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**Best Laid Plans**

by astradanvers

**Summary**

Alex and Cat plan a surprise for Kara, things don't go quite the way they'd planned.

**Notes**

So the whole idea of three got a little out of hand....three beautiful women, three days, three weeks later.....well you'll see.
Kara's Surprise

The situation comes upon them quite by chance. It isn't as if Cat sent the anonymous thank you gift of four tickets to a play Alura and Astra had both been dying to see. Or as if she suggested that maybe they ask Hank to keep the little ones for the night, knowing he would keep the young Kryptonians at one sister’s home or the other and refuse to bring them out. Or as if she handed James a brochure that said boys’ weekend and had a set of dates across the top. And it certainly isn’t as if Cat planned all of this for a weekend when she knew Carter would be away on a school trip he had been extremely excited about.

No everything just seems to fall into place. Cat smiles to herself, she certainly hasn’t been planning this for months. Since a night when Kara’s powers were blown and she’d had a bit too much to drink. Cat remembers the night all too well.

Kara twirls around the living room, arms spread out at her sides and laughter tumbling past her lips. “You’re quite enjoying not having your powers,” Cat drawls from her spot on the couch, sunk down into the cushions and a single blanket draped over her lap.

Nodding the younger woman saunters towards her wife, “The last time I was this drunk after losing my powers,” she pauses in her ramble, a look of sadness curving her lips.

“What’s wrong, darling?”

“I’d forgotten,” she says quietly, “I can’t believe I forgot.”

She slumps onto the couch then, leaning into Cat’s side, “What did you forget, Kara?”

“I kissed Alex,” she says quietly. “The first time I was ever drunk. It was after Myriad, before you and I. My mother’s pod had just landed, my powers had fizzled once I returned to my apartment and I was a little out of my element in more ways than one.” She looks at her wife then, they’ve both always been honest that they’d be open to a polyamorous relationship or even just a one off threesome, and had actually thought about inviting Lucy Lane into their bed for a time before they found out Lucy had her own Kryptonian, Kara was still a little peeved about that one. “I’ve been a little in love with Alex since I was thirteen,” she tells her wife in a low voice, curling even closer to her wife. “We were raised as sisters though and it’s inappropriate so I let go of any hope long before I broke down and kissed her at the end of my first year as Supergirl.”

Cat studies her wife, pulls her in close, “She’s always been a little in love with you too, hasn’t she?”

Kara nods against Cat’s shoulder, “Yeah, we talked about it that night. We decided that it wasn’t worth the backlash to try anything. She knew I was in love with you and she’s the reason I finally asked you out in the end.”

“Well I’ll be forever grateful for that,” Cat says quietly, pressing her lips to Kara’s temple. “Come on, princess,” she says quietly, “let’s put you to bed and let you sleep off the alcohol.” With a sleepy nod Kara allows herself to be led down the hall to their room.

Alex slips up beside Cat at the kitchen counter, the older woman in the process of removing a second lasagna from the oven, “Are you sure about this?” she asks quietly.

Kara hasn’t made it in from her latest alien apprehension but both women are still quiet, knowing that the younger woman has been known to appear without warning. “Alex,” Cat says, turning to face the younger woman as she tosses her potholders on the counter, “do you want this?” she asks
quietly, reaching out to brush a strand of hair from Alex’s eyes.

“You know I do, Cat,” Alex says, voice barely more than a whisper. “But we can’t ever -”

“One night, Alex, you can have one night,” she smiles, “you could have more but I know you won’t take it.”

“The world sees us as sisters,” the dark haired woman says with a shake of her head, “as much as I love her,” she looks up at Cat, “as I love,” another shake of her head, though she knows Cat gets it, “I won’t put her through that. Tonight,” she says, “if she agrees to it, tonight will be enough,” she shrugs, “it has to be.”

Cat reaches out then, pulling Alex forward and into her arms, wrapping the younger woman up in her embrace. Through long moments they're both quiet but just before she pulls away Cat whispers so quietly that Alex barely hears, “I love you too.”

Alex nods as they separate, this night that Cat is offering her, with her girls, it's just going to have to be enough. Before she can sink too far into the thoughts of it not being enough Kara flies in through the balcony doors. “Hi,” she says cheerfully, pressing a kiss to Alex’s cheek, as she's closest, “where is everyone?”

She leans down to press a kiss against Cat’s lips and Alex fights down her jealousy, “Astra, Mom, Alura and Lucy have all gone to see Wicked. James, Winn and Mike are all lost somewhere in the woods. And J’onn,” she chuckles, “last I saw J’onn was chasing your brother across the ceiling.”

“And having a blast?”

Alex nods, “And having a blast.”

Kara smiles, “So just us girls tonight then?”

Looking up at her wife Cat nods, “Just us,” she steals another kiss, “how about you go change for dinner. Then after dinner Alex and I have a surprise for you.”

Kara’s face lights up like a tree at Christmas, “Oh I love surprises!”

“We know,” Alex says, “go change, princess,” she murmurs, “we’ll be here when you get back.”

Cat and Alex are both quiet the whole time Kara is changing, both completing different tasks to ready the island bar for dinner instead of setting the big kitchen table for just the three of them. Kara bounces back into the kitchen, hands resting on Alex’s waist where she’s stopped moving on one side of the counter, “So what’s my surprise?” she demands with a laugh.

“After dinner,” Cat says, coming towards the other two women, leaning over Alex’s shoulder to meet Kara’s lips in a soft kiss instead of kissing her from the side or moving Alex out of the way. “You get your surprise after dinner.”

Alex allows herself to relax into the embrace she’s surprisingly found herself in, slumping back into Kara’s arms, “No pouting, alien girl,” she says without even glancing at Kara, “dinner first. We all know you’re hungry enough to eat most of both lasagnas that Cat made.”

As if on cue Kara’s stomach growls, “Okay,” she says but pouts all the same.

With a shake of her head Alex pulls out from between the two women, “Okay, I need wine,” she murmurs with a laugh, “especially if I’m going to deal with a pouty Kryptonian.”
Cat chuckles, “Pour me a glass as well, please?” she requests.

“Of course,” the younger woman says, squeezing Cat’s arm as she passes, the two of them smiling at one another without Kara’s notice.

Alex places the last of the plates in the dishwasher, Kara leaning against the counter beside her, “The two of you promised me a surprise,” Kara says, pouting at Alex as she places the drying towel back on its towel rack.

Turning to the younger woman with a smile Alex nods, “We did,” she says as she places the dish cloth beside the towel, “but your wife had an emergency call come in from the legal department.”

“So you can give me my surprise,” the younger woman’s pout intensifies.

A chuckles slips passed Alex’s lips, “Afraid I can’t,” she says but reaches out for Kara’s hand.

“Come on.”

Making their way down the hall, Kara following along closely behind Alex, “Alex,” she whines.

The older woman chuckles, “Hush now,” she tells her simply, something she’s said a hundred times before when planning a surprise for Kara.

When she steps into Cat’s study the older blonde looks up, taking in the sight of the two women before her and smiles, “Look, Malcolm, you wanted to handle this, so handle it. If you can’t, I will find someone who can. Now there is a reason my assistant told you I was busy and refused to patch you through on my WORK cellphone. Goodbye.” She ends the call, her eyes still taking in her wife and Alex, “I’m sorry,” she says quietly.

Alex shakes her head, “Not a big deal, we took care of the dishes and put the leftovers away, what little there were anyway,” she says, drawing Kara forward even as Cat stands and moves around the desk to face them.

“How you told her?”

“No,” Kara says interrupting them, “no she hasn’t told her and I’m her and I wanna know what my surprise is.”

Cat smirks, “Sit,” she tells her wife, motioning to the couch. The look she’s giving Kara is one the younger blonde is familiar with and she moves to the couch without a word, sinking down on it without a word, eyes taking in the two women before her. “You told me something,” she says carefully, “a few months back.” She nods, “You wouldn’t remember telling me though, you were quite inebriated.”

Smiling Alex shakes her head, “Always getting drunk when you blow your powers,” she says, leaning her shoulder against Cat’s as the other woman stops at her side. “I remember the first time you drank too much,” she tilts her head, “do you remember?”

Kara nods though she says nothing, “Do you remember telling me about it?” Cat questions her wife. This time Kara shakes her head. Cat smiles and turns to Alex, “She told me about it,” she says quietly, “about kissing you,” she eyes Kara from the corner of her eye, “made me want to try it.”

Alex smiles, “Maybe you should,” she says, stepping into Cat’s personal space. “As long as Kara
doesn’t see a problem with it, of course?” The younger blonde watches the two women she loves most and shakes her head when Alex looks over to her, her mouth hanging open just a little as Alex reaches out to cup Cat’s face. Slowly Alex draws Cat up to her, bringing their lips together in a far from chaste kiss. As Cat’s tongue brushes her bottom lip Alex opens to allow the older woman’s tongue to meet her own, the two of them battling for only a moment before Alex gives in and allows Cat to dominate the kiss. Cat’s hand on her hip, nails digging into the fabric of her jeans before she pulls Alex closer, their bodies meeting in the middle. When they pull away, both of them opening their eyes to stare at one another, both of them understanding that while they’ve said it’s only for the night, the feelings are going to last far longer.

Stepping back Cat turns to the couch, moving over to Kara and settling beside her, leaning over to draw her wife into a kiss just like the one she’d shared with Alex. When the two women break away from one another Cat holds out a hand to Alex, the younger woman stepping forward, her hand falling into Cat’s with ease. Cat pulls her forward until Alex places a knee between Cat’s thighs, her leg pressing against the inside of Cat’s as she swings her other leg over Cat and Kara’s touching thighs, her other knee settling between Kara’s thighs. She balances herself there, holding herself over the two women with ease. Reaching up she cups Kara’s face, a thumb stroking over her cheek before she draws the younger woman up and into a kiss.

For long moments the kiss lasts, one of Kara’s hands on Alex’s waist, the other hand on the opposing outer thigh, one of Cat’s hands resting at Alex’s waist while her other arm stretches out over Kara’s shoulders, fingers tugging gently at blondelocks as the two Danvers women kiss. Shortly though Kara pulls away, pushing lightly at Alex’s shoulder to get her to lean back a little, “Cat,” she looks at her wife, “Alex,” to the woman she has always called sister, “what is this?”

“This,” Cat says, “is -” she stops and looks to Alex.

“It's whatever you want it to be, Kara,” Alex says after drawing in a lungful of air. “Cat and I, what we talked about was just tonight. There are so many things that could, would stand in our way if we tried for more, so for just tonight, just this space, this house, we’re whoever we want to be. Strangers who met at a bar, people who have known each other for years, tonight we’re Kara and Alex and Cat.”

“Anything goes,” Cat says, “anything you want.”

“Even if -”

Kara shakes her head, looks away, “Even if, what, Kara?” Cat asks while Alex guides the younger woman’s eyes back to her, to both of them.

“Even if I want to love you both? Even if I want to make love to you both?”

Cat smiles, guides Kara to look at her with the hold she had on the younger woman’s chin, “Even if you want to love us both, to make love to us both. Even if you want us to love each other.”

“Because we do, Kara,” Alex says, “we love each other and we love you.”

Kara draws Alex into them, Cat’s hand circling her while the Kara’s resting at Alex’s hip travels up to lace into dark brown locks and pull the older Danvers woman down to her, “I love you too,” she says quietly when the kiss breaks, “both of you.” She rests her head on Cat’s arm behind her, “Let's go to bed.” With a nod Alex slips off of the two women’s laps, backing away from them before they both stand, Kara reaching out to wrap her arm around Alex’s waist and lift her from the ground in a swift kiss, “Tonight you’re mine,” she reaches out to Cat, drawing her into the embrace as well, “you’re both mine.”
Alex nods, “Always,” she says before leaning in to steal a kiss from Kara and then Cat as well.

Cat steps away then, taking both Alex and Kara’s hands, “Come with me, my girls,” she says before tugging them out of the room and down the hall.
Three Days Later

Chapter Notes

This is the smut part of this fic....please if you have no desire to read it skip this chapter, we shall return to the regularly scheduled program with chapter 3.

One night turns into three days. Alex wakes up slowly, stretching out sore muscles that have been used much more than normal in the past seventy-two hours. “Hi,” a voice says from beside her and she cracks one eye open to find Kara looking down at her with her head resting in her hand.

Smiling Alex stretches up to press her lips to Kara’s, confident enough for at least the next few hours that she won’t be rejected. “Hi,” she says sleepily, she moves closer to Kara, “Where’s -”

“Breakfast,” Cat says happily as she moves into the bedroom, a platter of food in her hands. She leans over the side of the bed, kissing first Alex and then Kara as she places the food on the nightstand. Moving onto her knees on the side of the bed, lips still pressed to Kara’s, Cat eases forward until the front of her thighs are pressed against Alex’s abdomen. “Morning,” she murmurs as she pulls away.

Alex hums as she reaches up, tangling a hand in Cat’s short curls to tug her down and into another kiss, “Morning,” she says when they break to draw in sharp gulps of air.

“So,” Kara says, arms winding around Alex’s waist before they creep beneath the sides of Cat’s untied robe, “are we actually leaving the bed today?”

Cat laughs and drops her head against the curve of Alex’s neck, hiding her over abundant amusement at the question, “I don’t see why we should,” Alex says, leaning back into Kara’s chest, head tilted back as Cat presses her lips against the column of Alex’s throat.

“Mmm,” Cat hums, teeth scraping over Alex’s collarbone, “mmmm I think I’ve changed my mind on what I want for breakfast.”

Kara pushes her hips into Alex, making the dark haired woman moan at the feel of Kara pressing against her ass, “Someone else is awake,” she says with a laugh.

Dropping kisses along Alex’s shoulders Kara smiles, “Your face Friday night when you realized how fun my alien biology makes sex was the best thing I’ve ever seen.”

Alex tucks her face behind Cat’s hair, “Shut up, Kara,” she mutters, pushing her ass back against Kara, feeling the younger woman growing harder against her. She turns, looking back over her shoulder then, “Fuck me,” she demands, causing Kara to groan at the same time Cat bites down on the side of one of Alex’s breast and rips a moan from her throat.

“Maybe,” Cat says, looking up at the two younger woman, “we should make sure she’s ready for you, Kara,” she purrs, moving further down the bed until she can push Alex over onto her back, slipping between her thighs. Cat presses kisses to Alex’s stomach, sliding lower on the bed, while Kara’s nails scratch lightly up her back as she moves lower. When she bites down on Alex’s inner thigh the younger woman’s hips rise off the bed towards her. Cat noses against dark brown curls
before darting her tongue out, Alex’s arousal hitting her taste buds and causing her to hum.

“Fuck,” Alex mutters above her as Cat sucks lightly and then more firmly on the younger woman’s clit, her eyes looking up at Alex and then catching sight of movement beside her. She draws back, causing Alex to whine at the loss of contact even as her hand continues its movements over Kara. Leaning back in Cat runs just the tip of her tongue up Alex’s opening, circling her clit once before she brings a hand up, two fingers slipping easily into slick heat with a grunt and another mutter of, “Fuck,” from Alex.

“My, my,” Cat says, looking up at Alex, two fingers buried inside the younger woman and Alex’s arousal on her chin, “you are ready, aren’t you?”

“Yes,” Alex growls as Kara’s hips buck into her hand.

“Then why wait,” Cat says, rising up on her knees, leaning over to kiss Kara hungrily. “Lay down, darling,” she says, “I have an idea I want to try.”

Alex’s smirk is wicked, the last time Cat said that in the three days they’d had together Kara had ended up tied to the bed, a small piece of kryptonite encased in the bracelet on her wrist, while Alex and Cat had their wicked way with her and then each other while Kara watched. She shudders at the memory, arousal clawing its way further up her spine. Cat’s hand sliding over her hip draws her back to the moment, “Sit up,” she commands, and while any other time Alex would probably argue, she’s found she likes following as much as taking the lead when it comes to being with Kara and Cat.

Once she’s sitting up Cat pulls Alex into a kiss, smiling against her lips. She noses along Alex’s cheekbone to her ear, tugging at the lobe with her teeth before telling her quietly, “I want you on Kara facing me.” The single sentence draws a whimper from Alex because she remembers mentioning something to Cat, when they first talked of this, about how she wanted them both to ride Kara together. The logistics hadn’t been worked out but she wonders now if Cat has been thinking of it as much as she has since that first conversation. Kara’s hands are steady at Alex’s waist as she straddles the younger woman, Alex’s hands on Cat’s shoulders while the older woman helps to align Kara to Alex’s entrance. As Alex slides down Kara’s length, groaning lowly when Kara is buried fully inside her, Cat draws her bottom lip between her teeth. Her own arousal mounting impossibly at the sight of the two women before her.

“Lean back,” she tells Alex softly, her voice barely more than a purr. Alex stretches backwards, Kara slipping from inside of her by an inch or so, rubbing against her in an impossibly delicious way. When Alex is leaning back, her hands grasping at Kara’s forearms on the bed beside them, Cat moves forward. She lifts one of Alex’s legs, slipping her own between those of the two women below her, nails scraping up Alex’s thigh where she settles a hand to help steady herself as she brings her other leg up and over Alex’s other leg, bending her knee so that she can hook her heel somewhere near one of her lovers’ waists. The position draws her center up against Alex’s and when she grinds down experimentally both of the women below her moan loudly.

It takes several minutes but eventually they find a rhythm, some combination of Kara thrusting up into Alex and Cat grinding down that has all of them sweaty and panting. Cat knows Alex is close by the way the dark haired woman throws her head back on a sharp intake of breath that cuts off a moan. Kara’s thrusts are becoming uneven with her need for release and Cat can feel her own wave of arousal rising and ready to crash over her. She grinds down against the women below her, nails digging in against Alex’s thigh on one side and Kara’s on the other. All of them come at once, breathing ragged and labored as they collapse against one another, “That,” Alex says, her voice finally returning, still on top of Kara, with Cat on top of her, “is the best idea you’ve had in three days.”
Cat chuckles then, “I’m glad you approve,” she rolls off of the pile they’ve formed and looks at the two women she truly loves. “I don’t want this to end,” she murmurs but Alex and Kara have curled up together and fallen into a light sleep, never hearing her words.
Three Weeks Later

Chapter Notes

Told you I went a little overboard on the three theme....just wait lol.....now onto the show.

Carter had arrived home from his school trip at seven that night, at six Alex had kissed both Cat and Kara goodbye with as much love and emotion as she could before leaving them so they could go and collect their son. In the three weeks since, their three days together hadn't been mentioned. They've all been a little more touchy with one another, personal space much less of an issue than it was before.

Nothing else really changes, except it does just no one notices, until Alex does. She's just finished the last slice of her third pizza, and she just automatically orders that many pizzas in case Kara shows up, when it hits her. She's been eating as much, possibly more than Kara for the past week and a half or so. Her stomach grumbles, rumbles and revolts just then, she's also been extremely nauseous. She closes her eyes and creates a checklist in her head.

Nausea, check.

Exhaustion, check.

Appetite increase, check.

She glances at the calendar, two weeks late.

“Fuck.” She drops her head back on the couch, content to remain in denial for a bit when the soft thump of someone on her balcony lets her know she's no longer alone. “Of course you'd show up now,” she says, unable to fight her smile.

“Are you okay?” Kara asks but Alex still doesn't look at her, “Your heart rate jumped like you were terrified.”

Turning her head to look directly at Kara, Alex nods, “I am,” she says, “never been more terrified in my life.”

Kara moves instantly, “Alex, what's wrong?”

Alex draws in a breath, let's it out, “I think I'm pregnant.” Before Alex can react or say more in anyway she's been swept up into Kara’s arms bridal style and the hero has taken off back out the balcony doors. “Kara,” Alex says, “where are we going?”

“Cat,” Kara says simply, voice tight in a way Alex has never heard it before.

“Are you mad about this?”

The stop mid flight jars Alex a bit but she adjusts to it quickly, “Never,” Kara tells her firmly, their eyes locked in a way that has conveyed all of the most important things as the years have passed. “But I know what being pregnant with a kryptonian means for a human, Alex,” she says quietly,
reaching up to brush a strand of hair from the other woman’s eyes, “we’ve seen it happen with Eliza and with Lucy. You’re going to get stronger and faster and age slower and fly, you’ve always wanted to fly.” She leans her forehead against Alex’s, “But I’m the strongest of us under Earth’s yellow sun because I spent half of my life on Krypton, absorbing Rao’s light and guidance and half here, absorbing the power of Earth’s sun. If you are pregnant it will be far different that either Eliza’s or Lucy’s the least of which is because our child will have three parents.”

“And you’re taking me to Cat instead of Mom, because?”

“Because Cat has at home tests already,” she looks away, “we’ve been trying for a while.”

“Oh,” Alex says, slowly absorbing all the information just imparted on her as Kara continues towards the penthouse.

When they land on the balcony of the penthouse Kara lowers Alex to her feet slowly, “Are you okay?”

Slowly Alex nods, “Yeah,” she says quietly, “yeah, I think so.”

Cat appears from inside just then, “I thought I heard a familiar voice,” she says with a smile. Then she takes in the scene before her, smile slipping away. Alex still wrapped up in Kara’s arms, her head tucked beneath Kara’s chin and hands clutching tightly at Kara’s cape, “What’s wrong?” she says, moving towards them instantly, reaching out to brush hair away from Alex’s eyes. “Are you alright?”

“I’m fine,” she says but Cat raises an eyebrow. “I’m terrified,” she mutters, pulling out of Kara’s embrace and turning away, “but I’m fine.”

The older woman looks to Kara who simply nods to Alex’s back, slipping into the apartment, “Alex,” Cat says, moving towards the other woman, resting her hand lightly on Alex’s shoulder and feeling a slight shudder, “Alex, what’s going on?”

“I, umm,” she allows Cat to turn her around, sinking into the tight embrace Cat wraps her up in, “I think I’m pregnant.”

Cat tightens her hold on Alex, “Are you sure?”

Alex shakes her head, chin resting on Cat’s shoulder, “No, it only really occurred to me about five minutes ago. Kara heard my heart rate jump when it finally sank in and I panicked a little.” She draws away from Cat, moving to the edge of the balcony, looking out across the city, “What are we going to do?” she asks quietly.

Kara steps back onto the balcony then, moving over to Alex, wrapping her up in her arms even as Alex tries to push her away. When Alex sags against her Kara reaches out to Cat, drawing her into them as well, Cat’s arms curling around the younger women’s waists while Alex clutches at Kara and Kara holds onto them both. “We are going to hug each other tight for a little while longer,” Kara says quietly, lips against Alex’s ear, “and then we’re going inside to have dinner with Carter.”

“I just ate,” Alex says, remembering the three pizzas, even while her stomach rumbles at the thought of more food.

“As I said,” Kara continues, “we’ll eat with Carter and then after he’s gone to bed Cat and I will sit beside you and hold your hands while we wait for the timer to ding.”

“What if -”
“Dinner first,” Cat tells her, hand coming up to brush Alex’s hair over her shoulder, “then we’ll deal with everything else. Whatever comes,” she says, meeting Alex’s eyes, “will come and we will face it head on.” Slowly Alex nods, shuffling closer to the two women for a moment, drawing comfort from them before she slowly extracts herself, following after them into the penthouse.

Kara and Cat sit side by side on their bed, their bed which is still inundated with memories of the three days they spent in it, barely leaving it, with the woman closed inside the bathroom across from them. The door to the bathroom opens and Alex steps out, small plastic ziploc baggy in her hand. She sets it on the nightstand closest to her and moves to the bed, sinking down between Kara and Cat, reaching out for each of their hands.

They’re all quiet while Kara’s phone counts down the three minutes it takes for the test to be ready. Cat’s finger laced with Alex’s on one side and Kara’s on the other. Alex spends her time studying the other two women’s hands, her thumbs absently drawing lazy circles over the back of Cat’s while Kara does the same to her own. Kara’s phone buzzes on the nightstand and they all three look to the little bag beside it. Reaching out Kara turns the buzzing off and then reaches over past it.

“Don’t,” Alex says suddenly, “leave it.”

“We need -”

Alex turns to Kara, finger pressed against the younger woman’s lips, “Close your eyes,” she says firmly. Kara tilts her head but does as instructed, “Listen, Kara, you can tell us what we want to know.”

Kara’s eyes pop open and she stares at Alex, “How did…”

“Because you have super hearing, dork,” she mutters with a laugh, “and I’m guessing by your reaction that we’re going to be moms?”

“Yeah,” Kara says with a nod of her head, “yeah, we’re gonna be moms.”

Kara’s crying and when she glances to the other side of her, Alex finds that Cat is crying too. It dawns on her then, they’d been trying, for how long she couldn’t be sure. This was something that they wanted, together, without her. She knows instantly what she’ll do, what she has to do.

“No,” Cat says, reading the emotions flitting across Alex’s features like hummingbirds. “I know what you’re thinking, Alexandra Danvers, and if you don’t get those thoughts out of your head right now, so help me once our child is born I will beat your ass.”

“You don't-”

“This child is ours, Alex,” Cat says, cutting off the other woman’s rebuttal. “They’ll be gorgeous like the two of you and stubborn as hell like you are, kind like Kara and maybe somewhere along the way they’ll pick up my sass.”

“With Cat’s green eyes,” Kara says and Cat looks up at her sharply. “It's possible,” she says, “for Kryptonians the melding of three people's DNA is very possible.” Kara lifts Alex’s hand to her lips, “We’re all in this together, Lex, from now til the end.” She shakes her head with a small chuckle, eyes watery, “Was there ever any doubt it would go this way?”

Alex shakes her head, “I don't suppose there should have been.”

Cat smiles at them, then leans over before she can second guess herself and draws Alex into a kiss, “Come on, Danvers,” she says when she pulls away, “Kara can find you some clothes, you're
staying here tonight.”

“Carter-”

“Will have to be told that we’re together eventually,” Cat says simply.

“Together?” Alex asks tentatively.

Kara wraps Alex in her arms, pulls the older Danvers against her chest, “If that’s what you want because that’s what we want,” she looks to Cat, who nods. “Cat and I have spent a lot of time talking since that weekend, Lex,” she says, lips brushing Alex’s temple, “we want a relationship with you. We want to be with you, Alex, for much longer than a single night or weekend.”

Alex sags back into Kara, feeling safe, “I want that too,” she says quietly, watching as Cat crawls up the bed and settles beside them, head resting against Alex’s stomach.
The next morning Carter enters the kitchen to find his moms and Alex already at the kitchen table. He wraps his arms around Alex’s neck, “You look worried,” he says when she raises an eyebrow at him in question, unused to spontaneous hugs.

She smiles at him, “A little,” she says, pressing a kiss to his cheek, “but Carter hugs make it better.”

Cat smiles at the sight and clears her throat, “Carter,” she says as he moves away from Alex, setting in on preparing himself cereal, “there’s something that we need to tell you, sweetheart.”

Carter smiles, “Sure, Mom.”

Kara’s hand falls to one of his shoulders, squeezing gently, “Well, Carter, your mom and I are in a relationship with Alex.”

The way Kara phrases it makes it seem like they’ve been together for a while and Alex wonders at it because sometimes it feels like it. Other times it feels like everything they’ve got going is brand new.

“I know,” Carter says quietly but smiling widely, “the three of you belong together.” With no other words he dives into his cereal, devouring it like Kara when potstickers are placed in front of her.

After a few long moments he glances between Kara and Alex and his mom, “So do I pretend not to know about the baby?”

Cat smiles at her son, “Cheeky little monster,” she mutters.

“Take after my mom,” he fires back at her before returning to his breakfast without a word from either Kara or Alex.

It’s only after he’s headed down to the car destined to take him to school that Alex looks at Kara, “How did he?”

Kara smiles, wraps her arms around Alex’s waist where the older woman is looking out the window over the city, “Because he’s right,” she says, pressing kisses behind Alex’s ear.

“Don’t the two of you look like a picture,” Cat says coming down the hall, quietly returning her phone to her pocket, failing to mention the new picture that’s currently her wallpaper.

The two younger women turn together, looking at Cat, “We both want copies of that,” Kara says, knowing her wife well.

Cat chuckles, “Of course, darlings,” she says with a smile. She tilts her head, “We should be heading to work, all of us,” she looks to Alex, “and that death trap you ride is parked until after the baby arrives.” Alex pouts, “No.”

“But how am I supposed to get to work?”

“Take your pick of any car in the garage here or at the beach house but NO Ducati.” She thinks a moment, “And you can't have the Bugatti, it's too obvious.”

“What is she talking about?”

Kara shakes her head, “You'll see, come on I'll drop you at work and then pick you up and take you to the beach house tonight. The car you want will be there.”
Cat shakes her head at them, moving towards them. She kisses Kara first, “I will see you in a little while, try to be on time so Snapper doesn't try to fire you again.” Then she leans towards Alex, drawing her into a kiss as well, “I will see you tonight, talk to Eliza and see if she can attempt an ultrasound tomorrow, tell her as much or as little as you want today.”

Alex nods, “I can,” she draws in a sharp breath, “I can do that.”

Reaching up Cat strokes her cheek gently with a thumb, “I know it's all fast, Alex,” she says quietly, “but if we have a window when the ultrasound will work it's gonna be earlier rather than later and you're already three weeks in.”

“I know,” Alex says, leaning into Cat’s gentle touch, “I'm just scared. I could screw this up.”

“Not possible,” Kara says against her temple. “Everything will work out like it should.”

Alex nods, Cat kisses her again, “Now both of you shoo, you're gonna be late.” With a smile and a wave from them both she watches them fly away. “Who knew wishes came true.”
Alex swings by her mother’s lab and stops in the doorway, smiling at the scene inside. Eliza is leaning against her desk, one hip pressed against the oak structure, and Astra is standing in front of her, Alex’s baby sister on the Kryptonian’s hip. “Ma,” the little girl squeals as Eliza reaches out to tickle her.

“Well I see a lot of work is being done over here today,” Alex says, alerting her mother and Astra to her presence. As well as her baby sister who instantly zips out of Astra’s arms and into Alex’s, “Hey, shortcake,” she says with a smile.

“I really wish you'd come up with a new nickname,” Astra tells her stepdaughter.

“As soon as you stop calling me Brave One,” she says with a shrug.

They have the same conversation at least once a week and yet nothing ever changes. Eliza smiles at her wife and daughters, two of them at least, “To what do I owe the pleasure, Alex?”

Alex shifts the baby to one hip, “I was hoping I could talk to you about something,” she glances at Astra, “alone if that's okay?”

Astra smiles, “Of course it is, Alex, you know that.” She slips her daughter from Alex’s arms, dropping a kiss on the other brunette's forehead, “But know I'm here if you need me, okay?”

Smiling Alex nods, “I know, thank you.”

The older woman nods, “I'm going to take Caroline to the park, we’ll pick you up tonight,” she tells Eliza, leaning over to press a kiss to her wife’s lips.

After Astra and Caroline have left Alex begins to fidget, “Alex,” Eliza finally says, “what’s going on?”

“Do you, umm,” she pauses, blows out a long breath, “do you have about half an hour to an hour tomorrow to do some scans for me?” She pauses again, “On me?”

Eliza moves instantly, “Alex, is something-”

“No,” Alex says, “no, it's not,” she shake sheer head, “it's not wrong.” She sinks down into one of the chairs across from Eliza’s desk, looks up at her mother, “It's never felt so right. Nothing has ever felt so right.”

A smile spreads across Eliza’s face, “Who?”

Looking at the floor for long moments and then back up to Eliza, Alex sighs, “You know,” she says simply.

“At least I don't have to watch the three of you dance around one another any more,” she says quietly. She tilts her head then, “You said scans,” she studies Alex then, “you're-” Alex nods, “How far?”

“Three weeks,” Alex says carefully.

“I knew that pesky feline was up to something that night,” Eliza says with a chuckle. “You need to tell them to be here at one today, everyone will be on lunch and we’ll have the med bay to
ourselves,” she says seriously. “As it is three weeks may already be too late to use the ultrasound but I should still be able to draw blood.”

Alex nods, “I'll call Cat and Kara,” she says standing. She smiles at her mom, “Thanks, Mom.”

Eliza smiles, “Anytime, sweetie.”

Alex is reclining back on the exam table, waiting for her mother and Kara so that they can attempt an ultrasound, they doubt it'll work. "Do you hate me?" she asks suddenly, looking directly at Cat who has been busy on her phone, she'll never admit to looking at nursery themes.

"Why would I hate you?" she asks more than a little confused.

"Because I got pregnant when you and Kara had been trying for a while."

For long moments Cat is quiet and Alex fears the response until Cat laughs, "For a scientist with extensive biological knowledge of Kryptonians you know nothing of their reproductive process."

“What?”

Cat smiles as Eliza enters, Alura passing behind the other woman, “Talk to your mother, I just saw Alura and there's something I need to talk to her about, I'll be right back.”

Eliza raises at eyebrow at Alex, “Dare I ask?”

Alex shifts slightly, a little uncomfortable talking to her mother about it, “I was just asking Cat if she was upset because I got pregnant even though she and Kara were trying before,” she motions vaguely.

Pulling the wheely chair over to the side of the bed Eliza sits down and studies her daughter carefully, a small smile curling her lips, “You who know so much about Kryptonians never thought to learn about-”

“Yes, yes, Cat’s already said, I should have learned about their reproductive process.” Alex smiles, “But at the time I didn’t exactly think I’d find myself pregnant with Kryptonian offspring after something that wasn’t supposed to happen again.”

Eliza winces at the small bit of more information that she never really wanted in regards to her daughters’ love lives. “Alex,” she says quietly, “with as much as you know about Kryptonian biology, really?”

Alex shrugs, “It never really mattered.”

“Well now it does,” she says seriously, “because on Krypton the Codex was used to produce children. The Codex drew information from both the parents and the Codex, itself. The emotions, hormones and compatibility of the parents were analyzed as much as the computer. Then the Codex combined the best parts of the parents along with a small piece of the Codex, if the parents were ready and able to provide for a child.”

“But...”

Smiling Eliza taps lightly against Alex’s thigh, “Alex, Kal was the last child born on Krypton but
Kara was the last child born of the Codex on Krypton, Kal was born and conceived naturally. That’s one of the reasons that he and Lois sought our help in getting pregnant, he doesn’t possess a piece of the Codex to make up a piece of his genetics. Astra, Alura and Kara all have that piece of the Codex. That small manipulation of their genes makes it so that until they’re ready, until their partner is and everything aligns as it should for them they won’t become pregnant or get anyone pregnant.”

“So you and Astra-”

Eliza nods, “Astra and I had discussed whether we wanted children and agreed that if it was to happen then it would and if it didn’t that was okay too. But I didn’t get pregnant with Caroline until we’d both decided we wanted it, that we were ready for it,” she tilts her head, brushes away some of Alex’s hair, “we were both hoping for it.” Alex falls quiet, silently thinking as Eliza moves around, arranging things for the ultrasound. She startles a little when her mother touches her cheek, “You’re crying,” she says quietly.

Reaching up Alex brushes roughly at the tears against her cheek but they keep coming, “They wanted this too,” she murmurs, leaning into her mother when Eliza pulls her to sit up and then into her arms.

“Of course we did,” Cat says from the doorway, Kara behind her, “I told you then, Alexandra, that you could have so much more if you’d just take it.”

Eliza smiles at the three of them, her three oldest girls, though she’s not sure what Cat would say about that thought, “Come on, you two,” she says to Cat and Kara, “let’s see if we can get a look at this little one.”

They two women in the door move forward instantly, surrounding Alex and each one grasping one of her hands.
Two days later is Friday night family dinner again. Alex stumbles out of the bathroom of the master bedroom at the beach house, “Fucking hell,” she mutters while collapsing on the big king size bed and pulling her knees to her chest. She rolls onto her side, watching the ocean she can just see through the balcony doors.

Before she can think too much more the bedroom door opens and Kara eases in, moving towards the bed, “Hey,” she says quietly, sitting on the side of the bed and reaching out to brush Alex’s hair away from her sweaty forehead, “how ya feeling, baby?”

“Like I tried to match you in a candy eating contest again,” she says with a small smile at the memory of she and Kara devouring six large bags of Halloween candy when they were teenagers.

Kara smiles, “I guess when the morning sickness hit, it really hit, huh?”

Alex nods tiredly, her eyes fluttering a little, “Your child severely hated Italian,” she mutters, eyelids finally falling closed.

Tracing her fingers over Alex’s forehead. Without a thought she superspeeds to the bathroom and back, a wet washcloth clutched in her hand. She draws it gently over Alex’s temple, “Why don’t you try to get a little rest before everyone gets here?”

The older woman tugs gently at Kara’s hand, “Lay with me until I fall asleep?”

“Always,” Kara says, continuing to run the cloth over Alex’s forehead and face. “Sleep, baby, Carter should be home when you wake up.”

The smile on Alex’s lips is bright then, “I can’t wait to hear about his chemistry test.” Alex is nearly asleep when she murmurs quietly, “Hey, Kara, are you sure you don’t wanna take a peek at the little one?”

Kara smiles, “I’m positive, Alexandra, that I am not going to take a peek at our little one.”

“But-”

“There are enough super powered people in our lives who can keep an eye on the baby without me having to check on them too. If you and Cat want to be surprised then so do I,” she says firmly.

Alex hums, “Okay, okay,” she says, “I had to try.”

“I know,” Kara tells her quietly. “Now sleep,” Alex nods, rolls over to wrap her arms around Kara’s waist, her head in the younger woman’s lap, and then promptly falls asleep.

Kara waits to be sure Alex is fully asleep before she gently eases from the other woman’s hold, sliding off the bed and making her way back toward the kitchen where she left Cat finishing dinner. She slips up behind her wife, hands sliding around the smaller woman’s waist, “How’s she feeling?”

“Not great,” Kara tells Cat honestly. “She was trying to get me to check on the baby again.”

“She's worried,” Cat says quietly, “every parent is, you can't tell me you aren't.” Kara nods, the action causing the younger woman to bump Cat’s shoulder with her chin, “First time pregnancy is even more worrisome because you don't know what to expect or how to handle your changing body,
add first time pregnancy with a part Kryptonian child that has three biological parents and while you and I are frazzled, Alex is walking a tightrope.”

Kara slips away from Cat, pulling the door of the refrigerator open and withdrawing the gallon of orange juice, “I hadn't thought about it like that,” she says honestly. “I just,” she sighs, sets the gallon jug down beside her now full glass, “I don't want to think about all the bad things that can happen because I feel it here,” she presses a hand over her heart, “and here,” her now fisted hand is resting over her stomach, “that this is exactly the way things are supposed to be.”

“I feel it too,” Cat moves towards Kara, leaning up to steal a kiss, “now we just have to make her see that.”

“How?”

“Starting tonight,” Cat decides, “we tell the family that Alex is our partner, that she's having our child and ask her to move in here with us.”

Kara nods, “That we can most definitely do.” She leans against the side of the counter, “Everyone should be here soon, should we just let her sleep?”

Cat nods, glances at the clock, “Another half hour or so and then we can wake her up. Carter will be home shortly, he can help us set the table.”

“I can do it really quickly,” Kara says with a shrug, “it’ll help me get over all the nerves.”

“Everything is going to be fine.”

“I know, but Mom is going to freak out about a grandbaby and Hank is going to give me that look like he knew and Aunt Astra is going to win the bet.”

“What bet?” Cat asks, head tilted as she watches her wife.

Kara scrubs the back of her neck, “The one I’m not supposed to know about.” Cat raises an eyebrow, “Lucy bet that you and I would end up with Lena Luthor, Aunt Astra bet it would be Alex.”

“Did no one think we could be happy just you and I?”

Reaching out, Kara pulls Cat into her arms, “They all knew you and I were happy together, that we love one another but they also know that we need someone to balance us out, Alex does that. We’ve always been happy just you and I, now we just get to be happier.”

Cat smiles, Kara has always been able to make her see things in a better way, even when the younger woman was simply her assistant. “How long do we have?”

A small sigh slips from Kara’s lips, “Kryptonian pregnancies on Earth last for the standard amount of time,” she says, “so we have time.”

“Oh okay,” Cat says quietly while nodding, “so we’ll do what we can to make this easier for Alex.”

Kara is about to respond when a loud whine and then sobbing reaches her ears, “Alex,” she mutters before superspeeding down the hall and into the bedroom she and Cat have been sharing with Alex the past two days. “Alex,” she says tossing the door open and moving towards the bed where the older woman is curled into a ball, hands covering her ears. “Shit,” she mutters, scrambling towards the closet.
“Kara,” Cat says rushing into the room, she settles onto the bed beside Alex, stroking her fingers through the younger woman’s hair. “Kara, what’s –”

“Stop talking,” Alex growls from beside her and Cat looks down at her, tears trailing down her cheeks. “Too loud.”

Before Cat can say more Kara scrambles back from the depths of the closet, sound blocking headphones in her hand, she presses a finger to her lips and moves to the two women she loves. “Here, baby,” she says in a low, quiet whisper. She slips the headphones over Alex’s ears, “This will help,” she says, “just until we can get your hearing controlled.”

“So loud,” Alex mutters, hands covering the headphones. 

“Ssh,” Kara murmurs, “you remember how I talked you through how I controlled my hearing.” Alex nods, tucking herself against Cat’s side, facing Kara, “Can you try that now? Try separating all of the sounds?”

“I can do that,” Alex says quietly. Kara and Cat both watch as the dark haired woman’s eyes slip closed and Kara knows she’s concentrating on the steps Kara walked Alex through a hundred or more times when they were teenagers. Finally Alex opens her eyes again and sags against Cat’s side, “I am sorry for every horrible thing I ever said about you having to deal with your superpowers, Kara.”

Kara reaches forward, tucking a strand of hair behind Alex’s ear, “You have nothing to be sorry for, Lexie,” she says quietly, “that was a long time ago.”

Alex smiles, “What was that?”

“Our child,” Kara says with a grin, “your powers are developing,” she says, “because of the baby. You should probably expect to start seeing through things fairly soon, breaking anything you touch without focusing and maybe, possibly, freezing things by accident.” She tilts her head, “Also hovering when too overcome with emotion.”

“Mom and Lucy didn’t have these problems.”

“Eliza and Luce weren’t pregnant with my child,” Kara says simply. “This child will be a child of Rao and of Earth’s yellow sun. They’re going to give you stronger powers than the ones that Eliza and Lucy had. Mom and Aunt Astra grew up on Krypton, their powers were bestowed upon them after they were adults, they did not have the chance to grow with them like I did. Because I grew up with my powers after absorbing nearly the same amount of Rao’s light my powers are stronger.”

Alex scrubs her forehead, “I’m too tired and still a little nauseous to try and concentrate on how that works. You and Mom can explain it later,” she curls closer to Cat, “like when the baby is three,” she nods, “I shouldn’t be so tired then.”

Kara smiles, “Can we take the headphones off?” Alex nods but doesn’t move.

Reaching up Cat slips the headphones off of Alex’s head, “Why don’t you grab a little more sleep? Kara or I will come get you after everyone gets here.”

“Promise not to tell them without me?” Alex murmurs, mostly asleep again already.

“Promise,” Cat says, pressing a kiss to the top of Alex’s head while Kara leans over to press a kiss to her cheek.
Okay so just so everyone knows I did the research on this highchair and its pretty awesome looking. If you wanna see for yourself it can be found here.

Kara takes the high chair apart, separating it into a booster seat and a small chair for a slightly older child, thankful forever for her wife’s need to have the very best which meant they only needed one high chair for her brother and cousin. “Tell me you’re ordering a new Graco Blossom before they stop making them?” she says looking over at Cat as she secures the booster seat to one of the dining chairs.

“It’ll be here on Monday,” Cat says with a smile while she sets the basket of covered bread on the table. “I’m smart enough to know that with Caroline still being in a booster seat and Eden still using the youth high chair we’re going to need an actual high chair for the baby.”

A smile flits across Kara’s lips, “Think we should order an extra one?” Cat tilts her head, “You never know what my mother and Lucy or Astra and Eliza will get up to,” she shrugs, “not to mention Mike and Winn.”

After a few moments Cat nods, “I’ll order at least one more tomorrow.”

Kara nods, “Good idea.”

Before more can be said the door bangs open, “Carter Grant, what have you been told about opening the door like that?”

“Sorry, Cat, not Carter,” Lucy says, arms full as she edges her way into the kitchen.

“What in the world is that, Lane?” Cat demands as she looks at all the boxes in Lucy’s arms.

Lucy sighs, “My wife,” she glares at Kara, “your mother, has decided that she’s taking up crafting.” She motions to the boxes in front of her, “These are keepsake boxes that she’s made for everyone.”

Kara steps up and look over the boxes, made of finely crafted wood and each person’s name lasered into the top, “They’re beautiful but what got her started on this?”

“She wanted to make something for Eden that we could give to him when he leaves for college. When she found keepsake boxes she decided that she’d make one for Eden that we could put notes and little things in that we wanted him to have. She then decided that she was going to make one for everyone.”

“Still no luck with a job?” Cat questions.

Lucy shakes her head, “No.”

“Why doesn’t she just accept Hank’s offer?” Kara questions, knowing Hank offered her mother a position with the DEO as a consultant, meaning that unless she was absolutely needed she’d never have to take flight if she didn’t want to do so.”
“Because I know, Starfire,” Alura says, suddenly appearing from the hallway, “that if I take the position at the DEO I will be unable to allow you or Star or Firefly or Firebird here out into battle without following after you.”

Kara hugs her mother tightly, as tight as she can, loving that she can do that on a daily basis now, “Where’s Eden?” she questions after pressing a kiss to Alura’s cheek.

“My grandson stole him,” Alura says with a smile.

Tuning her hearing carefully she listens to the sounds of her son and brother coming down the hallway, “Carter,” she calls quietly, “will you get Alex? Don’t let Eden pounce her, please.”

“Sure, Ma,” Carter calls back. Instead of taking Eden with him he stops in the doorway, leaning over to press a kiss to Kara’s cheek as he deposits the blond toddler into her arms, “Someone needs a pull up, big sister.”

Kara sticks her tongue out at the back of Carter’s head as the teenager heads down the hall but holds her hand out to her mother who drops the strap of the diaper bag across it, “We shall return.”

Alura smiles, watching her two children head down the hallway, “I’m going to put these in the family room,” Lucy says, leaning up to kiss Alura on the cheek, the Kryptonian instinctively leaning down so that her wife’s lips meet her cheek. “You can hand them out after dinner but before the game.”

“Thank you, love,” Alura murmurs, dropping her own kiss to the top of Lucy’s head.

Cat smiles at the two of them, loving that she’s one of the few that Alura allows herself to be freely open in front of, “The two of you are incredibly soft and mushy,” she tells her mother-in-law, one hand grasping the dish towel on the counter.

“And you and my daughter are not?” Alura questions with a laugh.

A shrug is the response Cat is able to provide before Alex and Carter appear in the doorway, Alex muttering unintelligibly as she moves into the kitchen and then over to Cat. She’s just tucked herself into Cat’s embrace when the other ten people in their family appear in the kitchen all at once, just in time to hear Alex’s mutter of, “I don’t understand why I’m the one with the nausea and power development. Why am I the one pregnant? You were there too,” she says petulantly and slightly louder than Cat is sure she intended to.

Hank clears his throat from the doorway and Alex looks up panicked as her cheeks tinge pink, “Something you’d like to share with the rest of us?” he questions with a smirk on his lips.

Alex sighs, curls back into Cat and hides her face against blonde curls while she shakes her head, “Nope, I’m good.”

Kara chuckles as she makes her way over to the two women she loves, slipping up behind the two of them, pressing her lips to the back of Alex’s head, “We actually do have something to tell you all,” she says. She squeezes Alex’s shoulder, hand sliding down to rest at her waist, “Alex, Cat and I are in a relationship.”

She gives a gentle squeeze to Cat’s waist where her other hand is resting when Alex begins to speak, “And we’re going to be having a baby,” the brunette says with a smile even as she leans back against Kara, while still curling against Cat.

“So Alex is moving in here?” Eliza questions, studying the three women before her, pretending to be
as new to the information just imparted upon them as the others.

Cat looks over at Alex, who is remaining steadfastly quiet, “If she’ll have us full time, yes,” Cat says quietly, leaning over to press her lips to Alex’s quickly.

Alex smiles, “Yes, I’m moving in here.”

Astra smiles, one arm around Eliza and the other supporting Caroline, “We’re happy for you.”

“Indeed we are,” Alura says, smiling at her sister and then her daughter and her family. Her grin spreads, “I’m gonna have a grandbaby.”

Suddenly both Alura and Eliza look at each other and then to their youngest children, “Oh lord,” Eliza mutters, “grandbabies and babies so close in age.”

Alex’s laughter suddenly draws everyone’s attention but its Cat who notices the tears in her eyes and pulls her closer, hugging her as tightly as she can. “Is everything okay?”

“Fine,” Alex mutters, face turned into Cat’s neck, “everything is fine, I’m just hormonal.” She pulls away, “I’m gonna go wash my face,” she murmurs, “and I’ll be better when I come back.”

Lucy squeezes Alex’s arm as she slips out of the room, Eden grinning toothily at one of his favorite people. Alex presses her lips to his temple, “Hey, munchkin,” she tells him quietly.

“She really okay?” Hank asks after she’s down the hallway and they’ve heard the door close.

Kara nods, “She’s been more than a little worried about how all of you would react, the unconditional acceptance is a little overwhelming.”

Eliza smiles, “For you too,” she says, moving forward to pull her foster daughter into a hug, she cups Kara’s cheek, runs a thumb across her eyebrow, “I can see it here,” she says quietly.

“Plus her powers are coming in,” Cat says, hating to break the moment. “We’ve got a bumpy road ahead of us,” she shrugs, “but we’ll handle it like we handle everything -”

“Together,” the whole group says as one, Alex joining in as she reappears in the doorway.

She smiles, “Cat is of course correct.” She moves over to Cat and Kara, slipping into both of their arms easily. After long moments her stomach growls loudly and her cheeks turn bright pink, “That’s embarrassing.”

“That’s being pregnant with a Kryptonian,” Eliza says with a smile, “get used to it.”

“Yay!” Alex mutters sulkily. The pout on her lips instantly disappears though as Kara leans over to peck her lips, only for her stomach to growl again. “Okay, time to feed the monster,” she mutters.

“Our child is not a monster,” Cat grumbles.

“A little monster,” Alex tells her, “an adorable little monster is what they’ll be.”

“Alexandra, stop tormenting Cat with your silly names for the kid.”

“None, Kara,” Alex tells her with a laugh.

The others in the room only watch for long moments, smiling fondly at the three women bantering and seamlessly moving around the kitchen. How they’d only ended up together now no one was
really sure.
Kara and Astra set down the stacks of boxes in their arms and Kara leans against her aunt’s side when the other woman reaches out for her, “Are you happy, Little One?” she asks quietly, “Truly?”

The smile that spreads across Kara’s features tells Astra everything she needs to know but Kara assures her anyway, “I’m the happiest I’ve ever been, Aunt Astra.” She curls into her aunt the way she has since she was a child, “I’m going to be a mom,” she says quietly, “I mean I already am a mom, Carter is my son but the thought of seeing the baby for the first time-” she cuts herself off with a shake of her head. “I shouldn’t feel like this. I love Carter, he’s mine.”

Astra brushes hair away from Kara’s face gently, “He is yours, Little One,” she tells her niece quietly, “he always will be. Just as you will always be your mother’s daughter and Lucy’s, just as Alex will always be Eliza’s daughter and mine, Carter is your son and Cat’s and Alex’s. The three of you having a child together, being excited about a child together, that doesn’t negate the fact that you have a son, a son that all three of you love with your whole selves.” She shrugs, “I love Brave One the same way that you love Carter. When Eliza and I had Caroline it did not lessen or take away any of my love for Alex,” she smiles, “in fact my love for her has only grown. Because now I can watch the way she interacts with her baby sister, how my daughters love one another in a way that I have always loved my sister even if they are nearly thirty years different in age.”

“So it’s okay to be this happy and excited?”

Astra smiles, pressing a kiss to her niece’s forehead, “More than, I bet if you asked Carter you’d find that he’s as excited as you are. Don’t forget, Kara, you are not just gaining a new child, he is gaining a sibling. And this one he will know all their life not meet when they’re grown like he did with Adam.”

Kara nods, hugs her aunt tightly, “Thank you, Aunt Astra.”

“You are most welcome, Little One.”

Alex slips into the penthouse, sliding her boots off and storing them in the hall closet. “I’m home,” she calls into the house, smiling when the sound of pounding steps meets her ears.

“Ma,” Carter says excitedly, wrapping her in a hug, today being his first day home from his father’s. The name he’s given to both Alex and Kara falling easily from his lips, “Guess what I found while I was at Dad’s.”

“What’d you find, buddy?” she asks, hand in his as the teenager pulls her down the hallway towards his room.

Except he bypasses his room and moves on to the guest room, well at least for the next few months it’s still a guest room. When he pulls her inside Alex lets out a quiet gasp at what she sees, “It was grandpa’s,” he tells her as she runs her fingers over the dark mahogany wood.

“Your dad let you -”

“It was Mom’s,” he says, “her dad built it when I was born. She left it at Dad’s when they divorced because it reminded her of grandpa,” Carter looks at Alex, “but some of my very first memories are
of Mom reading to me while we sat in this chair,” he shrugs, “I want my brother or sister to have similar memories.”

Smiling Alex reaches out to him, drawing him into her embrace and hugging him tightly, “You are such a wonderful young man,” she says quietly. She pushes him back, cups his cheek, “Your brother or sister is going to be lucky to have you in their life, just like I am.”

He presses a kiss to her cheek, “I love you, Ma.” Alex pulls him into another hug and he laughs, “Too tight, Ma,” he says, a little winded.

Alex blushes, “Oops, sorry, Carter.”

“Come on,” he says, “the other moms will be home in a few.”

Shaking her head Alex ruffles his hair, “Come on then.”

Kara is sitting up against the headboard of their bed, glasses on the bedside table and papers scattered around her. She looks up when she hears Alex release a heavy sigh and then a low growl at the back of her throat, “What’s the matter, love?”

Glancing over to the bed and then back to the mirror she’s been standing in front of for the past fifteen minutes the older woman sighs again, “I can’t fit into any of my clothes,” she says with a sigh. “These are yours.”

“Hey!” Kara says, “I’m not that much bigger than you.”

“And that would be why these don’t really fit either but they’re looser than my own.” She sighs and makes her way over to the bed, crawling up the middle and curling up so that her back is pressed against Kara. Kara’s hand drops down, sliding over Alex’s side and running lightly over the bump that is growing daily, marking the growth of their child.

Kara smiles down at the woman curled against her side, “Baby,” she says gently, “you’re pregnant, you had to realize that your clothes were going to be too small eventually.”

A snort is the immediate response, “Yeah, four or five months in, I’m nowhere near that.”

“Well there’s always-”

A hand covers Kara’s mouth, “Do not finish that sentence,” Alex says firmly, “because if it is that I’m going to dig up the kryptonite from wherever Clark hid it and castrate you with it.”

A chuckle slips past Kara’s lips, “Do you want me to go get you a new pair of sweatpants and a new t-shirt to sleep in, will that make you feel better?” Alex pouts up at her, “Geez put the pout away I was offering to go already.” She presses a quick kiss to Alex’s temple, “Tell Cat I’ll be right back when she comes in,” she says before slipping away and into her suit before heading out the balcony doors.

Rubbing a hand lightly over her bump, Alex hums low in her throat when she feels warm and content just being where she is, “You look happy,” a voice says from the doorway and she cracks one eye open before zooming toward Cat, wrapping the older woman up into her arms, surprised by the sudden burst of superspeed. “Alex,” Cat says quietly, “Alex, ease up a little, sweetheart.”
Suddenly it dawns on her that she can feel the slight give of Cat’s bones, the way they could give so easily and snap with just the slightest bit more pressure. “Shit, shit, shit,” she mutters releasing Cat and backing away instantly. “Fuck, I'm sorry,” she says, voice extremely quiet, “I'm so sorry.”

Cat’s moving instantly, “Hey, hey,” she says, voice quiet, “it's okay, I'm okay. Your strength is fluctuating though, I know you can't control it yet.”

Alex is too busy pacing to notice Cat’s soothing words, “And Carter,” she mutters, “this afternoon, it was too tight, I hugged him too tight.” She whirls to face Cat, “Oh god, is Carter alright?”

Reaching out Cat catches Alex’s arm, “Carter is fine, Alex,” she says soothingly, “he’s safe and warm in his bed. Just like with me when he told you that you were hugging a little too tight you let go. We knew you were going to start gaining more powers than just your superhearing and the occasional bout of superspeed.” She pulls Alex into her arms, holding her close, “It’s going to be okay.”

The younger woman’s arms remain limply at her sides, clearly afraid of what might happen if she were to wrap her arms around Cat again, “What if I hurt one of you?” she questions.

“You won’t,” Cat assures, her fingers threading lightly through Alex’s hair as a way of soothing her. “We all know you won’t.”

“But what if I do?” Alex says quietly, finally allowing her arms to curl around Cat, while she buries her face against Cat’s neck. Cat looks to the balcony as she hears the soft thud of Kara landing, but shakes her head as the younger blonde starts to speak, “What if I hurt you or Carter, I’d never forgive myself.” Cat curls herself all the more tightly around Alex and presses her nose into dark brown locks, “I can’t hurt any of you.”

“You won’t, darling,” Cat assures her, “you won’t.” Even Cat knows though that the words are a promise that she can’t keep.
Meeting of the Matriarchs

Chapter Notes

So this chapter is really important and also was totally not originally planned.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Cat steps into the DEO tower with all the confidence she possesses every single day, or at least she appears to, inside it feels like everything has turned topsy turvy. She's been given full access to the tower since long before she and Kara married but it still sends her head spinning a little that she can walk into a top secret organization and not have a single person raise an eyebrow about it. She is the media, after all.

Except today there are eyebrows raising in regards to her presence because she shouldn't be there. Alex and Kara both have the day off, Eliza is ensconced in meetings all day, along with J'onn in regards to new discoveries from R & D. The two people she wants to speak with are easy to find though, they always are.

“Alura, Astra,” she says, approaching the two women.

“Astra,” Cat says with a smirk at the way Cat’s lips purse together.

Astra turns to Cat, “May I speak with the two of you alone?” she questions quietly, hoping not to draw more attention than she already has.

“Astrid, Alura,” says the older of the two In-Ze sisters. Cat follows them quietly down the hall and into Alura’s office, a space the two more often than not share. “Is something wrong, Catherine?”

Cat paces, hands wringing before her with nerves she never usually reveals. Astra watches, Cat is someone she can usually read well, this time is no different, they're very similar. “Kitten,” she says and Cat’s eyes instantly snap to her, “just tell us.”

Instantly the human woman’s features cloud with a look of utter sadness, “I won't be able to hold her hand.” Before they can say anything she's pacing again, stalking the room like a caged animal, “Before, when I thought it would be me I was fine because well Kara would be there and now I know Kara will still be there but yesterday,” she stops, closes her eyes then looks at them, “yesterday Alex hugged me and I could feel my bones trying to crack under her grip. She didn't mean it but she can't control it yet. When she's in unbearable pain she still won't be able to control it,” she shakes her head. “When the time comes for the baby to be born, I won't be able to hold her hand. Is there a way that I can?”

For long moments everyone is quiet after Cat’s rambling request, then the sisters look to one another, silent communicating as normal to them as breathing. Finally Alura looks over at her, “There is a way,” she says carefully, her words measured and careful, “but the way is both dangerous and will affect more than just you.”

Slowly Cat releases a breath she hadn't realized she was holding, “Carter,” she says, “and Adam.”
Astra nods, “And her.”

“But she's -”

“Except to you she is,” Astra says, she's the only person who knows where Cat spends her Thursday afternoons, a secret she had willingly kept from her niece. “This is just the same as if I were to seek this were I not already Kryptonian, it would affect Kara because of the way I feel for her, the love that I have for her.”

“So the three of them they would become Kryptonian as well?”

Alura tilts her head, “Hybrids, would be a more accurate term. Their DNA and yours will mutate, draw the power of Earth’s yellow sun to gain the blessings of Rao, should He see fit, that is.”

“You said dangerous?” Cat questions after a slow nod.

“There are three possible outcomes, the first is just what you seek. Rao deems you worthy and blesses you with his strength, his power. The second, is that he sees you better human and you remain just as you are. The third however is not as pleasant. Rao deems you unworthy and a terrible excuse of a human, your death be your reward.”

Alura glares at her sister, “You are horrible,” she mutters. She turns back to Cat, “But she is being honest, some humans, the few times this has been done, have been too weak to withstand the presence of Rao within them and have perished.”

Cat taps her nails against her forearm, thinking, contemplating, “Can I have three days?”

Astra nods, “Of course,” Alura answers, “this is not something to be taken lightly, take what time you need, Catherine.”

Chapter End Notes

Just as a slight update for everyone, I have reached chapter 17 as far as writing goes and I have yet to see an end to this monstrosity in sight. That being said I'm going to attempt to update more regularly now that I have so many chapters ahead, if that doesn't happen my sincerest apologies in advance.
Thursday afternoon Cat makes her way towards her ever faithfully scheduled lunch meeting, there's never a name beside it in her schedule and Kara is under the impression she's meeting an old friend. It's a small lie in the grand scheme of their lives, one that she hates to tell but also one that she fears the consequences of were the truth to come out. The private elevator slows to a stop, bringing her back from her thoughts so that she can step from the sleek metal compartment.

“Mrs. Grant,” the woman at the desk before the only office on the floor says. Cat only raises a silent eyebrow, “I'm sorry, Cat.” She smiles then, “She's just finishing up a meeting, maybe fifteen minutes at most.”

Cat smiles, “That's fine, Jess, thank you.” She points to the adjoining private meeting room, “I'll wait for her in the usual spot.”

Jess nods, “Go right ahead, lunch has already arrived as well.”

“Thank you,” Cat says simply before slipping into the small meeting room. She's looking out of floor to ceiling windows fifteen or so minutes later when the door behind her opens and then closes with a soft *snick*. “You know I thought of having a meeting room like this attached to my office,” she shrugs, “doesn't really matter though when all the walls are made of glass.”

A soft chuckle comes from behind her, “You always have said that's one way I don't take after you.”

Cat turns then, eyes taking in the sight of the young woman behind her the same way they take in Carter or Adam every time she sees them, “You thrive in the open view and I thrive in the background, in shadows.” Cat smiles and the girl smiles back, “How are you, Aunt Kit?”

The name alone brings back so many memories, her father had coined the nickname Kit when she'd expressed her displeasure the first time at being called Kitty, for him the name had stuck, she'd been seven and beginning to realize that her mother wasn't ever going to be anything but disappointed in her. Twelve years later when the girl before her had come into their lives, her older sister’s youngest child and the daughter Lillian never wanted, Cat had taken to her instantly. By the time she was two Lena Luthor could say Aunt Kit with near perfect pronunciation, she and Cat were both crushed when Andrew Carter Grant died of a massive heart attack.

Cat smiles at Lena, pulling herself back from those memories, “I'm well, Lena.” She reaches out for the dark haired young woman as she turns and draws Lena into her arms. She holds on tightly, feels Lena burrow her nose against her shoulder just as she had as a small child when they’d both been affection starved and seeking it from each other when given the opportunity. “How are you, my darling?” she says as she draws away.

The blush that crawls over Lena’s pale complexion makes Cat raise a questioning eyebrow, “I met someone, Aunt Kit.”

A smile slowly curls the corners of Cat’s lips, “That's wonderful, Lena,” she squeezes the hand still held in her own, “tell me about them.”

Lena grins, her aunt having always been the only one to neither care nor judge her for those she's dated or loved, she supposes she knows why with Cat’s marriage to Kara Danvers. “She,” Lena says carefully as the two of them make their way to a small table and take seats on either side of it, “is a detective with NCPD. She works with the science division, with the metahuman and alien division.”
Cat picks idly at her food as she listens to Lena speak, something she's found herself doing a hundred times over when she listens to her family speak of things that make them happy. “What's her name?” she questions even though she's sure she already knows, having probably met her several times when she was dating Alex for a very brief period of time.

“Maggie,” Lena says and Cat smiles, “Maggie Sawyer.”

“She's a good woman,” Cat says as she finally takes a bite of her food, “much better than the last one.”

“The last one was a senator's son and how do you know Maggie?”

“The fact he was a senator’s son is exactly why you should have stayed away to begin with. I still wish you'd have let me bury him in legal red tape for years after what he did.” Lena starts to speak but Cat continues before she can, “As for Maggie, she briefly dated Alex but they both found they were better friends.” She shrugs, “She still comes to family dinner on occasion though, something about loving the feel of being surrounded by love.” She waves vaguely, “The two of you likely would have met sooner if you'd just-”

“Aunt Kit-”

“I know,” Cat says, “I know why you have reservations about coming but,” she looks away, “Lena,” she says quietly, “Lena, things are changing and I need to talk to you about them.”

Lena reaches out instantly, “Are you-”

Cat shakes her head, “I'm fine,” her smile is wide when she looks back up, “I'm wonderful. I'm going to be a mother again.”

“You're-”

“Not me,” she says, “Alex. Kara, Alex and I are together, the three of us are together.”

Lena grins at her aunt, “About time too,” she says, chuckling at the shocked look on Cat’s face.

“Cheeky,” Cat mutters with a chuckle of her own. She looks down at her hands then, suddenly both serious and nervous, “We actually need to talk about that thing we don’t talk about.”

“The Kara thing we don't talk about?” Cat nods without looking up, “What about it?”

“The baby,” Cat says, “the baby is like that,” she looks up at Lena, “and the baby is causing Alex to be like that.”

Lena looks sad, “What about you?”

“That's why this talk. There's a way for me to be like that but it would affect you and Adam and Carter.”

“Not Lex?”

“Lex has never really considered himself a Grant, he's a Luthor and a Matheson, you have always been more Grant than Luthor. Adam is more Foster but has accepted his Grant side so I doubt he will have as much as you and certainly not as much as Carter but he'll have some.”

Lena grins slightly, “A Luthor being part Super.”
Cat chuckles at her niece, “So you'd be okay with this?”

“I would,” Lena says quietly, “might actually help my case with Maggie.” Cat raises an eyebrow in question, “She's been a little hesitant because of who Lillian and Lex are because she's a little super herself.”

Realization dawns on Cat, “She's a metahuman?” Lena nods, “Well that explains a whole lot.” She shakes her head, “Learn something new every day,” she says quietly. She studies Lena, “You know with this we’re going to have to tell Kara and Alex at the very least,” Lena looks away from her. “Lena, I want you to start coming to family dinners, you're family, you should be there. And now with the baby, Carter didn't get a chance to know you because Lillian shipped you off to heaven knows where but I'd like for the baby to know you, for Carter to get a chance to know you.” She smirks, “One mom, two grandmothers and a surrogate uncle are not enough, he needs a science geek cousin too.”

“He likes science?” Lena asks looking up at Cat.

“He loves science. He and Alex spent three months on his science fair project last year. This year Alex is gonna be out of commission, I'm sure he’d enjoy getting to know a new partner.”

Lena smiles slightly and nods, “I'll think about it,” she finally says. “Tomorrow night?”

“Tomorrow night at the beach house, code for the gate is 1083 and dinner is at six.”

“Adam’s birthday?”

“Your birthday,” Cat says simply, “I wanted to remember what I did right not what I did wrong.”

Cat is almost to the door, having risen as they spoke when Lena speaks again, “I'll be there at five thirty,” Cat looks at her, “I'd like to help you cook like I used to.”

“Better make it five then, we have to feed a small army.” Lena gives a single nod and Cat departs with a smile, giving Jess a small wave as she passes and steps into the elevator.
Adam flies in every chance he gets to spend family night with his new extended family, even if it's a bit weird that he did go on a date with his stepmother. But he spends the weekend after his Fridays in National City with Cat, Kara and his little brother and he's found that he enjoys those weekends. When his mother calls and asks him to fly in earlier in the afternoon to meet her for lunch he thinks that she and Kara are finally having a baby, he knows it's something they've wanted just by the way Kara is with her brother and sister/cousin.

He smiles at Cat's new assistant when she motions him into the fishbowl like office. “Adam,” Cat says with a smile as she rounds the desk and pulls him into a hug.

“Cat,” he says, still unwilling and unable to call her mom. “I hope I'm not interrupting.”

She smiles at him, “Of course not.” She glances behind him, “Ellen!”

The young woman at the desk, whom Adam distinctly remembers is called Eve, stops in the doorway, “Yes, Ms. Grant?”

“Has lunch been ordered for Adam and I?”

Eve nods, “Yes, Ms. Grant, it should be arriving any moment now.”

“Thank you, Ellen.”

Adam chuckles, “Why do you call them by the wrong name? You did the same to Kara when she was your assistant.”

Cat shrugs, “Seems appropriate.”

A snort is Adam's response, “How is Kara? And Carter?”

“Good,” Cat says, a smile tugging at the corner of her lips, “they're both really good.” She motions to the balcony, “Let's step out to the balcony and talk while we wait on lunch.”

Outside on the balcony Cat fidgets, “Cat, just tell me,” Adam finally says.

Shaking her head Cat sighs, “Kara and I,” she draws in a quiet breath, “we've started seeing someone, well have been seeing someone.”

Adam tilts his head, “Who?”

“Alex,” Cat says quietly. “It just kind of happened and when it did we finally felt like we were whole.” She smiles slightly, “And what's more is that our family is growing even more.”

“So you're both dating Kara’s sister AND having a kid with her?”
Cat flinches at the accusation in Adam’s tone, “Alex was Kara’s foster sister, Adam, and you know that. And yes, she is having a child with Kara and I.”

“I'm guessing Kara’s freakish DNA made that possible,” he scowls, “what's next you'll expect Carter and I to become like her too?”

Drawing in a calming breath Cat attempts to remind herself of how hard she's worked to make her relationship with Adam as good as it is. “That's actually what I wanted to speak with you about. Alex is gaining powers because of the baby and because of that I won't be able to be there for her the way I'd like to be when the baby is born, not as a human. There is a way though that I can become,” she shrugs, “partially Kryptonian, but it would affect you too, at least while you accept that you are part of the, to phrase it the Kryptonian way, House of Grant.”

“I'm not a Grant, I'm a Foster.” His voice is sharp and hard, “I've never been a Grant and I never will be a Grant.”

Cat’s heart constricts at the words, “I suppose that's your answer then, you won't have to worry about gaining any of Kara’s powers, becoming even partially Kryptonian.” She looks away, “But should you ever change your mind, you will have to face those facts because as long as Carter agrees I will be going through with the ceremony. Alex is part of my family, is one of the loves of my life and she's carrying my child, I want to be there for her.” She glances back at him then, “I know I messed up by not being there for you, Adam,” she says quietly, “I'm not going to do that again.”

“Whatever, Cat,” he mutters, rising from his chair. “I think it's best if you make my excuses to the rest tonight, and every night from now on.” When he leaves the balcony and then the office, he doesn't look back. Cat pulls her feet up into the chair with her, heels discarded at her side, and rest her folded arms on them, an ache forming deep inside her chest that had only just started to heal.
A Chat With Carter

Chapter Notes

Okay so I'm giving you guys two chapters tonight because I'm horrible at updating, even when I'm ahead on writing. Anyway, I hope you guys enjoy.

After her afternoon talk with Adam, Cat feels more than a little nervous about her after school chat with Carter. Still she's sitting inside the town car, waiting patiently for her currently youngest child to join her. When the school bell ring she closes out the email app on her phone, locks the screen and sets the phone aside, watching all of the children as they run towards the carline. She smiles when she sees her boy appear through the crowd, amazed by how much he's grown, both in stature and outgoingness since Kara came into their lives.

When the car door is opened and she hears him greet Kevin with a happy greeting and she's sure a smile, her own smile rises of its own accord. “Mom,” he crows excitedly as he throws himself into the car and then into her arms, “I didn't expect you to be picking me up today.”

She draws him in close as Kevin closes the door and makes his way around the car, pressing her nose against his dark curls the way she did when he was a baby. “Hello, my darling,” she says quietly, “I wanted to surprise you.” She smiles conspiratorially, “I thought maybe we'd stop for some ice cream on the way home.”

He leans back from her, giving her a suspicious look, “Ice cream?” he questions, “Before dinner?” He grins, “Who are you and what have you done with Mom?”

Laughing at her son, the one who makes more jokes now than before he knew Kara, the one who smiles more, she pulls him in again, “Yes, sassypants, ice cream, before dinner.” She tilts their foreheads together, “But let's not tell Ma, either of them.”

“I really need a way to distinguish between them,” he says quietly.

Cat smiles, “Why not *ieiu* for Kara? She's sufficiently convinced most of the people she knows it's a name she made up as a child for Alura, just say you adopted it for her when Alex became a part of our lives.”

Carter smiles, “I like it but I want to make sure she's okay with it first.”

“Always my thoughtful boy,” she says pressing a kiss to his forehead, forever shocked that he still so freely accepts affection now that he's firmly into his teenage years. For long moments they're quiet until she clears her throat, “Carter, there's something I wanted to talk to you about.”

He pulls away slightly, looking at her, “Is something wrong, Mom?”

“Not wrong exactly,” she says quietly, “just something that may be changing.”

He tilts his head, “Is it something to do with Alex and the baby?”

A slight chuckle slips past Cat’s lips, Carter has always been too smart for his own good, “Kind of, Carter.” She laces her fingers with his, “You know how Alex is getting stronger and gaining Kara’s...
powers in varying proportions because of the baby?"

Carter nods, “I thought that was probably what happened when she hugged me the other day, it was like an over emotional Kara hug but from Alex.”

A true laugh leaves Cat this time, “That's exactly it.” The car pulls to a stop but she'd already given Kevin instructions that she'd get the door when they were ready to head into the ice cream parlor. “The thing about it is, Carter, when Alex has the baby she won't be able to control her powers.”

A sad look takes over Carter’s features, “You won't be able to hold her hand,” he says, “me either.” He tilts his head, “I’d thought about it. If you and Kara were to have a baby, there’d be no way for me to hold your hand while Kara drove us to the hospital or DEO or whatever.”

Reaching out, hand sliding over his shoulder to draw him into a hug, Cat feels tears tickle the backs of her eyes. “Well, I umm, I talked to your Granma and Aunt Astra and there is a way that I can gain powers like Alex and Kara.”

Carter pulls back and she sees that questions are coming, she should be expecting the first one with what he's just said, she isn't, “What about me?”

A laugh bubbles past her lips, “You would become a Kryptonian hybrid, just like your brother or sister and your aunt and uncle.”

“When do you do it?”

Smiling and giving his hair a slight ruffle Cat shakes her head, “I'm not sure yet, soon I hope. But I think I'm gonna keep it a secret from ieiu and Ma until time for the baby to come.”

“You know that'll just freak Ma out, right? Probably not the best idea to do to a woman in labor.”

Cat tilts her head, “Perhaps I'll think of a better time.”

Carter nods, smiles, “Can we have ice cream now?”

“Yes, we can have ice cream now,” she says, opening the door and shooing him out.

He wraps his arms around her once they're both out of the car, “I'm excited,” he says. “I'll finally fit in more with the family that wants me.”

She holds him tight then, probably too tight but she can't really care, “You've always fit in with them, Carter, no matter what your father says.”

He nods, “I know.” He pulls back, grabs her hand, “Come on, Mom, ice cream time.” With a smile she allows herself to be pulled along and into the ice cream parlor, a silent question in her mind of how she intends to feed a kryptonian hybrid teenage boy, when she can barely feed all the kryptonians she does now.
Once More With The Feelings

Cat has Kevin drop Carter off at the DEO for his bi-monthly training session and then heads home to Kara and Alex and a conversation long overdue. She’s just stepped into the beach house when a book zooms by her head and through the, thankfully, open door. “What,” she says sharply, catching the attention of the two women in the middle of the living room, “is going on here?”

Alex and Kara both look at her with slightly fearful expressions but then all the anger that has clearly been possessing Alex ebbs away and she superspeeds into Cat’s arms. “Kara called me fat,” she all but blubbers while Cat gently strokes her hair.

Green eyes snap over to bore into crystal blue ones and Kara visibly shrinks, “I did not call you fat, Alex, I said,” she moves carefully closer then, reaching out gently, in hopes of avoiding anymore flying objects, Cat is sure, to lift Alex’s shirt up, “that you had a bump.” Kara’s fingers trail gently over the slight slope of Alex’s abdomen and you marvel at the sight, not just the sight of the bump itself, a bump that though Alex has been complaining of tighter clothes was definitely not there last night, though Kara’s probably noticed it for a while, but at the sight of Kara’s tanned fingers brushing over Alex’s pale skin. The younger woman’s free hand rises to cup Alex’s cheek, brushing tears away with gentle sweeps of skin against skin, “I didn’t mean to hurt you or make you cry.” She leans forward, pulling Alex into a gentle kiss, “I never want to see you cry.”

Before Cat can blink Alex has thrown herself into Kara instead, she shakes her head, “Well the hormones and mood swings have kicked in,” she mutters.

Alex glares at her from the cocoon of Kara’s arms but wraps a hand around Cat’s thin wrist and pulls her forward into the embrace. Pressed against Alex, Cat can feel the slight slope of her abdomen and she smiles, traces a single finger down the smooth plane of skin, circles around Alex’s navel, smiling at the shiver it sends through the other woman. “We have people arriving in an hour and a half, Catherine Grant, do not start something you won’t be able to finish,” Alex demands.

Cat smirks, leans over to press her lips to Alex’s, “Oh believe me, if I started something, I'd definitely finish it.” She pulls away when Alex starts to lean in for more kisses, “There is something I need to discuss with the two of you before everyone gets here.”

Sensing that whatever the topic is holds a serious tone both younger women pull away, “The den?”

A nod, “That’s fine,” Cat says simply before following after her lovers towards their den. Kara sits down on the couch, Cat falling down beside her before the younger blonde pulls Alex into her lap and the brunette tosses her legs over Cat’s. smiling Cat reaches out, taking one of Alex’s fluffy sock covered feet in hand and kneading the bottom with firm strokes, chuckling at the soft moan that falls from parted lips. After several moments she begins to speak, “You both know,” she begins, “that I have a sister whom I don’t get along with.”

“You said she was a lot like Katherine and had problems with aliens,” Kara says.

“Problems with aliens may have been a bit of an understatement on my part,” Cat says, hating herself for what she's about to reveal.

“Cat,” Alex says, drawing the older woman’s eyes away from where she's been watching her fingers knead the soles of Alex’s feet, “I know,” she says quietly, “I've known for a while. Your sister is not you, nor is she your niece.”
A silent tear falls down Cat’s cheek as her hands still on Alex’s feet, “Okay,” Kara says, “somebody let the alien in on what you’re talking about. I feel like, no, I know I’m missing something important.”

Turning to look at Kara, Cat speaks quietly, “Lena Luthor is my niece.” She doesn’t say Lillian is her sister because Lillian hasn’t been her sister, not the same one she grew up with in a very long time. “Lena is my niece.”

“So your sister-”

“She hasn’t been my sister since long before she married Lionel but I tried to get along with her for Lena’s sake. I loved-I love Lena as if she were my own.”

Cat looks up at Kara hoping that she can convey the honesty of her words, “Why haven't you invited her to family night?” Kara asked and Cat is reminded once again that she married an almost literal ray of sunshine.

“I have, every week, she's my Thursday lunch meeting. She was afraid you all would turn against me because of her, though I’ve assured her time and again that you wouldn’t.”

Alex studies the woman beside her with a slight smile, “I’m guessing since you’re bringing all of this up now it means that Lena is coming to dinner tonight with the family.”

A bright smile curls the corners of Cat’s lips without her permission and she nods, “She is, she’s supposed to be arriving early to help me make dinner for everyone. I told her about the baby yesterday,” she shuffles her hands slightly, “I want her to be a part of their life in a way she wasn’t able to be a part of Carter’s life when he was little. Not to mention she’s a science nerd like you and our son,” she says poking Alex in the foot, “so I thought maybe she could help Carter build the science project that you are going to be banned from working on.”

“But -”

“No,” Kara says, arm curled around Alex so that her hand is resting against the side of Alex’s belly, “this is more important.”

Alex smiles slightly at the feel of Kara’s hand on her bump, one of the few people allowed to touch, and one of only three allowed to freely touch. “But I can be careful.”

“Alexandra, you are not working on a science project or in the lab while you’re pregnant, there’s too much risk, especially when we don’t know how different your pregnancy is going to be from your mother’s or Lucy’s.”

“That’s another thing,” Alex mutters, “does my mother have to be my doctor?” She waves vaguely, “It’s a little weird having her all up in my space.”

Cat and Kara both laugh and Cat squeezes Alex’s knee, “It’s either let your mother in your space or talk to Hank about finding an OB that could be trusted enough with the knowledge of a Kryptonian baby arriving in the world.”

“Mom it is,” Alex says with a slight groan, head falling to rest under Kara’s chin. “At least the morning sickness is finally over,” she says tiredly. “Officially in the second trimester as of Monday and no trips to the bathroom to throw up since last Thursday.”

“You’re craving something,” Cat says and Alex nods slightly, “what?”

“Onion rings, a chocolate milkshake, a double cheeseburger and an extra large order of fries to dip in

...
my milkshake,"

Kara laughs, stands up and sets Alex back down on the couch, “I’ll be back in a few,” she says simply, spinning into her suit and then heading for the balcony to hit Alex’s favorite food truck in Chicago.

With Kara gone Alex shifts around and tucks herself against Cat’s side, head on the smaller woman’s shoulder, “Tired?” Alex nods, “Nap til your food gets here, Kara will wake you.” Alex nods again, throws her arm over Cat’s waist and falls nearly instantly asleep. Cat’s fingers card lightly through her dark hair as she takes out her phone and starts replying to emails. She presses a kiss to Alex’s temple, “What did I do to get this lucky?” she questions quietly, in hopes of not waking Alex.

“We’re lucky,” Alex murmurs, then places a hand over Cat’s lips, “shhh, we’re sleeping.” Cat only shakes her head, pulls Alex impossibly closer and lets her younger lover sleep.
Eliza and Alura are sitting in the spare room where they more often than not settle Caroline and Eden into the toddler beds Cat had made for them every family night. “Have you been keeping an eye on our grandchild?” Eliza asks quietly, rocking softly in the rocking chair across from Alura’s.

“Of course I have,” she smirks, “they have no idea what’s about to hit them, do they?”

“They do not, Kara refuses to look because Alex and Cat can’t see. She’s trusting us to keep a check on them, though Alex is still more than a little squicky about people looking through her.”

Alura laughs, “Lucy was the same when she was pregnant with Eden.”

A simple nod is Eliza’s response as she stands and moves to the elaborate bed her toddler chose as her bed at Sissy Cat’s house, “Goodnight, kir ukiem,” she bends, leaning into the opening of the grand princess style castle to lay her youngest daughter on her favorite colored sheets. Once Caroline is down, head resting on the pillow covered by her Mommy’s sweatshirt and covered in the pale lavender sheet, Eliza stands up, reaching for the small push button light under one of the shelves in the column bookcases. She smiles at her baby girl and then turns to find Alura standing at the side of the nearly life size jeep toddler bed across the room. The other woman is watching her son sleep in a way Eliza has seen her do many times. Moving over to her friend Eliza sets a hand on her shoulder, “We’re better this time,” she says quietly, knowing exactly what Alura is thinking, the same she thinks many times when she looks at Caroline, ‘will they hurt them as they have their older children?’ “This time we have a whole host of people to keep us in line,” she smiles, pulls Alura into a side hug, “they won’t fail us and we won’t fail them.” Alura’s head drops to Eliza’s shoulder and they both just stand there for long moments.

“I told you we should watch them,” a voice says quietly from the doorway and Eliza and Alura turn to find their wives leaning against opposing door jambs. “One day those two are going to get smart, Lane, and leave us.”

Lucy chuckles, “Don’t I know it,” she says with a smile even while Alura leans more fully on Eliza instead of moving towards their wives. With a glance behind them Lucy and Astra step into the children’s room and shut the door with a quiet snick. “We wanted to make sure everything was okay. You’d been gone a while.”

Alura smiles, “The little ones were a little restless tonight,” she says simply, her voice no more than a whisper so as not to wake the two sleeping toddlers again. “Then Eliza and I got into a discussion about what the girls have failed to realize because Kara refuses to look.”

The older of the two twins tugs lightly at a strand of her sister’s hair, “Can I have my wife back?”

“Nope, comfy,” Alura says simply, curling around Eliza with a smirk. “How did you both escape our daughters anyway?”

“Lena and Maggie are regaling them with the way that they met.”

“Ahh,” Eliza says, finally pulling away from Alura, though not completely. She reaches out and tucks the blanket closer around Eden before glancing to Caroline to ensure she’s covered like she should be. Then she takes Alura’s hand in one of hers and Astra’s in the other, leading them towards the door to the children’s room, Lucy lacing her fingers with Alura’s other hand as they head from the room. Suddenly Eliza stops, turning to glance at the two beds in the room and then at the three
women with her, “I have the perfect gift for the girls for their baby shower.”

Lucy picks up on the other woman’s thought before the two Kryptonians, “You are a genius,” she says with a laugh, “now we just have to decide what we want them to look like.”

Suddenly the other two women seem to have caught on and nod as one, “This is perfect,” Alura says with a wide smile, “I can’t wait to see their reactions.”

“Me either,” the other three say as one before leaving the room.
Maternity Leave

Kara is sitting on the couch in Cat’s office, shifting through layouts that she’s been helping the older woman with, when her phone rings, breaking through the quiet of the office. She glances at Cat to find the other woman looking at her own phone that’s currently buzzing away in her hand. “It’s Eliza,” Cat says.

“Mine’s Astra,” Kara says, already standing up and heading for the balcony, “let’s go,” she says even as she presses the send button. By the time she presses the phone to her ear Cat has rounded the desk and slid her hand into Kara’s as the younger woman leads them towards the elevator. “What’s going on?”

“Alex just knocked a hole into the wall of her lab and she and J’onn have been screaming at one another for the past half hour.”

“Why hasn’t anyone called us before now?” Kara demands, foot tapping as she waits for the elevator to reach the lowest level of the building.

“Eliza was doing a fairly decent job of keeping Alex calm until -”

“Until what, Astra?”

“Until J’onn told her she was going on maternity leave now,” Astra finally mutters.

A soft frustrated huff leaves Kara, “Oh Rao, we’ll be there in five minutes. We’re leaving the building right now and I’m flying us there.”

“I’ll be waiting on the landing pad,” Astra says simply. “I’m trying to avoid Alex’s warpath, I may have agreed with J’onn and she threw a knife at my head.”

“Are you okay?”

“Yes, it was just a stainless steel knife, not kryptonite so it did absolutely no damage.”

“Okay,” Kara says, she and Cat now standing in the alley beside CatCo, “we’re leaving now,” she says while spinning into her suit. “Stay out of Alex’s way otherwise next time it may very well be a kryptonite knife that’s aimed for your forehead.”

“Why do you think I’m meeting you on the landing pad?” Astra says with a chuckle.

As Kara twirls slips her phone into the hiding spot in her boot Cat steps forward and onto the tops of her boots, “What happened?”

“J’onn put Alex on mandated maternity leave, apparently effective immediately and Alex flipped. When Aunt Astra agreed with him, she threw a knife at Aunt Astra’s head.” Kara wraps her arms around Cat’s waist, “Tuck your face against my shoulder, I’m gonna be flying fast,” she tells her wife.

Cat tucks herself into Kara’s shoulder, careful to turn so that her face is protected from the sure to be more than simply chilly wind, as they launch into the air and head towards the DEO’s city branch. When they drop to the balcony Cat is instantly moving, stepping away from Kara’s protective hold and moving towards Astra, “What’s going on?”
“Well I just saw a bout of laser vision destroy a computer, so it’s probably best if you wait here and Little One goes in to speak with Brave One.”

“Like hell,” Cat mutters.

“Cat,” Kara says, grabbing her wife’s wrist. “I know you want to go in there as badly as I do but Alex is mad, really mad from the sound of things and she’s not thinking clearly. Everyone in her lab right now is superpowered so they can’t be too badly hurt if she goes overboard, but you aren’t superpowered, Cat, she could really hurt you.” Kara brushes a thumb over her cheek, “I want you to be safe.”

Finally Cat nodded, “Fine, but hurry up. I want to be with Alex.”

Kara nods, “As quickly as I can, I promise.”

“I’ll stay with Kitten,” Astra says, leaning back against the railing of the balcony, “I’d prefer to keep my head attached to my body and remain injury free if I can.”

“Fine, coward,” Kara mutters, stalking into the DEO building without a backwards look.

“She’s definitely right,” Astra mutters, “I am most definitely a coward. Not even Lucy was that volatile when she was pregnant.”

Cat crosses her arms over her chest and watches all of the people moving around in the DEO command center below them, “Are the four of you ever going to admit what goes on in that great big house of yours?”

“I have no idea what you could possibly mean,” Astra says simply.

“Of course you don’t,” Cat says with a shrug. She looks over at Astra, “When is the earliest we can do the ceremony?”

“As soon as we get Alex calmed down.”

A single nod is Cat’s response, “While I would love to complete it immediately, I think that it will be better to wait until Monday.”

“Why Monday?”

“Because I’m going to have Alex go with Carter on his trip to the museum and Kara will be working while I take a personal day to do a few things for the baby as a surprise for them. This will just be one of those things.”

Astra nods, “As you wish. Alura and I will meet you here at nine Monday morning, it would be best if we do this when the sun is still rising towards its highest peak in the sky.”

“Nine it is.” Before more can be said Eliza steps out onto the landing, “Can I go in there now?”

“Yes,” Eliza says, “they’re in Alex’s lab. After I’ve gotten some air I’ll be back in to do a check up on Alex, we need to make sure the baby is looking good.”

“Okay,” Cat says simply before slipping hurriedly into the DEO and making her way silently towards Alex’s lab. Looking through the glass walls she isn’t surprised to find Alex cocooned safely in the circle of Kara’s arms. She steps into the lab and moves instantly over to her two lovers, turning Alex away from her hiding spot against Kara’s neck and lacing her fingers into short brown locks as
she pulls her into a short kiss, “Are you okay?”

Alex nods, “I’m fine, I promise. I just got really upset when J’onn said he was making me take mandated maternity leave now. I’m only four months pregnant, why should I take leave this early.”

Cat smiles, brushes away the tears on Alex’s cheeks, “Because you’re four months pregnant, Alex, and you work for a secret government agency where you are frequently put into unimaginable danger. J’onn wants you to be safe. He made Lucy and Eliza go on maternity leave around four or five months as well.”

She runs her hand lightly over Alex’s slightly more prominent baby bump, silently chiding herself when she nearly mentions that Alex is also showing far more than Eliza and Lucy were when they were sentenced to mandated leave. She has her suspicions that Alex is pregnant with at least two tiny Kryptonians and she knows Alex and Kara do too but they'll say nothing unless Eliza does. Cat doesn't mention it because Alex isn't much bigger than she was at four months when she was pregnant with Carter. He'd rested towards the front for relatively her entire pregnancy and she'd looked like a larger that large beach ball was shoved under her shirt by the time he was born. When she's been pregnant with Adam, on the other hand, until she was about six months along no one really knew she was pregnant, he'd been positioned much closer to her back and she hadn't gained much more than his own body weight with him.

Alex sighs, “What am I supposed to do for five months?”

Cat glances at Kara and the younger woman nods, “You've been wanting to take some time off—”

“To work on your book,” Kara finishes what Cat began. “Why not use the mandated time to your advantage?”

They can both see Alex contemplating the idea for long moments before she gives a slight nod, “Maybe you're right.” She slumps between the two of them, “I still don't like being forced into it though.”

“Duly noted,” Cat says with a grin, “and we’ll make sure J’onn understands that as well.”

“If I’m being made to go home, can we leave now?”

Kara smiles, knowing that Alex is likely exhausted after her first bout with laser vision, “Eliza wants to check on the baby first and then we can head home.”

“Will you get her?” Alex asks Kara, head resting on Cat’s shoulder, “The new power kinda kicked my ass.”

“No need,” Eliza says, appearing in the doorway, “I'm right here.”

Alex smiles at her mother, a little bashfully, “I'm sorry, Mom.”

Eliza shakes her head, cups Alex’s chin, “You have nothing to be sorry for,” she presses a kiss to her daughter’s forehead after Alex has pulled away from Cat, “don't think I didn't fight J’onn when he put me on mandated leave. Your stepmother has the scar to prove it.”

Cat raises an eyebrow in silent question, Kara is the one who answers, “Aunt Astra’s powers were blown, Eliza accidentally hit her with a laser beam.”

“Volatile Danvers women,” Cat mutters.
Alex leans over to steal a kiss from the older woman, “Remember you picked not one but two of us,” she says with a grin, “cause while this one isn't a Danvers by blood she still has the same temper.”

Laughing Cat tugs Alex back to her once more, “Best decisions I ever made,” she says quietly. She looks to Eliza, who has been watching silently, “Can you check the baby so we can head home?”

Eliza nods, “Of course. Since we know the ultrasound won't work, I'm just gonna take a quick peek and then we’ll see if the fetal monitor will work like it did last time.”

Alex nods, “Sounds good,” she says before they follow Eliza towards med bay.
Cat’s been thinking about it for months, staring at the corner of the latest tabloid she wishes she’d done something sooner. Reaching over to her desk phone she lifts it, presses it to her ear, her head of legal picks up after one ring, “I want to own it. I don't mean I want to own it a month or two months from now. Today it becomes mine. Once it's mine I want every single person connected to this story in my office and I want them to fear for their lives.” She doesn’t wait for a response just drops the phone back into the cradle, the lifts up her cell and presses speed dial nine.

“Kitty,” the voice on the other end of the line drawls and Cat’s lips curls at the name, though for more reason to do with the moniker itself than who’s using it these days.

“Lesser Lane,” she says with a carefully clouded tone. “I need a favor.”

“I saw it, what do you need me to do?”

“Print the truth,” Cat says simply, “you are one of only two people I would trust to run with it and the first can't be a legitimate source.”

“I'll do it justice.”

Cat smiles slightly, “I know you will, Lois.” She taps a pen against her desk, “Send me a copy before it goes to print. I've got a meeting at 9, you may know?”

“I've heard. Are you sure about this?”

“I have to be,” Cat glances to the picture on the corner of her desk, one taken a few weeks before at family dinner. Carter is on Kara’s back, his chin on her shoulder while she stands behind the chair where Alex is sitting in Cat’s lap, baby bump barely visible. “I want to be there for them, Lois, and this is the best way to do it.”

“Just be careful, Kit Kat,” Lois says quietly, “you've got a new baby on the way and two women who would be crushed if you got hurt.”

“I'm always careful, Lois, I promise.”

“Okay,” Lois says quietly. “The story will run in the six o’clock paper, I'll have it to you by noon, if I hear nothing by one it goes to print.”

“Perfect,” Cat says quietly. “And thank you, Lois.”

“El mayara, Cat, don't forget it.”

“I won't,” Cat promises.

“Today won't be easy,” Kara says quietly, fingers tangled loosely in Alex’s hair. “You could always back out, Carter would understand.”

Alex shakes her head, “No, he's excited about this and I'm excited to be going with him. Just because some paparazzi is an asshole, does not mean I'm taking away something that's gonna make my son happy. He and I will be fine. Then we’ll meet you and Cat at Mario’s for dinner.”
“As long as you're sure.”

“I'm positive, Kara, I'll be fine. A little paparazzi buzz won't scare me off.”

“It's going to get worse,” Cat says from the doorway. “I just talked to Lois, she's running the true story at six and I talked to legal, I'll own the trash rag by the end of the day but it'll get worse before it gets better.”

Alex stretches out a hand to Cat, smiling when the older woman slips easily into the bed beside them, “We’ll be okay, Cat, everything will be okay.”

“I just hate you and Kara and Carter are going to be drug through this mess. They're saying you're the other woman and that bothers me.”

Smiling Alex tilts her head to kiss Cat, “I am the other woman, the other woman you both chose.” She holds Cat's hand against her heart, “And I chose you, we’re in this together.”

“You're getting sentimental, Alex,” Kara says laughing.

“Shut up,” Alex grumbles, snuggling in closer to Kara. “How long before I have to get up?”

“Fifteen minutes,” Cat says, index finger running lazily up and down Alex’s forearm, head propped on her hand as she watches the younger woman. Alex’s back is pressed against her front, bodies fitting together in a way she’s only ever felt with Kara before. “Twenty if you superspeed through your shower.”

“Twenty it is,” Alex mumbles, eyes closing as she tucks herself under Kara’s chin.

The older Danvers drifts back off easily and Kara looks at Cat, “Are you okay?”

“I should be asking you that,” Cat says, quietly in an attempt not to wake the woman between them. “You are the one being cheated on.”

“Hey,” Kara says quietly, reaching out to tuck a strand of hair behind Cat’s ear, “we’re in this together and we’re in it for the long haul. Some asshole paparazzi is not gonna fuck that up, Cat, I promise.”

Cat smiles at her wife, “We should make this official,” she says, “or as official as we can. I don't want Alex to ever worry.”

Kara watches her wife, knows what she's thinking is as much for Cat herself as Alex, “What are you thinking?”

“The Binding of Three Hearts.”

“You've been talking to my mother.”

A small nod, “I have, she was quite helpful.”

“We’ll talk about it at dinner tonight.”

Cat nods and slips from the bed, “I have to get going, stay with Alex and Carter until they leave. I'll meet the three of you at the restaurant tonight.”

“Wait aren't you going to work?”
Leaning over Cat ghosts a kiss across Alex’s temple and one to Kara’s lips, “No, I'm not. I have a few things to do today and then I'm setting up a surprise for you and Alex.”

Kara pouts, “I have to deal with Snapper alone.”

“You did it for nearly a year,” Cat says with a chuckle, “one day won't be the end of you.”

“Fine but I expect this to be made up to me tonight.”

“We’ll see,” Cat says with a wink as she saunters out of the room.

Kara tucks herself more fully around Alex and presses a kiss to her temple. Cat looks back at them and says a silent prayer to Rao that today goes the way she wants it to. She wants to be with her family and be able to be there for them in any way they need her, no longer on the sidelines as Kara, Alex, Lucy, and Astra run headlong into battles they shouldn't have to face. Maybe-no, definitely-after today she'll be able to do that, to help them.
The Field Trip

Chapter Notes

Have a second chapter :) Love you guys!!

Alex kneads at the small of her back, fingers digging into tense muscles, maybe Hank had been right and she had needed to take the break from work. She frees one of her hands, throws an arm over Carter’s shoulders, “What are we having for lunch, dude?”

Carter smiles while resting his head on Alex’s shoulder, “We’ll be leaving here in about another half hour to head to the buffet pizza place you and leiu love.” Alex stomach grumbles at the mention of food and Carter laughs, “Seems like it'll be just in time too, my sister is getting hungry.”

“Sister, huh?”

Carter shrugs, “I feel like she's a girl and I'm a little tired of saying the baby.”

“A little girl would be nice,” Alex says, hand caressing her belly. She drops a kiss to the top of Carter’s head, “Another little boy would be too.”

“Come on, I want to show you something before we leave.” Smiling Alex allows herself to be tugged along towards what she's sure will either be dinosaurs, because Carter’s never grown out of his love for them, or trains, because neither she nor Carter have grown out of their love of them.

The two of them are happily playing with the controllable trains, a few of Carter’s friends gathered around to watch them race, when Alex hears the group of teachers talking. “I can't believe anyone would subject that poor boy to the things that woman has. First the divorce from his father. Then she married that woman, her assistant no less. And now, now she's gone and brought in this new woman. How confused that boy must be over how love is supposed to work. Not to mention they're bringing some kind of abominable child into this world with their depravity.”

“Ma,” Carter says from beside her, “Ma, why'd you stop? You were winning.”

Turning to her son, Alex forces a smile, “I just had an idea, why don't you and I split up from this lot and head to that place you love down on the boardwalk?”

“But–” Carter starts but then sees a look in Alex’s eyes. Finally he nods, “I'm just gonna go say bye to Matt and Lily.”

Alex nods, “Go on, bud, I'll find you once I've talked to your teachers.”

Nodding Carter turns and heads off to find his friends who have wandered away. Straightening up Alex makes her way towards where Carter’s teachers are gathered. The leader of the little gaggle of misfits looks up as she approaches, “Can I help you, Miss Danvers?”

Crossing her arms over her chest Alex nods, “Oh you can most definitely help me. You can learn to keep your mouth shut about situations that you have absolutely no knowledge of. Particularly when they come to MY son and his wellbeing.” The woman’s eyes grow to be about the size of saucers, “Oh yes, I heard every word, and believe me when I say that I'm sure Cat is going to enjoy hearing
every word of what you had to say about our life and our son’s life. Now my son and I will be separating from the group as I really have no desire to spend the rest of the afternoon with the likes of you and your friends here. I’ll call the school and happily inform them of the situation.”

She turns to walk away, “Miss Danvers, you can’t-”

“Oh I would NOT try to tell me what I can and cannot do right now,” Alex says and she fears for a moment that her eyes are going to flash red with her heat vision. Making her way towards Carter and his friends she smiles at the kids, “Matt, Lily, we’ll see the two of you later. Carter and I are gonna head on out.”

“Ma, how? We rode the bus.”

Alex chuckles, “Oh how nice it must be to forget who your mother is.” She pulls her phone out and dials the number for Cat’s driver, “Kevin, can you pick Carter and I up at the museum?” She listens to the man’s reply and smiles, “That sounds great, Kevin, we’ll see you then.”

Carter’s hand slides around Alex’s forearm, “Ma, what happened?”

Pulling Carter close, Alex shakes her head, “Don’t worry about it, sweetheart, I took care of it. I need to call your school too.”

He nods, “Let's go outside and wait, it's not that cold out.”

Outside they sit down on a bench to wait for Kevin and Alex pulls her phone out again, “I'm gonna call the school.” Carter nods but says nothing. Alex calls the school, telling them simply that she's taking Carter home early and that they'll be splitting off from the field trip group and that Cat will be calling later to discuss something with the headmaster. Kevin pulls up in front of them as Alex ends the call. She looks at Carter, “Ready for a greasy cheeseburger and boardwalk fries?” She questions looking at Carter but he doesn't respond. “Carter?”

“Ma,” he mutters, “Ma, I don't feel so good.”

Before he can say anything else he collapses, “Carter!” Alex shouts, reaching out to catch him instantly even as Kevin rushes forward, scooping Carter into his arms. “Take him to my office, Kevin, one of the doctors there can look at him. Get us there as fast as you can, don't stop for a cop, I'll handle it when we get there.”

“Yes, Ms. Alex,” Kevin says as he gets Carter in the car and rushes around to the driver’s seat.

Alex doesn’t admonish him about simply calling her Alex as she usually does, simply slides into the backseat beside Carter. She pulls his head to rest on her chest, “You're burning up, sweetheart,” she murmurs, lips pressed against his temple. “Please be okay,” she murmurs against his temple, keeping up a steady litany of words of reassurance that he’ll be fine.

Two cops end up following them to the DEO but Alex contacts Hank after the first one falls in behind them and they end up with an escort instead of someone trying to chase them down. When they pull to a stop outside the building Kara is already there, rushing forward to pull the door open, “What happened?” She asks, lifting Carter as Alex hurries after them as best she can.

“We were leaving the field trip early, I'd already called Kevin and Carter just collapsed. I don't know what happened.” She's panicking, can feel it clawing at every nerve inside her body, “He's burning up.”

As Kara places Carter on a bed in med bay and doctors swarm to him, she steps back to Alex’s side,
“It’ll be okay. He’ll be okay.”

“Supergirl!” J’onn’s sudden shout from behind them draws their attention, “You need to go to L Corp and bring Lena Luthor here.” Kara raises a questioning eyebrow, “Her assistant said she was very specific with instructions. Call the number Luthor gave her, my cell, and have her brought to Supergirl, someone near you would know what to do.”

Kara blows out a slow breath, “Call Cat again. Call Astra and my mother, I'll be back in fifteen minutes, don't leave them alone,” she tells him seriously and with his nod knows that he won't.

Alex leans into J’onn when he wraps an arm around her shoulders, “J’onn, what's going on?”

“I don't know, Alex,” he says quietly, “but we’ll find out.”
Astra and Alura land side by side outside the Fortress of Solitude, Astra lowering a heavily bundled Cat to the ground, “Why did your nephew have to pick the f’ing arctic? Why not like the fifth circle of hell, my mother could have shared?”

Alura chuckles even as she lifts the key and slots it into the lock, “You're nervous,” Astra says, hand resting in Cat’s shoulder. “Don’t be, Kitten,” she says quietly, “you’ll be okay.”

Cat fidgets and follows the two Kryptonians into the ice structure, “I'm not nervous,” Cat grumbles. “I just wish the two of you would tell me more about what's going to happen to me.”

Astra sighs but Alura speaks, “We don't know, Catherine.” The honesty in her voice pulls at something inside of Cat, “This has only been done twice in all of Kryptonian history and both times Rao’s decision left those being judged for dead.”

“I thought you were supposed to be the reassuring twin,” Cat grumbles.

“I'm the honest twin,” Alura says simply. “Follow us,” she says quietly and leads the way further into the Fortress. Stopping before one of the only rooms with a solid door made of ice she turns to Cat, “We can't follow you in,” she tells Cat, “you go forth from here on your own.”

Drawing in a sharp breath Cat closes her eyes, says a silent prayer to Rao, something she's found herself doing more and more since Kara came into her life, a deity she was able to believe in for once. She looks at Astra, then Alura, “If I don't make it out of here, you tell Kara, Alex and Carter I love them and you make sure that baby never forgets me.”

“You're coming out of that room, Catherine,” Astra says, “and then you can tell your family you love them yourself.”

Nodding once Cat takes another deep breath and turns to the door, “How do I open it?”

“We will move it,” Alura says before she and Astra move the large ice door. “Once you are inside and the door shut, we will not hear you. They only way out is to open it yourself.”

Cat nods again, “I understand,” she says, “and thank you.”

Only after Cat steps inside the chamber does Alura look to her twin, “We should have told her, she had a right to know.”

“She will be chosen for the conversion, Luna, you and I both know it. Telling her what may happen to the children would have only made her falter in her decision and left her susceptible to not be chosen.”

“How can you be sure?”

“Because that is what killed Jeremiah.”

“You can't know that.”

“Except that I can and I do,” Astra says before pacing away from Alura. “Had we never told him
what would happen to Alexandra if he had not been chosen he would have been steadfast in his decision. He would have walked into that chamber just as Cat did and he would not have died in battle two weeks before his daughter’s birth.”

Alura draws her sister into her arms, “I am sorry, Astra, I did not mean to bring up memories.”

“‘I know,” Astra says seriously, tears trailing silently down her cheeks.

The inside of the chamber is almost exactly like the rest of the Fortress; tall, imposing and made of ice. This cavern though has an ethereal glow to it, it’s a red glow. As the door seals shut behind her Cat looks around the room, large columns decorate it, but nothing as threatening as to make her fear she’ll die here. Until a kalex bot appears, different from the others Cat has seen before. This one is large and bulky, like a muscle builder but metal, and his eyes glow sickly green.

“You are Catherine Jean Grant, a human. You wish to be judged worthy of being granted Rao’s great power.”

“I do,” Cat says, head bent in a half dip.

A beam of light shoots from the kalex bots eyes, scans over Cat’s entire body, “You are physically strong enough to survive the conversion. However we must now determine if you are mentally capable of surviving the conversion and then we must test your emotional capabilities.”

“Bring it,” Cat says firmly, knowing she can pass the mental testing with ease, the emotional she worries about.

“Then let us begin.”

By eleven Cat has passed the mental capability test, answering riddle after riddle thrown at her by the kalex bot. Now however they’ve reached the test she's been dreading, “The emotional test, it is by far the hardest. Shall we begin?”

“Just get it over with,” she demands. Before she can say more her world fades to black.

When she comes to Cat stares around her and then turns to look away, only to find the kalex bot at her side, “Anything but this day,” she says.

“You will face the worst days of your life, but not in the way you expect. To pass this trail you must make it through all of the events.”

Cat draws in a deep breath and turns around, arms wrapped protectively around her middle, “Fuck you, kalex,” she mutters.

In the bed before her is a much younger version of herself, seventeen to be exact. She closes her eyes and then opens them, this day won’t break her, she’s already been broken by this. The nurse steps into the room, a single small plastic bassinet. The younger Cat looks up at the nurse from where her eyes have been trained, “Where’s my daughter?”

“Your daughter was stillborn, Miss Grant,” the nurse says without emotion or remorse. “Your
mother has already signed the paperwork to have her taken away.”

“I want to see her.”

“You don’t need to see her, Kitty, she’s gone and there’s no way to get her back. Hold your son while you can, his father will be coming for him within the hour.”

“But, Mother -”

“That’s enough, Kitty, we’ve discussed this,” her mother says but Cat remembers. She remembers all too well the nights before Adam and his sister were born when Katherine had talked at and around Cat, while ignoring every wish that the young woman had for her own children. Katherine was the reason Cat had given up on Adam all those years ago.

The same nurse’s voice pulls Cat back from her musings, “Ms. Luthor, your daughter,” she says, “your sister has been notified that her daughter died at birth. All the paperwork is here, your mother has approved it.”

Lillian Luthor looks down at the small red faced baby inside of a soft pink blanket in the bassinet, “Take her down the hall to the nursery, there’s no use for her to be here. Her nanny will be here to collect her in the morning. I have no use of her. Were it not for my mother’s insistence that her first granddaughter not be raised elsewhere she wouldn’t even be honored with the name of Luthor.”

The nurse shrinks at the harsh words, “Of course, Ms. Luthor.”

Cat looks over at the kalex bot, “What is the meaning of this?”

“This is the truth, Catherine Grant. Your mother and your sister took your daughter and raised her with the name of Luthor instead of the name Grant. A Grant she has always been though, at least in her heart.”

Cat had never felt her heart break and anger boil in her bloodstream in the exact same instance but in that moment that was all that she could feel. “I want to see my mother.”

“There is nothing you can do from here, Catherine Grant, but should you pass this trial you will be able to.”

Crossing her arms tightly over her chest Cat nods, “Then I’ll just be sure to pass this trial.”

The world fades to black once more before it clears away again and Cat swallows hard at the scene before her. Some days are impossible to forget. Her father sits behind his desk, newest manuscript before him, she still has the unpublished pages in an envelope in a locked drawer of her desk. “Kit,” he says when a younger version of Cat appears in the office doorway, “are you okay?”

The young woman shrugs, “As I can be, Daddy.” She moves forward and leans down to drop a kiss on his cheek, “I love you and I’ll see you next week.”

“Be safe, Kit, have a good week at school.”

“I’ll try, Daddy,” she says before leaving the office and presumably the house.

The young Cat has been gone barely a minute when Katherine Grant appears in the doorway, “You coddle that child, Andrew.”

“I do no such thing, Kate. Better to treat her with love than to pretend she doesn’t exist at all or to
treat her as an accident that was never wanted.”

Katherine sniffs, “She wasn't wanted. Because of her I lost everything.”

“You lost nothing because of Kit, Kate, that was all your own doing.”

In that moment Cat sees it coming, taught herself from the age of twelve to be observant enough to know when her father was about to suffer an episode. Her mother could spot them too, had been the one who taught Cat to spot the coming of one, but she didn't move to the drawer by her husband’s side like she had so many times before. “You've changed, Andrew,” Katherine says, “gone soft since Kitty’s birth and more so since Lillian’s second hand child came into the picture.”

“It's not soft to care for those close to you, Kate.” Andrew Grant brings his hand up then, massaging his chest where Cat is sure he feels a sharp pain, he’d described the sensation to her once. He reaches for the drawer at his side but Katherine is faster, opening the drawer and drawing forth the pill bottle from within. Instead of passing it to Andrew or opening it up to remove a pill from within she slips it into her pocket.

“It is soft, Andrew,” she says quietly, meeting his eyes, “and now that soft heart of yours will be your death.”

Cat curls her hands into fists observing the scene, nails biting and cutting into her skin. She turns to the kalex bot, “Take me to the next day,” she demands, “because I can assure you seeing my father’s death will do nothing to quell the anger growing inside of me. Get me out of here.”

The woman fully expects the robot to refuse her demands, to make her stay and relive her father’s death, this time with a front row seat for the experience. Instead the robot gives a jilted nod and her world fades to black.

When darkness fades this time Cat is instantly aware of where she is and the sight before her sends her heart stuttering to a stop. Lena and Carter are stretched out side by side on beds in the DEO medical bay. “What the hell is the meaning of this?” Cat demands, her voice icy and cold.

“This is what happens to your children while you face your last trial. If you fail at this,” the kalex bot says, “then so do they.”

The tears from anger and fear instantly sting the backs of her eyes, “You’re telling me that if I die in this godforsaken trial that my children die with me.”

“Yes,” the bot says simply.

“The baby?” Cat questions, her eyes finding Alex seated at the side of Carter’s bed, one hand absently stroking the side of her stomach, “The baby is dying too.”

“This affects all of your children, Catherine, all of the ones that accept their relation to you at least.”

“Adam?”

The world spins for a moment and then Cat finds herself watching her oldest son as he ambles along a street in Opal City, “All of your children could be living as easily as he is, had you not been selfish enough to want to convert to Kryptonian.”

“This is for my children and for the women that I love,” Cat says firmly. “After this none of them will have as much to worry about hurting them. They’ll be safer, healthier, stronger, live longer.” Cat shakes her head, “No, I’m doing this for my children and I love them, I’d do anything for them.”
The kalex bot’s eyes glow bright green. Suddenly Cat’s entire world fades to black and fire spreads through her body, every nerve ending feeling as if it’s been set alight. A scream of pain rips free of her throat and she collapses to the cold floor of the chamber.

Chapter End Notes

I'm sorry to say I'm not very sorry for the cliff hanger I leave you with. This chapter was by far one of my favorites and I hope it was the same for all of you.
Chapter 19

Chapter Notes

So here's the answer to the nagging question...what happens to all of the Grants? Also one of my favorite scenes so far is in this chapter. And welcome back to the fray angry!Kara. Anyway, please enjoy guys.

Alura is leaning against the wall of the hallway across from the chamber Cat’s inside of, knees drawn close to her chest and arms crossed over them, “It's been hours, Star,” she says quietly, “perhaps we should-”

Astra shakes her head, “I’m not giving up on her, Luna, if anyone will make it out of that chamber it’s Catherine Grant.” She crosses her arms over her chest, “The only way I’ll roll that slab away is if a full day has passed without any sign from her.”

“Good thing you won't have to wait that long,” Cat says, slab moved away from the door and off to the side. Before Astra or Alura can say anything Cat’s fist has connected with the taller twin’s face, “That's for keeping it a secret from me that my children could have died.” The next instant her arms have been thrown around Astra’s neck, “And that's for not telling me that my children could have died.”

Astra laughs as she picks the smaller woman up and swings her around, “I knew it’d work, that you’d make it through.”

Cat shoves her away and then kicks off from the ground, “We need to get to the DEO, now. Lena and Carter are both there in trouble and I need to see for myself that my baby is okay, they could have been affected too.”

The three of them set off at a fast pace, each of them breaking the sound barrier somewhere over the ocean.

Susan looks up from her command desk, “Sir, we've got three projectiles coming in fast.”

J’onn steps up behind her station, “Any idea what they are?”

“Signatures indicate that two of them are Space Mom One and Space Mom Two.”

“And the third?”

“It’s a signature we've never seen before, sir, but it is distinctly person shaped.”

J’onn sighs, “As if this agency needed another alien identity to keep under wraps.”

Susan snorts at the state, “Arrival in fifteen seconds.”

“I'll be on the landing pad,” he says simply before stalking off towards the lookout over the city.
Just as he steps out onto the lookout Cat Grant drops down in front of him, “What did you do?” he demands simply.

Instead of replying Cat shoves past him, vaguely listening to the hum of Astra and Alura responding to J’onn’s demands for answers. The ability to control her powers, to know instantly how to adjust them to human levels, seems to have been ingrained into her very DNA along with them. She can hear more things, sounds, around her than normal but that's due to her senses being on high alert, searching. There. She speeds off in the direction of medical and stops just short of crashing into the door.

Stepping inside her heart seizes at the sight before her, Carter stretched out on one medical bed and Lena on another, Alex between them and Kara pacing the ends of the beds. As a tech starts to pass her, Cat grabs his arm, “Sunlamps, bring the sunlamps in from Alex’s lab.” He nods, quickly scurrying off to do as instructed.

“Cat,” Kara says, moving to her instantly, “we've been calling you for over three hours now. I couldn't find your heartbeat but Mom and Astra, they said you were with them. We were worried.”

Smiling into Kara’s shoulder at the feel of the human strength hug the younger woman gives her, Cat squeezes back tighter, nearly as tight as she can. “I had a little mission of my own,” she says when Kara steps back instantly in shock.

“The conversion chamber?” she questions, “You went into the conversion chamber. My mother and Aunt Astra knew you were in the conversion chamber,” her angry glare turns on the two women now in the doorway.

“I asked them not to tell you,” Cat says, hand resting on Kara’s forearm. “I didn't have the entirety of the details either but I asked them not to tell you where I was, what I was doing. If it didn't work, I didn't want the two of you to know.”

“You could have died,” Kara says angrily, fists clenched at her sides. “Our children, all of our children could have died!”

“As I said I didn't have the full details on some aspects of things.”

“You should have talked this over with Alex and I before you did it,” Kara growls.

“Ladies, may I suggest moving this to a conference room so we don't disturb the patients,” J’onn says, “I'll stay with Lena and Carter.”

Kara gives a stiff nod, holds out a hand to Alex and helps the dark haired woman stand, leading the way towards the conference room down the hall. Inside Kara crosses her arms and begins pacing again, anger fueling her movements instead of worry now. “You had no right to do this without talking to us. You could have died, Cat, do you understand that?”

“Of course I understood that I could have died.”

“Do you understand that our children could have?”

Cat huffs and rolls her eyes, “For the third time, that information was not given to me from the beginning. I only learned in the final trial that Lena, Carter and the baby were being affected.”

“And you think that makes it okay?” Kara demands. “I did not keep Lena’s secret for all this time just so that I could lose all of you in one go.”
“What do you mean keeping Lena’s secret?” Cat demands, arms crossed over her chest as she stares at Kara.

Kara rolls her eyes in a move she picked up from Cat while she was still the woman’s assistant, “I have super senses, Cat, including a super sense of smell. Did you really think that in all the years I’ve known you I wouldn’t be able to pick up who it was you were meeting with every Thursday at lunch time, not to mention from the moment I met her I knew Lena smelled a lot like you, your biology is related, you smell alike.”

“She’s my daughter.”

“I know,” Kara says, she shrugs, “but I knew you didn’t.”

“Are the two of you quite done?” Alex asks, arms crossed under her breasts, resting lightly on her bump. Kara and Cat both turn to her looking slightly chastised, “Now would someone kindly explain to me what a conversion is?”

“Ummm,” Kara says, scrubbing the back of her neck.

“Well that means I’m not going to like the answer.”

Cat just kicks off from the ground, hovering for a moment, “I’m Kryptonian now. Lena and Carter are hybrid Kryptonians now.”

The older woman is expecting more shouting from Alex, more anger over what she's done without speaking with her lovers, instead Alex turns angry eyes and words on Kara. “You lied to me,” she growls.

“Alex,” Kara says placatingly.

“Don’t Alex me, Kara Zor-El Danvers-Grant, I would have gone through conversion years ago if I'd known it was an option.” She crosses her arms over her chest, winces at the pressure she accidentally applies to tender breasts, and continues to glare at Kara, “I specifically asked you. I had every intention of making sure that you were never going to be alone. Rao knows I never trusted or believed for a minute that Kal was going to do it and even with Astra coming back into your life at fifteen I asked before that.”

“I wasn’t going to lose you,” Kara yells. “Don’t you get it, there are three options going into that chamber. Stay human, become Kryptonian or die. No one, not one person who has stepped into that chamber apart from Cat has stepped out of it. The two people who attempted conversion both died in the chamber and all of their children with them.” She crosses her arms and storms towards the door, “You’ll forgive me if the only thing I’ve ever wanted is that the two people I love most to be safe.” As she snatches the door open it comes all the way off of its hinges, she props it against the wall and continues through it without looking back.

Alex looks to Cat, “You knew you could die?”

Cat nods, “I knew I could die going into that chamber, I didn't know the children could die.” She steps closer to Alex, laying a gentle hand against her stomach, “Can I listen now?”

The younger woman nods, “I find myself doing it sometimes, accidentally.”

Smiling Cat tunes an ear to the space under Alex’s skin and listens to the soft thump-thump-thump, thump-thump-thump, thump-thump-thump, “It's awfully fast.”
“Babies’ heartbeats are,” Alex says simply. “Don’t worry, Mom would let us know if something were wrong.”

“We need to go check on Lena and Carter.” Cat studies Alex, “Why aren’t you as mad as Kara?”

“If the situation were different, if you were pregnant and I was facing not being able to hold your hand, I’d have done the same thing,” Alex says, taking the hand Cat holds out to her and pulling herself up. Alex reaches out to tuck a flyaway blonde curl behind Cat’s ear, “I know it's been bothering you since that day I hugged you too hard.”

Turning her face to nuzzle at Alex’s hand, Cat sighs, “I couldn’t help it.”

Alex nods, “I know,” she says simply. “And Kara will come around. She's upset because she could have lost you, lost Carter and Lena. But she'll understand, just give her time.” Cat nods, presses a kiss against Alex’s palm after bringing the hand back up to her lips, “I love you.”

Cat smiles, surprised by the words every time Alex utters them, “I love you too.”
Kara takes Astra to a training room, determined to free some of her anger. Cat waits for Lena to wake up so they can have a much needed talk.

Kara stalks towards her aunt, “I need to speak with you in the training room,” she says, “now.”

“No, Luna,” Astra says, even as Kara paces away from them. “She knows it was ultimately me that made the decision.”

“We made it together.”

Astra smiles, tucks a strand of hair behind her sister’s ear, “And we both know that is a lie in the end, baby sister.”

“We’re the same age.”

“Not in a very long time,” Astra says quietly. She brushes Alura’s cheek, “Go check on the young ones, I will calm Little One down.”

Astra has barely stepped into the training room and shut the door when Kara collides with her. Astra sighs once they’re on opposing sides of the ring once more, “Let’s get rid of some of this anger, shall we?” she questions before dropping into a fighting stance and awaiting Kara’s next attack.

Cat sits down beside Lena’s bed, reaching out to softly brush dark hair away from her daughter’s eyes, “I’m so sorry,” she murmurs quietly, “so sorry, my beautiful girl.”

Quietly Alex watches from across the room, her hand running absently through Carter’s hair where she’s settled beside his bed. She understands that Cat is still reeling from the revelation that Lena is her daughter. Leaning over Alex presses a kiss to Carter’s forehead, pleased to find that his fever has gone down considerably. She moves around to the chairs between the beds, adjusting the sunlamps slightly as she settles into one of the chairs and takes Carter’s hand.

“How do you feel?”

He smiles, “Floaty,” he murmurs with a slight chuckle.

Cat moves away from Lena’s bed, closer to Carter’s, “How’s the hearing, sweetheart?”

He nods, “Ieiu is really mad at Grandma Astra.”
“She's really mad at me as well, I'm sure you'll find that out soon enough,” Cat tells him quietly, fingers tangling lightly in dark curls. She leans forward, brushing a kiss against his forehead. “I'm sorry I went into this half blind.”

Carter shrugs, “I knew,” he says simply.

Two of his mothers’ stare at him before Alex voices their question, “How?”

“Remember the orb that Clark gave me last year for Christmas,” he says, “so that I could learn about Kryptonian history, well more about it, I already know more than him.” He nods slightly, “Anyway, I asked it about conversion after Mom told me what she wanted to do. Both previous attempts were documented in the histories. I wasn't worried though after I'd read a bit about the trials, I knew Mom could do it.”

Alex shakes her head, their son is an intelligent, independent boy who always follows his heart, things he's picked up from both Cat and Kara. “And you,” Cat says quietly, squeezing Alex’s hand and the younger woman assumes she's spoken aloud. “Not exactly.”

“Then how?” Alex finally voices aloud.

“Kryptonian bonds,” Cat supplies, “Kara or I can tell you more about them later. For now I think our son is hungry.”

Alex glances over to Carter to find he's nabbed the pack of Chocos Hank brought in for her earlier, “Those were mine, goober,” she tells him with a laugh. “Come on, I'll take you down to the cafeteria and get you some food while your mom stays with Lena.”

Nodding Carter sits up, twirling around to sit on the side of the bed and laughing when his superspeed causes him to blur all the way to a standing position. “That's a head rush,” he says with another laugh. “So my hearing is better and I'm faster, any idea what other powers I'll have?”

Cat shakes her head, “Not a clue, we’ll have to have a power session once your sister wakes up.”

“Sister?” Carter says with a tilt of his head, “I thought-”

“I found out some things during my conversion,” Cat tells him honestly, “we’ll talk more about those things once I have a chance to speak with Lena.”

Carter nods, buzzes over to his mother and presses a kiss to her cheek, “I’m going down to the cafeteria with Ma so that we can both get some food, I'm sure Ma hasn't eaten anything since I was brought here.”

Alex looks away without comment, “And that would be a yes,” Cat says. She pulls Carter down to press a kiss to his forehead, then turns him towards the door, “Go.” She turns to Alex, pulling her into a quick kiss, “Go feed our children,” she demands.

“Only our children?” Alex questions, poking at Cat’s shoulder, “I can’t be fed as well.”

Cat hums pulling Alex into another kiss, “I suppose you should feed you as well yes.”

Alex laughs, “I'll bring you something back,” she says before following after Carter, “come on, bud, time for food.”

Watching them go, Cat doesn't realize for long moments that green eyes the same shade of her own have opened and are watching her, “You called me your daughter,” Lena says, causing Cat to jump
in her chair. “Sorry,” the younger woman murmurs quietly.

Smiling at her, Cat reaches out to tuck a strand of dark hair behind Lena’s ear, “I did,” she says with a nod. Leaning forward to rest on the side of Lena’s bed, one hand finding her daughter’s, fingers lacing together, Cat studies the similarities. “When I had Adam on October thirty-first of nineteen eighty-three, he had a sister. A twin sister, born second, weighed in at seven pounds three ounces, twenty-two and one half inches long.” Reaching down Cat lifts her shirt slightly, revealing a tattoo on the right side of her abdomen, two sets of footprints. She traces the ones on the left, “These are hers,” she says quietly of the tiny prints without letters beneath them. “My mother said that she was cremated, that it was as if she never existed so there was no need to sully the Grant name with something that was never there. A nurse,” she stops, brushes away a few tears, “one of the nurses brought me a copy of her footprints,” she looks up at Lena, “a copy of your footprints. I never did thank her for them and for years, so many years, I left those footprints locked away in a box my mother could never find.” She draws in a deep breath, “When Carter was born though I knew that I wanted to keep my daughter and what little connection I had to Adam alive in anyway that I could. After Carter was born and I’d lost the baby weight I got this tattoo.” She looks at Lena, “Every swirl, every curve, they’re all there.”

Lena stares at the tattoo for long moments until Cat lowers her shirt, hiding the image from view once more. The younger woman looks up at Cat, eyes filled with tears that Cat raises a gentle hand to brush away. “You’ve always been more of a mother than Lillian to me,” she tells Cat honestly. “I suppose it only makes sense that you really are my mother.” She shakes her head, “But why,” she swallows hard, “why did they keep me when they were so willing to give Adam away?”

“I think,” Cat says, “I can’t say for sure because no one ever can with my mother or with Lillian, but I think it was because you were the first Grant granddaughter. Lex was the first grandson,” she says quietly, fingers fidgeting together, “so it was easy for them to give Adam away but the first granddaughter, no it would tarnish the Grant name without a doubt if the first Grant granddaughter was just tossed away like an old shoe.”

“And yet Lillian did that anyway.”

Cat brushes a thumb over Lena’s cheek, “I’m so sorry, my darling, so sorry for everything that happened to you. I wish I had changed it, fought harder to see you then.”

Lena shakes her head, “I know she kept you away, especially after Papa A died, he always did have a soft spot for you and I.”

“You were his buttercup,” Cat says with a smile.

“And you were his Kit-Kat.”

Smiling Cat nods, holds a hand out to Lena, “Are you hungry?” The younger woman nods, “Come on, we’ll head downstairs to the cafeteria, Alex and Carter are down there already. Your brother is probably halfway through his third plate.” She shakes her head, “I’m sorry, I know that’s probably weird for you, I’ll try to keep from doing it,” she shrugs, “but I’ve always thought of you as my daughter anyway so knowing the truth, it’s a little hard.”

Smiling Lena shakes her head, “You don’t have to keep from doing it,” she says, “I like it. I’ve always thought of you as more of a mom and therefore Carter as a brother.” She smiles when her stomach rumbles, “And yes, the food would be an amazing reprieve from the hunger that’s been consuming me since I woke up.”

Cat laughs, “Kryptonian metabolism or, hopefully, a smaller version of it.”
J’onn has a detail bring them home, which consists only of Vasquez but it counts. Carter and Lena are napping in the very back, the rare sight of a Kryptonian napping being caused, Alex thinks, by their still converting cells. Cat would never admit it but she finds herself quite tired as well and wanting to follow her children into sleep, she’s guessing for the exact same reasons.

Instead she’s sifting through emails, looking for a specific address she knows should be there. It's later than they agreed, so she can’t alter whatever Lois put into words but she can be familiar enough with it to not be caught off guard the first time the board questions it. Not that there aren’t already emails from the board popping in, each one more demanding and invasive than the next.

Alex’s head is tucked against her shoulder, one of Cat’s arms resting around the younger woman, “Anything?”

“Still looking,” she says, “knowing Lois the article landed in my inbox at exactly five minutes past the time I called her this morning and has been there ever since.” Sure enough she finally finds the email, “What do ya know, took her a full thirty minutes this morning.”

She opens the email, surprised to find a small note accompanying it:

Kitty,

If you’re reading this I guess it means you made it through the conversion. I’m happy for you, Kitty, I know how happy those girls have made you. Take care of them, Cat, and take care of yourself.

Lois

Cat smiles slightly at the words, “You know, when it gets right down to it, maybe Lesser Lane isn’t so horrible after all.”

Alex chuckles but doesn’t respond. Instead questioning the article, “What's the article like?”

“Not sure yet,” the older woman says even as she waits for said article to load, smiling when the picture that accompanies the article is the one from the corner of her desk.

Media Mogul, Cat Grant, Twice Bitten By Love Bug

For many people out there they believe that only one love awaits each of us, for others it's different. Cat Grant, CEO of CatCo Worldwide Media, has always been one of those people who found love to be different. As someone who has known Cat longer than most, I know how much she gives to those that she loves.

Three years ago, we brought you the story of Cat and her now wife, Kara Danvers. Now I'm bringing you the story of Cat and Kara finding love with Kara’s foster sister, Alexandra. To write about this love story is a privilege, to have watched it unfold was amazing.

These three women have been through so much to be together and come out so much stronger on the other side. Now they're getting ready to welcome a new member to their family. Alexandra is set to give birth in five months time to their child, set to join son, Carter. We here at The Planet wish them all the luck and love in the world.
Alex grumbles after reading from her spot, “She called me Alexandra, in a nationally syndicated paper, she's a dead woman. Even my articles are signed simply Alex Danvers.”

Cat glances at Kara in the front seat who is looking back at her, clearly still angry over everything that's transpired through the day but less so since her workout with Astra, the younger blonde nods to Cat's silent question. “What if you were to become a Danvers-Grant?” Cat questions, “Just like Kara, Carter, and I.”

“Would that even be possible?” Alex asks curiously, not leaning away from her safe place tucked into Cat’s side.

“We aren't sure about as far as the legal measures go,” Kara says carefully, joining in on the conversation between her lovers, “but we can be joined in the Binding of Three Hearts.” She meets Alex’s eyes, “You'd be a Danvers-Grant to all of the people that matter for now and we can handle the rest when it comes. We can give the baby the name of Danvers-Grant and Cat can sign in the space of second parent, that at least will give the baby the protection of Cat’s name.”

“But this is only if you want this,” Cat says carefully, “if you don't then we’ll understand, darling. We’ll understand if you want the baby to be a Danvers only. But we want you to know there are other options available.”

“What else would I want to be?” Alex says quietly. “All of you are my home, my life, of course I want to do the ceremony.” She reaches for Cat and for Kara, “I intend to spend my life with the two of you, that isn't going to change today, tomorrow, next week, next month, next year or twenty years from now. The two of you and our children, you're it for me.”

Kara reaches out from the front seat, brushing away the tears trailing down Alex’s cheek, “Hey, hey, we understand,” she says quietly, “we both feel that way too.”

Nodding, Cat tangles her fingers with Alex’s, “We love you, Alex, and we want to spend our lives with you, as long as that is what you want too. Kara and I have already talked about what the ceremony would entail, how much it would mean to us. We want that with you, and only you.”
That Night

Alex slips into the bedroom she's been sharing with Cat and Kara for the past few months. She sighs, moving closer to the bed, hand at the small of her back, “Where's Kara?”

Cat points towards the balcony doors without saying a word, lips pursed into a thin line. Instead of climbing into bed, Alex rounds the large bed and makes her way out onto the balcony, head tilting at the sight of one of her lovers hovering above the ground, laying on her back. “You shouldn't be out here,” Kara says without looking, “it's chilly, you can still get sick.”

“And you know that isn’t true,” Alex says, walking closer to Kara, elbows resting on Kara’s stomach as she settles her chin between her hands. “I'm not going to get sick anymore, or age as fast or any of those things. I've hit month four, second trimester, all the fun things surrounding pregnancy.”

Kara chuckles slightly, runs her fingers lightly through Alex’s hair, “Five months,” she says quietly.

“Five months,” Alex says with a nod. They're both quiet for long moments, “You know she didn't do it to hurt you.”

“But she did it without telling me, without telling either of us.”

Alex is quiet for a moment and then she speaks quietly, “Pretend,” she says, “pretend for just one moment that there was something you wanted to do for Cat or I, something as simple as being able to hold one of our hands when we needed you. And the only way, the absolute only way for that to happen was if you became human. But in order to become human you’d have to risk dying, risk losing your own life. You'd know, of course, that Cat and I would protest you endangering yourself like that.” She meets Kara’s eyes, “What would you do?”

“Do it without telling you,” Kara says quietly, her voice small and tiny and utterly low, soft.

“Think about that while you're judging Cat for what she's done then,” Alex tells her, pushing up and turning to head into the bedroom. She makes her way back around the bed, sliding in beside Cat, head resting on the pillow while her arm curls around Cat’s stomach. One of Cat’s hands drops down from her tablet, hand on Alex’s forearm, thumb stroking gently over pale flesh. “You need to sleep,” she says tiredly.

“After I finish these edits,” the older woman says, reaching up to quickly swipe at an eye, sleep creeping in around the edges of her vision. “They need to be ready for print tomorrow.”

“And you'll be up with the sun, love, put the tablet down and let your cells finish converting in the relative bliss of sleep.”

Finally Cat sighs, head lolling to the side as she looks down at Alex, “I can’t.”

“Can’t what?” Alex asks, suddenly confused.

“Can’t sleep,” Cat says with a quiet sigh, “I've never been able to sleep when you Danvers women are mad at me, either of you.”

There are words on the tip of Alex’s tongue as the balcony curtains flutter before allowing Kara entry to the bedroom. All three women are quiet as Kara wordlessly super speeds into her pajamas and then makes her way over to the opposite side of the bed from Alex. She settles onto the bed’s edge and reaches out to gently slip the tablet out of Cat’s grasp, moving it to the bedside table. Then
she reaches out for Cat’s hand, thumb running gently over Cat’s fingers, “I’m still mad,” she says quietly, “and I’m probably going to be mad for a little while.” She looks up from their hands then, finding Cat’s green eyes staring at her, “But I understand. I understand why you did this the way that you did.”

Slowly Cat nods, eyes looking down to her hand clasped in Kara’s, “I know you’re mad,” she says just as quietly as Kara’s words had been. “I can understand and accept your anger but I wouldn’t change a thing that I did today, except perhaps hoping that I’d know in advance our children were in danger as well.”
Lillian Finds Out

Chapter Notes

***TRIGGER WARNING*** Mentions of potential violence towards children, mentions of past violence and experimentation. This chapter has a lot of Lillian's thoughts and feelings, so it's rather dark. There's no real detail to the thoughts of violence but the idea of it is mentioned.

She stares down at the paper clutched tightly in her grasp, lips pressed into a firm thin line, “How accurate is this?”

“I’ve seen her myself, ma’am.”

“How far?”

“They’re reporting she’s four months, ma’am.”

“You sound skeptical.”

“My wife just had our first child, ma’am, a little boy,” he provides as if she needs that bit of information, “Agent Danvers is at least twice the size my wife was at four months.”

She nods slowly, “Thank you, Martinez,” she says before waving him away. “Return to your station, I’ll expect another report next week.”

He nods and salutes with a sharp, “Yes, ma’am,” before leaving her office.

Once her office is vacant Lillian rounds her desk, sinking down into the far too expensive leather of her office chair. She reaches for the locked drawer by her side, pressing her thumb to the backside of the handle and feeling the sharp prick of the bio reader inside. When the drawer opens up she pulls the leather bound journal from within, laying it gently, almost reverently before her. She runs a thumb over her name on the cover in gold inlay. The journals come every year, a gift from her mother on her birthday. She supposes she should have stopped using them years ago, stopped documenting every aspect of her life but she doesn’t. Each day she sits down and fills the hand crafted pages of the leather bound tome with details of every experiment she watches play out, every alien she rids the world of. Now she’s only waiting for the day when she can finally document the demise of the last alien of Earth, she knows, deep in her heart, that one day she’ll achieve her goal.

She folds the paper Martinez had provided her in half and slips it into the pages of the journal. “It’s seems, little sister,” she says quietly, “that you’ve fallen even farther into the pit of alien disparity.” She glances to the photograph on the far corner of her desk, a picture of Lex, just Lex. Without a word she lifts it up and opens the back of the frame, removing the backing and then the pictures within. Behind Lex, hidden from prying eyes is a picture of two girls, one a teenager and the other slightly younger with their arms slung over one another’s shoulders. She’d been nineteen to Catherine’s twelve and idolized by her baby sister.

“I’ll finally rid you of that hideous creature you call wife soon, and the half breed spawn she and her cohort have sought to call yours.” She returns the picture to its spot behind Lex and then reassembles
Jeremiah Danvers had told her once that Kryptonians could breed with humans, she hadn’t believed him. At least not until the first half breed had been born, the simpering child of Superman and his reporter wife would be five in a few days. Then came two more, this time to the hero Shadow and Jeremiah’s former wife and Shadow’s sister and General Lane’s once golden child. Now there’s to be a fourth, this one supposedly with her own family’s blood running through its veins, mixing with the tainted life force of the chaos bringing Supergirl. She shakes her head, well not if she can help it.

Standing she moves around her desk, glancing briefly at the board on the wall, a picture of each key player pinned there. Shadow and her trollop, Eliza Danvers. The twin, Alura isn’t it, and General Lane’s supposed better child. J’onn J’onzz, both his human disguise and his Martian appearance, M’gann M’orzz, Miss Martian again in both forms. Winn Schott, James Olsen, Clark Kent as himself and Superman, Lois Lane. Her own daughter’s picture. Two pictures with red x’s over them, Jeremiah Danvers and Mike Matthews, the Daxamite prince. And finally the three biggest thorns in her side, Catherine Grant, Kara Danvers beside a picture of her superhero alter ego, and Alexandra Danvers. In the top corner are pictures of the four children that she’s had agents take for her, she stares at those children now.

Half breeds, heathens that she’ll soon rid the world of. She considers her next move carefully. With all that the DEO knows that she's done she's still free to move about with ease because there is no proof, not a single shred of evidence that links her to a crime, she's been sure of it. She grins, slow and maliciously, perhaps it's time she paid her dear sister a visit. The first in years.

She nods, that's exactly what she'll do. Provide her sister with some knowledge she's been without for a long time. Shutting off the light in the office she makes her way out of the room and towards where a car is waiting for her, time to go home.
Lillian Takes a Trip to L-Corp

Chapter Notes

Wanted to post something for you guys for Christmas. Merry Christmas everyone!!

Lillian steps off the elevator and makes her way down the hallway towards the office of L-Corp’s CEO. In her hands is a manilla envelope full of papers, she’s not sure what she’s planning to do with it yet but she supposes she’ll decide soon enough. She glances only briefly at the desk of her daughter’s secretary before she passes by without a word. When she steps inside the very modern office that her daughter created for herself, Lillian stares at the sight before her. Honestly it’s not at all what she was expecting. Inside the office her daughter and the intrepid superhero/reporter are sitting on the white couch against the wall nearest the door, conversing animatedly over some take out or other, Lillian really can’t be bothered to care.

“My, my, a busy day at the office indeed,” she says, alerting them to her presence. The tightening of Supergirl’s jaw tells her everything she needed to know about whether they were already aware of her presence beforehand or not.

“What do you want, Lillian?” Kara demands, hands curled tightly into fists that rest on her thighs.

“Can’t a mother just stop by to see her daughter without drawing the wrath of certain unmentionables?”

Lena glares at the woman in the doorway, “If you were my mother, that would possibly be one thing but you aren’t and you’ve never acted as one either.”

Lillian tilts her head, “Has someone been digging into her biology again?”

Kara stands up then, ensuring that she stands between Lillian and Lena, “What Lena does is none of your concern, Lillian. You’ve been ousted from this company and you ousted yourself from her life all of your own accord a long time ago. It isn’t Lena’s fault that you tied your hopes to the wrong horse, not that she would have ever fallen into your master plans anyway.”

Lillian snarls at Kara, “What right do you have to speak of my son that way? He was after all the one who nearly rid the world of Superman.”

“Key words, Lillian,” Lena says, stepping up to Kara’s side, one hand resting on the other woman’s forearm, “almost. You failed in your plans to kill Superman, and yes, we know they were yours.”

“You will never prove it,” Lillian says as a smirk curls her lips. “And I’d be careful with who you threaten, ladies,” she steps forward slightly, “you never know what little creatures might get hurt because of what you say to someone.”

Kara simply stares at Lillian but Lena steps forward as the door to her office opens, “Josh, take Ms. Luthor out of the building and make sure that she is never allowed to return.” Once Josh has lead Lillian from the office Lena turns to Kara, “Kara,” she says quietly, reaching out for her friend carefully, “Kara.”

“I have to go,” Kara says hurriedly. “I have-Alex and Carter, they-they need to be.” She shakes her
head, “I have to go,” she finally settles on, moving without thought towards the balcony.

“Door, Kara,” Lena says quietly, “you came in through the door.”

“Damnit,” Kara mutters but changes prospective path and heads towards the door of the office instead.

Once Kara has left the office Lena considers calling Alex to warn her or Cat to let her know what’s happened. Instead she reaches for the intercom on her desk, “Jess, cancel my afternoon, I’m not feeling well. And call the car, I’ll be heading out shortly.”

“Yes, ma’am,” Jess says over the intercom and Lena says a silent prayer of thanks for the other woman, knowing that the car is probably already waiting for her at the front doors.

She lifts her phone from the desk, opening it up to send a quick text message, *Coming home early. Lillian was here today.*

The response is almost instant and Lena finds herself smiling, *I’m waiting for you. Your favorite food will be waiting.* She’s never had someone like this before, she’s not sure how to handle it. Shaking her head, she shoulders her bag, grabs her tablet and heads out of her office, Lillian’s words still ringing in her ears.
Okay, so I've had some inspiration for this story lately and it now has 30 chapters written and I'm getting closer to the end. I'm also back in school however and working full time and rarely have time for my homework much less my writing but I'm trying, I promise I am. Please just bear with me and don't give up on this, I'm going to finish it one day.

Kara flies into the DEO and stops in her tracks at the sight of Alex sitting at one of the computers at the command center. The breath rushes out of Kara’s lungs in a rush, ruffling papers all over the room but no more than could be attributed to the opening of the landing balcony. She makes her way across the room, smiling as Alex rises and turns. The moment Kara is close enough to Alex she pulls the other woman into her arms, “Thank, Rao,” she murmurs so only Alex can hear.

“Hey,” Alex says quietly, hands stroking Kara’s hair, “what’s wrong, baby?”

The younger woman shakes her head, “I just really needed a hug,” she murmurs, face hidden against the curve of Alex’s neck.

Alex laughs lightly but she knows there’s more to whatever is going on with her lover, “I’m always willing to have a Kara hug.”

Kara pulls back slightly, “I’ve been thinking today,” she says quietly, “I think you and Carter should go to the beach house until after the baby is born. You start your maternity leave today and Carter can do his classes from home, thanks to the school Cat pays for. Something is just feeling off to me and I think you’d both be better there. Mom and Eden can stay with the two of you.”

“Kara, what’s this about?”

“I just feel like it would be safer. The beach house has more security than the penthouse. Lillian is still hanging around, perhaps now more than ever and I’m scared she’s going to find out about the baby and go after you.”

“We can talk about this with Cat tonight.”

“She’s already talked to me,” Cat says from behind them, walking towards her lovers from the landing balcony. “I think it's a good idea. My sister is not to be trusted, especially not now. You and the children are more important than anything else, Kara and I just want you and the baby and Carter to be safe.” Cat brushes Alex’s cheek, “You are important, Alex, to both Kara and I and Lillian knows that.”

Alex looks between Cat and Kara and slowly nods, “Both of you are right.” She sighs, “I don’t like the idea of being away from the two of you though.”

Cat smiles, “We’ll come out every weekend,” she brushes a hand against Alex’s belly, “you don’t think you can keep us away do you?”

“No, I don’t suppose anyone would be able to keep you away with a ten foot pole.”
“You got that right,” Kara says with a smile. Inside of Kara’s head though are so many thoughts rushing in every direction. Lillian knows about their child, she threatened Alex and their baby. Kara doesn’t usually keep secrets, she’s not that great at it, despite being a superhero with a secret identity. This however she intends to keep close to her heart, to keep Cat and Alex from worrying too much, the two of them worry enough. She sighs, she needs to talk to Lena and make sure they’re on the same page. They’ll find Lillian and destroy her but they’ll keep the rest of their family out of it. “I’ll take you and Carter up to the beach house tonight,” she says with a smile painted on her lips. “You’ll enjoy the time to relax.”

Alex nods, “Maybe you’re right.”

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