.

“It’s loading,” Cat said in a mix of surprise and awe and Lena nodded, turning away from the camera and looking back at Cat.

“Oh course,” she said as though creating an AI that could function for itself was nothing. “Secure line, primary device. Minimum volume. Single play.”

She turned back to Kara and inclined her head towards the computer. “Go ahead.”

Kara hesitated and then sped over to the computer. Cat was polite enough to move away and Kara was left alone to watch as a young and chubby looking Lena Luthor appeared behind a play button. She clicked it and settled in to watch.

A few minutes later and she was glancing over the top of the laptop at the two, Luthor and Super, who were staring at each other.

“What’d you mean by giving her teenage son a shot gun?”

Lena snorted immediately and Clark went red. “Nothing!” He said instantly. “She was joking. You were joking,” he said to Lena and then looked back at Kara. “She meant nothing. Don’t worry about it.”

Confused Kara moved away from the screen while Lena had her lip snared between her teeth to keep herself from laughing. M’Ghann’s chest rose and fell with her guttural laughter and Kara suddenly wanted to know.

“Its nothing, Supergirl,” Lena lifted a trembling hand to wave the conversation away. “Just teenage boys,” she said and her eyes were twinkling and they drew Kara forward. Her heart rate had accelerated again and was beating out as though Lena had been running when she had been stationary.
“He was at that age,” Lena said innocently and turned back to look at Clark as he went even redder, and Kara had never seen Kal so red before. She hadn’t even thought he could be embarrassed.

“Teenage boys,” Lena continued and fluttered her lashes as Kal groaned and covered his face with his hands. “Teenage girls. Hormones?” Lena asked, obviously seeing Kara’s confusion. What did that have to do with her cousin’s mum giving him a shot gun?

Lena let out a sigh and shook her head. “I’m referring to, of course, the shot gun sized holes in Kal’s bedroom roof.”

Clark let out a squeak of mortification as she finally understood the vague allusions.

“Ew!” She barked out and Lena finally let out a laugh. “That’s just…. Ew! Gross!” Kara said and shook her head as though she could rid herself of the mental image that her mind had helpfully provided as it connected the dots.

“I never!” Clark said in his defence and Lena giggled, honest to god giggled.

“That was only once,” she said and he groaned and hid his face again and Lena laughed again. Even Cat had a smile on her face and James was shaking with quiet laughter while Alex had clutched her stomach and had bitten her fist in an attempt to keep quiet.

“Argh,” Kal said and lifted his head to glare at Lena but she was having far too much fun to be cowed by it. “Lena,” he growled but she just laughed.

“You were so sweet and awkward when you were younger,” she said almost whimsically. “And when you had a crush on that girl in eighth form you were so…obvious.”

“Wait,” Kara said and she was struggling to focus on one thing. Did she focus on her rage at Lena’s actions, at her approaching death via alien blood suicide? Or did she focus on the almost fond air between Clark and Lena and what that meant for them all? “What? You- I mean, I knew you guys knew each other but…”

“We grew up together,” Clark said and he and Lena shared a look before the strength to her cousins shoulders rounded a little. Superman never slumped, or conveyed defeat of any kind, but this was as close to it as Kara had ever seen outside of the Fortress or when Clark was home without the weight of the world.

He let out a sigh the likes of which Kara had never heard from her cousin. “I didn’t just lose my best friend,” he said softly and Kara watched him with quiet eagerness. Kal had never really talked about him and Lex, only saying that they had been friends, good ones, and then Lex had gone crazy and decided to kill him, but Kara now knew there was more to it.

“I lost a brother too,” he said and he was talking to Lena, eyes glistening and he swallowed and turned to the camera. He straightened then and Lena’s heart thumped powerfully as she wondered what was going to happen now. Her thoughts were all over the show; from Lena basically beginning her suicide to Kal showing up and to knowing Lena was going to die without the Medusa Virus and to the Luthor home video that had Lena punching her cousin in the balls with a reinforced glove. She felt like she had gone a few rounds with Alex in the training room. Confused and disorientated and a little bit beaten.

She would have time to work through it all later though, when Lena was in hospital and the aliens were all alive. But at the moment the mix of rage and grief and disbelief and helplessness threatened
to consume her and only by focusing on the now, on what was happening, without feeling it was she able to function when all she wanted to do was tear through Lena’s body and drag the poison from her blood, to find Lex and Lillian and bring them to justice, to keep Lena safe and happy, forever.

“You’re right, Lex,” Superman said to the camera and Kara had forgotten it was there, had forgotten that National City was currently privy to the Luthor and Super family drama. “I did fail and I am so, so sorry.”

Superman cast a glance at Lena, who was sagging a little on the couch and whose heart rate was pounding quickly, before looking back at the camera and Kara knew he was talking to Lex and Lex alone.

“I failed you, I failed you both, and I can’t promise that I wont again,” Kal said softly and her cousin had never looked so human. “But you saved her, not me, and you can save her again,” Clark said fiercely, staring down the camera and Kara knew that it was not a challenge, though some may take it as one, instead it was a plea. Kal was asking Lex to save Lena, as he was the only one who could.

There was a long moments of pause as Superman’s request was echoed across the city and Lena shifted on the couch.

“As pleasant as this reunion has been, I’m not feeling-“ she faltered and blinked and shook her head slightly as she got to her feet. “Not feeling very well,” her final words were a bit of a slur and Lena stumbled on her next step.

Kal caught her, his strong arms gentle as he set her easily on her feet and Kara felt a brief flash of jealousy. She flashed to Lena’s side in a moment and gently helped hold her upright-hovering just out of reach when Lena was steady ready to provide any support.

“Hey! Get your own damsel! This ones mine!” She playfully warned her cousin while also making sure he knew that she was here and that Lena were hers and she was going to take care of her. Lena needed to know it as well.

Kal blinked at her and quickly released Lena who turned and blinked at her with large, doe-like eyes. “Yours?” She asked archly in a tone that conveyed exactly what she thought of the idea and Kara blushed. Even looking a little grey and sweating profusely Lena still managed to convey her superiority to everyone in the room without making it seem obvious.

“Not like, mine-mine, but like mine as in I save you. I’m your hero,” Kara said and placed her hands on her hips and nodded. “Not that you’re a damsel or anything,” she added hurriedly seeing Lena’s brow arch and she rushed to rectify what she meant. “Because Kal has like, I don’t know, Lois Lane? who he saves all the time and, like you have the same initials so like, your my damsel? Because I’m the Super here and I save you at the time and uhm,” she halted and crossed her arms over her body awkwardly. “I’ll just be quiet now,” she mumbled to herself as she felt her cheeks heat.

Kal was looking at her intensely and she internally winced and wondered if she had accidently outed her cousins alter-ego or had put Lois in more danger.

Speaking of,” Lena said as she turned to Kal and there was something in her tone that was warning enough for her next words. “What does Clark Kent think of you banging his wife?” Her voice was a little slurred as though she’d drunk too much and Kara’s hands hovered, ready to catch her if she needed it.
Superman choked on his own spit and thumped at his chest as his eyes watered and Lena’s smile was slow and powerful, a dawning.

“I mean, I’d be feeling sexually threatened if I were him,” she continued teasingly and Clark just stared at her aghast. Kara bit back a laugh. Was Lena just implying that Superman was sleeping with Lios Lane? She gave it a moment’s thought and then considered it. It almost seemed likely Lena were trying to draw the attention away from Kara’s slightly awkward rambling.

“That’s not- I’m not- I don’t- I wouldn’t- Lois-Miss Lane is-” his words were all scrambled and Kara hid her smile behind her hand as Lena tilted her head.

“I’m not- Miss Lane just gets herself into trouble and I aid her as I do to all citizens of Metropolis, and the world. I’m not sleeping with her! She’s married!” Kal said and his voice grew in strength as he talked and it was almost as though he were off the hook before Lena struck him again, voice lifting innocently.

“So you don’t think she’s attractive?”

Clark gaped like a fish a moment and floundered for an answer. “Of course-not that i- objectively attractive-married- happy- I would never- not sleeping-no- marriage,” he tried weakly and Kara bit back her own laugh. She had thought rambling was something solely for her and it was amusing to see it was perhaps a family trait. It would also figure that a Luthor was the one to bring it out in them.

Cat, perhaps sensing an opportunity, or maybe just being devious, asked innocently from the corner, “Or perhaps Clark Kent is more your type?”

Clark Kent’s eyes went wide and he just stared at her aghast. “What- you-I he-I’m not-”

“So you don’t find him attractive?” Cat Grant purred, looking all the world like her namesake surrounded by bowls of cream. Superman gaped and blinked and spun to Kara as Cat laughed gently and Lena was grinning as her weight shifted on her feet and Kara stepped in to help hold her upright.

“Help?” He asked Kara beseechingly and Kara shook her head slightly. It was quite funny to see Superman so thrown and especially by two women he could lift with his pinkie. Kara was not going to get involved, especially as it was almost all in good fun, and Lena was laughing quietly to herself.

“You’re own your own,” she said and Lena’s weight was heavy against her and she tightened her grip. “I’ve got to get Miss Luthor to hospital.”

“Come as soon as you can,” Kara said to Alex and she saw her sister nod seriously, eyes grave, and then Kara was jogging to the balcony and launching herself into the sky, Lena secure in her arms.
For a moment she hated herself. She was one of the strongest beings in the world and all she could do was hold Lena as she slowly slid towards the inevitability that was death and Kara cast aside her turmoil as she flew Lena towards the DEO. Lena would have her own reasons for what she was doing, she only hoped that Kal had managed to get through to Lex and he would hand over the virus and save his sister.

Lena’s heart rate went abruptly slow and Kara nearly fell from the sky at the sound. It was faint and slow and she tore apart the sky as she raced for the DEO. The buildings didn’t matter. The glass and debris raining down on the people and streets below didn’t matter. All that mattered was the sluggish heartbeat of the woman in her arms, the woman she loved and didn’t think she could live without.

Chapter End Notes

Happy New Year!

I'm not happy with it but... it has been a while so... yeah.

And as for the shot gun holes in the roof... um, well, teenage boys and hormones + Kryptonian strength? = Holes in the ceiling of Clark Kent’s bedroom roof. Though once he realised he, of course, stopped self-pleasure... at least while in the house (#^_^#)

It was a little funny at least, I hope?

Poor Clark, now the world is going to think he is A) sharing his wife with Superman, which would make anyone feel sexually inadequate, or that he is B) Also involved. OT3some? Eh.
“You’re mad,” Lena commented, unnecessarily in Kara’s opinion, as Alex, Eliza, and the DEO medical team worked around her.

Kara’s fists tightened at her sides and she took a slow, steadying breath in an attempt to bite back the torrent of unsavoury comments that longed to be made. She released her breath in a harsh movement. The air was cool and misted before her, twin plumes of ice and she allowed herself a moment to centre herself. She wouldn’t do anyone any good if she lost her temper.

“Yes,” she grit out, teeth clenched.

“No,” she cut across the end of the vowel, “you don’t get to say that.”

“No!” Her voice was sharp and strong. “Damn it, Lena!”

The pressure in her chest was tight and aching, a reminder every time she drew a breath, the way your muscles would ache after a particularly strenuous workout, but in no way pleasant.

“Do you want to d-“ she cut herself off, a choked silence, unable to form the word. She swallowed bile, forcing the emotion, and her bodies response to it, down into her belly.

“Do you want to die so badly?” She finished in a furious whisper, glaring over at the woman looking grey against the white of the sterile room around her.

Lena was connected to a good dozen tubes and the monitors were beeping at a very slow rate after the DEO doctors had administered numerous drugs to her on Kara’s arrival. Lena had been rushed straight to the med bay, or rather Kara had taken her there, knowing that they would be prepping for Lena’s arrival.

Eliza showed up shortly afterward, having had Haz drive her there the moment she saw the needle and M’Ghann, even though she had wanted to spend time with Jeremiah. Jeremiah, to his credit, didn’t begrudge his wife that and was content to remain in semi-containment, for his own safety, while his family rushed to Lena.

Once in the med bay they had taken her vitals and attached her to many machines Kara didn’t know the name of and had rushed Lena’s blood work to the lab for testing. Kara had stood reluctantly to the side and let them buzz around Lena. They already knew what had happened, it was hard not to as Lena had simultaneously hacked every screen in the city- and she would probably get into trouble for that one, but J’onn was talking with the president and hopefully it would be smoothed over. If not Kara would go and have a friendly chat with her, maybe Kal would go with her?

Alex had been flown to the DEO a few minutes after Kara by M’Ghann, who had reluctantly told them her history, and how J’onn came to be the last Green Martian. It was…awful…perhaps even more awful than pure genocide and M’Ghann had struggled to meet J’onn’s eyes as she told them
what her people had done to his. Kara knew there would be a lot for them both to work through there, but knew that a person wasn’t responsible for the crimes of their blood, or their people, after all, what did that make Kara? If J’onn was struggling, maybe she could help him with it. Or Lena, Rao knew why that woman was so determined to offer her life on a silver platter.

“Can you give us a minute,” Lena asked of the room, and though the request was an unwarranted one, Alex glanced between them and nodded.

“Three minutes,” she said firmly, and rose from her chair. She was followed by the team of doctors, though they continued discussing possible cures or ways to halt the transformation as they exited.

The room had been modified a little. It was Kara’s spare sun-room, except the sunbed had been replaced with a human bed. Kara’s rooms had the equipment to continuously monitor her vitals and run its own tests. It meant that Alex had been able to watch her the entire time she was looking at samples or looking for answers. Dr Hamilton had authorised the change, knowing that a few minutes of information transfer could mean Lena’s life. Kara was thankful for her foresight.

Once they had the room to themselves Kara activated the window shutters and they darkened, leaving the two alone.

“Is that what you think?” Lena’s voice was quiet in the room, the effort it took to speak was evident. Kara zipped to her side, torn between having her conserve her strength for the mammoth task ahead of her, but also desperate to know why Lena had done something so stupid.

“You think I want to die?”

Kara let her silence speak for her, she didn’t want to fight Lena, not when, not when- but she needed to get behind the why of Lena’s death wish.

“You do,” Lena rasped and rolled her eyes. It was too much.

“Don’t you?” Kara demanded desperately, a person with suicidal tendencies she could work with, but Lena should have talked to her, she could help. She didn’t need to do something so drastic for her to know that Kara was always on her side, always ready to support her.

“No, Kara,” Lena shook her head slightly and her eyes were bright and glassy. And Kara’s eyes were struck with a faint burning.

“I don’t want to die,” Lena confessed and her fingers curled at her side and Kara’s itched with the desire to take her hand, but didn’t know how welcome it would be.

Lena curled her hand in a beckoning gesture and Kara slowly entwined their fingers. Lena’s hand was clammy but cool, but Kara didn’t care, what concerned her was the weak squeeze Lena gave her in response.

“Then why’d you do something so stupid?” Kara whispered, anger fleeing her and leaving her drained. “You made me think this would be okay,” she lifted their combined hands and waved them a round a little, up and down Lena’s prone body in example.

“You’d never have let me do it,” Lena’s smile was fond and Kara frowned at her.

“Damn straight,” her ire lit again and faded with Lena’s thumb moving back and forth across her skin. It was unnerving how Lena could control her with a simple touch, her entire body was submissive and responsive to Lena’s desires. Miraculous even. Few things could influence Kara, but
not to the extent Lena could with an eyebrow lift, a word, a smile. Lena’s mastery of all things Kara was a mystery to her, but one she loved. Though not right now. She was mad at Lena. Very mad. And Lena was doing everything in her power, using her complete arsenal, to get Kara to forget it. Or maybe it was to ease her pain? To soothe the roaring, rampaging beast in her chest.

“Why’d you do it?” Her question was quiet, and she wasn’t sure Lena could hear her, but the way Lena’s chest rose and then hesitated before contracting slowing indicated she knew what had been asked.

“Do you know how much I love you?”

Kara froze. Of all responses Kara was not ready for that one. In fact, on her list of ‘all possible reasons Lena would be a nincompoop and have a Martian blood transfusion’ it didn’t even feature. She hadn’t thought Lena would be so stupid as to think Kara would be okay with her doing something like that, though why she thought Kara had anything to do with it she didn’t know.

“I-,” she didn’t really know how to answer that. Several presented themselves, but there was no way Lena loved Kara more than Kara loved Lena. That was just stupid and not even possible. No one loved anyone or thing more than Kara loved Lena, that was just fact.

“God I love you,” Lena continued and sort of shook her head in disbelief. Kara frowned. She was a perfectly loveable person thank-you very much!

“You’re just….” Lena trailed off and shifted her head on the pillow, her dark hair spread around her like a halo. “I love you, so much.”

The warmth of Lena’s words was almost enough to soothe the sting of hurt in her chest, almost enough to ease the shadow of Lena being gone for weeks, of her almost death at the hands of Henshaw, of her nightmares, of the pain of her past. But she and Lena couldn’t survive like this, not if they ever wanted to be more than acquaintances. It would be something Kara would make herself address once Lena had less to concentrate on, she had to if she wanted to be Lena’s, and have Lena be hers, for ever. She owed it to them both to make herself bring it up. Still, it made her feel warm and fuzzy on the inside. Lena loved her. She’d never get tired of her saying that.

“I love you, too.” The words came easy, so easy, as easy as breathing. Lena made it easy. The desire to kiss her, to hold her and keep her close, was a constant thrum in time with her heart.

“I’d do anything for you,” Lena confessed softly, as though she felt she couldn’t speak those words.

Kara frowned. She didn’t want to be the reason Lena was putting herself in danger. Not that she didn’t understand the hypocrisy of wanting to protect the people she cared about and not wanting them to be in danger on her behalf, but she was a wee bit more sturdy than everyone else. It was a little different.

“I don’t want you to get hurt, or be in danger because of me,” Kara pointed out, not sure where Lena was going with what she was saying.

“I get hurt and am in danger all the time,” Lena retorted. “I get hurt because I’m a Luthor. You-being associated with you-can never hurt me. You’ll save me.”

While Lena’s faith in her was reassuring it didn’t make her feel all that much better. She just wished she could spirit Lena away, take her to a place where no one could hurt her. But Lena would never stand for that, she was needed, and the world needed her vision, her talent, her heart, just as much as it needed Kara. They made quite the pair, Luthor and Super, if only the world knew.
The burden she shouldered was not a small one, she was Atlas, doomed to carry the weight of the world, the weight of two worlds, on her shoulders. Kal, at least, helped her with one of them, but for the other she was alone. The ache of Krypton flared in recollection, adding to the growing anxiety around Lena and losing someone else. She didn’t know if she could get through losing Lena, hadn’t she lost enough?

“I can’t save you if you do stupid things,” Kara responded and Lena took their joined hands and laid a gentle kiss on Kara’s knuckles.

“It was my decision,” she said softly, eyes like spun glass, open and swirling with emotion. “It’s okay.”

“It’s not okay,” Kara said and there was a tickle at the back of her throat.

“No, its not,” Lena agreed, “but it will be. Eventually.”

“I can’t lose you too,” Kara said and Lena gave her a small smile.

“You can’t,” she promised. “I’m here,” she weakly lifted their hands and nudged the back of her knuckles into Kara’s chest. It was sweet, and at any other time Kara would have swooned, but she was more worried about what Lena was implying than the love in Lena’s eyes. She was dimly aware of the time that was passing and knew that Alex and Eliza would return soon, but felt lost, adrift in her own body.

She didn’t know what to do. There was nothing she could do and she hated it. Lena had made her own decision, for a stupid reason, and that was killing her. Kara hated it. Hated the entire situation, but mostly she hated Lex for getting Lena into it in the first place because of course sweet, kind, gentle Lena was willing to take a chance on Lex maybe saving her. She needed to place a greater value on her own life, and when Lena survived this Kara would sit her down and have a very frank discussion about it with her. Just another thing they needed to talk about.

“Thirty seconds, Kara,” Alex murmured to her through the door and Kara’s shoulders slumped. She didn’t know what to say or do. Lena’s chances of survival were slim, and were counting on her brother. Kara hoped he had remembered how much he loved her as they worked together for all those weeks Lena was pretending to help them. She hoped he decided to save his baby sister. She didn’t know what she would do if he didn’t. Lena’s sacrifice would be for nothing and she deserved so much more than to be a footnote in the pages of Luthor history, she deserved an entire museum, or even a day of remembrance. She deserved the world.

“We would have found a way to stop CADMUS,” Kara offered desperately and Lena nodded slowly. Her face was more grey than ashen now, and her heart rate was faint and slow.

“At what cost?” Lena asked her and then she elaborated. “I love you, Kara.”

Kara took the hand in her own and held it up to her face, nuzzling into it but holding it there when she felt it fall slack.

“I love the way you look for the best in people and how you continuously believe in what the world can be. You have the most magnificent light and I didn’t want to see it go out.”

“I would never want you to—”

“Oh, I’m not doing it for you,” Lena interrupted and Kara felt her brows rise in confusion. “I’m being purely selfish here.”
Lena smiled softly, weakly and the rise and fall of her chest was laboured. “You’re a candle in the dark,” Lena said, quoting off that song all those weeks ago. “Everyone around you is warmed by it, even if they can’t see it, it still touches them, it still lights them. You’re more than the ‘S.’ You are Kara and you make other people believe. I couldn’t let that light go out.”

Kara understood, even if she didn’t like it, she now knew why Lena had done what she had.

Lena saw Kara the way that Kara saw Lena and knew how Kara would handle the death of all of the aliens at the hands of CADMUS. It would make her lose hope. Probably not to the extent that Lena seemed to think it did, but she would be defeated and maybe lose faith in herself and her ability to protect people, and maybe people would lose faith in her. Lena wasn’t able to let that happen. So she took steps to ensure that it never did. Kara didn’t like it, but she had done foolish things for the people she cared about so she couldn’t berate her there. Still, Kara had known her family and the people who cared about her were on her side and would come to her aid. Lena was placing her faith in a man who no longer existed. She was placing her life in the hands of a boy who once loved her who grew into a man who had tried to kill her. Kara didn’t like the odds.

“Do you think he’ll hand it over?” Kara asked the most pressing question as Lena’s eyelids slid closed and there was a knock at the door.

Lena hummed in thought. “Maybe,” she forced her eyes open, the pupils unfocused and bloodshot. Kara’s heart clenched.

Alex was the first to enter, poking her head around the door in apology before entering at Kara’s nod. She rushed back to her microscope with a touch of Kara’s arm as she passed.

“Kal’s words will have forced the decision either way,” Lena’s words were slurred with effort and Kara was gentle as she squeezed the limp fingers between her hands.

“You’re gonna have to tell me how you know him so well. I want to know everything,” Kara said, part of her aching at the thought of the baby-turned-man she was supposed to raise, but also the thought of a young Lena. It never ceased to amaze her how Lena had always been a part of her life, even in a roundabout way. Rao’s Will worked in mysterious ways.

“Mh.”

Kara couldn’t tell if Lena were agreeing or not and couldn’t see the answer in her eyes as they’d fallen shut. She edged to the side as the army of doctors came back into the room, talking through options, dialysis and blood transfusions among them.

Suddenly Lena’s heart rate spiked and Kara’s head snapped around to glance at the monitor confirming what her hearing told her.

“Kara,” Lena’s voice was weak and raspy and her eyes were glassy with her pupils blown. “Will you be my girlfriend?”

Ignoring the discreet doctors watching and listening Kara nodded eagerly as her heart felt like it could fly.

“Yes!” She nearly shouted and then lowered her voice sheepishly as Lena’s lips twisted into a smile as the medical team jumped a little at the volume.

“Yes,” she cleared her throat and blinked thought suddenly watery eyes at her girlfriend. “Yes,” she repeated softly.
“I expect to be wowed on our first date,” Lena mumbled as she slumped back into the cushions and Kara kissed her fingertips.

“And every day afterward for the rest of our lives,” she promised as Eliza guided her away from the bed and directed her to a part of the wall to stand and watch.

The doctors guided Lena into a medically induced coma shortly afterward and Kara spent most of the time after watching over Lena closely as her heart rate slowed and her breathing was aided by a machine. They had decided to do a combination of blood dialysis and blood transfusions in an attempt to halt the mutation of her cells. Alex had already passed on that the blood she had already drawn had already been taken over and the cell was killed. She didn’t voice it, she didn’t need too, her face said it all, but Lena’s chances decreased with every moment she didn’t have the cure.

The blood transfusion and dialysis helped, but the DEO quickly ran out of supplies and had to beg several local hospitals for some of their own. Kara had flown to get it, reluctant to leave Lena’s side but knowing she needed the death-delaying treatments. As she flew she heard the city talking about Lena, about Lex and Superman, about Lena and Superman, and even about Lena and Supergirl.

No one knew anything and Kara made sure to take a moment to send a text message to Jess, as Supergirl, telling her Lena’s condition. It was not much, she knew, but also knew that sometimes having no information was worse than having actual information. Now, at least, Jess knew her beautiful and brave boss was fighting for her life with some of the best doctors, and alien specialists, in the world by her side. Plus Supergirl. All they needed was Lex.

He came through, surprisingly. The Medusa Virus was left in a seedy motel room on the bed, along with a note. ‘Save her.’

J’onn had been the one to fly out and retrieve it as the risk to Kara was deemed too great. She wasn’t about to complain. Lena had taken a turn for the worse when the video message came in.

Kara only had a moments warning, the sickening sound of a joint popping out of place, before Lena’s body was seizing in place and convulsing on the bed.

The abrupt and violent movement tore the IV lines from her arms and Kara sped to Lena’s side as her body arched in place, rigid as a board. And then she started to thrash as blood snaked down her arms and as the fluid from her IV lines dripped to the floor.

“What’s happening?!” Alex demanded, launching herself from her chair where she was still analysing blood samples and roaring towards Lena, shouting for restraints to be brought.

“Lena, Lena,” Kara tried to soothe to an unresponsive body and she had to increase the pressure on Lena’s arms to keep her in place and hoped she wasn’t hurting her.

“What can you see and hear?” Alex barked as she threw herself over Lena’s legs as they jerked and contracted and even Alex couldn’t miss the sound of bones breaking.

“Her muscles are convulsing around her bones,” Kara shouted as she held Lena’s torso to the bed and Alex braced her weight across Lena’s lower body. Her heart was hammering in her chest as she heard Lena’s bones straining under the immense force her muscles were placing them under and she winced as she heard them start to crack.

“I didn’t think that was possible?!” She asked of Alex, voice lifting into hysteria as other doctors used their strength to force Lena back on the bed. Kara was almost tempted to use her own body to keep
Lena pinned but didn’t know how to do so without making it awkward for both herself and the doctors.

“It is, under extreme circumstances,” Eliza offered as she jammed a needle into a small glass bottle and drew out the needed drug. “People break bones in arm wrestling or in seizures frequently.”

It took a few more precious moments for Eliza to stabilise the drug and then administer it into Lena’s arm. All the while her body thrashed and arced with almost inhuman strength and the group of doctors keeping her tied down sagged in relief when the drug finally kicked in.

Lena was restrained, to be safe, and seeing her with bands around her arms and legs and stretching up her torso was made all the more horrifying by the tube in her mouth aiding her breathing.

Dr Hamilton was quick to gain control of the situation.

“Make sure the tubes haven’t moved too much, and get her back on the drips. Supergirl.”

Kara glanced up at the doctor from where she was carefully brushing Lena’s hair back from her face.

“If we get you pictures can you tell the extent of damage to Lena’s body? I don’t want to risk taking her for a scan just yet, but if you see something we’ll rush her to surgery straight away.”

Kara nodded and scanned every inch of Lena’s body with her vision, using several layers of it over and over to ensure that she didn’t miss anything important. The damage Lena’s body had done to itself was… almost beyond comprehension. She’d have less injuries if a building collapsed on her.

While she scanned Lena, Dr Hamilton requested a portable CT and MRI machine and had someone see to the holes left by Lena’s thrashing.

Most of Lena’s joints had been dislocated and several of her bones had broken under the pressure of her muscles, and her skeleton was riddled with stress fractures. Fortunately, her body was intact, she had no internal bleeding that Kara could see, and most of the broken bones were away from major arteries. Still, when Lena woke up she’d been in a lot of pain and be in for one long road to recovery.

Kara remained at Lena’s side while J’onn returned with the virus and when Eliza and Alex led the team on reversing the virus.

Dr Hamilton had the machines look at Lena’s brain first and there was a sigh of relief as her scans came back normal, and then they went limb by limb scanning her bones.

It was a slow and difficult process as they had to carefully position each limb for the full range of x-ray. Some bones required surgery to fix while others were able to be cast while Lena was unmoving on the bed.

Time passed slowly, far too slowly, accompanied by the slow, sluggish beep of Lena’s heart and the whirling of the machines keeping her alive.

People came and went, samples were taken and answers were found, and through it all Kara remained silently at Lena’s side, holding the fingers that had been placed into a pale cast with the gentleness of someone holding something precious and fragile.

Most of her attention, every fibre of her being, was focused on Lena, but she had an ear out for Alex and Eliza in case they made a cure.

Lena was so beautiful, Kara thought as her eyes tracked over every inch of her face, imprinting it to
memory as she quietly thought of where she would take Lena for their first date. It was almost impossible to rationalise the woman in the bed with the picture of the woman in her heart. There was a ghost, a mere shell of a usually vibrant and full of life Lena fighting for her life surrounded by white with machines keeping her alive.

“Paint,” she said abruptly and the doctors started slightly and stared at her in confusion as she gently traced the pads of Lena’s fingers with the tip of her own.

A throat clearing tried to get her attention but she tilted her fingers softly and slid them in between Lena’s, desperate not to cause her further pain though she knew that the fingers on the hand she was caressing were unharmed.

“Uhm, Supergirl,” someone said, and it was one of the younger doctors. At any other time she might have been bothered to remember his name, but with everything focused on Lena, on trying to force her love for Lena through her touch into the limp, lifeless woman next to her, she couldn’t.

“What did you mean by that?”

“Lena won’t want to wake up to white walls,” she said absently, feeling the faint pulse through Lena’s fingers and into her own. She wondered if Lena could feel her here and willed Lena to feel her; to know that Kara was here with her begging for her to wake up, holding vigil over her silent form, loving her still and waiting to show her how she loved her for the rest of her life.

“We should paint them. Blue,” she gave a decisive nod and gave her full attention back to Lena. She was dimly aware of the doctor team looking at each other but cast them aside the way one would an errant fly.

To distract herself from the fissures in her heart, which were flaring painfully with every laboured rise and fall of Lena’s chest, she tried to plan the perfect first date. Briefly considering a google search she decided that no, it needed to come from the heart, and if she needed google to help her plan something then she was not worthy of Lena. Lena was worth her planning everything by herself. If she couldn’t even think up a date then how could she be worthy of anything more?

A few obvious answers presented themselves, but she wanted their first date to be special, a sign of the journey the two of them were going to take together, because if Kara had her way they would be together for a long, long time to come.

She’d like to do something simple but worthy of being an awesome first date. Something that wasn’t inexpensive or too expensive or made it seem like Kara were trying too hard, not that she thought Lena wouldn’t appreciate any effort she made, but Lena had mentioned on many occasion how just being with Kara was fun, away from the stares and expectations of the boardroom or events. So Kara wanted something for the two of them, but she didn’t think dinner and a movie, like they usually did, would be a great first date. It would be like normal and Kara didn’t want normal; she wanted the excitement and anticipation and the desire as well as the warmth and comfort and contentment that came from just being with each other.

Recalling how Lena had loved her time at the zoo, even though they hadn’t seen all of the animals, Kara whipped out her phone, keeping her other hand gently intertwined with Lena’s.

A quick google search revealed that NC Zoo had many animal encounter experiences and she scrolled through them absently, wondering which animal Lena might like the most. Then she had a thought that maybe they could somehow experience all of them? She could give her contact at the zoo, Leon, a call. Maybe he would help her arrange it. The Red Panda’s looked amazing and of course the Giraffe feeding looked like a fan favourite, if the reviews were anything to go by. Maybe
they could play with some cheetahs? Apparently that was seasonal though, so she’d have to check. Deciding that a visit to the zoo would be a good idea for their first date, if Lena were okay with them out in public and ‘together,’ though Kara couldn’t imagine why she wouldn’t be, she continued scrolling through the many activities and experiences National City had to offer and came across one that had an appealing advertising picture.

It was of a man and woman in fancy ballroom sort of dress surrounded by fairy lights. Curiosity piqued she followed the ad to the page. One of the World Champion Duo Ice-Skaters had returned home and started teaching their art to the likely hapless citizens of National City.

It looked like a lot of fun, especially when the video on the front page started to play and Kara was rewarded with laughing couples falling over themselves and onto the ice as they tried to follow their instructor. Making a mental note to look into it, she kept looking and saved pottery making, glass blowing, and even a sword fighting class to her potential date options.

Lena had been in a coma for over four hours with her vital signs slowly decreasing when Kara sensed a disturbance at the edge of her awareness. Casting a look over Lena she turned her attention outward and to the inside of the DEO. There was frantic movement; the thud of boots on the linoleum, the whisper of fabric on fabric as uniforms were adorned, and the rasp of weapons being checked and worn safely.

Winn appeared a few moments later, eyes with dark bags and face pale, with five-o’clock shadow prominent on his jaw, and Kara barely spared him a glance. “We found CADMUS.”

His statement was punctuated with one of the most terrifying sounds Kara had ever heard. The wail of a heart-rate monitor screeching to a halt as Lena’s heart stopped.

Kara launched herself to her feet as sirens began to blare, warning the doctors that their patient had passed on and they flooded into the room, a torrent of white.

“Lena!” Kara bellowed at her side, reaching down to shake the woman she loved, trying to get her to open her eyes. It was like before with Hank and Lena, only now Kara didn’t know what to do. The blood that had sustained her last time was corrupted, tainted, and filtered through machines and there was an entire team of some of the best doctors in the world watching over her.

“Lena! No!” She shouted as doctors brushed against her, their presence no more noticeable than an ant, as they tried to get her to move.

“Don’t leave me!” A whimper escaped her at the thought, she couldn’t survive if Lena didn’t. It was something Lena, in her stupid, self-loathing mind hadn’t quite figured out. Lena would survive Kara, Kara was willing to dedicate her life to that end, but as much as Lena thought Kara mightn’t make it by being one of two aliens on earth, by failing to provide what her House Crest stood for, Kara didn’t plan on outliving Lena very long.

It was easy enough for the people around her, for the media and indeed, even for Clark, to tell her she was so strong for surviving the loss of Krypton, and that she would be strong enough to continue through her Aunt Astra’s death, and eventually Alex, Eliza, Jeremiah (again), Winn, and James’, because Kara knew that she would out live them all. That she would watch them grow old and grey while she was untouched by the sands of time. The few who knew her probably avoided thinking about it, and certainly hadn’t voiced it, but the suicide pact she’d made with earth was enough of an indicator of Kara’s own desire to live.

It wasn’t that she wanted to die. She didn’t, not really, because as much as she wanted to see her parents and friends again in Rao’s light, she had a family here, with her now, and she needed to
spend as much time with them as possible, and keep them alive. She needed them to ground her, to be her anchor. But part of her second chance at life, no matter how bitter-sweet the chance was, was that she protect her new home and everyone on it, regardless of the personal cost. She would die in defence of it, and nearly had, but she didn’t think she could lose anyone else. She’d already lost so much and nearly losing Lena earlier in the month had very nearly destroyed her. She was beyond thankful that Lena had been dying of Kryptonite poisoning and that exposure to Kara and Kara’s blood had kick-started her healing process.

If Lena actually died, and Kara couldn’t save her, then she didn’t know what she would do, who she would be. The thought didn’t bare thinking of, it was too horrific.

“Supergirl!” Dr Hamilton’s voice was sharp and commanding and broke through the roaring in Kara’s ears. “Get out of the way!” She ordered and usually being spoken to in such a way would raise her hackles, but a familiar heartbeat approaching drew her attention and it was enough for the doctor to force her way between Kara and Lena and try to figure out what had gone wrong.

Alex had a needle in her hand, one of those big ones that looked like it was for a horse or some large creature, maybe an elephant. She looked exhausted and harried, with her hair in distinct parts as though she had run her fingers through it more times than worth counting, and there was a coffee stain on the bottom of her shirt that Kara was able to pick out against the black of her uniform.

“I’ve got it!” Her voice cracked in exhaustion but her eyes were triumphant.

Immediately delight went through the doctors working over Lena and Alex went straight to the big tube that went directly into Lena’s chest. Kara watched, unable to breathe, as the liquid flooded Lena’s IV line and disappeared into her body. The doctors were still moving around, still trying to resuscitate Lena with medical words Kara didn’t know, and was of half a mind not to know. She wasn’t sure she needed to know what they were saying. Time passed as Eliza appeared in the room, the victory of success fading as she saw the doctors trying to bring Lena back.

Kara didn’t register her presence at her side. Her eyes were trained directly on the limp form of her best friend as Lena’s body jerked in time to Dr Hamilton’s compressions and other doctors pushed drugs into her veins, and the jolt of the defibrillator. Her ears were straining for a sound, a stammer, a trip, a whisper of a heartbeat beneath the screech of the heart monitor.

There was nothing. Only an empty silence. Kara didn’t register falling to her knees, or the cracks and craters she made in the ground as gravity bore her earthward.

Outside her body she was dimly aware of Eliza’s hands on her shoulders, of Alex’s face swimming in her blurry vision, as Dr Hamilton pronounced the time of death.

There was a pressure in her chest, a burning she was unfamiliar with, and she forced her feet up from under her, shuddering and stumbling upright. Her vision swam and she had two sisters peering at her though a blurry wave, concern in their dark eyes. Alex’s voice was muffled, heard under water and she blinked at her sister, trying to hear what she was saying but all she saw was Alex’s mouth moving.

Alex’s hands were up now, pressing on her body above the ‘S’ crest somewhere and Kara swayed against her touch, a single sound running through her head. The absence of Lena’s heartbeat, eerily silent in the amphitheatre of her heart. It was deafening. The encompassing silence that reminded her of her eternity in the Phantom Zone. Only someone was screaming. Breaking the silence.

Behind her lids she saw the bright burst of colour and felt the sickening boom in her bones as her world shattered, as Krypton exploded. The screaming hadn’t stopped. It was an awful sound, a
broken cry. Kara almost wanted it to stop, to bring the silence back, at least then she didn’t have to hear such a haunting loss.

She didn’t realise she was the one screaming.

A white sheet was being lain over Lena. The tubes and needles having been removed and Kara watched, paralysed, as her features disappeared from view.

It was as though a spell was broken.

She stumbled back away from the bed, the pressure in her chest feeling as though someone were trying to crush her.

Walls crumbled beneath her hands and body as she tried to get away. She needed to get out of here. She needed... She needed to go.

The roof of the DEO burst around her as she flew into the sky and she took great, heaving breaths, trying to get air into lungs that didn’t want to expand, into lungs that wouldn’t work.

She broke the sound barrier as she blitzed into the sky, buildings shattering and cracking with the force of her retreat as she sought the solitude to the sky.

It was a beautiful day, blue and clear and on any other day she would have loved soaring through the sky. Now though, she only cared for how quickly she could reach the stars, way out of her reach, and drown in them.

It was her fault. Lena had loved her enough to do something so stupid and it had gotten her killed. All of Lena’s recent near death experiences could be brought around to Kara. And to the Luthor’s. The thought brought her to a screeching halt and she hovered in mid-air. Actually…. It wasn’t Lena’s fault, or Kara’s fault… it was all because of her last name. The Luthor Curse. And, in fact, if she were to really place the blame on anyone it could all be laid at the feet of one person.

Unbidden she dropped from the sky, feeling the pain in her chest that threatened to consume her, twist and turn deadly, sharpened to a single, grim purpose.

Lena had to face death threats for years, she delt with assassination attempts and cruelty from people who didn’t know her gentle and kind heart. She faced the entire world with her head held high even as the world tried to tear her down… and it was all because of one person.

Kara remerged in the air above National City and hovered, body straining for the DEO ground units who were converging in on where they believed CADMUS to be.

The reason for all of the pain and suffering Lena had suffered was because of Lex Luthor. Lex Luthor; who had been given the most precious gift of all, a sweet, kind, and gentle sister. Lex Luthor; who loved that young girl and betrayed her in the most painful of ways. Lex Luthor; who had gone on a rampage against her cousin and any other non-human and had left the ruins of an empire in Lena’s hands. Lex Luthor; who had escaped from prison and had caused even more damage.

Lex Luthor; who had been the reason his sister, the woman Kara loved, had decided to take steps towards her own death in order to blackmail her brother into being a semi-decent person.

“ETA three minutes.”

Kara turned her head towards the sound.
“Copy.” J’onn replied from within the bowels of the DEO. “I’ll be there shortly. Secure the perimeter. Do not engage. I repeat; do not engage. Wait for Superman.”

“Roger.” Came the crackled response and Kara tilted forward, speeding after the trucks and scanning for their destination.

CADMUS hadn’t even attempted to hide themselves where they made camp, in an abandoned farm building in the middle of nowhere. How the DEO sweeps hadn’t noticed it Kara didn’t know. But she could see all of the people inside as she got closer, and knew she was not being subtle about her approach, likely the entire city was aware of her location and which direction she was going. She didn’t care.

Lillian was there, imposing in heels next to Hank Henshaw and Lex was over at a computer. Various CADMUS goons were milling about, but as she got closer she saw them start to scramble and felt a thick sense of satisfaction. Good. They knew she was coming.

The emotion in her chest had turned cold, the fire had gone out, leaving nothing but jagged glass in its place, pretty and deadly. Empty.

The emptiness in her heart, in her soul, was all because of one person. Lex Luthor.

Lex Luthor was responsible for it all. All of the hurt and pain and lack of justice and equality.

The humans couldn’t take care of the problem. Kal was too weak, too impure. Kara was not. Kara was a true Kryptonian through and through, unlike the birthed, defective being that was Kal El who had been raised with human values. Kal was not El Mayarah. Kal, no not Kal, Clark was not justice. Kara was justice. She was the only one who was strong enough. As justice Kara had to make sure no one else got hurt. And there was only one way to ensure it.

Lex Luthor had to die.

Chapter End Notes

I hope it is worth the wait. I've crept back into my muse, so expect Mercy finished by the end of the year. Hope everyone has been well.
The DEO was in an uproar with Kara’s absence and Alex had only a few minutes to compartmentalise Lena’s death, Kara’s distraught face and exit, before she was bolting through the halls and heading for her equipment.

Winn’s voice was in her ear keeping her updated as she tore into the barracks and towards her locker.

“She’s halted above the Pacific. She’s just…. Hovering there.”

“Okay, keep an eye on her,” Alex grunted as she rounded the corner and skidded to a halt near her locker.

“Will do-oh.” There was silence on the other end of the comms and she felt the hair on the back of her arms rise.

“Winn?” She demanded as she tore her locker open and began to drag her clothing out; boots, belts, and DEO issued weapon holsters. She hadn’t been in combat gear because she had been in the laboratory trying to cure Lena in time to save her life. She was regretting it now.

“Um…”

“Winn!”

“Okay,” Winn hedged in response to her barked demand. “She’s um, she’s heading back toward the city.”

“What direction?” She asked as she hopped a little, trying to replace her shoes with her boots.

Winn was quiet.

“Winn?”

She heard the audible swallow and felt her blood run cold.

“Winn,” she kept her voice measured and steady even as her heart rampaged in her chest. “Where is Kara going?”

“After CADMUS,” he whispered through the line and Alex swore. Loudly.

“Tell J’onn-“

“I am already on route, Alex,” J’onn interrupted and she could hear wind rushing around him.

“I’ll try to intercept her but I don’t think I’ll make it in time. Superman is coming from Metropolis but I don’t think he will get there in time either.”

Alex’s heart was pounding in her chest, in her head, it was hard to hear J’onn over its roar.
“I’m prepping a chopper for you now,” Winn said and she could faintly hear him ordering one of the Hawks to be prepped.

Alex grunted a thanks and tore from the room towards the armory. While it was necessary for security reasons she wished the armory wasn’t in the middle of the building and through several layers of security because it delayed her by a few precious minutes.

As she was running back up the stairs, not willing to wait for the elevator, she saw her mother, still in her white lab coat, coming from the laboratories as she rounded the next staircase and she halted when Eliza called for her.

“Mum? I can’t talk now. Kara’s-“

Eliza faltered and her voice came back sharp with parental suspicion. “What’s your sister doing? Is she okay?” Alex jogged closer and slowed her steps to walk swiftly with her mother towards the next set of stairs at the other side of the corridor. She was a little out of breath and made a mental note to increase her cardio- it had fallen to the side in recent weeks and she was now paying the price for it.

“Winn says she’s going after CADMUS.”

Winn pipped up in her ear. “She’s about a minute out from their location. She’s high enough in the atmosphere that her speed isn’t causing any damage, but if she doesn’t slow down when she descends we’re gonna have a problem.”

“Kara isn’t one to cause unnecessary damage,” Eliza defended once Alex relayed the message. Alex shook her head. “I don’t know if she’s thinking straight right now. She just lost Lena, again. I don’t know how she’s going to react.”

Winn was the one to offer her an answer, even if it were one she didn’t want to hear. “You don’t think…“ he hedged and let his sentence fall away and Alex felt her features harden. “Kara isn’t going to hurt them,” she said adamantly and shook her head, even though he couldn’t see it. “She’s lost enough,” Winn offered hesitantly. “What is a person’s breaking point?” “Not murder,” Eliza interrupted vehemently with a shake of her head. “Not Kara.” “Your chopper is ready,” Winn relayed, Alex turned to her mother and froze. There was a figure behind her mother, passing in and out of reality as she stood on the linoleum. “Lena?” Eliza spun and her eyes widened as Lena, or what appeared to be Lena, lifted her eyes from her flickering hands and glanced across the space between them. “Alex?” Lena’s voice was loud, impossibly loud and Alex doubled over with a scream as it seemed to ring in every part of her brain. In front of her, her mother was in the same position, hand to her head and screaming in pain. The apparition that was Lena, flickering in and out of existence, was like some sort of hologram. There but not quite there and in the back of her mind Alex could hear everyone
around her screaming as Lena’s voice boomed in their minds.

“Eliza?”

She could hear Winn shouting in her ear but she couldn’t make out the words over the sound of her ears ringing and her own screaming.

“Sorry.”

Lena lowered the hand she had lifted as though to help them and stood meters away, form shimmering as though a mirage, watching them with a pained expression.

As the high-pitched screeching in her ears faded Alex came back to herself and pushed herself off the floor, from where she had fallen onto one knee. She took a moment to be thankful for the additional padding her uniform provided and stumbled forward to help Eliza up. Around her she noted the other DEO doctors getting back to their feet or slumping against walls, eyes on Lena.

“-there Alex? Talk to me! I’ve sent a team. What’s going on?”

Shaking, she guided her mother over to the wall and leant against it as she got her bearings.

The apparition that looked like Lena was gazing at her body as it flickered in and out of existence, even portions of it came and went and it reminded Alex of those human body exhibitions. Pieces of flesh exposed in layers; veins and bones and muscles beneath skin. She looked like Lena, or like Lena had looked not five minutes ago, only she looked healthier and…alive… even though she didn’t appear to be on same plane that the rest of them were.

“I’m fine, Winn,” she said, pressing a finger to her ear. “It’s just um….” She trailed off as Lena lifted her head again, features pinched in pain.

“What’s happening to me?”

Swearing Alex stumbled into the wall, letting out a sharp shout as Lena’s voice echoed in her mind.

“Stop! Talking!” She bellowed and pressed her palms against the side of her temples trying to stop the intense pain there.

Through a hazy vision, brought on by pained tears, Alex saw Lena glance around at the doctors groaning in pain and then nod. She mouthed her apology and Alex could have nearly wept in relief as she saw Lena understood.

“Don’t talk, okay?” She begged, trying to lace her tone with some sort of command but knowing she was coming up short.

The elevator and stairs dinged and a group of agents piled out at each end, weapons drawn.

“Freeze!”

A bemused Lena blinked and lifted her hands and as she did a wave of…something… burst from her palms and rolled across the floor to hit the agents and send them crashing backward.

Alex was close enough to see Lena wince and curl her fingers before lowering them. Her mouth opened and Alex reflectively winced and almost collapsed in relief as Lena hesitated, frowned, and then lowered her hands with an apologetic shrug.
Deciding to take control of the situation Alex stepped forward. “Lena?” She asked hesitantly and got a little closer to the woman.

She was wearing the same clothes she had died in, though seeing her now Alex wondered if ‘died’ was an accurate description. Alex made a mental note to request that, in the future, the DEO medical team chose more concealing medical robes because Alex was seeing far too much skin, and seeing it vanish and reappear with the rest of her. It was actually a little bit gross and Alex fought down her protesting stomach. Every line of Lena’s body was tight with tension, it was agony if the pain written on her face was any indication.

“Okay,” she muttered, mostly to herself and ran a distressed hand through her hair. “Right. Lena’s alive. Okay.” Nodding a little she turned to her mother.

“Are you alright?”

Eliza nodded, her gaze narrowed on Lena and Alex knew her mother was already running through tests she wanted to perform on Lena, she likely already knew how Lena was alive and appeared to have powers. Again.

A frustrated and panicked calling in her ear got her attention and she tilted her head as Lena opened her mouth and tossed her head back in a silent scream, falling into the wall, or at least into part of it as her body melted into it.

“Alex! Is that Lena? What’s going on? Talk to me!”

“Winn.”

“Oh thank god! What’s-“

“It’s Lena, or,” Alex hesitated as Lena fell to the ground, holding her arms around herself as though to alleviate some unseen pain, even as her skin melted away to reveal her muscle and bone before reappearing. It was like a scene from a movie. Like that one in Pirates of the Caribbean when the pirates were under moonlight and moved away from it.

“Looks like Lena. Call everyone off. It’s fine. Can you prep a Martian cell? She doesn’t appear to be very stable right now.” Alex ordered as she watched as part of Lena’s body vanished and then reappeared in phases, coupled by agony etching itself into her face. It reminded Alex of one of the options in Microsoft PowerPoint that she had used in school and she shuddered in disgust. She did not need to see Lena Luthor’s insides through the side of her robe. But, she decided to look on the bright side, at least all of her body was staying within the parameters of her body. Her blood wasn’t dripping on the floor and she hadn’t lost her guts yet, so that was a bonus in Alex’s book.

Eliza was over examining Lena with a critical eye and Alex was then rewarded with something that would give her nightmares for the rest of her life as Eliza hesitantly tried to provide Lena with some comfort. Eliza’s hand was lowered onto Lena’s shoulder and then promptly vanished, swallowed by Lena’s own body as Eliza jerked a little forward.

Alex nearly gagged.

Eliza startled and tried to tug her hand out while Lena just jerked on the ground, her eyes bleeding into black with red rings around them.

A few moments later and Eliza was stumbling back as her hand was forcible expelled from Lena’s shoulder and- god, was that her brain?!
Alex pressed a hand to her stomach and forcibly swallowed. She was a member of the DEO, she could handle a little brain. She could totally handle- and there went Lena’s eye ball.

Alex was rapidly realising her gag reflex was not as strong as she had though it was.

“Fascinating,” Eliza murmured, staring at the dissolving flesh and Alex knew she was looking at it as a doctor and not as a person, otherwise fascinating was not the word she’d be using.

“Gross,” Alex corrected and shook herself. She needed to get to Kara. She’d already delayed enough.

“Winn. Make sure Lena gets into containment. See if we can stabilise her there. I’m heading to the chopper now,” Alex instructed and spun around to sound the all clear for the DEO agents behind her.

The agents were very confused and maybe a little annoyed, but professionalism held out and they returned to their posts, throwing disgruntled looks at the woman doing her best to curl into a ball as she flickered in the middle of the corridor.

Alex watched them go, thankful that whatever it was that had Lena screaming in their heads appeared to be contained to the woman herself, though she wasn’t unempathetic to Lena’s apparent pain.

She turned back to her Eliza, only to find Lena forcing herself to her feet, body taunt and strained. The determined strength to her jaw lost its appeal as half of Lena’s face dissolved back to bone and then restored.

She shuddered. It was disgusting, but it certainly could have been worse.

“You need to go in a containment cell so we can try and fix… this,” Alex waved her hand over Lena’s body as there was a clink and she glanced to the ground. There was a little glint of silver on the floor and she followed its path back up.

Lena Luthor had a nipple piercing. Add that to the list of things Alex did not need to know about her sister’s girlfriend.

Lena shook her head adamantly and crossed her arms before unfolding them and indicating between the two of them with a hand that rapidly peeled back to a stump. Lena glared at her hand until it reformed before pointedly repeating the gesture and giving a nod.

“No,” Alex shook her head. “You’re not even, even,” it took her a while to find the words. “In one piece! Absolutely not!”

Lena’s head went back, tilting to the side and she lifted a brow.

Alex was not about to be cowed and stared her down. She was not about to risk Lena’s safety and besides, she couldn’t take a civilian into such a dangerous place.

Eventually Lena gave a little shrug and Alex internally rejoiced, but her relief was short lived as Lena walked past her and made for the stairs.

“Where are you going!?!” She demanded exasperated, and Lena pointed to the ceiling with one arm as the other vanished.

“You can’t come with me!” She snapped and realised Lena was getting away from her and jogged to
catch up. She cast a helpless look at her mother as she went and Eliza shrugged.

“It doesn’t look as though we can stop her, Alex. Let her go help Kara and then we can bring her back and try to stabilise her.”

Growling in annoyance she bolted after the headstrong woman, knowing from the little she had seen, and from knowing Lena, that when her mind was made up it was made up. It certainly helped that she seemed to be ethereal in form and could probably avoid being manhandled into a cell. Plus her voice virtually brought everyone to their knees.

“Um, Alex,” Winn’s voice came on the comm as she bounded up the steps after Lena and she wondered how Lena had yet to fall through the stairs, or even the very earth itself if she wasn’t solid. “What’s happening? I can only see so much on the cameras....”

Alex quickly explained the situation, catching Lena and being rewarded with the highly amusing image of the woman trying to run up the stairs in front of her, only to have part of her limbs vanish when they should have been hitting a step. The grim determination that came across her face was telling, and she managed to keep up with Alex. Though Alex could have sworn she was somehow cheating. Was she even breathing? How was her body even working right now? Was her heart even beating? The scientist in her was morbidly fascinated with what Lena’s cells and body were currently doing, even if the agent and sister in her needed to get to Kara.

A black hawk was waiting for her on the roof, just as promised, and she even had a pilot and a trio of agents to go with her. They gaped at Lena as she tried to grab onto the railings after Alex and haul herself into the chopper.

Alex settled in quickly and strapped herself in, feeling a flicker of satisfaction as Lena’s hand went straight through the bars, like in that movie where the woman turned into a ghost but was actually in a coma. Her smugness faded when she saw the genuine distress tense a strong jaw and enter bright eyes before she was leaning forward.

“Lena,” she shouted over the whirl of the blades. “We can’t wait. I’ll bring her home. I promise.”

Lena’s frustration was obvious but she gave a reluctant nod and stepped back, not that she needed to, as the chopper rose into the air. She lifted a hand in a wave and Alex watched her get smaller as the hawk sped across the sky.

“ETA?” She demanded into her microphone and was given an update immediately. She winced. It wasn’t a quick time, but the only way she’d get there any sooner was if an alien flew her and that wasn’t going to happen.

“Does J’onn know what’s going on?” She asked into her head-set and Winn answered.

“I’ve informed him,” he said and there was an almost breathless quality to his voice and she made a mental note to go and check up on him when she came back.

“He’s gonna tell Kara Lena’s alive.”

Alex nodded. For the moment it appeared that Lena was alive, or at least she wasn’t entirely dead, which was a relief, but Alex didn’t know how long it was going to stay that way. Something was happening to her body on a cellular level, and Alex knew it had something to do with the White Martian blood she had accepted into her body, but there was no research the DEO could draw from, nothing even M’Ghann could share. Human and alien DNA had never mixed, as far as she knew, in the way that Lena had planned. Eliza and Alex had been hard pressed to even make the cure, let
alone give it to Lena before her cells destroyed themselves. The future for Lena was unknown, but for now, all her thoughts and energy needed to be focused on saving her sister. Even if she had to save her sister from herself.

~*~

Kara idly pondered the fragility of the world around her as she took a moment to hover thousands of feet above the building the CADMUS scum had hidden in. As brittle as autumn leaves were to anything less than a gentle touch, the world around her was to Kara. Every move, every thought required calculations of strength, speed, touch. She couldn’t even walk without being afraid of putting her feet through the concrete, let alone touch her friends and family without being terrified of breaking their fragile bodies.

The world around her was so painfully… delicate… and required a gentle, careful touch and usually Kara was the person she needed to be, painfully slow and careful and aware of just how brittle the world around her was but… not today. Today she was going to show the world what happened when it took and took and took. There was only so much they could get away with. Kara would show them the error of their ways.

It was funny how they screamed for Justice as though they understood the concept when they were in the wrong. It was one of the hypocrisies of the human race. They were more than happy to point the finger, to demand what they thought of as ‘justice’ until the moment Justice turned Her gaze on them. Kara was finally willing to cast aside the shackles of humanity and be who she truly was.


With that thought she released her control of her powers and let gravity pull her to the ground. It took her one-hundred and eleven seconds before she was crashing through the roof of the abandoned building. Corrugated iron and wood splintered around her and she landed impressively in the middle of the floor, making sure to create a sizeable crater and boom to announce her presence in case her dropping through the ceiling wasn’t herald enough.

She gave them a moment to register her presence before she tore through the building, tossing aside the human guards with extreme prejudice, not caring for their fragile bodies like she usually would. They were CADMUS, they deserved worse than a few bruises or broken bones.

They didn’t have time to even try to halt her before she had taken them out, breaking their guns and tossing them aside. They were in a typical defensive formation, with patrols on the outside by the doors and then loose rings of them protecting the people in the middle. Lex. Lillian. Metallo. Henshaw.

She’d taken the outer ring of defences out first before moving inward and skidded to a halt near a pillar and glared at the people facing her.

While Lena’s call for help had gone answered, and many of the CADMUS supporters had been captured with the DEO and NCPD arrival, some had managed to get away and she was a little wary of them. Quickly appraising them as guns were shouldered and green bullets spiralled towards her she snarled. They had their chance. Now they would not be treated to a kind and caring Supergirl, they would deal with Justice.

She used her laser vision on the guns before zipping to their side and slamming her fist into their soft, fragile human bodies.

Had she cared for their lives or wellbeing she would have been more cautious with them, but she
was careful not to kill them. She was saving that for one person in particular. These lackeys could go
to jail complaining of their treatment at the hands of a god for all Kara cared. Humanity was about to
learn what happened when they let their criminals go without punishment, without justice.

Kara had no such reservations. She was no longer Kara Danvers. Kara Danvers had died with Lena.
She was Kara Zor-El, a god from another world, and she was going to ensure justice was kept and
maintained. Her way.

She could see in their eyes, and hear the stumbling of their hearts, and smell the fear of the
CADMUS goons as she took them down. They had grown arrogant. So used to the restraint she and
Kal exhibited in every move that they had grown complacent, assured of their own value and Kara’s
morals to continuously push the boundaries. No longer. And they were starting to understand that.
She didn’t care that she was becoming everything Lex was afraid she would. After all, he had been
the one to push her to it. He had taken Lena from her.

Having taken down the ordinary soldiers she halted and walked towards the area where Lex, Lillian,
Hank, and Metallo were stationed, absently cracking a gun in two as she went. There was a
collection of tools on a desk, a machine partially built, and she spared it a glance before removing it
from her mind. It was still in pieces, it wasn’t a threat.

Lex was sitting at a computer with Lillian at his shoulder. Henshaw was methodically putting a gun
back together, eyes cold and empty on her and Metallo was standing at the steps as he removed his
shirt to expose the Kryptonite ray. He had an almost finished drink on a wooden box next to him. In
the distance she could hear J’onn approaching and she let out a smile.

“Metallo,” she called out confidently and beckoned the man forward with a smirk. He grinned
arrogantly and trotted down the steps, taking a final swig of his drink before advancing to meet her.

Henshaw rose to his feet and she cast him a glance. “J’onn’s coming for you,” she said and he started
before settling back and checking his gun again. She knew he would wait for his interloper before
joining the fight. She had planned on it actually. Lex hadn’t even moved from the computer, slumped
over the key-board as he was, and Lillian was the one to pick up a gun and aim it in Kara’s direction
and she made a mental note to keep an eye on the Luthor matriarch.

She didn’t wait for James Corbin to attack and instead tossed the broken pieces of firearm at him and
flew furiously up behind them.

He was fast enough to blast the first piece with his Kryptonite beam, but the second caught him in
the chest and sent him reeling back, and Kara, relying on her momentum, slammed into him,
uncaring for the pain as her strength lowered. A brief thought of how Lena’s gold Terrao Kryptonite
would be in handy in the fight, and how she’d never see it or Lena again, fuelled her rage and she
brought her fist around to slam it into Metallo’s face.

Even weakened by the Kryptonite she was strong enough to break some bones and she heard the
crack of it before the green poison made her nauseous and she stumbled away.

Corbin was coughing and doubled over on the floor when J’onn flew in through the roof, whatever
he had been going to say was cut off by Henshaw throwing himself at him.

“Supergirl! Lena’s“

Lena! The inferno in her chest tightened and roared and she swallowed what felt like pieces of glass.
What had J’onn wanted to say?
She almost didn’t want to know, but anything that concerned Lena was her concern too.

“What about Lena?” She demanded but J’onn was a little distracted and she growled.

The two fought and Kara hovered on the edge, keeping an eye on Metallo who was on his hands and knees trying to breathe while also looking for an opening with Henshaw. While J’onn may want to fight his body-double on his own, Kara was rapidly losing patience with the entire ordeal and wanted Hank out of the way so that J’onn could take care of Corbin for her. Plus she needed to speak to J’onn about Lena.

It took her a moment to find the opening, but when she did she zoomed under Hank’s arm and spun, grabbing it from behind and wrenching it around with all of her strength. J’onn grabbed his torso and held it in place and there was a metallic screech and groan as she tore his arm off and Henshaw cried out, firing with his eye directly into J’onn.

The Green Martian was flung away and Kara ducked as Henshaw spun and took a swing at her. Whole he may have been a match for Kara Danvers, but with an arm missing he was no match for Kara Zor-El and she took great pleasure in beating him up before using her vision to laser his other arm off. His other limbs were even easier and he was left, a torso of metal and hydraulics, stuck on the floor like a turtle on its back.

She felt powerful as she gazed down at his broken form. He had caused her, and the people she cared for, no shortage of pain and she was more than willing to admit she considered stepping away from Justice and becoming Vengeance as she tallied the weight of his sins. He deserved to die for what he had done. Heat burnt behind her eyes and she could see the reflection of flames in Henshaw’s single human eye and heard the stutter in his pulse. He was scared. Good. She’d teach him to be scared. He and the rest of his ilk.

“Kara,” J’onn rasped as he emerged from the outer wall. Part of her would be irked with the informal address, but she knew CADMUS knew who she was. They always had. Ever since they took Jeremiah. It was a wonder the DEO or associates hadn’t come for her earlier. She snorted internally. Kal had abandoned her. If they had come for her, and they did, she realised with a frown, then nothing could protect her. Only… only Jeremiah Danvers had. He had exchanged himself. The thought made her pause as her vision returned to normal. Jeremiah hadn’t wanted this for her. Hadn’t wanted her to become a weapon for Henshaw and she wouldn’t betray his sacrifice for something, for someone, so…. Small. Henshaw was a pawn, a maggot.

Her real target was Lex Luthor. Turning she left Henshaw to whatever Rao would will of him.

“Kara,” J’onn repeated as he sped to her side and she eyed his injuries with a critical detachment. He had better not try to stop her. “Lena’s alive.”

The earth shifted.

“What?” She demanded and stumbled slightly, his strong arm had to hold her upright.

“I don’t know how, but Alex says she’s alive and-“ Kara shut out the rest of his words.

Lena wasn’t alive. Kara knew this to be true. She’d heard the final echo of Lena’s heart, the lonely call fading into silence. They were just trying to control her, to bring her back under their human influence. Alex had done many things for her, but she was also human and though Alex loved her she knew she would try and stop her from becoming what she would consider a monster. Alex was lying, and J’onn was going along with it. Lena was dead. Nothing could bring her back. And the person responsible was right there.
As she turned back to Lex there was a thud at the edge of her hearing and she paused, certain it were familiar. She didn’t hear it again and so turned back to her mission. It was just wishful thinking anyway. Lena’s heart had stopped. Kara’s shattered heart was only conjuring the sound to ease the shards of pain in her chest.

“Stay out of my way, J’onn J’onnz,” she warned and met his eyes once. She could see and sense his disapproval but he didn’t have time to protest as a burst of green light split the two of them.

“Stop him or I’ll kill him,” she snarled as J’onn launched himself at James Corbin, clearly believing her threat. She cast the battle a glance before turning her gaze on her true prey.

Lillian had gone ashen while Lex was still slumped over the computer and she took great pleasure in the way Lena’s mothers’ unloving heart was racing as Kara took slow and measured walks towards the two of them.

To Lillian’s credit the gun didn’t even shake as she fired a few rounds in Kara’s direction but Kara was far enough away to see the trajectory and dodge the bullets. Kara felt a brief moment of… praise… for the woman who had raised Lena. Though her methods had been harsh and at times cruel, Lena had turned into an amazing woman. But perhaps it had been her heart that had guided her through the perilous waters of being raised as a Luthor. Lena was kind and gentle and self-sacrificing and oh so ready to martyr herself for the sins of her family. What was it the humans said, better to ask for forgiveness than to seek permission? It was a strange way to look at things. It basically invited sin.

She wondered, as she slowly glided up the steps towards the two remaining Luthor’s, if they had practiced their plea. They should have, Kara reasoned, for they would be speaking it to their Judge soon enough.

“Lex,” Lillian hissed but Lex didn’t respond and she grit her teeth before turning back to Kara.

“Hello Lillian,” Kara drawled as she reached the top, meters away from the two remaining Luthor’s and took great pleasure in how powerful she felt.

On the monitor she could now see what Lex had been viewing before she got there and felt the split in her chest flare in agony. It was a medical examiners report, a DEO report. Lena’s death confirmation report.

Stumbling a little, as the agony of her situation hit her again, she had to take a moment to catch her breath as the weight of her loss constricted her chest. There was that odd thud again, closer now, and she shook it off. She could drown herself in the sound later. For now there was work to be done. Justice was at hand.

“I accept your surrender” she said calmly, coldly to Lillian. She had heard the line in a movie she’d watched but couldn’t spare the mental energy to place it. Lillian wasn’t her target, though if she got in the way then she’d suffer the same fate as Lex.

Lillian snarled and fired the gun at her chest. Kara let her lips curl into a cruel half smirk as it clicked to show the magazine was empty. Not to be deterred Lillian threw it at her, an odd act of defiance considering she had no ace up her sleeve, unless Lex could draw himself out of whatever funk he was in.

The gun hit her side, a quite good aim for the distance between she and Lillian, and she pointedly glanced from Lillian to the gun and back, letting her smile show her teeth.
Lillian’s heart beat out once before Kara was on her, slamming her to the side with a wave of her arm. Bones cracked and splintered as Lillian was lifted through the air and she hit the ground hard, a yell escaping her lips as more of her fragile human body broke at the impact.

Lex still hadn’t moved.

The beast in Kara’s chest roared and reared and Kara sped before him, wrenching his chair around and yanking him out of it by his throat. His heart rate stampeded beneath her palm, beating out against her skin in protest of the inevitable.

Lex’s features were ashen and the lines around his eyes were red. He didn’t even try to fight her hold, going almost limp in her hold like a flesh sack. Her fingers twitched in disgust. He wasn’t even going to try and escape her hold? To writhe and wriggle like a worm on a hook? Pity. Kara had wanted to watch him squirm.

“You’re the reason she’s dead,” Kara snarled into his face, seeing red mirrored in his eyes. He looked at her blankly, almost as though he were elsewhere and not with her currently.

She gave him a little shake, taking satisfaction in how his limbs moved as though a puppet cut from string.

He blinked back to her, the glazed sheen over his eyes leaving him a moment. In the distance she could hear another flyer approaching and wondered if it were M’Ghann or, perhaps, Kal but didn’t give it another thought. There was also a chopper in the distance. It was probably Alex. Best see this done before her sister tried to stop her, before she fell apart in Alex’s arms. She wouldn’t have the strength to leave their embrace and do what needed to be done, to be Justice, if she let her guard down, if she let the pain consume her. There would be time for that later.

“You killed her,” her words were measured, controlled and Lex Luthor swallowed against her palm.

“Do you deny it?” She couldn’t hear much over the sound of her own heart beating, a broken, echo of sound, a shadow of what it had been, even as the vessel that housed it was perfect. Sometimes she cursed Sol’s gift, but today it would give her the strength to kill Lex Luthor.

“No,” Lex finally spoke, his eyes closed at the twitch her fingers responded with. “No,” his confession was a whisper. “I killed her. I killed my sister.”

Kara hesitated a moment. That had been easier than she had thought. She had thought he would deny it, spit vitriol at her and her kind and scorn everything Lena was and had done. A confession had been the last of what she expected.

“Right,” she took a moment to gather herself. “Okay. I’m going to kill you now,” she said nodding slowly, convincing herself, or maybe telling herself that, that was what she was going to do. Killing went against everything she believed in, or had believed in, so the decision was causing her some reluctance.

In the background she heard J’onn yelling out in protest, something about not what Lena would want, before he was cut off.

“I deserve it,” Lex agreed, clearly seeing his own death approaching and being willing to face it.

“Shut up,” she squeezed her hand warningly. Was he trying to trick her? No one went willingly to their own death. No one except Lena.

“You’ve hurt so many people, taken so many lives. You deserve to die.” She wasn’t sure who she
was trying to convince now. She could end all of this now. Stop the cycle of pain. Get justice for so many. Get justice for Lena.

“Kara!”

Kara closed her eyes and shook her head as the pressure in her chest threatened to consume her. Would Rao not allow her some peace? Would He not grant her mercy? Would memories of Lena haunt her every moment until she joined Rao?

“Kara, let him go,” Lena told her, and Rao, she still sounded the same. The slight indication of an accent, acquired through years at foreign boarding school. Kara could picture her steady, warm gaze and the way she would drop her head and lift her eyes to hold Kara’s own.

She focused on her breathing, on forcing the emotion back into her chest where it roared and reared and tore apart her insides with poisoned claws and venomous teeth.

“You aren’t a killer, Kara.”

Kara shook her head trying to rid herself of the voice. She had to do this, she told Lena’s ghost. She had to stop Lex and Lillian, stop them from hurting anyone else. It was to honour Lena’s memory.

“Not like this, not by losing yourself,” Lena answered and Kara nearly expelled the all-encompassing loss in her chest but bit it back. The universe had taken so much from her already, it had taken Krypton and then Kal, Jeremiah and Astra, and now it had taken Lena. It wouldn’t take the satisfaction of breaking her, from her not yet.

“Come back to me,” Lena asked and Kara shuddered, able to feel how she trembled through the way Lex shook in her grip. Lena’s ghost was right. Lena wouldn’t want her to hurt anyone, especially not on her account, and especially not when it wasn’t necessary. Killing Lex would not bring Lena back, and it certainly couldn’t honour Lena at all.

“Okay,” she told Lena’s ghost and released Lex from her grasp. She caught how he fell to the ground, heard the approaching whirl of a chopper and there was that thud again.

As though Lena’s ghost was offering her approval she felt a presence at her side, a warm imprint of a hand on her arm, a whisper of daphne scented skin.

Letting out a relieved sigh, seeing now that to honour Lena she had to be who Lena had believed she was, or at least try to be who Lena believed she could be, Kara opened her eyes.

It took her a moment, a fraction of a second, for her mind to believe what her senses had already told her, but in that time a thousand suns had birthed and passed. Lena was here. Lena was alive.

“Lena?!”

Hi all. Guess who signed up for NaNoWriMo? Me, obviously. I am now 12k words into my Medieval AU (with dragons!) so I wont be updating Mercy for a bit- but we only have a few more chapters left. So hang in there.
Mwah!
The whirl of the black hawk had not long faded when Lena heard someone calling her.

Eliza looked a little put out at having to navigate several floors of stairs, but Kara’s mother had a gentle, reassuring smile as she came to a panting halt next to Lena.

“We have a containment room prepared,” Eliza told her as she stared out across the city and Lena tilted her head in her direction in acknowledgement. While she didn’t appreciate the wording, it was better than calling it a cell, she knew that she was not okay right now and that she needed help. The DEO were probably the best ones to help her here. She wasn’t certain what was happening to her but had determined that for some reason her body was almost phasing in and out of existence, or at least parts of it was.

She’d already noticed that the part of her body that was almost eaten away and rebuilt never repeated itself. From this observation she was able to form a hypothesis on what was happening, but she didn’t quite understand it. Her body, or at least parts of it, was dissolving and then reappearing. It must have had something to do with her Martian transfusion. That would also explain why she couldn’t seem to grab anything but still had a presence, and for the most part, a body.

“Come on,” Eliza said and partially turned her body towards the door into the building. “We need to stabilise you and see what’s going on.”

Lena nodded and cast a final glance over the city and then paused. There was a shadow in the sky getting larger.

“Lena.”

It was M’ghann. She glanced at Eliza to see the woman had obviously heard the approaching Martian and carefully thought? Spoke? Out towards her.

“M’Ghann?”

Eliza didn’t clutch her hands to her head and scream so Lena took that as a win and continued speaking. As it was working she realised that speaking with her mind was like speaking with her mouth, only as she was directing the words at one person, M’Ghann, M’Ghann was the only person hearing them. Or so she had gathered. She’d have to do extensive research on what was and had happened to her later. When Kara was safe.

The White Martian landed on the helicopter pad and took a moment to let her eyes roam over Lena.

“That’s new,” she commented and Lena gave a little nod.

“Your blood has obviously done something, we just aren’t sure what,” Eliza replied.

“Is there a reason you’re here?” She asked, though not unkindly. “If it isn’t urgent maybe you can help Lena?”

Lena watched as a mammoth hand approached her and passed through her and then retreated.
“Fascinating,” she murmured, almost to herself.

“What’s happening to me?”

M’Ghann shook her head. “I don’t know” she answered but her eyes were narrowed in thought and she lifted her hand again. This time, instead of going through Lena like everything else was, Lena felt the weight and warmth of her on her shoulder and gasped as her body solidified.

“What did you do?!” She demanded, dimly aware of Eliza looking between them and realised she was speaking with both her mind and voice now. Which did make sense as her body was solid once again. And now that it was she was acutely aware of how it ached. Every bit of her seemed to be thrumming in agony and the pain descended upon her like the wrath of Zeus.

Groaning she went down on one knee, aware of M’Ghann’s hand following her down and took deep, measured breaths, trying to fight her way through it, but every breath was a challenge. It seemed like every heart-beat sent raw agony lancing through her veins.

“I’ll be back in a moment,” M’Ghann said and then the pain lessened, and Lena panted on the concrete as her body flickered in and out. Thankfully most of it seemed to be in one piece now, the odd fading and rebuilding of her flesh was slowing down. Eliza was hovering awkwardly next to her, wanting to offer comfort but unsure of how to.

M’Ghann returned a moment later, a bottle of painkillers in her hand and a water bottle in the other. She placed them on the ground and told Lena she was about to make her solid again. Eliza’s keen eyes took in every movement as Lena became a solid form once more. The agony kicked in, and Lena had forgotten how much she hurt in those few precious moments, now it was back in full force.

M’Ghann helpfully uncapped the water for her. She then tossed two pills back, against medical advice from the way Eliza’s hand came up and then curled back to her side, and guzzled half the water. It was as graceful as a newborn foal and about as clean as one, but she was desperate for anything to dull the pain. Fortunately, the DEO had some very powerful drugs and she knew it wouldn’t take that long for them to kick in.

Relieved that the pain would lessen soon she glanced up at M’Ghann.

“How are you doing that?”

M’Ghann smiled. “On Mars we are taught from a young age to control our minds and bodies. When you stabilise I, or J’onn, will teach you how to use any abilities my blood has given you.”

“What abilities?”

M’Ghann nodded over at Eliza while her eyes, sharp and piercing in her Martian form, remained on Lena.

“This is fascinating, how are you not dead, or at least not a Martian?”

“We managed to make a cure of the Medusa Virus,” Eliza explained, idly prodding Lena’s arm and seeing the indent her finger made in the skin there. “So your blood shouldn’t have done anything to her at all.”

M’Ghann shook her head. “The moment it hit her bloodstream it started to change her. I am surprised it didn’t kill her though.” She gave Lena her full attention. “You really should be dead.”
Lena was eyeing the torn pill-bottle cap and the bottle curiously, fitting them carefully together almost like a child.

She hummed in response, still eying the torn bits, “are you here for a reason?” It wasn’t unkind, more distracted than anything, but Lena paused and pulled away, obviously aware of how what she had said could be taken.

“Sorry, that was-“

M’Ghann interrupted her with a shake of the head. “Don’t worry.” Her eyes turned grave. “I’m here because Kara is-well-“ she hesitated and ducked her shoulder a little in a very human move. A half dozen solutions presented themselves, each more drastic than the last, and Lena understood.

Lena was probably the only one who could talk Kara down right now. Maybe Alex could, if she got there soon enough, but the Hawk wouldn’t get there in time, but….. M’Ghann would be able to.

“You have to take me-“

M’Ghann was already shifting into her alien form and held out a mammoth hand.

Lena took it without hesitation and an odd sensation ran through her body, almost like cold pins and needles. Her body phased out again, and Lena wondered if she looked like a ghost. She felt a bit like one.

And then she felt idiotic flying through the air, being dragged along like Wendy to Peter Pan and rolled her eyes at herself. This was ridiculous, and Kara, if she found out, would probably find it very funny. She should never find out, Lena decided as the city flew by beneath them as they sped towards where Kara and Cadmus were, on the outskirts of National City near the forest. Idly, she wondered how just she was flying, and how M’Ghann was manipulating her body. It probably had something to do with her Martin biology, and their ability to get through solid objects or how they managed to change into other people. She would certainly be discussing that with M’Ghann later, and their telekinesis skills, if she would allow it.

Ahead of them there was the Hawk, whirling away but getting bigger and bigger until they sped past it, a blur, and Lena had a moment to see Alex Danvers’ determined expression, facing forward as though she could see the distance ahead.

They came upon an old building, and Lena had to bite back her eye roll- one would think that CADMUS would finally realise that picking the most cliché location to reside was like a red-flag and neon light with a giant arrow pointing directly to them. One day she’d like it to be a hotel or something nice and fancy- if she were kidnapped again she would like to have a ten-thousand dollar couch and maybe a hundred year old whisky to sip while she waited for rescue.

The White Martian took them through the walls like they were nothing and soon they were behind Kara, and Lena took a moment to study the room.

It was as though a tornado had ripped through the building, or at least the human aspects of it. The soldiers were strewn around, as though they were children’s toys and had been tossed aside. Their guns were snapped and they were eyeing what was happening, Supergirl with her hand around Lex Luthor’s throat, lifting him off the ground as she choked the life out of him.

J’onn saw them, eyes widening in surprise before he returned to engaging with Metallo.

“Go,” M’ghann rumbled and darted off to help J’onn while Lena took a step forward.
“Kara!”

A ripple ran through the powerful body of Supergirl and Lena slowly walked forward, her body flickering like a broken hologram but she was determined as she moved past a prone body.

“Kara. Let him go,” she asked gently and walked cautiously up the steps towards her girlfriend and brother. Lex was looking rather poorly, face purple and eyes bulging with his veins prominent.

Kara’s breathing was fast and harsh and Lena would see the tension in her back, the strength in her posture but also the way she trembled, restrained rage or loss.

“You aren’t a killer, Kara,” she said getting closer and she reached out with a pale, ghost-like hand, seeing the concrete through her skin, seeing its transparency. A part of her brain, one not focused on what was happening to her, or on Kara, but another one, marvelled at it and how it was possible. She couldn’t wait to get into the lab and do some investigating, the science behind it would be incredible.

Lex dropped to the ground and Kara slowly lowered her hand, fingers curling as it was dropped to her side. Her head tilted to the side to the right and Lena focused, needing to touch Kara, wanting to feel that warmth beneath her fingers and slowly, ever so slowly, her hand materialised and the warmth of Kara’s arm made her fingers tingle.

Kara let out a sigh, resigned and determined, almost at peace, before she opened her eyes and turned to leave, and Lena was there, smiling at her the moment she did.

“Lena?!”

Her surprise would have been comical if Lena wasn’t so desperate to see her, to throw her arms around her and never let her go.

“Kara,” she said and lifted her hand, dimly aware of it turning transparent again as she lifted it up, and solidifying when she touched Kara’s face.

Her eyes fluttered closed and she leant into Lena’s touch, gaze full of warmth and longing and a whole myriad of emotions.

“You’re here,” Kara whispered, lifting a trembling hand and tentatively trying to stroke Lena’s face. Her fingers met no resistance and she tilted her hand, examining her fingers on the return and her eyes were searching, wide with wonder and disbelief.

“I am,” Lena said and slowly stepped back. Kara leant forward, just a hair, to follow Lena’s touch and Lena let out a breath.
“How?”

There was a desperation to her voice, suspended disbelief overflowing as her voice cracked.

“I don’t know,” Lena partially shook her head. “But we need to go back to the DEO. We need to find out what happened to me and what is still happening.”

Kara’s eyes searched her face, looking for...something. “Are you real? How is this possible? I heard your heart stop.”

Lena didn’t have an answer for her, merely smiled and offered her hand. Kara hesitated a moment, just a moment, and then took it.

~*~

“So what you’re saying is that... Lena’s heart stopped?”

Kara’s voice had lifted in shock and she hadn’t taken her eyes off Lena since the moment she had seen her.

Eliza nodded while Lena kept her attention on the screens in front of them. They were back at the DEO, with CADMUS agents being processed while Lillian and Lex were in holding cells while cases were built against them and while the DEO decided what to do with them.

Lillian had suffered a few broken bones and a concussion after her disagreement with Supergirl, and that would likely come back to haunt her when that information came to light, while Lex Luthor had been taken from hospital straight to one of the securest cells in the DEO. J’onn had been with him the entire time in case he tried something, like he had when the NCPD had tried to arrest him after Lena’s betrayal, but apparently the drug he had been taking had been forgotten in light of Lena’s near-death experience and he had been completely human, and vulnerable, when Kara went for him. Though the outer layer of his skin was as impenetrable as a Kryptonian’s, and the DEO and J’onn were very interested in knowing how, though Lex wasn’t willing to talk and J’onn had been warned against using his telepathy on the man, as much as he may have wanted to. Lex wasn’t talking, his only demand was to see his sister, and after that he had fallen silent, almost calm in his glass cell with eyes on him 24/7.

Unfortunately, Hank Henshaw didn’t survive his encounter with the operating table, and Corbin was down in the medical wing, drugged out of his mind as the scientists pried the synthetic kryptonite out of his chest. It had been a successful mission and the DEO was very happy, as was the FBI and even the President had quietly expressed her approval over the mission but had warned them all to start following protocol or else be bogged down with a lot of red tape.

No one (important to Kara) had died, and Lena was alive, against all odds! And the DEO were figuring out what had happened to Lena and why. So, all in all, it was a good few days for Kara, plus she got to stay with Lena the entire time she was in containment as they tried to stabilise her, which was a win. They had talked, a lot, and Lena had reluctantly agreed to see Dr Foster, the DEO’s resident shrink, to work through her many issues. Kara had had to put her foot down, and there was a crack in the cell cement to prove it, and she had gone red about it later, but Lena had talked with the lovely doctor for a good six hours, while waiting on some of her test results, and they had worked out a base-line for getting her emotional state back on track.

There was a lot for Gillian to work through, from Lena’s abandonment issues of her mothers death, her being kept in a group home for a month, which was evidently very scaring and where Lena’s issues with food stemmed from, not helped by Lillian, and her dislike of small spaces, her adoption
by the Luthor’s, Lillian, self-harm, her father, Lillian, Lex, and Lillian again, as well as Lena’s guilt over her name and blood and what they had done.

Her self-destructive tendencies aside, Lena had a long way to go, and her immense intelligence was going to be very trying for the doctor, but she and her partner Cal, would get through to her. Lena had already promised Kara that she wouldn’t put herself in such danger ever again, even if she felt it were necessary or the only way. She would talk to Kara first, or even Alex and J’onn if she needed to, and they would all work together. Lena had to learn she wasn’t alone anymore, and that her friends and found family, and Kara, weren’t going to be driven away. Kara wasn’t sure her heart could take the risk of falling back with Lena, with someone so ready to die for other people’s sins but had wanted to wait until Lena could handle the weight of that conversation. She had been careful to keep a distance between them, even as it made her heart ache, and to be a friend that Lena needed, not a lover, but it was very hard to fight the urge to take Lena into her arms and carry her away and keep her safe.

Dr Foster had suggested it, and it didn’t feel like a betrayal because Lena was Lena. She was amazing and smart and funny, and just... she was Lena! But there was a small doubt at the back of her mind. She would love nothing more than to be with Lena forever, but she couldn’t help someone who didn’t want to help themselves, as much as she loved her. But Lena had fallen quiet, their voices an echo in the room, and had gazed at the crack in the concrete as Kara’s demand for her to see a therapist had faded and had slowly nodded. She wasn’t happy about it, and had been quiet and withdrawn after her first session, but had agreed to go again. Lena had withdrawn from Kara a little then too, shrinking back to the woman she had first been before they had become friends, shy of contact and reluctant to instigate it. It was confusing for them both, but they would sit down and talk, Kara was sure, when they knew Lena was going to be okay. Baby steps.

“Sort of,” Eliza nodded and tapped a screen on her tablet. A group of medical experts were behind her, including Alex, and they had identical expressions of wonder, as well as hunger, though Kara was hoping that it was for what had happened to Lena, rather than Lena herself and felt her spine tighten. Even if they hadn’t really discussed what they were now, girlfriends or just friends, she was still Lena’s, and Lena was still hers, so they had best keep their eyes to themselves.

“Lena’s heart stopped when her body was fighting off M’Ghann’s blood.”

Lena, who was sitting on a medical bed, and had been for the last few days when she had been released from her containment cell after stabilising, reached for Kara’s hand. She accepted the touch, intertwining their fingers with a smile she couldn’t fight, because Lena was Lena, and turned her gaze back on her mother.

“What we think happened is that when Lena took M’Ghann’s blood it started to kill her.”

“But I thought when Martian blood was combined it just changed them? That’s what happened to J’onn.” Kara pointed at the Director, who’d been eagerly awaiting the results that some of the greatest minds in the country could determine.

“For Martian’s,” Lena pointed out, giving Kara’s hand a squeeze. “Because they share a similar base cell structure. Because I was human it started to kill me instead.”

Alex pointed to a picture on the screen, comparing the two cells. “When we injected her with the cure to the virus it fought back.” She shook her head a little, features pinching. “The Martian blood had already taken control of Lena’s cell structure, and, sensing an attack, its self-preservation kicked in.”

On the screen there was a CGI rendered image of a cell, with little White Martian blood as a virus
latching onto the human cells. A new colour was introduced to the enactment, blue in the form of the Medusa Virus cure. Someone, probably Winn, had given a face to the Martian blood cells, it looked shocked and then angry, and even afraid, as little blue soldiers attacked them. Then they changed, the white cells turning into something else, re-writing Lena’s cells into something else.

“In order to expel the cure the Martian Blood had to trick it into thinking there was only human DNA left, it used what was left of Lena’s cells to recreate her own cellular structure. But..” Alex ducked her head into her shoulder, face taking an oddly pained smile, a twitch of her lips.

“But Martian Blood thinks that human DNA is inferior,” Lena shrugged a little. “Which it is, so it rewrote my cells.”

Lena was wearing a band at both wrists, ankles, and around her neck, and she was beyond disgruntled about the fact but had allowed it while her body adjusted to its new cellular structure. The bands were miniscule blockers, like the ones used on the Martian cell in the bowels of the DEO, but made miniature to allow Lena’s body to remain in solid form.

The science around it, around Lena and her new abilities, were complicated but basically came down to the fact that when the Martian blood took over Lena’s body it started to kill her. When the Virus was introduced the Martian blood cells, like all living things, kicked into survival mode and rewrote Lena’s DNA to protect itself. Instead of killing her, and killing it, the blood recycled Lena’s body, down to a cellular level, and rebuilt it back up, leaving nothing to waste.

Lena’s seizure on the bed, that one horrifying moment when Kara’s heart had stopped, had been when the blood cells realised converting Lena’s cells was killing her, and also the virus was killing it, so instead it started to rewrite the entire cellular code.

Lena’s heart stopping had been as her heart was literally dismantled and rebuilt, she hadn’t needed to use it while the major blood vessels were rebuilt and so Kara didn’t hear her heart kickstart again. Nor did the DEO machines as she had already been pronounced dead and removed off them when she came alive again.

Lena’s moment of playing decomposed-corpse-number-three-in-a-zombie-movie had been because those patches of her skin, muscle, and bone, were being dismantled, recycled, and then rebuilt into something new, using human genetics as the foundation to avoid the Medusa Virus cure, but also making them much better.

It was very complicated but meant that, at her core, Lena was still human…. She just now had a few extra abilities on top of her genius brain…. Which J’onn and M’Ghann had promised to take her through and guide her with. So far she appeared to have some form of telepathy, and had agreed to wear a band over her head to stop her broadcasting her conversation for the entire DEO to hear at an almost deadly volume, and had the phasing and a little bit of telekinesis. Lena had been absolutely delighted by the science of it, of how the Martian biology allowed them to change their shape and go through walls and had spent a lot of her time being examined examining in turn a bemused M’Ghann.

After Lena had saved Kara, again, M’Ghann had flown her back to the DEO, with Supergirl hot on her heels, unable to take her eyes off her girlfriend. She had been escorted to a Martian holding cell and had promptly passed out while her body recovered from whatever it was that had happened to her.

With a solid body the DEO medical team had taken samples and rushed off to analyse them while monitoring Lena from inside the cell. Kara hadn’t left her side, and M’Ghann, J’onn, and Guardian had taken care of the city while Lena was unconscious.
Knowing Lena would be, at the very least wary of giving so many people access to her medical records, Kara had asked that only Alex and Eliza and Doctor Hamilton have access to the records and results, the team, thoroughly vetted by J’onn, M’Ghann, who had sort of adopted Lena in some way, and then Lena herself when Lena came back around, before Lena let them see her results. Plus, none of them would remain on the DEO servers. Lena promptly moved it all to her secure server, Minerva, but let the doctors have access to it so they could help her. She wasn’t very trusting of the DEO, and it was a fair point, Kara had defended. They hacked her system, or tried too, and Lena had basically dared Winn to try it again, to see what she would do to him if he did, and one of their agents had tried to kill her.

J’onn had almost wanted to wash his hands of the trouble that was Lena Luthor but had allowed her to keep her medical files under her own protection, just to stop her from walking out, though Kara’s pout might have had something to do with it. And Lena had been thoroughly reprimanded by the President, the actual president, who had snuck into National City to visit the three Luthor’s, about her simultaneous hacking of the entire media network of the city. Though privately she had requested a system that would allow the civil defence the ability to do the same in case of an emergency- Lena had agreed.

Of course, the world knew by now that Lena had survived, and that Lillian and Lex were back in custody. Jess, Lena’s loyal secretary, had been overheard talking with Supergirl about the mission, and soon it was all the world was talking about.

“So, what does that mean for you?” Kara asked of Lena, a note of pleading colouring her tone. She needed Lena to be okay and safe, and even if the two of them didn’t stick together, their shared history far too much for them to carry, she wanted Lena safe and loved and happy. And preferably not dying. Of course she may have blurred the lines a little with sticking to Lena like glue ever since she came back from the dead, but it was something the two of them really needed to talk about. Them hadn’t been something they had discussed at length. She wasn’t sure if she could handle losing Lena, or having to protect Lena from herself, as well as the rest of the world. But she did love her, so it was a very difficult decision. She didn’t think she could watch Lena self-destruct again.

“It means I’m going to be fine,” Lena’s voice was strong and reassuring and Kara narrowed her eyes, ignoring the warmth of Lena’s hand on her own. “Probably,” lips curling into a smile Lena ducked her head sheepishly, apology clear in her gaze.

“We think that, as Lena learns how to control herself, she will completely stabilise and her body and mind should have no problem with their….additions,” Eliza said pointing to a new chart on one of the many television screens in the room. “She’s gonna be fine, honey.”

Kara’s sigh of relief was in synchrony with Lena’s and a gentle thumb rub sent tingles through her body and she leant, ever so slightly, into the warmth next to her.

“I think,” Alex said, gaze flicking between the two, “that Lena should be able to go home tonight, as long as you- come back in the morning and don’t take your blocker’s off.”

Lena let out a long breath and nodded eagerly. “Of course,” she agreed readily. “I want to make sure I can’t hurt anyone before I do.”

Within a few minutes the laboratory was cleared, Lena’s results were secure on her server again, and Lena was being escorted to a DEO SUV. Kara was hesitant on her heels, wanting to talk to her but not wanting to push. She wasn’t really sure where they stood, or what they both wanted, and knew they had to talk.

Thankfully Lena, with her body partway into the vehicle, paused, head lowered but gazing up at
Kara through her lashes. “Did you want to bring dinner later? We need to talk.”

Kara nodded, fighting the urge to toy with the edge of her cape as she swallowed. “Okay.”

Lena’s hand came up and gently caressed her cheek using the tips of her fingers and her smile was soft and sad. “I’ll see you later, Supergirl.”

Kara spent the rest of the afternoon flying above her city with her head in the clouds, literally, as she tried to figure out what she wanted, what she needed.

Lena was her best friend, and she was not about to lose her as that, but as much as she wanted more, the line between lover and friend, was one that came with a lot of responsibility, for them both, and Kara wasn’t sure she had it in her to be a nanny, friend, and lover to someone who needed so much help. Dr Foster had spoken with her too, and she was going to see the woman as well, seeing that if Lena was going to accept help then she should too, and well, she had a lot of baggage as well.

Shortly after sundown she was flying to Lena’s apartment, hearing her presence be identified by the DEO guard’s making sure no one would harm Lena, and settling on the balcony.

She took a long while to gather her thoughts before lifting the hand not containing their take-out, and knocking.

“You know you don’t have to knock Kara,” Lena voiced from the kitchen, where she was slowly drying a dish plate.

Lifting her shoulder in a shrug Kara offered the bulging plastic bag.

“Wong’s?” Lena rolled her eyes with a fond smile and opened her drawer for a set of knife and fork each. Wong’s was Kara’s favourite take-out restaurant for pot-stickers, and they had their own menu just for Supergirl.

“Do you want to eat first or talk first?” Lena asked abruptly, getting straight to it, and her heart beat was powerful in the air between them, betraying her nerves.

Kara’s stomach answered for them both, having grumbled on the flight over about not inhaling the delicious smelling food while she went to Lena’s.

Lena bit her lip to hold her smile and offered Kara a set of cutlery. “We can talk after,” she allowed gently, and nodded in the direction of the couch. “I’ve missed a few episodes of The Chase. Wanna catch up with me?”

Kara grinned and zoomed to the couch, flicking the television on and settling herself before Lena could take a step from the kitchen.

Their conversation was stilted and a little awkward, both of them aware of the distance they had placed between themselves since Lena had come back from death, and both of them aware of the impending conversation and the weight of it. How odd, Kara considered as she watched Lena toy with her honey noodles, two women, separated at birth by light-years and blood, brought together under extreme circumstances and both shouldering the weight of the world. They were two sides of a coin. Atlas each. But… Kara considered. Maybe they could shoulder the world together. El Mayarah. They were stronger together, their track record proved that, but maybe Lena needed showing.

“Do you know what my symbol means?” Kara sked Lena abruptly, moving her left over rice and chicken to the nearby table and giving Lena her complete attention.
Lena was startled by the question, pausing with a forkful partway to her mouth and there was quiet relief to her movements as she lowered her fork and moved her own partially eaten take-away to the coffee table.

They had sat at opposite ends of the couch, distance between them that rivalled the ocean, but neither knowing how to cross it, too afraid of the waves and sharks, too afraid to drown to try swimming.

“Hope,” Lena replied carefully, wetting her lips and with her sharp eyes on Kara. “It’s the symbol of your House. El Mayarah.”

Nodding Kara let a pause linger on the air, trying to find the words to express how she was feeling.

“You don’t believe me,” she settled on, ire and desperation intertwining to colour her tone. Lena was visibly surprised by the statement, voice a little louder than decent conversation dictated but she didn’t comment on the tone or noise, her brow furrowing as she tried to determine where the hostility was coming from.

“What are you talking about?” Lena’s confusion was evident in her voice and face, both of them laced with hurt. “I believe in you.” She even lifted her hands in the space between them, gesturing wildly.

Kara shook her head, gearing up for a fight she knew had been long waiting. Lena would listen, and she would listen good now. Kara was tired.

“When I tell you that I love you, “ Kara rubbed her face, trying to shield herself from the pain that flared across Lena’s features, and she looked young in the dim light, hair down and a little bit curled from her earlier shower. “You never believe me.”

Lena’s denial fell partway off her lips before Kara was interrupting, launching to her feet and sending the remote crashing to the floor, but they both ignored it as she started to pace.

“I can tell you a thousand times that I love you. That you are good and kind and warm and you- you just-“ she tossed her hands in the air, turning to stare at frozen and confused Lena.

“You’re just willing to toss your own life away like it doesn’t even matter to you, to me,“ she jabbed a finger at herself, voice sharp and broken. “You don’t even care. It’s selfish and stupid and you deserve better than a friend you won’t believe.”

Lena’s voice cracked with emotion when she finally replied, jaw working to compensate for the lack of words she spoke.

“I love you, Kara.” She wet her lips, nostrils flaring and Kara had to shake away how attractive she found the image.

“I know you do, but we can’t keep going like this.”

Lena tensed, body going rigid and Kara threw her hands up.

“I love you. I love you so much that I nearly- I nearly murdered your brother because I blamed him for your de-“

“You aren’t a killer, Kara,” Lena interrupted and she was on her feet now, trying to gain some semblance of equality in the fight.

Kara nearly snorted. “I wanted to.”
“But you didn’t.”

“Because you stopped me.”

“You’d stopped yourself before I talked to you,” Lena protested gently, doing that thing where she ducked her head and looked up at you through her eyelashes. It was entirely unfair because Kara was always caught by the look and Lena knew it. Damn that woman and her eyes.

“I love the light in you, you know that,” Lena lifted her hands and they were hesitant in the charged air between them.

“I am not the pure angel you seem to think I am!”

Kara’s voice was harsh and echoed in the suddenly silent room and her chest was heaving. She made a conscious effort to relax her clenched fists and Lena just shook her head, softly, fondly, as though Kara were a cute animal that had done something silly but endearing at the same time.

Kara’s heart clenched.

“I know,” she said simply and took a hesitant step closer, and seeing no rejection, continued until she was in Kara’s personal space.

The two of them relaxed when Lena cautiously took Kara’s head between her palms.

“I know of your pain, of your suffering. I know your rage, how it fills you until you want the world to burn around you, how sometimes it feels like your drowning in a desert, and or screaming in a silent room.” Her touch was gentle, her eyes knowing as they searched Kara’s face, settling on her eyes and holding them with her power.

“I don’t love you because you are pure.” And Kara was a little offended by how Lena rolled her eyes here. “The notion is ridiculous and someone so full of light could never see the shadows in me. Only someone as equally damaged and broken and full of the same pain as I have could ever love someone like me.”

And… that was a bit of a change since they had last discussed why Lena loved her, or how she loved her, but dying gave perspective Kara supposed.

“You aren’t bad or broke-“

“Kara,” Lena’s voce was low and warm, rich like honey as she shook her head just once and Kara huffed.

“Fine.”

The pads of Lena’s fingers stroked gently as a reward and her thumbs were following the curve of her cheeks.

“I love you because even though you are so full of pain and anger and loss, burdened by something so astronomical there is no one who can possibly understand, you still believe.”

Lena let out a little sigh and Kara leant forward into the touch, silently encouraging her to continue, to get it off her chest. “I told you, you are a light, a symbol of hope,” her eyes flitted heavenward for a moment, lips twisting in a wry smile before she focused on Kara again, giving her full attention and Kara was stuck again.
“And it isn’t the light that humans look to, not truly, our history shows that very clearly. It is the dark that we look to, to show the light. I know you aren’t pure, that’s why I love you.”

“You don’t get to decide what is best for me,” Kara cut across her ending and Lena’s palms tensed against Kara’s face but she didn’t lower them and Kara didn’t move. As sweet as it was that Lena loved her, all of her, and knew that she doubted, sometimes, what she did because of human nature, she saw that Kara helped in spite of that, to inspire them to turn their pain into love and joy and not drown in it, she didn’t get to decide what was best for Kara without them discussing it, and she said so.

Lena’s jaw could cut steel, it went so sharp and her throat bobbed, the little freckle winking at Kara teasingly but she turned her attention away with Herculean effort.

“I was trying to-“

“Protect me. I know,” Kara interrupted again, needing to get this out, needing to word the words that needed to be worded.

“But you don’t get to decide what is right for me without talking to me. You don’t get to go and kill yourself when I’m not in danger. You don’t get to use me as an excuse to hurt yourself.”

“I wasn’t trying-“

“I know!”

Lena’s hands fell away from Kara’s face and she took a step back, shoulders hunching a moment defensively before her spine tightened and her chin went up.

“I don’t matter,” she said calmly, quietly, voice not even wavering and something dove though Kara’s chest to squeeze her heart.

“On the scale of things I don’t,” Lena continued, and she didn’t even sound sad about it, just resigned, as though she were stating a fact. “I am one in six billion. I have, what, three people that care about me? That will mourn me? I don’t matter.” The emphasis in her voice made Kara’s fists clench and she took deep, measured breaths to control her temper. This was the unloved, abandoned girl speaking, not the woman she was.

“But you, Kara,” Lena shook her head and lifted her hands to her sides before letting them drop in defeat. “The world needs you. It needs you more than it needs me. It needs you to guide it, to protect it, to inspire it. The world needs Supergirl, and Supergirl needs Kara.”

“And Kara needs Lena.” Her voice was quiet and she sighed, feeling the weight of the world on her shoulders and wanting nothing more than to cast it off, and let someone else deal with the burden for a while, maybe forever, because she couldn’t keep doing it. Not like this.

“Do you truly think that I don’t love you?” Her voice was as brittle as glass, as delicate as a snowflake. “That losing you, you who is my light, wouldn’t destroy me? Especially if you went and got yourself killed on some misguided belief that it is best for me? What I would want?”

Lena’s answer was written on her face and Kara slowly ran her tongue along her teeth before stepping directly into Lena’s space.

“I. Love. You,” she spat out angrily, and Lena’s heart was racing again, though not, she didn’t think, in fear.
“I told you, you make me believe that they can be better, you inspire me. What happens if you don’t believe in me?” She was close enough to count the individual lashes on Lena’s eyes, near enough to taste the honey noodle on her breath.

“I didn’t thin-”

“And that’s it!” Kara pulled back, sensing her posture perhaps more aggressive than required and she didn’t want to be that person. “You don’t think! You’re so smart and good that you think about everyone but yourself, and think I’d be okay with you just committing suicide, and getting Alex and M’Ghann to help you?”

“It worked, didn’t it?” Lena’s voice lifted, and she so rarely lifted her voice, usually changing her tone and presence to impose her command and desires, but she didn’t lift her voice.

“What if it didn’t?!” Kara thundered, wanting to tear into something, feeling heat in her chest and pounding through her bloodstream. “Huh? What if I buried you today? What if I was at the bar right now, trying to drown myself in alcohol because the thought of a world without you in it isn’t one that I can face?”

Lena was quiet for a while and then, “I want to be cremated.”

“Argh!” Kara let out a scream and took a moment to let it out, taking another breath and yelling again, incoherent noise that would probably wake the neighbours if Lena had any, and right now Kara didn’t care.

“So not the point!”

“I’m sorry, alright?” Lena’s features were soft and hurt and Kara resisted the urge to take her into her arms and never let her go. She was angry at her. She was.

“I’m sorry. I didn’t want you to think you had failed them. To have… to have to live with the guilt of failing them.”

The ‘them’ was obvious. The people who looked to the sky for salvation, who called for help the moment they were faced with something they couldn’t solve, the people of the world.

“I don’t- no one wants me, Kara. No one loves me or needs me, not like they need you,” Lena said finally, shoulders losing their strength.

“I do,” Kara whispered, and hadn’t she proven, through word and deed, that Lena meant everything to her? That Lena was her everything?

“I’m sorry,” Lena repeated, and the sincerity in her voice, the defeat and, was that fear?, convinced Kara she was genuine. But why would she be afraid?

It occurred to Kara, staring across at Lena, who had lowered her head and was toying with the edge of her shirt, that Lena didn’t think she was worth it, like actually worth it. Hadn’t she said in the past that she hadn’t expected to live very long in National City? Hadn’t she already proven a disregard for her own life because she didn’t think she deserved one when it would make everyone else happier or safer knowing she were gone? Wasn’t that why she pushed everyone away so that they didn’t get hurt? Was she afraid Kara would leave too?

“It occurred to Kara, staring across at Lena, who had lowered her head and was toying with the edge of her shirt, that Lena didn’t think she was worth it, like actually worth it. Hadn’t she said in the past that she hadn’t expected to live very long in National City? Hadn’t she already proven a disregard for her own life because she didn’t think she deserved one when it would make everyone else happier or safer knowing she were gone? Wasn’t that why she pushed everyone away so that they didn’t get hurt? Was she afraid Kara would leave too?

“I’m sorry too,” she said sheepishly, ducking her head and eyeing Lena’s hardwood floor and noting idly that they needed to be polished again.
Lena’s lack of self-value stemmed from her time with the Luthor’s, from Lillian not loving her, to Lionel’s abuse, Lex’s genocidal rampage, and then the world turning on her. She didn’t think she mattered because she didn’t think that she did matter, which was a black hole of complicated and Kara wasn’t qualified to help her sift through those thoughts and feelings.

“You should keep seeing Doctor Foster,” she suggested and ran a hand through her hair. “I am going to. I... think I need to.”

Lena nodded a little, the movement subdued and soft. “Where does that leave us?”

Kara hesitated and looked at Lena, really looked at her, noting her slumped shoulders, the rings under her eyes, the hand coming across her belly in a nervous, scared tell.

“I promised an awesome first date, didn’t I?” She asked finally and Lena’s relieved exhale and shaky brush through her hair was politely ignored.

“Yes,” she cleared her throat and gave a little laugh, almost maniacally before she cut it off nervously. “Yes, you did.”

“Yeah.”

They were silent a while before Kara slowly lifted her arms and Lena all but flew into them, pressing close as though they could merge into one, and throwing her arms about her.

She was much stronger than usual, enough that Kara considered warning her of her newly found strength, but it didn’t border discomfort let alone pain, so she squeezed Lena back as hard as she dared, and when Lena flexed her arms, squeezed her even tighter, as tight as she would J’onn.

“I love you,” Lena’s voice was muffled by her neck and by the tears Kara could feel dripping down her collar and wetting her shirt, but she didn’t comment on it, merely pulled Lena closer and let her fight her inner demons knowing Kara was here and that she was staying.

After a long while, when Lena’s tears finally subsided and Kara’s had long dried on her face, Lena took a deep breath, the exhale rousing the fine hairs on Kara’s neck, or maybe that was the gentle, soft, insistent fingertips caressing her nape.

“We should both see Doctor Foster.”

“Mh,” Kara hummed.

“No, really. I think... I think I have some things that I need to work through and having... having you there,” her voice caught and Kara rubbed her back comfortingly.

“Having you there will help.”

“As long as you go with me, when I need you,” Kara promised and reluctantly pulled away to look into Lena’s eyes.

Her hundred dollar mascara was good, but not good enough for decades of pain and Kara gently rubbed away the evidence, though wasn’t sure she’d succeeded when it smudged even worse.

Lena barked a little choked laugh. “I look like a raccoon.”

Kara tilted her head in thought before smiling. “I happen to like trash-panda’s,” she sniffed archly before her smile softened and she pressed her forehead against Lena’s, loving the height difference.
“I love you.”

Lena hummed and tilted her head to press a small kiss on the point of Kara’s nose before dropping her hands from around Kara’s neck and taking hers. Kara linked their fingers on impulse and lifted them to kiss them gently.

“I love you,” she repeated.

Lena’s smile was soft, warm, if not a little sad, but full of hope. She looked at their combined hands for a long moment before lifting her eyes, and when she spoke it filled Kara with such warmth and love she could have drowned in it.

“I love you. We’ll get through this. We’re stronger together. El Mayarah.”

And they were, stronger together, and they would get through this. They had love on their side, and each other. They had hope. El Mayarah.

Chapter End Notes

And... that's all folks. ;) Anyone catch my reference to another show? I wasn't subtle lol.
A whoosh announced the sudden arrival of her girlfriend and Lena casually held out the cup of hot chocolate, with copious amounts of marshmallow and sauce and cream.

“He!” Kara said brightly, accepting the drink with a grin and ducking forward to give Lena a kiss on the cheek. “Love you,” she said and promptly tilted her head back and drank probably half of the sweet, warm drink in one go.

“Me or the hot chocolate,” Lena enquired dryly, pulling her scarf around her tighter, fondly appraising Kara for any injuries.

“Both,” Kara grinned with an accompanying nod and she was wearing a scarf as well, though hers was more draped over her neck than wrapped around it like Lena’s was. “Both? Both? Both is good.”

Lena rolled her eyes, remembering the memeified movie that Kara had introduced her to, *El Dorado* or something, and held out her arm.

Kara linked their arms and smiled wildly at her. Lena leant into the warmth her girlfriend offered and bumped their shoulders.

“Sorry I’m late. I got caught up,” she said with an apologetic grimace and Lena just shook her head slightly, brushing away the apology.

“I know. I saw,” she lifted her phone meaningfully and then returned it to her pocket. “It’s fine, Kara. I’m glad everyone is all right.”

It was an early evening in spring and National City was alive and vibrant. The city’s parks were full of young; puppies, ducks, and children, though there was a bit of a chill to the air with wind coming off the sea.

Kara had been at an apartment fire and had been late for their dinner, an occurrence that happened regularly, though Kara always made up for it by being extra attentive and sweet, and the apology sex was pretty fantastic. Lena had, when she had seen the alert, met Kara’s eyes gently across the table and tilted her head in encouragement.

A swift kiss to her cheek, and Kara was gone, leaving Lena to sip her wine in contemplative silence, thinking of the lead-lined box in her purse. She had left her wine, and their reservation, paid the check and had quietly walked the city, as the light of day grew golden and soft.

It had been a long and often difficult three years since she’d moved to National City, and indeed, it often felt like her entire life was difficult.

Lena and Kara had both been seeing Dr Foster, separately and sometimes together, to work on the myriad of issues that they seemed to have. Between the two of them it often seemed like the doctor didn’t need any other clients, but Lena was sure the doctor had DEO agents to talk with.

She was comfortable in her skin now, especially after she now had a few more additions to what lay beneath it. Kara, and M’Ghann, Maggie, Winn, J’onn, Eliza and Jeremiah, and even James, were
helping her finally come to terms with her place in the world. She had friends, as in plural, and not the same woman in disguise! As well as a fiercely protective woman who had practically appointed Lena her sister, and two intelligent and empathetic parental figures, and even two mentors who shared some of the same abilities she did. Lena Luthor finally belonged. And to top it all off she had a fantastic, sweet, and kind girlfriend who loved her more than Lena had even been loved, and when she was with Kara, Lena felt the old wounds of abandonment and abuse heal until they only ached on occasion.

It had taken her a long time to come to terms with many things, mostly stemming from her abusive and neglectful childhood, but Gillian had been great and helped a lot. Kara had always been there too, quietly taking Lena into her arms when the session had been particularly painful, and Lena needed that feeling of safety. She had her moments, but one didn’t just rewrite twenty years of learnt behaviour overnight, and it was something she was working on.

Plus getting inhuman abilities was another factor that had to be worked through, mentally, emotionally and physically. Lena could fly now, like J’onn and M’ghann, and the Martian DNA had forcibly evolved her cells into something new. She shared a base line of ability with the two Martians, she could pick up on thoughts and emotions, but only if they were heightened or very present, and she couldn’t read or wipe minds. But she was able to protect her own fairly well, well enough to know when someone was trying to get a read on her and throw up her own defences. It was reassuring to know her mind was still safe, and she could protect it now.

Her healing factor had improved ten-fold. Not to the level of aliens, but she was probably the fastest human healer on earth, she could heal from a broken bone in a week, with no trace of the break, and bruises healed in a few hours. Her body was also tougher and more resilient, a fact that both delighted and annoyed Kara because she was able to pull even longer hours at the office, or even in the lab, but it also meant that Kara didn’t have to control her strength when they were together, and that freedom alone, to be with Lena as she was, meant more than almost anything. It also helped that now Lena wouldn’t complain so much when Kara kept bringing her snacks as her metabolism was able to process the treats with ease. Though, to Kara’s disgust, Lena still ate fair to many vegetables for her liking.

Life was going great for Lena, and it was why she had been so hesitant to move, forward or back. She was finally happy. LCorp was thriving with her at the helm, and her genocidal family members secure in a new facility built by the DEO with her as a consultant. She saw the weekly, with advice from Gillian, and at first Kara had always accompanied her, but lately she had been strong enough to go on her own. She played weekly games of chess with Lex, when she wasn’t showing him some new technology she was developing, and her relationship with her mother was… getting there. Her private life was a success….but…. they had been in a rut and Lena wasn’t sure what to do next, or she was sure, she just didn’t know if she were strong enough.

Four months ago, after drinking too much, Alex and Maggie had gotten hitched at the alien bar. Kara and Lena had been witness’ while Winn, to everyone’s surprise, had officiated and he had shrugged and said he had gotten his certificate online just in case he ever had the opportunity. Eliza had been a typical mother about it, livid and disappointed and thrilled at once, and had demanded an official wedding for the rest of them. Alex had meekly agreed, having wanted to marry Maggie, but had planned on it being a little more romantic than an impromptu wedding in an alien bar with burger rings as their wedding rings. Lena had spoken with the two brides, with a beaming Kara, and had promptly put her formidable assistant onto the job.

An island was booked, with the Luthor private jet commissioned, and a week later they were officially ‘officially’ married, again. Only this time no one was drunk, and the rings were made of metal and not crisps. There had been tears all around, and when Kara and Lena had quietly taken
some time to themselves Lena had known that she had wanted that, wanted what Maggie and Alex, who were slow dancing, (swaying) with eyes only for each other, had. She wanted that with Kara. Forever.

Her research into Kryptonian unions had been… interesting to say the least, and she ended up having to talk to Alex about it. Alex had been ridiculously pleased with the idea and had promptly turned her scary face on Lena, giving her a thorough shovel talk, before grinning and telling Lena everything she knew. Lena had even reached out to Clark for comment, though she had made sure to imply it was for the future and he had no right to offer or decline his approval. He had handed her the information without fuss and had been sincere when he said he looked forward to the wedding. She also thought he had been visiting Lex as well, but didn’t know how that was going, neither Kal nor her brother had commented on it.

If she were going to spend the rest of her life with Kara, and she fully intended to do just that, then she wanted to honour Kara’s heritage and culture as well. There had been a lot of reading and she had quietly mourned for Kara at the loss of the Jewel of Truth and Honour as well as the Fire Falls, where newly weds visited for luck.

The concept of exchanging bands, of unique colour and design that only she and Kara would share, was a tradition that Lena found increasingly desirable. It probably had something to do with how possessive she was in general, but she liked the idea of making something for her and Kara, and having it be for them alone. Plus, a bracelet was a little easier to disguise than a ring, Supergirl could hardly be seen out and about with one on now could she. Which had lead Lena down to the labs in LCorp trying to design a metal or alloy that would allow itself to be worn as a ring and then transformed into a bracelet. She had been out of luck until J’onn had sent Winn to her with a special alloy from Mars, one that when combined with nanites, could change in size when activated.

Winn had been thrilled that he had helped make the metal that would go into her engagement ring-band, but Lena had designed it, acquired the gems for it and then built it herself. As much as she loved and appreciated Winn and his help, this was from her to Kara.

It had been sitting in her purse, lead-lined and in a distinctively non-ring shape box, occupying her mind more than was healthy. A few braver souls had enquired as to what was on her mind, and Jess suspected, but she had kept quiet about it. Even though J’onn, Alex, Kal, and Winn knew what she was planning, none of them knew when.

She had, a few days prior, spoken to Alex about her intentions. She was not so old fashioned as to ask a woman’s father for his permission to marry his daughter, as though his permission was a deal breaker, but she wanted to do something. Jeremiah wasn’t really Kara’s…person… as he had been gone for so long and only recently recovered, Alex, however, was. And it was to Alex Lena quietly showed the matching pair of bracelets and who whistled her appreciation over the shape-shifting metal.

Alex had embraced her then, squeezing her tightly and welcoming her officially as her sister into the family. Lena had not cried then, but she had thought about it, because even if Kara didn’t say yes, though Alex had shook her head and rolled her eyes as though the very notion was beyond comprehension, Lena was still Alex’s sister and there was nothing she could do about it. An eyelash had fallen in Lena’s eye then, and Alex wisely didn’t comment on it, instead enquiring as to when she was going to ask Kara. Lena didn’t have anything planned, she was just going to wait for the right moment. Any plans she made could fall through, Kara had Superhero-ing to do, and Lena didn’t want her to rush out just before Lena got down on one knee.

Sometimes she was…resentful for Supergirl. Not of Kara, never Kara, but that the people of the city
couldn’t stay out of trouble for more than five minutes without needing help. It was tiresome, and she tried to keep her resentment to a minimum, especially around Kara, and Dr Foster was helping her with it.

They had talked about it and Kara was taking less of an active roll in her duties, and Lena had a quiet talk with the National City Police Chief and had outfitted a special Blue Branch of the force with virtually bulletproof technology, on the condition she get the performance data from it, and that the special branch did not carry guns. Instead they always had cameras on them, unable to be turned off or covered, and the gear would not function without being charged. There was no excuse and already the trial period was resulting in more positive results, less firearms were being discharged and no member of the task force had killed a suspected criminal while wearing her tech.

It freed up Kara, and Lena was more than happy to help with that.

Still, emergencies could happen at any time, so Lena didn’t want to plan anything romantic on the chance that it get interrupted, and she didn’t really want to ask J’onn to cover the city while she proposed, it was a bit selfish. But in reality, she didn’t know what gesture she could give, what date she could plan, that wouldn’t be cliché or expected. She had already done the grand and dramatic romantic gestures, so all that was left was something little, understated, sweet. A moment where Lena didn’t have to plan for, because she didn’t need to, she wanted it to be one of a million moments where she and Kara would be together and just be in love, stupid and foolish, encompassing love. She’d know the moment, she just had to wait. Until then the lead box was in her lead-lined purse inside her lead-lined folder. It was a slender box, a sleeve really, just thick enough for sleek leather casing and soft foam.

She was so lost in her thoughts, content with Kara’s warmth at her side and the guiding pressure on her arm, that she didn’t notice the fugitive glances Kara kept shooting her.

Kara had a secret box all of her own. Unlike Lena, she didn’t have to worry about lead-lined boxes to keep curious eyes away, but all the same, the box in her pocket felt as though it were burning a hole though the fabric and scorching her skin. It’s weight was a source of comfort and apprehension. She was absolutely sure of what she wanted, she had even gone with earthly traditions and asked, well told, both Lex and Lillian Luthor that she intended to love and cherish Lena for the rest of her life and devote it to keeping her safe and happy. Lillian had gone quiet, almost deathly quiet, and her gaze had been sharp and calculating and Kara hadn’t spoken to her since those blank, fathomless eyes had forced her from her cell.

Lex had thrown his water bottle at her in a fit of rage and then promptly gone still, quiet and controlled in the same way Lillian had, but his was cold and deadly and his eyes had glinted as he had given his approval. What he had actually said gave her shivers and Alex had nearly pressed the button to flood the room with knock-out gas as he had vowed, ‘If you hurt my sister I’ll kill you. I’ll break out of here and I. Will. Kill. You.’

She had been a little scared of him then, of the promised rage rampaging beneath the calm façade of control, and had commented on how he hadn’t managed it with Kal and Lex had smiled, it hadn’t been a nice smile. He had warned her again, in the same chilling and deadly tone as before, that if he hurt Lena, she’d find out what he was capable of.

Alex flooded the room and security took Lex away, probably to solitary, and Kara hadn’t been back to see him either, though she thought Clark may have gone to visit for old times sake. She had a feeling that they had lots to talk about as well.

Still, Kara had more pressing concerns. Namely, asking Lena to marry her. She wanted to do a bit to honour her own culture, but, well, it was gone, she was the only one left who knew and remembered
and it would be hard to get Lena to understand. Not that she wouldn’t try, but Kara didn’t want to force anything on Lena. She’d probably like to learn about it some more, indeed she seemed to suck everything Kara told her about Krypton like a sponge, but… Lena was from Earth and she’d probably appreciate an earth gesture. So, a ring it was, even though Kara wondered what her colours would look like on Lena’s alabaster skin, maybe she could, if Lena agreed to marry her, ask her about a bracelet? Lena wore jewellery, so it wouldn’t be such a big deal for her to wear a simple bracelet, and no one but the people who mattered would know what it meant.

She had wanted to propose tonight, at dinner, but duty had called, and she had tucked the box in her clothes, leaving them at one of the DEO secure boxes all over the city to retrieve later while she went and saved the people. It was very poor timing. Lena looked delightful in her maroon shirt with dark jeans and matching lipstick. Her hair had been up, like usual, but it was a softer, less severe look than had at the office, and she had a black scarf with golden feathers pressed into the fabric which she draped over her chair.

Now though, as she and Lena abled through the park, the final touches of sunlight casting an amber tint to Lena’s hair, she noted that her girlfriend seemed…distracted.

“Hey,” she gently bumped their shoulders together and Lena’s green eyes caught and held her own.

Feeling her lips curl into a smile she asked, “Everything okay?” And took a moment to throw her empty cup into the trash.

Lena smiled in response, splitting her lips before hesitating and then maintaining course. Kara had thought that Lena was a little insecure about her smile as she never showed her teeth in photo’s, and when she smiled it was with her lips and, especially, her eyes. She only showed her toothy smile when she was genuinely shocked into a smile, or uninhibited. That smile, when Lena’s lips couldn’t hide her smile, was Kara’s second favourite. Her favourite one was when Lena just looked at her and smiled with her eyes. It was a paralysing trick.

“Perfect.”

Lena appeared sincere and so Kara decided to cease her enquiries, Lena would tell her when she was ready.

“I’ve been thinking,” Kara began, leading her down a little path that wound around the trees and came out near a waterfall.

Lena’s gentle teasing was expected, and she even waited a moment to let Lena offer, “Don’t hurt yourself.”

She rolled her eyes fondly in Lena’s direction and Lena just shrugged playfully and pulled away to interlock their fingers.

“I’ve been thinking. It’s been two years since we met.”

Lena hummed in acknowledgement. It had been her reason for taking Kara out to dinner tonight. Usually it was Kara that planned things for their ‘anniversaries’ as she remembered all of them such as their first meeting, their first coffee date, their first dinner, their first date, kiss, even the first time they had sex.

She would say it was their six-month anniversary of such things, and then their yearly one, and would plan something romantic or just sweet in response. Lena adored it, even if her girlfriend was the universes biggest oddball, Lena loved her. She also loved their impromptu lunch dates and the
flowers and notes that were delivered to her regularly. Seeing her smile so much made her board think she was going soft, one board-meeting after Lena had officially ‘come out’ as dating Kara, she had to put them back in their place. They realised nothing about her had changed, except now she had someone firmly in her corner, with powerful connections and who loved her, as hard to believe as that may have been.

“It’s gone by fast. A lot has happened.”

Kara let out a breath. It was certainly an understatement. “That’s for sure.”

They were passing through the trees, the faint earthy scent layering on the smell of the hot chocolate and Lena’s perfume, with hints of the wine she’d had with the intent to drink with dinner.

“It hasn’t always been easy but….” She didn’t know what to say, really, and the box was burning against her leg. So much had happened and the two had to come to terms with all of it and with themselves but they had done so and come out stronger than before.

She should have written this down, or at least planned a speech because now, with the ring pressing against her leg and taunting her to present it to Lena, she didn’t know what to say apart from the obvious, but she needed to speak from the heart first. Saying ‘will you marry me’ without saying what Lena means to her was a bit of a cop-out.

“Everything…. ”Lena hesitated, taking advantage of Kara being unable to use words to express what she was feeling, what she was meaning. “Everything that has happened,” she said slowly, squeezing their hands. “I would do again. I would go through again, because I’m here,” she offered simply, bringing their hands up. “I’m with you. And I’m so, so happy, Kara. You make me happy. I love you.” She lowered their hands and was doing something with her purse with her other hand, but Kara wasn’t paying much attention to that.

This was her moment.

They had even stopped at a waterfall, which was surprisingly absent of people, and was lit in amber and gold and red of sunlight, with little weak bands of rainbow shimmering off of the waters surface.

She let her fingers brush against the box in her pocket. She could do this. She could totally do this. It was just words. All she had to do was speak from the heart.

“Lena,” she began and hesitated, tugging gently until Lena’s eyes turned from her purse and were gazing up at her.

The sunlight filtering through the trees was weak and muted, but still lit Lena as though the power of Rao were behind her and for a moment Kara was breathless.

“I… you are my light,” she said slowly, staring at Lena, trying to impose the importance of her words. Lena’s heart rate ticked up a little, the echo of it providing a faint symphony with the bird calls, laughs of children, and the chorus of water behind them. “I love you more than I even thought I was capable of loving someone.”

“Kara-,” Lena’s voice cracked but Kara squeezed her hand to halt her words.

“Please, let me finish?”

Lena hesitated and nodded slowly, eyes wide and full of…. Some weird warm emotion that Kara knew to be love and something else, something she couldn’t yet name.
“I love you, you mean the world to me. You inspire me to be better and keep pushing. You’re the strongest person I know and I am so thankful that Rao brought us together.”

She wet her lips, reaching into her pocket with her empty hand and grabbed the ring. This was it. She was going to do this now. Only… only Lena was pulling away slightly and she watched her do so with confused eyes.

“I have something for you,” Lena said, heart beat building into a crescendo and Kara blinked as a small, slender black box was dropped absentely to the ground and something gold and glittering was offered in the dusk light to her. “You don’t have to accept, or we can wait, I just wanted- needed you to have this.”

Kara stared blankly at the glinting gold band held between Lena’s long fingers, the emeralds blinking at her. It took her a moment to register what it was, what was happening, and when she did her lips fell open and she nearly stumbled in shock.

“Kara?” Lena asked gently, voice lifting partially in alarm and she was gazing up at her through furrowed brows, it was a look that commanded attention, but also conveyed that Lena were giving you all of her attention. It was a look many people were pleased to receive, Lena’s full attention was an honour, but few ever did, and not with such gentle concern and understanding.

“I-“ Lena hesitated and Kara could hear her heart tripping over itself in the space between them. It had a different sound to it than it did when they first met, a result of her taking in Martian blood, but it was still in the same melody, but with a different note. “I’m sorry,” she stumbled over her words and her hand closed around the bracelet. “Forget I-“

Kara’s hand shot out to keep the bracelet where it was, to keep the proposal in the space between them and the shock in her heart was slowly shifting to joy, the anxious beating of her heart thumping into pure delight. Lena wanted to marry her, she knew what the exchange of bracelets meant, she had made her one. Lena was asking to marry her, to be with her for the rest of her life. Kara bit back the urge to fist-pump, squeal so that dogs could hear her, and do cart-wheels in the sky.

“No!” She yelped and then winced. Maybe those dogs would hear her after all. “No, please um, please just-keeping going?”

Lena hesitated, her heart thumping powerfully, the baseline strong and commanding, but she must have seen the grin broadening on Kara’s lips, the joy dancing in her eyes because her eyes darted between Kara’s own, searching, before she nodded slowly and lifted her hand, the bracelet catching the light from where it spilled out from between their joint skin.

“I love you and I want to be with you for the rest of my life, if you’ll have me, Kara Zor-El Danvers.”

Kara took a moment to immerse herself in the moment, closing her eyes as Lena’s words lingered on the air around them and reverberated in the amphitheatre that held her heart, though now it was turning from awed silence into joyous ringing. She kept her hand on the Lena’s hand, the wedding band in the scant distance between their skin, and took her other hand away from Lena’s. She knelt slowly, seeing Lena’s hope turn to confusion and back to hope again as she pulled out a ring. Like Lena, the proposal offered was clear. Lena’s hand jerked back in her grip just a hair as a sharp inhale split her lips and then she was grinning to match Kara, lips split into a smile that controlled her face and her eyes were wet.

Kara grinned up at the woman staring down at her, a vision of hope and love with Rao haloed behind her as He gave her His blessing.
She was the Girl of Steel. Kara Zor-El of Krypton, the last true Kryptonian. She was bulletproof, capable of defying gravity, and stronger than any human had the right to be. She was an alien. Heralded by some as a hero, a beacon of hope, and feared by others as the harbinger of extinction for humanity's freedom. Capable of carrying a plane, seeing through walls she was as unyielding as time, as unmoving as mountains. But even the mighty Titan's knelt to the God's and all it took was a human to bring Supergirl to her knees. A human by the name of Lena Luthor….. And five little words.

“Lena, will you marry me?”

Chapter End Notes

Well, that's all ya'll. I may do an epilogue at some stage but I dont have one planned. Thanks for sticking with me. Hope you enjoyed the ride.

Mwah! <3 I'll see ya around. (#^_^#)

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