Memory in my Blood

by MaraMori

Summary

As if dealing with her crazy life as a Luthor wasn't enough of a hassle, Lena starts having strange dreams of someone who is, and isn't her. Accepting that these dreams are memories of a past life are easy; the hard part is dealing with new abilities that these memories bring with them. At least her strange new life acts as a distraction from her growing feelings toward Kara Danvers, though.

Somewhat of a crossover with the BBC's Merlin - Lena starts to remember her past life as Morgana Pendragon, and she starts to gain all of Morgana's abilities as well. Canon compliant through 2x05 of Supergirl (may have bits of the other episodes as well).
Prologue

Thinking about it later, Lena would admit that it was a really weird dream. Most of her dreams followed a very familiar kind of route; either they were dreams about work, nonsensical dreams about nothing or the tense kind of dreams (she refused to call them nightmares – Luthors did not have nightmares) about her mom or the growing anxiety she had about Lex. This was different.

This dream wasn’t about any of those things; in this dream she was… dreaming. Or at least, Lena was pretty sure it was meant to have been her, even though she was pretty sure she was wearing some ridiculously flowy and silky nightdress. She couldn’t remember very many details from the dream, but the feelings that she had experienced while under had been intense.

She dreamed she was sleeping on a large four poster bed, tossing and turning in her sleep. Then the perspective of her dream had changed all at once, as dreams are want to do, and suddenly she knew that she was dreaming of a dream. Don’t ask her how that worked, dream logic was completely in control.

In this dream within a dream, there was water, possibly a lake. There was a beautiful woman (that was the only typical part of her dream) and a man that she was drowning… the man had been important to her, but for the life of her she couldn’t see any detail about what he looked like. Lena thought maybe the man was meant to be Lex, the emotion associated with her brother seemed to fit the drowning man. She woke up gasping in her dream, which in turn made her wake sitting straight up in the real world.

Lena sat up in her bed, blankets pushed down to her feet. Lights from the city outside streamed through the window, the familiar twinkling and sounds of a sleeping Central City soothing her. She tried to steady her heart and calm down. She told herself over and over that it was a dream, nothing more than that.

She grabbed her phone off her nightstand and groaned when she saw the time. 5:00 AM, an hour before she normally woke up. She briefly considered laying back down and trying to squeeze in the extra hour of sleep, but she knew that once awake there was no way that she could fall back asleep. The uneasy feeling she had when thinking about sleeping, and maybe dreaming again, had nothing to do with her decision to get up and get ready for the day.

She tried to put the dream from her mind, but it refused to leave. Details were fading fast, but what she had felt during the dream, as well as the unease it had caused, lingered on as she showered and got dressed for the day. Lena didn’t exactly understand why she was feeling so uneasy, but it was almost as if she had a feeling that this dream had been the start of… something. Much, much later, when she recalled this event, she wondered then if part of her knew what was going to happen.

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Lena arrived at the office at 6:30, a good hour and a half before anyone else would be there. She briefly contemplated getting a head start on her latest project, but decided that it would be best to catch up on some paper work before anyone else got in.

Despite having an MBA (gotten at the insistence of her parents) Lena’s true love was always going to be engineering, as evident from the numerous degrees proudly displayed on her wall, and she
hated doing paperwork. As such, the business part of the R&D center she ran here in Central City often went neglected, especially if there was an awesome project taking up a lot of her focus, as was the case now.

There was talk that Lord Technologies was in the process of creating a bullet train faster than anything else currently on the market, and so Lena and her department were working on developing one first. Lena wanted to beat Maxwell Lord to the punch, partially because it would be good for LuthorCorp, but mostly so she could shove it in his smug face. And as much as she itched to go back to working on it, she knew it would be better to wait for the rest of her team and take care of some of the tedious paperwork while she waited, even if that wouldn’t distract her from the dream the same way building did.

After slogging through the piles of tedious work, the first of her employees began to arrive. All of them greeted her with smiles and cheery hellos, with some of her fellow engineers teasing her for being in so early. One thing that Lena really loved about working in a smaller department, such as this, was that it allowed her to know all of the people that worked with and for her. When her team had all arrived, she happily abandoned the paperwork to work on their project, her dreams a fading problem.

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It was the middle of the afternoon when the news came through. Lena had been deeply engrossed in her work when her assistant told her she had a call. Normally, she would ignore any calls that came in when she was that deep into working, but she was told that it was her families lawyer. Unbidden, her memories turned to the last time the Luthor’s lawyer had contacted her directly; it had been the day her Dad had died and even now it still stung that the lawyer, not her mother or brother, had been the one to inform her. She hurriedly accepted the call, worried that she was about to get a similar news.

In hindsight (and with a drink or two), Lena often wished that was what the call had been about. She often found herself wishing that the lawyer had called to inform her about Lex or Lillian’s death, rather than what he did tell her.

When she answered the phone, at first, she didn’t understand a thing the lawyer was saying he was talking so fast. She had to tell him repeatedly to slow down and talk clearer. When he finally did, Lena wished he hadn’t. She hung up on him, not wanting to believe what he was telling her.

“Turn on the news.” She ordered tersely. Her assistant looked confused, but did as directed, knowing not to mess with Lena Luthor when she had that tone. The TV in the office turned on, and a newscaster filled the screen.

“Just an hour ago, Superman captured Lex Luthor and delivered him into the FBI’s custody. The Man of Steel captured the LuthorCorp CEO this morning after Luthor’s attempt to kill Superman resulted in the death of at least 1500 people, though casualty reports are still coming in.”

There was a gasp somewhere in the office, but that was the only sound. While everyone was an employee of LuthorCorp, they didn’t know Lex; they knew Lena, and right now all eyes were on her as they waited for her reaction.

For her part, Lena was no longer aware of anything going on around her. She was staring straight at the TV where the newscaster continued the bad news, but she wasn’t hearing or seeing a thing.

All Lena could hear was a pounding in her ears and feel the erratic pumping of her heart as it broke. This couldn’t be true! Lex was her big brother. He was the boy who had given her a teddy bear after
he heard her crying at night when she was first adopted. He was the boy who had taught her how to tie her shoes, how to hotwire a car and how to build her first engine. He had been the one to hold her when she had cried after her first girlfriend dumped her.

They had been more distant the last few years than she would like (which she had dismissed as him being busy as CEO), and he had scared her more than once with his anti-alien (anti-Superman) rants. But that doesn’t mean that he was capable of something like this! This had to be some kind of mistake, some kind of plot on Superman’s part. Whatever it was, Lena would figure it out.

The dream and everything that had come with it was forgotten as her life realigned itself into a waking nightmare.

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Lena walked into the private bathroom and finally let her composure fall apart. She slumped against the wall, wrapping her arms around herself and trying desperately not to cry. It was seven months since Lex was first apprehended by Superman, and she had just testified against her own brother in front of jury.

She hadn’t wanted to do it. She had no knowledge of what Lex had been planning, and didn’t think she could have anything to offer the prosecution. The lawyers on both sides of the case had begged her to act as a character witness, to testify that her brother was either a saint or a madman.

She had refused either side until she learned that her mother was testifying for the defense. She knew that Lillian Luthor would have no trouble perjuring herself for her son, and so she had acted as opposition to her mother’s testimony. Even her mothers phone call to warn her against doing so, the last time they had spoken, hadn’t swayed her from her choice.

Lena had remained calm, cool and collected while on the stand. The lawyers had urged her to act shaken, maybe even cry a little, when she recounted some anti-alien conversations she had had with Lex. She had refused, and the armour she had developed from growing up a Luthor (and which had been tested and strengthened even more these last seven months) had remained unshakable.

Lena had remained composed even though the prosecution had warned that it would rub some of the jury the wrong way. She had remained resolute and strong even with all the suspicious looks that were thrown at her from the watching crowd and reporters. She was calm and collected at the blanket look of disbelief and suspicion from Clark Kent, who had been covering the whole thing from Lex’s arrest to now with dogged determination.

The hardest test to her armour had been from the way that Lex was looking at her. She had never seen such betrayal and anger in her brother’s eyes. Worse than that though was the way he had stared, unblinkingly, at her with open hatred and hostility at her. Seeing her once loving brother look at her that way had sent a chill down her spine and for the first time she understood the fear people had when looking at Lex Luthor.

Remembering that look now when she was all alone, Lena allowed herself to breakdown. That look had told her so much more than months of evidence had; her big brother that she loved so much was gone, and she had made an enemy of the man who now wore his face.

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Lena stood in the CEO’s office at LuthorCorp Headquarters in Metropolis. She had been here a few weeks, and still it felt unreal that this was hers. In truth, she had never wanted this, and had only studied business to please her family, which considering the state they currently were in was kind of
hilarious in a dark way.

In any case, when Lex had first taken over the company after their dad’s death, he had insured that Lena was his successor. Despite all that had changed since then, the board had decided to comply with his wishes. Or maybe they had thought it was best to keep a Luthor in charge of the company that shared her name, and her mother, as a doctor, wasn’t exactly CEO material.

Or maybe the board thought that she’d be easy to intimidate because of her family’s tragedy, her history or simply because she was a woman. If that were the case, Lena would take a deep pleasure in proving them all so very wrong with that idea. Whatever the reason behind her appointment, Lena had decided that it didn’t matter. She was going to change LuthorCorp, make it into something good, something that could be remembered beyond what Lex had used it for.

The first steps in her quest had been to look over everything the company had been involved in. The result, besides incredibly long days, was the immediate closer of almost all the R&D branches of the company, and moving over half of the company’s interests and assets away from anti-alien pursuits.

When she had first found out what most of the company was devoted to developing, Lena had been sick. It was obvious that Lex was abusing his position and resources in his quest to take down Superman, and the ways that he was having developed didn’t care about casualties. She had ordered those projects shut down immediately and the research locked away under the highest security, namely the kind she had personally developed and was the only one who had access to.

Lena was not like her brother, but she had seen the potential in some of that research (all-be-it heavily altered) to protect against aliens. She didn’t share even an ounce of her brother’s anti-alien rhetoric, but she knew from painful experience that people had to be prepared for the worse. The increasing alien presence around the planet only strengthened her resolve. After all, Superman couldn’t always be there to save you.

She was distracted from the papers strewn across her desk by the rushing of wind and the heavy thud of boots outside her window. She spun around quickly, even though she knew there was only one person on the planet who could possibly be there. And sure enough, standing there on her balcony in all his red, blue and self-righteous glory was the Man of Steel himself. She had seen him flying by on previous nights, obviously keeping an eye on her, but it seemed like tonight he was going to do more than that.

Without waiting to be invited, Superman walked right into her office. Normally, this wouldn’t bug Lena too much, but she knew for a fact that the balcony door had been locked. The ease of which he opened it and strode into her office like he owned the place said that he broke the lock with hardly a pause.

As an intimidation tactic, it had its desired effect and Lena’s heart rate picked up before she forcibly calmed it. She didn’t let any indication of unease be seen on face. She remained seated in her chair, and reclined slightly while folding her arms, the perfect picture of confidence, calm and in-control. She took a little bit of pleasure from the fact that Superman didn’t look like he liked how at ease she was.

“What can I do for you, Superman? It must be important for you to be here so late, and to commit a felony in the process.” Her voice was calm and cold, what the other kids at boarding school had dubbed her ‘ice queen bitch’ voice. He arched an eyebrow and Lena gestured to the balcony door.

Superman’s eyes glanced briefly at the door, and his face coloured slightly. Lena found it amusing that Superman was embarrassed by the fact that he had technically broke onto private property. She wondered idly if his embarrassment was a result of him not realizing that he had broken the door, or
from being called out on his behavior.

Whatever he had been feeling, Superman was quick to turn it back around, hands on his hips. The look he gave her was one Lena was beginning to really hate seeing, but was seeing on almost every face she saw. Suspicion. Accusation. Judgement. It was obvious that so many people she met had already decided that she was just as bad as Lex.

“I don’t trust you, Ms. Luthor.” It was obvious that Superman was also one of those people. “I don’t like how you’re in charge of this company, and I don’t trust you to not continue with your brothers work.”

“I am not Lex.” Lena began, trying to defend herself.

“But you are a Luthor. Your brother killed thousands of people, your mother lied about it to try and keep him out of jail, and your father used this exact company to make millions from other peoples suffering. You can’t honestly expect me to think that you’d be any different from them.”

The superior, self-assured tone in his voice got under Lena’s skin. She was furious with him, and seeing that stupid S sitting on his chest all righteously only infuriated her further. She let none of it show, certain that given any excuse at all Superman would happily get rid of her by whatever means he could.

She stood from her chair, and even with heels on she was still quite a bit shorter than the alien. That didn’t stop her from invading his personal space, making him take a step back.

“By that same logic, I would have no choice but to assume that you were just as violent and dangerous as the aliens you regularly stop.” Superman started to open his mouth to argue with her, but she held up her hand to silence him. “If I am no different from those who share my last name, simply because of where I come from, then you would be no different from any other alien, simply because you and they are alien.”

Superman glared at her, and she glared right back, but he didn’t offer any rebuttal.

“Make even the slightest wrong move, and I will not hesitate in stopping you. I won’t make the mistake of giving you the benefit of the doubt and letting more people die.”

Lena’s brow furrowed slightly at his last statement. Underneath the threat, there had been a layer of guilt evident in Superman’s voice. Guilt that Lena recognized, that she felt every time she thinks that she should have been able to stop Lex, or at least seen it coming. Suddenly, she felt tired. Tired of fighting, tired of being judged and tired of having to prove herself to people who didn’t want to change their opinion about her.

She walked away from the superhero and poured herself a drink. She could still feel Superman’s gaze on the back of her head. She turned back to face him, leaning against the counter.

“Listen, its obvious you don’t like or trust me, and the feeling is mutual. Agree to put up with me for a few months, no more of these check-ins, and then I’ll be out of your hair.”

“What do you mean?”

“Once I’ve put the company in order and things are stable, I will be moving to National City and making that the headquarters for my company. I think it will be better for everyone if Luthor’s and Supers don’t live in the same city.”
Hi everyone! This is the first fic I have written in a very long time, and the first to go up on AO3. Sorry for any mistakes, this fic is non-beta'ed. This chapter is pretty much just the set up, with very little about actual magic or memories in it. That will change soon. Before you ask, this entire chapter takes place before Kara started being Supergirl.
I don't know a whole lot about the DC universe, but I will probably not be introducing character/concepts from outside of the show.
Let me know what you think.
Almost two weeks after her late-night meeting with Superman, Lena sat on the couch in her hotel suite looking at the paper in disbelief. On the front page of the Tribune was Cat Grant's exclusive interview with National City's newest hero, Supergirl.

Lena had been staring at the picture for the last ten minutes after reading through the article over half a dozen times. She was certain that the universe either had a sick sense of humor or hated her; why did Superman's cousin, of all people, have to suddenly pop up in the exact same city she was halfway through moving her company to? Was it really too much to ask that the one place that was suited to act as the new corporate headquarters for LuthorCorp be free from supers?

She was racking her brain to think of ways to deal with this new complication, but despite her considerable intellect, she couldn't see a way out of this mess. The changes to the company to facilitate their move to National City had been in the works for nearly a month now, and it would cause a huge backlash to try and move it somewhere else. No other city currently had the infrastructure in place to support the corporate headquarters, labs and various other departments needed for the main branch of LuthorCorp. Pulling out of National City would cause an uproar with investors and business support from the city, as well as costing billions to re-locate to a different city and even more money on top of that to create the spaces needed. No, National City really was the best shot of Lena being able to turn LuthorCorp around within the next decade.

Lena rested her head in her hand. No matter her reasons, she knew that moving to National City now was going to cause her an entirely different kind of headache. She was already starting to mentally figure out how to handle the presses inevitable hounding, asking her over and over again if moving to National City was part of some greater scheme against the Supers. She highly doubted that the press would respond favourably to what she wanted to shout at them; that she had decided to move there before the hero in the skirt had shown up, so therefore the problem, and any potential scheme, would be the super-powered alien’s and not hers. Lena rolled her eyes; yeah, that would go over just great.

Lena finally stood from the couch, went to the hotel room's mini-bar and grabbed a few of the small bottles of alcohol, not really caring what kind they were. She went back to the couch, wondering to herself at what point Superman was going to show up and try and bully her away from her decision to move to National City. She wasn't worried about his opinion, or scared of him (after being raised by Lillian Luthor and the kind of life and press she was used to, it took more than an overly-righteous alien to scare her) but was rather worried about the hassle it would cause for her. She was already planning on several different things she could say or do to deal with the Man of Steel, but there was a lot room for error and uncertainty when it came to Superman. And Lena Luthor hated not having every action planned ten steps ahead of everyone else.

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She stood in a building of stone, looking out through a small window into a courtyard filled with people. The crowd below her were indistinct, and she couldn't see any specific details about their appearance or faces. What she could tell, however, was that they were afraid. Afraid and angry, though she wasn't sure why. In the center of the courtyard was a raised platform, an executioner with an axe standing near a blood-stained stump. A man was being led by between two guards towards the platform. This, she could see clearly.
A voice rang out across the courtyard, and her eyes turned towards the source of the sound. An older man stood on a balcony above the crowd addressing the crowd, though she couldn’t clearly see him or hear his words. She saw the man on the platform being forced to kneel, could hear the drums beat as the executioner raised his axe.

Her grip on the stone window frame tightened as a storm of different emotions raged inside of her. There was so much she was feeling, so much she wanted to do; but all she did was to turn her face away as the axe came down. The part of her mind that was still awake, still Lena, was horrified and wanted to run away, to wake up. But the dream her stayed standing at the window as the older man began to talk again. At his words, which she still couldn’t quite understand, her dream-self began to be filled with rage and hatred at the obvious tone of superiority and self-gratification in his words.

Her attention was dragged into the crowd as an old woman began to cry out and shriek at the older man. All attention was on her and what she was yelling, though once again Lena couldn’t hear what was being said, and it was irritating. Lena soon forgot her irritation as her vision focused on the old woman as she muttered something and winds seemed to tear out from her, battering against those standing near her. The wind then turned inwards on the old woman and she disappeared into the eye of the storm.

Something ancient, powerful and long-hidden seemed to tighten in her chest. What Lena had just witnessed was familiar, and it spoke to something locked deep within her. It seemed to speak of promise, of power and of a darkness that threatened to overwhelm her. Lena was incredibly aware that these feelings were hers, and not her dream-self’s. A voice seemed to whisper in her mind, though as if from a far away location as she couldn’t quite understand what was being said. But there was no mistaking the anger, madness and danger in it that made her think of Lex.

Lena awoke with a cry, nearly throwing herself off the couch. She looked around wildly before memory and reason caught up with her. She was safe, in her hotel room and it had just been a dream. But even that reasoning couldn’t shake the cold pit that had formed in her stomach and the last echoes of a cruel voice fading from her mind.

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Superman never showed up that night. Or any night afterwards in the months leading up to her move to National City. Lena was a little thrown that the superhero never showed up again for another round of threats, but there were more pressing things she was concerned about.

As she had predicted to herself, the media was all over LuthorCorps move to National City with questions about her intentions ranging from serious to crack-pot conspiracy theories. Reporters and paparazzi were constantly hanging around the office, her hotel and any other place she went to. And while she did find it irritating, Lena was also reminded of when she was in her late teens/early twenties when the media was constantly hounding her, albeit for a different reason.

As well as the press, Lena was still bogged down with all the various concerns and aspects of moving the company. It seemed that whenever she got a handle on a situation, some new problem would rear its head and she would spend the next week barely sleeping as she dealt with whatever it was.

Not that she was complaining to much about the lack of sleep. In fact, she had gotten in the habit of working late on issues or projects even when they weren’t that big of a problem. She told herself that she was just being proactive and trying to prevent issues before they started, but she knew that she was lying to herself. Lena was avoiding sleeping because the dreams she was having were becoming more regular and intense. At first, she would only dream once or twice a week, but now it was happening almost every night.
The truly infuriating part of these dreams was that she still couldn’t remember any specific details about them. What she saw in these nightmares were always highly emotionally charged, intimately familiar and completely lacking in any sort of detail that she could recall when she awoke. The only thing left with her after waking up was the emotions from the dreams, as well as a dreadful growing certainty that something was happening to her.

Whenever Lena wasn’t thinking about her company, the press or these strange dreams, there was one thing that was certain to be on her mind; Supergirl. When she had first read about the newest hero, Lena had felt nothing but apprehension about Superman’s cousin. But as time had past, and Superman hadn’t come to threaten her, she began to pay more attention to National City’s hero. And the more she paid attention, the more she began to view the Kryptonian woman in a positive light, and she was pretty positive it wasn’t just because she was gorgeous.

Lena knew that she was getting a warped view of the hero just from the media, but she couldn’t help but feel that Supergirl was different from her cousin. Lena couldn’t figure out why, but Supergirl seemed brighter, better somehow, without that superiority and self-righteousness that she saw in Superman.

One of the first obvious differences that she first noticed about Supergirl was that people were openly criticising her in the media and other public venues, something that never happened with Superman. And most of what was being said was unfair and came from angry men that wouldn’t even raise an eye at a male superhero doing the same things she did, sometimes there was real criticism of Supergirls actions. But what surprised Lena more than the open judgement was that Supergirl seemed to listen to the complaints, and worked to be better. Lena couldn’t think a single time when Superman willingly worked on changing some of his problems.

Add on top of that all the little things that Supergirl did to help the city. Not only was there the big things she did, such as stopping alien and super-villain threats, there were so many small instances, whether appearances at a children’s hospital or saving cats stuck in trees, that showed how much Supergirl cared about everyone. Whenever she appeared on the news or pictures of her in the paper, she always radiated such love and happiness. It was almost impossible to see Supergirl and not feel some of the sunshine coming off of her.

But it was all the pictures of Supergirl that had Lena the most intrigued. In almost every picture or news feed that she saw of the hero, that ever-present mile-wide smile was there. But Lena was certain that there was something behind that smile, though she couldn’t say for certain why she thought that way. Maybe it was slant of Supergirls smile, or the look in her eyes, that spoke of a deeply hidden sorrow and pain that most people were not privy to. Lena wondered what could have caused it; Superman didn’t have that kind of pain in his expression, and she had actually met him in person. She also wondered how more people couldn’t see Supergirls pain, but had concluded that you had to be familiar with that kind of hidden pain to see it behind someone else’s façade. She wondered if she would ever get the chance to settle her curiosity.

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Lena walked into the new headquarters of LuthorCorp prepared to have a bad day. Not only was she dealing with the last threads of stress from the move to National City, and the to plans of rename the company, now reporters were here wanting throw accusations at her because she wasn’t on a space ship that exploded.

When LuthorCorp had been approached about working with the Venture Launch, Lena had been ecstatic. Not only was it one of the biggest contracts they had gotten post-Lex, but it had to do with space exploration and travel, something that Lena was passionate about. She had personally put a lot
of time into the oscillator, and had loved having the distraction from ulcer-inducing parts of her life. When the project was completed, Lena couldn’t have been prouder… until they offered her a seat on the spacecraft.

It had thrown Lena for a loop when the seat was offered, and it had taken her until practically last minute to think of a good excuse to decline. She may love space and the idea of traveling through it, but purely in theory. She already hated and was terrified of flying in an airplane, let alone at sub-orbital heights. But now knowing that Clark Kent was waiting to accuse her of being behind the explosion just because she wasn’t there, was making her wish she had just faced her damn fears.

She had been on her way back from preparing for the renaming ceremony when she received word from her assistant Jess, that Clark Kent and another reporter were waiting at her office. Wanting to hit something, Lena wondered if the Daily Planet reporter had anything better to do with his life than to chase after her family. She entered the waiting area outside of her office, and two people stood to meet her.

Clark Kent was instantly recognisable, she had seen his face enough times over Lex’s trial. The second person was a young woman that Lena didn’t recognize, though she did take a minute to give her a once over. She had her blonde hair up, dressed in a white dress and light pink open cardigan. All in all, not a very intimidating look, that wasn’t helped by the way she clung nervously to her notepad. Lena thought she must be an intern or something, shadowing Kent for the day.

“Mr. Kent.” Lena said, barely slowing down before walking past the two, a slight flick of her hand indicating that they were free to follow her. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw the woman look inquisitively at the reporter.

“Ms. Luthor.” He replied, matching her icy tone and falling into line behind her. “We’re here because…”

“I know exactly why you’re here.” Lena interrupted, her icy CEO armour perfectly in place. “The Venture exploded, and I wasn’t on it. There’s a perfectly reasonable explanation for why I wasn’t aboard the Venture yesterday.”

“Well, that’s why we’re here.” Kent responded, him and the woman stopping after a few steps into her office.

“There was an emergency, regarding the planning for a ceremony I’m holding tomorrow. I’m renaming my families company and I had to cancel.” She said as she hung her coat and purse up the rack. A small part of her briefly thought about revealing that she had been terrified at the thought of being in the shuttle, but decided that the small amount of humanization that my grant her to the reporter wasn’t worth revealing that big an insecurity.

“Ah. Lucky.” Kent replied, sarcasm apparent in his voice. Lena laughed.

“Lucky is Superman saving the day.” She said while turning around. It was Clark Kent’s turn to laugh after that.

“Not something one expects a Luthor to say.”

The woman was looking back and forth between Lena and Clark, before adding on that Supergirl was there too. Lena took a second to look at the other woman, mentally adjusting her first assessment of her.

“And who are you exactly?” she asked, a slight laugh placed into her voice to convey her apathy
towards the answer. The woman stuttered a few times, looking between Kent and Lena.

“Um, I’m Kara Danvers. I’m not with the Daily Planet, I’m with CatCo magazine. Sort of.” Lena found Kara’s nervousness slightly adorable.

“That’s a publication not known for its hard hitting journalism. More like; high waisted jeans, yes or no?” Kara fidgeted.

“I’m just, I’m tagging along today.” She responded, still fidgeting, while Lena sat down behind her desk.

“Right. Can we just speed this interview along.” She started, turning her attention away from Kara and back to Clark. “Just ask me what you want to ask me, Mr. Kent. Did I have anything to do with the Venture explosion?”

“Did you?” he asked. Lena couldn’t help the irritation that showed on her face as she looked back at him.

“You wouldn’t be asking me if my last name was Smith.” She injected some reproach into her voice, letting both reporters know how she felt about being accused because of her last name. Kent didn’t falter in the slightest.

“Yeah but it’s not. It’s Luthor.”

Lena leaned back in her chair. “Some steel under that Kansas wheat.” She replied with slightly predatory smirk.

“It wasn’t always.” She continued. Her gaze shifted to focus more on Kara. With the amount of reporting Clark Kent had done on her family, it was likely he already knew this, but the Kara didn’t.

“I was adopted when I was four. The person who made me feel most welcome in the family was Lex. He made me proud to be a Luthor.” Memories assaulted Lena, making her voice softer than she intended. She pushed them down and regained control, turning away from the two reporters for a moment so that they couldn’t see her vulnerability. “And then he went on his reign on terror in Metropolis and declared war on Superman and committed unspeakable crimes.”

“When Superman put Lex in jail I vowed to take back my family’s company. To re-name it L-Corp; make it a force for good. I’m just a woman trying to make a name for herself outside of her family. Can you understand that?” she hadn’t really been expecting an answer, and was surprised when Kara responded with a ‘yeah’ that sounded like she truly did understand. Lena stared at Kara for a moment, her judgement of the not-reporter once again changing.

“I know why you’re here.” She said, directing her statement once again to Clark Kent. “Because my company made the part that exploded on the Venture.” She stood up and walked to the shelving on her wall. She pulled out a thumb drive, and walked back towards Clark, holding the drive out.

“This drives contains all the information we have on the oscillator. I hope it helps you in your investigation.” As she handed the device over the Clark, she noted that both he and Kara looked taken-back by her offering the information. He looked briefly at Kara before thanking Lena.

“Give me a chance, Mr. Kent. I’m here for a fresh start, let me have one.”

Clark Kent looked at her for a moment, his distrust still clear.

“Good day, Ms. Luthor.” He said before exiting. The sentiment was echoed by Kara, who followed
him out. Lena watched them leave, knowing that what the reporter decided to write would write out of what her new life in National City would be like.

Chapter End Notes

So originally, this chapter was going to include all the interaction from the first episode, but the chapter was getting kind of long. So the back half of episode one will be coming in chapter 3! And don't worry, there will be more build up and dealing with Lena's magic, it just comes up slowly.
Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Chapter 2 – Something Like Fate

Kara walked side by side with Clark she they exited the LuthorCorp offices. Neither said a word to each other as they left, which allowed Kara time to re-play every aspect of her first meeting with a Luthor. It had been… different, then what she was expecting. She had been prepared for an angry, psychopathic, narcissist like Lex. Instead, she had been faced with an elegant, strong and confident woman who hadn’t flinched in the face of their thinly-veiled accusations.

Despite all the bravado and confidence with which Lena had conducted herself, Kara had been able to register just how tired and weary the CEO sounded. She had heard it in the strain of her voice when she had called Clark out for suspecting her just because of her last name, which statement had made Kara feel a little guilty. She knew it wasn’t fair to judge someone because of their family’s actions, something that had happened to her more than once. She glanced briefly at Clark and wondered what he had felt at Lena’s accusation.

“I didn’t see anything when I ex-ray visioned the room.” Clark said once they were on the street. So, Clark hadn’t been lost in thought like Kara had been, but rather waiting to be outside of the Luthor’s building before talking.

“Yeah me neither.” Kara said with a sigh. “So, what do you think?” This time it was Clarks turn to sigh.

“I’ve learned through hard experience not to believe anything a Luthor says.” He said with heavy finality. Kara shook her head and found herself slightly lifting both of her hands clenched into fists.

“Yeah, I know I’m not a reporter or anything, but I kinda believed her.” She spoke emphatically, looking at her cousins face to see how he reacted to that, as well as to try and convey her reasons for believing Lena. It wasn’t just the sadness that Kara had heard in Lena’s voice when she talked about her brother. It was also the tension and resigned pleading that Kara had picked up on when she was talking about changing her company into something good, and then again when she had asked Clark to let her have a fresh start.

“I’m just a woman trying to make a name for herself outside of her family. Can you understand that?”
The question had been banging around in Kara’s head, un-able to let it go. She did understand, and had said as much to Lena. Maybe that, as well as the fact that Lena was adopted, was what was making Kara trust the CEO. She saw how the weight of her family’s actions rested on Lena’s shoulders, threatening to drag her down. She saw how Lena was almost desperately trying to do good, to help a world that was ready to condemn her. And Kara knew what that kind of weight could feel like.

Before Clark could respond to her belief in the CEO, his phone rang. Digging it out of his pocket, he smiled at the ID before greeting the caller with a ‘Hey Sweetie’. It had to be Lois then. Before her thoughts shifted to Lois and Clark’s relationship, and what that must be like, Kara’s last thought was how odd it was that she was finding commonality with a Luthor.

**

After her impromptu interview with Clark Kent and Kara Danvers, Jess had come into her office to inform her that one of their research facilities outside of the city was having a problem with the design on a project. Lena grinned slightly, glad for the opportunity to get out of her office and get her hands a little dirty with tech.

“Let them know that I’m on my way, Jess. Can you have the car brought round front?”

“They said that its urgent. The car would take to long to get there, especially with rush hour just starting.” Jess said, an unspoken apology in her voice. Lena winced slightly.

“Ok. Prep the chopper.” She told her assistant, who gave her a sympathetic smile. Jess knew how much Lena hated flying. But the opportunity to be an engineer rather than a CEO, even for a little while, was worth the short flying trip. After organizing her desk and gathering what she might need, Lena headed towards the roof.

The chopper was already warmed up, the rotors spinning. Seeing it, Lena had to force down the pit of anxiety in her stomach. She got into the chopper, strapping herself in as the pilot did his pre-flight run down.

“It should be a smooth flight, Ms. Luthor.” The pilot said as he finished.

“I hate flying.” Lena confessed. “I know that it’s statistically the safest way to travel, but,
The pilot grinned slightly at her and Lena smiled back. It was something she said to all of her pilots the first time flying with them, done as a gesture to make sure that they knew when she tensed up it wasn’t anything to do with them.

The chopper started to rise in the air and nerves forced her hand to jerk up for a moment before she being placed on her leg. She was about to ask the pilot his name, desperate to start a conversation to take her mind off not being on solid ground, when she saw something coming through the air towards them.

“What the hell?” she muttered. As it got closer, she saw that it was drone. It stopped and hovered several feet away from the helicopter, a second one coming up beside it, both angled towards the glass windows. Her confusion turned to fear as she saw the drones arm themselves. While LuthorCorp didn’t build them (anymore), Lena knew high-end military tactical drones when she saw one. She clutched at the railing inside the chopper, knowing there was nothing she could do to stop the weapons about to be fired at her and the pilot.

Lena had read that for a lot of people in near-death experiences, time slowed down. It didn’t for her. Time neither went slower or faster than normal, it just happened. She was staring at the drones, and then saw the flash of fire coming out of the barrels of the guns. She instinctively tensed and threw herself back in her seat, her body preparing for impact even before her mind fully comprehended what was happening. But just when she expected bullets to start punching through the glass, two figures, their red capes billowing in the air, appeared in bullets path.

Lena gaped in shock, her mind racing to try and make any sense of what she was seeing. Seemingly out of nowhere, Supergirl and Superman had shown up and… where saving her? Adrenaline was making it hard to think logically, as all that Lena could focus on that they shouldn’t be saving her. Superman didn’t like her, had once threatened her in fact; why would they save her life?

The bullets ricocheted off the chests of both heroes, flying off who-knows where. Lena briefly hoped that the security and landing crew where no longer standing on the roof below her. And just as quickly as the bullets had started firing, they stopped. Lena thought she saw Superman’s mouth moving, before both aliens turned to look at each other. Supergirl seemed to say something, and then Superman took off, letting Lena get a brief closer look at one of the drones. It appeared to have a camera mounted on it, and she realized that the person flying the drones must have been speaking to the Supers.

“Ms. Luthor hang on!” the pilot shouted, bringing Lena’s mind out from her introspection. The pilot was having a hard time wrangling the controls of the chopper and several things were beeping in warning. Lena looked up in time to see a small missile be launched from the drone, Supergirl diving in front of it causing an explosion. Her eyes tracked the hero as she fell from the sky, creating a small crater as she landed on the roof. She didn’t move.
Lena’s attention was ripped from Supergirl as the drone began to shot at them once again. With no aliens stopping them, the bullets tore through the metal and glass of the chopper. Though none hit her, she heard the pilot cry out and the chopper began to tilt radically. She reached out to the man on instinct, certain that they were both about to die.

“Bîdanm¯æst æðm!”

The words slipped past Lena’s lips, who had no idea why she had said that or what it was meant to mean. The statement had felt like it had come from deep inside of her, almost like a locked memory. Her adrenaline and panic fueled mind refused to focus too long on the odd phrase, though part of her knew that something was supposed to have happened because of what she said, though did.

Out of the corner of her eye, she saw a flash of movement and the drone exploded as Supergirl crashed right through it. She felt the impact of Supergirl grabbing hold of the chopper, and aircraft immediately stabilizing in the air before the hero led them back to the roof. Once they were back onto solid ground, the Girl of Steel opened the pilot’s door as Lena took off her headset.

“You’re safe now.” Supergirl stated, climbing into the chopper. Lena’s heart was beating erratically and adrenaline was still pumping erratically through her system.

“What the hell was that?” she asked, the only question seemingly able to make its way out of her jumbled mind. She wasn’t sure if she meant the attack, the weird thing she said, or both. Supergirl placed her hand over the bullet wound in the pilot, but only briefly took her eyes off of the CEO.

“Someone’s trying to kill you.” She said simply.

Lena was thrown. While she had received many death threats over the course of her life, there had never been any actual attempts that she was aware of. A small part of her mind began to mentally run through everyone who might want her dead, her automatic response of solving problems asserting itself, which helped to calm her down and let her think.

“The Venture?” Lena asked Supergirl. “Was that about me?”

When the other woman nodded, Lena closed her eyes and muttered “Oh my god” under her breath.
She took two deep, but shaky breaths, focusing herself. She looked back at Supergirl, who was staring at her intently while keeping her hand pressed to the pilot’s chest.

Kara was surprised to find that Lena’s heartbeat was already starting to slow, amazed at the reaction from the CEO. She had expected hysterics (which would have been completely understandable) or at least more questions. But all she got was Lena looking between her and the pilot, her eyes widening slightly.

“He needs a hospital. Take him to one, now! Please.” Lena begged. Supergirl nodded, and ripped the seat restraints off and gently removed the man from the chopper. Making sure he was stable in her arms, she took off towards the nearest hospital. She flew him into the ER, quickly explaining the situation to the attending nurses. Once she made sure that he was going to be alright, and that the doctors had everything they needed, she took off again.

She quickly scanned the city for any signs of Clark or more drones, of which she found neither. Flying as fast as she could, she headed back towards the roof where she had left Lena Luthor. As she approached, she saw that Clark was already there, standing in Lena’s path.

“Where’s Supergirl?” she heard him question roughly, his tone heavy with implication.

“She’s taken my pilot to the hospital.” Lena responded with equal hostility, in no condition to put on her mask of indifference.

Kara dropped down beside them, both pairs of eyes immediately drawn to her. Clark was visibly relieved, which quickly turned to slight confusion at the look Kara shot him. She didn’t understand why he had been questioning Lena instead of making sure she was alright.

“My pilot,” Lena interrupted Kara’s thoughts, “is he alright?” Kara turned her attention to the CEO and took a few steps closer to her, unconsciously blocking Clark out.

“He’s going to be fine. I got him directly to the doctors; they didn’t think that anything vital was hit.”

At least half of the tension drained out of Lena as she murmured ‘Thank God’. “What hospital? I want to make sure that he’s alright and his bills are covered.”
Again, Kara was surprised at the concern Lena was showing. Whether she found the concern odd for a Luthor, or odd for a CEO, Kara wasn’t sure. Granted, her experiences with CEO’s were limited to Cat Grant and Maxwell Lord, the former who would be concerned with her employees but never show it so easily, and the latter who she thinks just wouldn’t care.

“Trinity Western. But, are you alright Ms. Luthor?” Kara asked. Lena blinked in surprise and smiled slightly at the superhero’s concern.

“I’m fine, thanks to you.” The jump in her heartbeat told Kara that Lena wasn’t completely telling the truth. Instinctively wanting to offer comfort, she took another small step closer, but restrained herself from placing her hand on Lena’s arm, sure that the other woman wouldn’t find the action reassuring.

“Someone just tried to kill you, Ms. Luthor. It’s alright to be shaken up.” She said, her voice low and soothing. A beat past, and then Lena grinned at her sardonically, her defenses finally back in place.

“It’s not the first time I’ve been threatened, Supergirl.” Lena glanced at Clark, the movement fast enough that Kara almost missed it.

“What was that about?” Kara wondered to herself.

“And I highly doubt it will be the last.” Lena continued. “So, thank you for saving my life, but I think right now you’d both be better served out there than here with me.”

**

Lena woke the next morning feeling sick. She hadn’t had another of her dreams, Thank God, but there was still what felt like a molten ball of tension and apprehension sitting low in her stomach. While she could contribute a lot of her nerves to re-naming ceremony today, as well as the fact that someone was trying to kill her, Lena knew that wasn’t all that she was feeling.

It was odd, but as she reflected on what she as feeling as she got ready, she figured out that at least part of the tightness in her gut was coming from an anxious anticipation. At first, she had thought that maybe it was a kind of nervous energy formed out of the opportunity to start making her last name into something good, but she dismissed that almost as soon as she thought of it. This
feeling was different; it was coming from that feeling of hidden power that thrilled through her blood after every dream she had.

That same feeling of an ancient power deep in her soul was once again stirring within her. This was the first time it hadn’t been directly related to one of her dreams. At first, all it had done was to make Lena feel almost sick with trepidation, but as the morning progressed and she traveled to her office, it changed. She was no longer feeling afraid or worried, but a calm assurance in herself.

She had inexplicable feeling that after today, everything was going to be different. And it wasn’t just because of the company’s name change. She knew that the feeling was just intuition, and was probably nothing, but she couldn’t shake the certainty of her feeling. As the morning progressed, that certainty and almost-anticipation never left, leaving Lena feeling with an almost increased sense of clarity and awareness.

Lena glanced at her watch; the press conference was scheduled to start in ten minutes and she better head down. As she exited the elevator on the ground floor, her line of sight was almost immediately drawn to the security entrance where Kara Danvers was arguing with one of her security officers.

Lena’s steps faltered for a moment. Though she definitely didn’t mind seeing the other woman again, it was still a surprise that she did, especially since Clark Kent was no-where to be seen. She briefly considered ignoring the commotion, but, urged on by an instinctive feeling, she headed over to the ‘not-reporter’ who was quickly becoming flustered with the guard.

“I know that I don’t have any credentials, but I need to see Ms. Luthor right now!” Neither Kara nor the security officer had yet to see Lena heading toward them, which allowed Lena to overhear their conversation.

“And as I’ve already told you, ma’am, you are not getting into this building without any sort of clearance.” She responded, her own voice starting to take on a harder edge.

“It’s alright, Linda.” Lena called out once she was closer to the pair. Both of women turned to Lena with a slight jump.

“Ms. Luthor…” Linda started to say, but Lena waved away the security guards response.

“I met with Ms. Danvers yesterday. I’m sure she just misplaced her press-pass today.” Lena
said, smirking slightly as Kara blushed slightly even when nodding emphatically. “Though the press conference is happening outside, if you want to walk with me.”

Kara nodded, and Lena thanked Linda before walking past the other woman, Kara falling into step beside her.

“Why were you so adamant about seeing me? If you have any questions about the rebranding, I’m afraid you’ll have to wait until after my speech is done, like all the other reporters.” Lena stated once they were passed security.

“No, its not about that.” Kara replied, nervously fluttering her hands. Lena’s brow creased slightly.

“A question about yesterdays interview then?” Lena questioned, confused as to why the other woman was there. The only possible thing she could think was that the ‘not-reporter’ wanted to question her about the attack on her helicopter, but that wasn’t exactly public knowledge.

“Ms. Luthor, your life is in danger.” Kara’s voice was earnest and held a note of true concern that surprised Lena.

“Yes, I was aware of that.” Lena responded, confusion for the other woman’s concern leading her tone to be sarcastic.

“No, I mean...” Kara hesitated for a moment before continuing. “Lex is behind these attacks.” This was said softly, as if she wanted to protect Lena from the blow her words would cause.

Lena stopped short in her stride. While Lex had been on her no means ‘short’ list of people who wanted to see her harmed, she hadn’t really considered the possibility that her brother was trying to kill her. Though it made sense, with the grandiose nature of both attacks and the inherent collateral damage both would have had if successful. She stared in disbelief for a moment, not really seeing Kara or anything else in front of her. She felt a familiar pain and panic start to well up in her chest, but she quickly pushed it down. Her eyes hardened as she focused again on Kara.

“How do you know that?” she demanded. She was asking more for a conformation than as an accusation, but the other woman seemed to take it as such. She flushed and nervously fixed her glasses, and looked down for a moment before raising her head again to answer Lena’s question.
“Oh, um, my sister works with the FBI. They found out and she told me, knowing that I had already meet you. She, um, she thought it might be better coming from me than an agent.” Kara rambled.

Lena could read people easily enough to know when they were lying, and so her mind quickly filled in the most likely scenario. The FBI agents handling this case had found out that Lex was behind these assassination attempts and hadn’t cared about telling her. But Kara had cared. She was still for a moment longer, almost staring at Kara, who was looking nervous under her intense gaze. Every evaluation she had made about the CatCo employee shifted dramatically. The real question was why did Kara, who had only met her once for a few minutes, care enough to warn her about Lex? She pulled back from her study of the other woman, which she could see caused relief, and looking away for a moment to take a deep breath to center herself. When she turned back to Kara, she once again appeared to be completely in control. She started walking again, a surprised Kara missing a few steps before rushing to catch up with her.

“Well, I can’t say that I am too surprised.” Lena admitted, an edge in her voice. Kara’s eyebrows rose as she looked at the CEO in shock and confusion. She couldn’t understand how Lena could be so blasé about finding out her brother wanted her dead.

“But he’s your brother. And after what you said about him welcoming you into your family…” Kara faltered. She didn’t know what else to say. The idea of someone you love, someone who loved you back, every hurting you was something she couldn’t comprehend. Lena let out a laugh that held more derision than humor.

“Lex is no longer that man. My brother went away a long time ago.”

Even without her super hearing, Kara easily picked up on the pain in Lena’s voice. That strain that relayed how someone you thought had hung the stars became so twisted and warped, changing even the good memories you had of them. It reminded Kara of how she had felt after finding out that her mother had used her to capture Astra; that pain as the image of someone you loved so much shattered around you. In the back of her mind, Kara found it strange how she kept on discovering these areas of common ground with a Luthor of all people.

“But why?” Kara questioned, not wanting to discomfort Lena any further but also desperately wanting to understand. “Why would he want you dead? Because your changing the company’s name?”

Lena was slightly taken aback. She wasn’t used to being asked ‘why’ when it came to her
brother, and much less to the complete lack of implication that she deserved what she as getting.

“While I’m sure that did irritate him, its not what prompted this. I’m sure Lex has been working on this for a long time know.” She didn’t even bother trying to mask her bitter tone.

Kara tilted her head to the side slightly and raised her eyebrow slightly in a question. Despite the seriousness of the circumstances, and the bleakness of the conversation, Lena couldn’t stop the small amused tilt of her lips at other woman’s actions.

“Why do you think that?” At Kara’s question, Lena’s amused smile changed to one that reflected sadness as well as a sudden rush of affection for the ‘not-reporter’.

“I testified against Lex during his trial.” Lena explained. “The moment I took the stand, I think a part of me knew that something like this was going to happen someday.”

Kara was silent, contemplating what Lena had told her. The CEO was hard for her to read, and she wondered how the other woman was feeling underneath her façade of control. After a few minutes of only hearing Lena’s heels strike the pavement, they were at the stage prepared for Lena’s press conference.

Lena quickly surveyed the crowd as they approached. She scoffed slightly, mostly at herself for expecting more people to show up.

“My brother is serving 32 consecutive life sentences. Guess I shouldn’t be surprised there isn’t a bigger turn out.” Thought the comment was said to Kara, it was more directed towards her own thoughts.

“You’re taking an awful risk.” Lena looked questioningly at Kara. “Going ahead with the renaming ceremony with your life in danger.”

Lena shook her head slightly as she scoffed to herself.

“I won’t have a life if I can’t make this company into something positive. All it will be remembered for is Lex’s madness.”
Kara watched as Lena walked away from her towards the stand. Despite the echoes of almost literally everyone she knew repeatedly saying that a Luthor could not be trusted, she found herself not only trusting Lena, but admiring her a little as well. She knew that when Astra had been threatening her life, she had been nowhere near as calm or collected as Lena was now.

Lena started her speech, and as interested as Kara was in hearing what the CEO had to say, she was more concerned with keeping her safe. She kept her eyes scanning the crowd as Alex’s voice came through the earpiece saying that there hadn’t been a sign of Corben yet. From the corner of her eye, she saw James walk into the crowd. She wondered what he was doing here, as she couldn’t see his camera.

Kara internally winced with guilt. They were dating, sort of; she was meant to be happy to see him, no matter where they were, and not feel… whatever it was she had started to feel around him. She didn’t get it; she had wanted to be with him for so long, but now that she could, she wasn’t so sure. What really killed her was she didn’t know why she was feeling this way.

Her thoughts were interrupted by duel explosions shaking the ground. Fire erupted into the sky, thankfully quite a-ways back from where Lena was standing. Kara was furious with herself; she had let herself get distracted by her own problems when she should have been solely in hero-mode. As such, she whirled around for a moment before taking her glasses off and taking off to change into her suit.

Lena stumbled through the panicked crowd. Everything around her was chaos, smoke and screaming people all she could see. She looked around to try and spot Kara, but couldn’t see the other woman. Hearing a louder explosion, she looked towards her building that was leaning a lot more than it was supposed to. She watched in horror as it started to fall, before first one caped figure, and then another, could be seen holding it up.

She staggered up a set of stairs, seeing a uniformed police officer coming towards her.

“Officer, thank God.” Lena sighed in relief. Her relief quickly turned to terror as he pointed his gun at her. For the second time in as many days, Lena was certain that she was going to die.

At the last second, a woman in a leather jacket grabbed the gunman’s arm, pulling it off-balance as he fired. The shots went wild, hitting cement rather than flesh. The unknown woman and gunman then began to fight, the gun thrown away.
The fear that had been racing through her suddenly changed to rage swelling through her soul. That fear of death had sparked something deep inside of her, an instinctive memory of that same feeling from long ago. The rage was emitted from that same place in her chest that was starting to become more and more familiar.

An explosion of bright light seemed to happen behind Lena’s eyes. She was mildly aware that she ducked down behind a cement barrier, but most of her attention was focused inward as she closed her eyes against a sudden onslaught of images. Scenes began to play erratically behind her eyes, everything but herself in these visions indistinct and hazy. She grabbed onto the sides of her head, what she was seeing and feeling speeding along so fast it hurt.

She saw herself, chained to a wall while yelling at an older man whose glare filled her with rage and disgust. Then she was standing in the woods, a sword in her hand as she stared down a group of men who she didn’t even want to guess what they wanted with her. She saw herself, feeling nothing but rage and hate, as she drove a knife into a man’s chest. Then she was waking up in a bed, screaming as a burning in her eyes turned into her room being engulfed in flames. She held the body of a woman, stone walls coming down around her as she screamed. She thrust out her hand, unheard words on her lips as her eyes burned, people around her thrown back as if by a powerful wind, their necks breaking as they hit the ground.

As suddenly as the visions started, they stopped. Their abrupt end left Lena feeling disorientated and confused. A cloud of emotions flowed through her system, leaving her stunned for a moment. As she blinked, she was able to re-orient herself to the situation around her. People were still screaming and running, smoke and fire visible everywhere. In front of her lay a gun, and it took her a moment to remember the woman fighting the gunman. Lena grabbed the gun as she stood, looking back towards the fighting pair.

However, they were no longer fighting. The gunman had the woman pulled close to him, a gun pointed at her head. Supergirl stood in front of them.

“Let her go!” Supergirl ordered.

“You’re going to let me out of here.” The gunman responded, not wavering an inch in front of the Girl of Steel.

“Lex Luthor hired you to kill his sister, didn’t he?”

“Luthor still has resources in reach, even rotting in maximum security lockdown.”
The confusing swirl of emotions still swimming around in Lena suddenly shifted to one; fury. It was one thing to be told Lex was behind the attacks, another to hear it directly from the person who had tried to kill her. She felt fury at her brother, at the madman he had become. She felt fury as this man, who had endangered countless peoples lives and now had one more in his cross hairs because she had helped Lena stay alive.

“Now I’m leaving.” She heard the man say, and she watched as he shifted his captive to his side.

“And there’s nothing you can do…” he started to say to Supergirl, but Lena had already taken her chance. As soon as the woman was moved, she aimed the gun in her hands and shot him twice in the chest. She thought briefly of her mother’s disdain when Lena had started going to the shooting range with her dad, convinced that was something her daughter didn’t need to learn.

Well look at me now, mom. She thought, looking up to see Supergirl staring at her in something like shock. The woman was kneeling over the gunman, her statements directed towards the hero lost as the reality of the situation finally seemed to hit Lena.

As if bombs and shooting another living person weren’t traumatic enough of a situation, the whole ‘vision’ thing had happened. And been very, very real. Whatever she had thought before about her dreams, this made them into something completely different; something she didn’t understand, but knew somehow wasn’t going to stop.

**

Lena was once again entertaining Clark Kent and Kara Danvers in her office. The duo had arrived to personally drop of a copy of the Daily Planet where Kent’s front-page article about yesterday events. She had greeted both people with much more enthusiasm this time, telling Kara she was glad to see that she was alright, making the other woman blush slightly. Lena enjoyed just how easily she could do that. She leaned back against her desk to read the article, a little apprehensive about what the reporter would say about her and her company. Despite being front page, it didn’t take Lena long to read the article in its entirety.

“Thank you, Mr. Kent. This is exactly the kind of press my company needs after yesterdays attack. And thank you for including that part about me shooting the guy.” She turned her attention to Kara, smirking slightly, not being able to resist showing off just a little in front of her. “That will teach Lex to mess with me. He’ll be the laughing stock of Cell Block X.”
“Well that’s not exactly why I wrote, I wrote it because it’s the truth.” Clark said, laughing slightly. “I was wrong about you, Ms. Luthor. I’m sorry.”

Lena held her arms across her chest, hugging herself slightly as she smiled kindly at the reporter.

“Well if I can make a believer of Clark Kent.” Lena said softly, pleased that she had been able to change at least one person’s opinion about her. She turned her attention to Kara, who was currently looking down while gently smiling. Lena found it very endearing.

“And what about you, Ms. Danvers?” At her question, Kara looked at her, a question clear on her face. “I didn’t see your name on the byline.”

“Well like I said, I’m not a reporter.” She said after stumbling for a moment.

“You could have fooled me.” Lena replied, smiling warmly at her. Kara stared at her almost in semi-surprise. The look on her face, her cheeks slightly flushed, a small smile and eyes sparkling was a look that Lena quite enjoyed. A part of her would like to think that she was the cause of the look, Lena thought she recognized the look of someone realizing something about themselves.

Lena turned and walked back to sit at her desk. She had to look away from Kara looking at her like that. Even if it wasn’t really directed towards her, if she didn’t look away now, Lena thought she just might never look away.

“I hope this isn’t the last time we talk.” Lena said, thinking that she’d really like Kara Danvers in her life, in any capacity.

“I hope not either.” Kara said, her voice soft, making Lena smile back at her again. She thought that maybe that being around Kara had been the most she had genuinely smiled in more than a year.

As the two left, Lena slide the paper closer to her. Now that the distraction of the reporters was gone, she let herself think about yesterdays events, though if she was being honest she hadn’t really stopped thinking about it. While she was still rattled over what had happened, she found it more surprising that’s all she was feeling; rattled. She knew that she should be freaking out, wondering if she had suffered some kind of mental breakdown, but instead all she felt was just slightly-more than worried.
Yesterdays visions had been different then her dreams; while both left her feeling a range of emotions and worries, this time she had been able to remember everything that she had seen. Because of that, and for other reasons she couldn’t put words to, it had left her feeling like these things she had been seeing weren’t some insane creations of her subconscious. They were memories.

Chapter End Notes

So, this chapter ended up being really long, but I didn't feel right breaking it down any further. Hope you all enjoy it! And FYI, any spells or anything that I am going to be using are in Old English, translated at this site https://lingojam.com/OldEnglishTranslator
I'll make sure to include the translation of what the spells mean for anyone who is interested.

Bīdanmǣst ædm – stay in the air.

Thanks for reading!
So very sorry for the long wait on the update, but sickness and life decided to have some fun with me. Its a pretty long chapter, so I hope that starts to make up for it. Gonna start playing a little fast and lose with cannon now, changing some stuff from the show to fit better into my story.

Lena sat at the table, in a dining room bigger than her old room at the foster house, which she had shared with three other girls with two sets of bunk beds. Her legs dangled off of the chair, not even close to touching the marble flooring. She wanted to swing her legs, or fidget it some way, but she was terrified that she’d end up scuffing the expensive wood and would be scolded. She was currently alone in the room, but she knew that Lilian Luthor (‘Mother’ she corrected her thoughts) would be coming in soon. So, she sat perfectly still, unsure what she was supposed to do.

Back at the foster house, it would have been fine is she had gotten breakfast herself, even if she made a mess. When she had gone to do the same in the Luthor household, Lil… Mother had scolded her. “Lena! If you want to be a Luthor you must always act like one! And Luthor’s have people to do these things for us, especially since all you would do is end up making a mess.”

The reprimand had made tears well up in Lena’s eyes, but she fought to keep them from spilling when she saw the look on Mothers face. She had been with the Luthor’s for just over two weeks, and she once again found herself desperately missing her foster house. Just when Lena started to lose the battle against her tears, her hero came into the room.

Lex was five years older than Lena, but from the moment she had been brought to the Luthor mansion he had done all he could to basically glue himself to the younger girl. He looked between Lena and his mother, and quickly walked over to his sister.

“Hey Kiddo! Come sit beside me, I’ve got something cool to show you.” Lena’s watery smile made him light up, and he got busy making her feel better.

It had been a month since that incident, and Lena had started to get settled in a pattern. She would wake up and get dressed (always in much nicer and uncomfortable things that she would have wanted) and head downstairs where she would sit quietly at the table and wait for Lex. She could hear the staff bustling in the kitchen, working hard at making breakfast. Sometimes, if she got up early enough, she would help set up the cutlery on the table, not used to not doing anything to help.
At first the kitchen staff had tried to stop her, but now they just smiled kindly at her and let her help them, which always made Lena feel good.

Lena lit up as she heard soft footsteps heading towards the dining room. One of the first things she had done after moving into the mansion was to memorize the sound of her new family’s footsteps. Lex’s steps were soft and slightly shuffled. Lionel’s were seldom heard, but were heavy and each footfall was placed with purpose. Lilian’s footsteps were always sharp, tall heels snapping on hard wood or cold stone.

Lena beamed at her brother as he came into the room, sleepy rubbing at his face, causing his blond hair to stick up. He was already dressed in his school uniform, his tie loose around his neck. He smiled back at Lena and plopped into the chair beside her. For a few minutes, it would just be the two of them.

“I had a dream again!” Lena told Lex excitedly, forgetting herself somewhat and bouncing slightly in her chair. Lex grinned at her, his missing tooth making it look more impish than normal.

“Was the dragon in this one?” he asked. Lena shook her head emphatically.

For as long as she could remember, she had dreams that seemed different than anyone else’s. When she compared her dreams to other people’s, hers always seemed much clearer and real than what anyone else described. And she knew that the person in her dream was her, even if her dream-self was little like her or a fully grown woman.

“I was fighting bad guys! They were attacking the dark-haired boy’s home, and I snuck off with all my friends and we fought them off! We had swords and armour, and horses and magic! We won because of the magic, but the blond boy was upset because of it. I was upset with him, because the person who used magic died in fight, and he had been the dark-haired boy’s friend, and the blond boy was being a dollop-head!”

Lex was laughing slightly as his sister rambled on about her dream, barely stopping to breath in her rush to get things out. He loved hearing about his little sister’s dreams. They were always so imaginative and exiting. The fact that talking about her dreams, and him teaching her what he learned at school, were some of the only times when he saw Lena excited made it easy for him to let her ramble about her crazy dreams.

“And we’re fighting, and fighting, and I was better with a sword than the blond boy and he didn’t like that! And the dark-haired boy’s mom was so nice, and she made us food, and me and my girl-friend both decided to help the dark-haired boy before the blond boy did! And we…”
“Oh, not those silly dreams again.” Lilian’s voice cut off the little girls rambling as she and Lionel entered. Lena closed her mouth with a snap, the joy at sharing her dream vanishing. Lionel immediately sat at his spot, opening the paper. Lilian walked over to Lex, giving him a one-armed hug and kiss on the head. She walked past Lena.

“You need to stop talking about these delusions of yours, dear. Luthor’s do not give into such flights of fancy.”

Lena seemed to become smaller in her chair. Lex glanced at her, and then at his mom.

“They’re just dreams, mom. It’s fun to hear them!” He said, trying to defend his sister.

“These are not dreams. They have far too much detail and descriptions to be projections of the unconscious mind.” When she said things like this, Lena was always reminded that Lilian was a doctor. She didn’t like doctors; they never seemed to smile. “That means that she is making them up, and just claiming that they are dreams. That makes them lies.” The last statement was paired with an icy, pointed stare at Lena. She wanted to argue, to say that she wasn’t a liar, but she couldn’t argue with Mother.

“Children make things up, dear.” Lionel said from behind his paper. “There is no harm in little flights of fantasy every now and then. It shows that she has imagination; a dreamer. And it’s the dreamers who always end up changing the world.”

As he finished talking, Lionel dropped the corner of his paper slightly and winked at Lena, making her smile. Lilian frowned.

“Well I don’t like these ‘flights of fantasy’. They are often more violent and graphic than any four-year-old should be able to imagine, and may be indicative of some problem with her. I think that that if they continue, it would be best if Lena were to see a doctor about the problem.”

There was silence for a moment, no one speaking. Lena looked around the table, fear creeping into her chest. She had gone to see doctors when she had been in the foster home, and every time she did, she came back to the other children (and even some of the adults) acting like there was something wrong with her. Something that made them look at her like she was broken, strange and being around her would make them strange too.
The silence was broken when Lionel sighed slightly and readjusted his paper.

“As always, I will leave the children’s health in your hands, Lilian. You are, after all, the medical expert.”

Lex must have seen some of the terror in Lena’s eyes, because he reached under the table and squeezed her hand. She squeezed back. If she had to go see a doctor, that would mean that she was broken. And if she was broken, the Luthor’s might get rid of her.

After that, Lena never talked about her dreams again. And more than that, she tried to pretend that they didn’t happen. She tried her best to forget about what she saw whenever she slept. Even when the dreams began to change into nightmares that would make her wake up in the middle of night screaming or crying, Lena never talked about them. Soon, the dreams and nightmares lost their clarity and became fuzzy in her memory. Over time, she stopped having the dreams at all, and she soon forgot that she ever had.

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“Alright, listen up!” Snapper Carr shouted as he walked into the editorial offices, James following behind him. Everyone, Kara included, jumped slightly and snapped to attention.

“Today the President herself is coming into National City to sign her Alien Amnesty Act.” At his words, Kara couldn’t stop the grin from appearing on her face.

“It’s going to be a historic day, everyone.” James said, not actually cutting Snapper off but the older man looked at him like he had. “I truly believe that we will stand in front of our kids some day,” he glanced slightly at Kara, “and tell them where we were when the President stood up for all indvual rights, regardless of birth planet.”

As he finished his statement, James kept his focus on Kara, returning the smile she gave him. She couldn’t help but be excited for the Alien Amnesty Act, but it still was a little weird being around James right now.

She had felt, and still did feel horrible, about how she had handled things with him. She had spent months pining after him, and being jealous of him and Lucy, and when given the opportunity to actually be with him, she had said they were better as friends. Kara still didn’t fully understand why she had had the sudden change, and she had been thinking about it quite a lot.
She knew that her breaking up with him (could it be called a breakup when they technically had never even gone on a single full date) had hurt him, but he was doing his best to just be her friend. And while she would never begrudge his appointment to acting CEO of CatCo, and she honestly thought Cat couldn’t have picked a better replacement, it made it hard to give each other space to deal with things when he was literally her boss.

“This Act is going to be a big deal, with everyone and everything having some kind of opinion on the Presidents actions. It’s our job to get a full account of what everyone is thinking about it.”

Snapper spoke up again, taking the direction of the meeting away from James.

“Right, but our priority is to get an exclusive with the President.” James interjected, trying to politely take back control of his meeting. “Everything else is just icing. So, we’ll…”

“I’d say everything else is bread and butter.” Snapper said, clearly interrupting James this time. James’s jaw clenched, and rolled his shoulders slightly, but that was the only outward sign of his irritation.

“We need to get perspective on this. Scott, work on how will it affect the labour market and wages; how does the American worker feel about competing for job with aliens.” He said, starting to delve out assignments, completing ignoring James as he tried to interject. “Anderson, talk to the CDC about potential bacteria and disease aliens are bringing from their worlds and the medicine and vaccines against them.”

As he listed off other assignments, Kara couldn’t help but think that Snapper was already aiming towards a much more negative narrative then she would like. All his ideas seemed to be geared towards seeing the aliens as interlopers, and how the Amnesty Act would create problems for humans.

“And as for the POTUS interview…” Snapper started to say, but James successfully cut him off this time.

“Danvers is on that.”

James’s statement made Kara’s head shoot up, looking at him in surprise. He hadn’t said anything to her about being the one to interview the President.
“Danvers is a rookie. We need someone hard hitting.” Snapper said, dismissing James.

“Believe me, she’s hard hitting.” James’s voice had an edge to it. Kara thought it was likely that he was going to argue his point with Carr, partially to take back some control and partially as a favour to her. But, Kara agreed with Snapper. While it did make some sense for her to interview the President, seeing as Supergirl was already meeting with her, Kara was nervous enough as it was to be meeting her and representing the DEO. She didn’t think that she could do an interview, her first interview, and do the subject and occasion justice.

“It’s ok, James.” She said quickly enough to stop any argument between the two men. “I agree with Snapper, the Amnesty Act is historic, like you said, and it needs someone with experience to be able portray that.”

James and Snapper both had a similar expression on their faces, though James was more hurt and Snapper looked surprised to hear any kind of sense coming out of Kara’s mouth. She shrugged apologetically at James; he needed to deal with Carr’s lack of respect, but she wasn’t going to let him put her in the middle of it. They were both her bosses, and she couldn’t let James show favoritism towards her, that would just hurt her chances at ever being taken seriously as a reporter. Cat giving her this job had already led Snapper to view her negatively, she didn’t need more special treatment to make it worse.

“A good piece to get would be Lena Luthor’s opinion on the president’s Act, considering her brothers infamous point of view on aliens. We’ve put in a request for an interview, but she is notorious about not giving interviews about her, or her brothers opinions, so I doubt we’ll get anywhere with that.”

There was hesitant knock on the glass door. Every eye in the room turned to the entrance, where Eve Teschmacher, Kara’s replacement as executive assistant, stood.

“Sorry to interrupt, Mr. Olsen.” James waved her concerns away, silently urging her to continue. “An assistant at L-Corp just called, and she said that Ms. Luthor is willing to give an interview, but only with Kara… Ms. Danvers.”

The simple statement was met by a silent room. Kara was just as surprised as everyone else that Lena
would only agree to see her, but at the same time she couldn’t help but smile a little at the prospect of talking with the CEO again. Snapper turned to her, eyebrow raised in a silent question.

“Oh, um.” Kara stammered, hoping that Carr would consider Lena a good source rather than another favour for her. “We’ve met before; I was with Clark Kent when he interviewed her about the attacks on her life.”

Snapper continued to glare her down for a pause, his face settling into his normal glower. For a moment, Kara was worried that he was going to deny her interview.

“Fine.” He growled out. “Try and use that connection to get a good quote out of the Ice Queen. The desk needs all you’re copies by noon, and if you want to keep your credentials, it better be clean.”

Kara nodded, perhaps a little to energetically, causing Snapper to roll his eyes. As he and the rest of the reporting staff filed out of the room, Kara shot over to James, smiling widely. She got her first interview! Her smile dimmed slightly when James didn’t return it.

“I’m sorry about that, but I…” she started to say.

“No, its ok. I get it.” James cut off her apology. “This thing with Snapper, I need to deal with myself. Just…” he paused.

Kara didn’t say anything, just looked at him expectantly, waiting for him to finish his thought.

“I know you and Clark already met with Lena, but she’s still a Luthor.” He said after a moment, his voice low enough that no-one would be able to overhear. “Whatever she says, whatever her views, try to not let her get to you, ok?”

Kara smiled at James’s concern, but privately thought it was unfounded. Lena was brilliant, compassionate and wanted to do good in the world; there was no way that she could share Lex’s anti-alien sentiments.

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To say that Lena Luthor’s life had changed dramatically in the last few weeks would be a world-class understatement. In a very short time, not only had she uprooted her entire life and company to a new city, re-named that company to try and get away from the Luthor madness, she had been nearly assassinated on Lex’s orders, had met and been saved by Supergirl (with Superman’s help), and realized that her strange dreams were memories of, what she assumed to be, a past life. Needless to say, she was juggling a lot of change right now.

Despite all the things currently on her plate, Lena couldn’t help but feel content, and maybe just a little excited. While re-branding the company hadn’t create a monumental difference, it was the small victories, such as a slight rise in stocks and a new potential business partners, that proved that she was on the right track. Given enough time, Lena fully believed that L-Corp, and herself, would be able to completely step out of Lex’s shadow and hate.

And then there was the whole thing with the memories. Lena had never really gotten into metaphysics, preferring more tactical sciences. As such, she was working on basic knowledge about past lives and memory recovery, supplemented by some quick internet research when she had some free time (which wasn’t a lot). Most of what she was able to find on the web wasn’t all that helpful either, but it was all she had right now.

Aside from the pieces of memory she had experienced during the attack on the re-naming ceremony, Lena hadn’t had anymore clear memories or visions. There had only been a few dreams that she could remember any detail from, which she quickly wrote down when she woke up. But there was nothing definitive in her memories that were giving her any clues to this past life. The only thing she felt confident in was that this version of herself was in the medieval period. But still, she felt excited because she was certain that these were memories (not evidence of a mental break down – she had thought that briefly) and as such, she was eager to learn more.

But she was trying not to obsess to much over this intriguing mystery right now. Today, she had an interview with Kara Danvers. When she had been contacted about the possibility of an interview, Lena had almost turned them down immediately, as was her habit. But she had hesitated, and then asked about Ms. Danvers. She had been pleased to learn that the other woman was officially the newest reporter for CatCo magazine, and had agreed to the interview, as long as Kara was the one doing the reporting.

Lena had considered her reasoning for agreeing to the interview; she knew it was partially her desire to speak with the other woman again, but there was more to it than that. She had felt a connection with Kara, and had gotten the impression that she had been able to see past the Luthor name to the woman behind it. Lena just hoped that her instincts were correct, and letting the rookie reporter write an article about her wouldn’t blow up in her face. Well, at least she had something to focus the interview on besides her personal opinions.

There was a knock on her door, and Jess opened the door, half stepping into the room.
“Ms. Danvers, from CatCo Magazine is here, Ms. Luthor.” She announced, waiting for the go-ahead from her boss before showing the reporter in.

“Ms. Luthor.” Kara greeted, Lena standing from her chair as she entered.

“Lena, please.” She said, reaching over her desk to shake the other woman’s hand. “It’s good to see you again, Ms. Danvers.”

“Well, if I’m calling you Lena…” she said, slightly smiling.

“Kara it is.” she replied with her own matching grin. “Um, if you have a parking ticket, I can have it validated.” She said as she sat down, gesturing for Kara to do the same.

“Oh no, no, that’s fine. I flew here.” Kara dismissed, then blanched slightly. “On a, on a bus.” She added just a second to late, looking flustered.

Lena’s eyebrows knitted together in confusion before dismissing the odd statement. Different people had different, if sometimes weird, phrases and expressions.

“Well, I’m glad to see that your giving reporting a shot. Although, if you’re here on the same day that the President is in town to sign her Alien Amnesty Act, then…”

“I must be here to ask the sister of earth’s most notorious alien hater her take on the president’s executive order.” Kara finished.

Lena kept her smile, but it was little more forced now. She knew perfectly well why she was being interviewed, but she didn’t like to talk about herself or her opinions to the press; she never had. And with an issue like this, she knew that whatever ‘side’ she picked, there would be repercussions for L-Corp. Better to use this opportunity for some press on a new device, rather than focusing on her.

“I want to show you something.” Lena got up from her desk and moved to a small safe on the shelf, Kara following her. She placed her thumb on the lock, quickly grabbing the small device from inside before turning to show it to Kara, who was looking at her with a mix of amused confusion and expectancy.
“What is it?” she asked, still smiling brightly.

“It’s an alien detection device that allows humans to find out who among them is not truly one of them.” Lena started to explain, to caught up in sharing the technology to notice Kara stopped smiling.

“It’s not market ready yet.” She continued, moving back to her desk and sitting on the edge. “I mean, we’re still developing the prototype, but we aim to have this device in every store, in every town, all across America.”

“How does it work?” Kara asked, an odd tone in her voice that Lena only barely picked up on. She got like this over new tech; all excited and overly focused, and she often forgot that other people didn’t get as excited as her.

“It’s just a simple skin test.” She said, finally picking up on the fact that Kara was no longer smiling or acting sunny. In fact, she seemed almost nervous. “Here, let me show you what a negative response looks like.”

She placed her thumb against the test screen, holding it down for several seconds before it beeped and the light turned green. She reset it and held it out towards Kara.

“Now you try.” She said, wanting to show that it wasn’t invasive or painful at all, thinking maybe that was what was making the reporter nervous. Kara hesitated.

“But a device like this, doesn’t it go against everything America is supposed to stand for?”

Ok, so she wasn’t worried about the test. Lena placed the device on her desk, dropping it off along with her mood.

“Such as?” she asked coolly, crossing her arms across her chest, instinctively going on the defensive.

“Well, freedom.” Kara said, laughing nervously. “Against persecution, against oppression. America has always been a country full of immigrants.”
With every word that Kara said, Lena could feel her initial good humor and excitement continue to drop while her defensiveness rose. She had never taken criticism well, especially when she was so sure of her own opinion. The fact that she had personally worked on developing the device probably didn’t help.

“It’s also always been a country of humans.” She shot back, her tone incredulous. She wasn’t used to reporters actually showing their own personal views during interviews, and was finding it surprising that Kara was coming at this so strong.

“Don’t you think that this device will force aliens back into the very shadows the President is trying to shine a light one?”

“If aliens want to be citizens, that’s now their right. But if humans want to know which of their fellow citizens aren’t actually one of them, that’s their right too.” Judging from the look on Kara’s face, Lena knew that she wasn’t going to get anywhere with this. And maybe she wasn’t explaining her motives behind the device very well, but based on how Kara was looking at her know, the other woman had already made up her mind about the device (and maybe about Lena as well).

“I’m a business woman, and L-Corp is in the business of making money.” She definitely was on the defensive now. She didn’t usually let herself get this worked up in front of reporters (learned after years of experience), but she had been expecting this meeting to go much differently, and was acting as such.

“This device is going to make us a fortune, but unlike my brother, I’m going to do it for the good of the world.” Lena walked back to her chair, taking a moment facing away from Kara to regain her composure. She knew the device had its problems, but it was something that could do good. Especially in this form, rather than in Lex’s original designs for the device.

She cleared her throat, turning back to Kara now that she was in control of her emotions again. The look on the other woman’s face was quite familiar to Lena, and she knew then that whatever Kara wrote in her article would not be kind to Lena or her company. And it was also most likely that she and Kara would never speak again.

“So.” She said, biting her lip slightly as she took the device and held it out to Kara again, determined to wrap the interview up. And if the reporter was a thrown a bit by the change from accusatory to flirty, then who was Lena to complain?

“Right!” Kara said, her voice losing the edge she had, and returning to nervousness. “Here it
She hesitated for a moment before placing her thumb on the scanner. It was slight, but the halted movement and her nervousness made an idea pop into Lena’s brain. Maybe Kara had good reason to dislike the device, and to be nervous about using it; maybe Kara was an alien. But the thought came too slowly to do anything but wait for the light to change. After a couple of seconds, where it seemed that both women were holding their breath, the light turned green.

“See?” Lena said, dismissing the thought from her head as paranoia. “Works perfectly, nothing to it.”

Kara nodded, giving a strained smile before it fell. Lena placed the device to the side, and looked up at the reporter coolly.

“Was there anything else?” she asked, clearly indicating that the interview was over, regardless of whether Kara had further questions.

“Yeah, I think that this is enough.” Kara said, smile tight as she gathered up her things. “Thank you for your time, Lena. Good day.”

“Good day, Kara.” Lena replied. She couldn’t help but feel disappointment pass through her as the reporter left the room.

**

It had been hours since the interview, but Lena still found herself upset and dwelling on it. After Kara had left she had been angry and disappointed, but after a few hours and some introspection, those feelings began to be directed towards herself rather than the reporter. It was late into the night, but she was still at the office, though most of her employees had gone home.

Lena knew that she could be protective of her company, and especially protective of the projects that she herself had worked on. She knew that it was that protectiveness, and Kara’s accusations that she was fueling anti-alien sentiments, that had made Lena react badly to what she was saying. But she got Kara’s point of view, she really did. The reporter had valid points, but Lena had failed to express her own views; instead, she had made it sound like she didn’t like or trust any alien, and at the end of the day all she cared about was the money L-Corp could make.
She sighed to herself, kicking her heels off before pouring herself a drink and moving to her couch. She had really screwed things up, and nursing the tumbler of whiskey was a soothing habit.

When she had been going through Lex’s personal projects, the ones she had locked away, she had found plans for an alien detection device. His prototype had been designed for a much larger scale, and would have required a lot less than a skin test to determine someone’s planet of origin. Lena had been horrified at the tech, but had instantly seen how it could be changed and developed into something that she thought was good. And she still thought it could be something good, just not in the way that she had implied to Kara.

Lena closed her eyes and laid her head against the back of the couch. She had let her pride and own perspective blind her to seeing things from Kara’s point of view, and she had to admit that the other woman had valid concerns. For that brief second when she thought Kara had been hesitant to use the device because she was an alien, Lena had panicked. Up until that moment, outing hidden aliens had been completely theoretical. But in that moment, she had been afraid that she had just forced Kara to come out. Changes would need to be made to the device.

But it wasn’t just her detection device that was making Lena upset. She had been genuinely excited to talk to Kara again, and she had probably just ruined any chance of being friends with the reporter. Their views were so different, and Kara had been so passionately pro-alien, Lena was sure that the article coming out tomorrow would paint her in the same light as her alien-hating brother. Not only would that be a huge blow to L-Corp, but she doubted that Kara would ever want to speak to her again. Lena had never been around someone that… unapologetically warm and bright before, and she already missed what could have been.

A blinding flash of pain lanced through Lena’s head. She screamed, dropping her glass as she reached to hold her head. The glass seemed to fall slowly, the amber liquid swirling inside of it, but not spilling. The pain in her head increased, forcing her eyes closed but she heard the glass hit the floor. Light seemed to open up behind her closed eyes, and she saw herself. Or rather, her other, or past-self.

Her past-self was sitting on a wooden chair, more a throne than anything. A man stood to the side of her, but she didn’t care that much about him. Her focus was on a group of people who had just stormed through the doors, the figures indistinct and hazy in her memory. But the leader was a blond man, one that Lena recognized from her first dream.

“Welcome, dear brother. It’s been far too long.” Her voice was mocking and hateful. The part of her mind that was still Lena, still watching this rationally, was surprised. This was the first time she had actually heard anything that was being spoken.

“I apologize if you had a difficult reception.” She said, standing from the throne and
sauntering closer to the group. “It’s hard to know who to trust these days.” The last statement was laced with a deadly edge, and seemed to be focused on someone else. Of anyone in the group, this last figure was the hardest to see; Lena could find no detail about them at all.

The blond man paced closer to her, his sword held up uselessly in his hand before he sheathed it. He stopped a few steps away from her. This close, Lena could almost see the detail of his face, and she could tell that he wasn’t angry or afraid. He was sad, and looked at her with pity. Her dream-self saw that pity, and disgust and hatred welled in her chest.

“What happened to you?” he asked, heartbreak clear in his tone. “I thought we were friends.”

Out of anything the man could have said, this was the last thing she had expected. The question, as well as his sadness, took her by surprise. For a moment, her expression reflected his.

“As did I.” Looking at him, she couldn’t keep the vulnerability from her voice or face. Something inside of her tried to push its way up, but her past-self fought against it. She smothered the feeling of care she had for this man down with anger, hatred and fear. Lena got the impression that the response was something that her past-self wasn’t even fully aware that she was doing, almost as if she had been subconsciously trained that way.

“Alas, we both were wrong.” She said, none of the concern or feeling in her voice any longer.

“You can’t blame me for my father’s sins.” The man said, almost pleading. Lena could tell he wanted the woman he had once known back, not this monster that stood in her place.

“It’s a little late for that.” She sneered. “You’ve made it perfectly clear how you feel about me and my kind.”

The man said something (something Lena couldn’t hear) that made her dream-self’s blood boil. Rage exploded through her and her hatred for the man in front of her, for everyone, increased tenfold.

“I am going to enjoy killing you.” She growled, already taking a perverse pleasure in the idea of this man bleeding and screaming in front of her.
Lena pulled herself from the memory with a cry. She gripped the white leather of the couch hard enough that her fingers ached. The pain was starting to fade from her mind but what she had seen remained. More disturbingly, so did the feelings.

She could still feel the rage and hatred of her past-self, but unlike before when it had led to her shooting Corbin, these felt slightly more separate from her current feelings. They were still strong, almost overwhelmingly so, but they were just the memory of those feelings. What Lena herself was feeling was fear.

The anger her past-self had felt was so strong, so powerful that it overwhelmed anything else she had ever felt. Lena could feel the remnants of that hate coursing through her, and it scared her because she had never felt anything like it before. This person she had been, they had been consumed by their anger and hatred, and she had wanted to do *(and had done)* unspeakable acts of horror that were still bouncing around Lena’s mind.

Lena sat of the couch, staring off into space for several more minutes. She slowly got her breathing under control, but her mind was still racing. Nothing she had dreamed or seen before had been anything like this; had never stayed with her like this.

But the man in her memory, the one she had talked to, Lena knew that she had dreamed him before. He had been the one she felt a brotherly connection to, the one that her past self had cared for deeply and been scared for. And then that had changed, and she had wanted him, and everything he cared about, destroyed.

The only question going that Lena could focus on was what had happened to make her past life change that much?

**

Kara had had a truly crappy day. She walked out of the DEO holding cell, choosing to ignore everyone in favour of finding a space where she could think by herself for just one minute. Doing a quick scan of the building with her x-ray vision, she quickly found an empty room on a mostly empty level. She changed back into her street clothes; tonight the El coat of arms felt particularly heavy on her chest.

When she and J’ohn had investigated the crashed pod, Kara had been so exited, and so hopeful. There was another Kryptonian, someone like her *(Kal was great, but despite his physiology*
and powers, he was more Earthling than Kryptonian). This was a chance to have a piece of home, someone (who wasn’t a criminal) who remembered what she remembered, and to help her carry the memory of Krypton.

That hope and excitement had dulled when the comatose man had woken up and then promptly attacked the president. It had vanished completely, replaced with an ache and pit in her stomach, when she found out he wasn’t Kryptonian at all, but a Daxamite.

“Out of anybody it could have been, it had to be a freaking Daxamite?” she muttered to herself. Knowing what she did about the hoodlums that inhabited Daxam, it didn’t really surprise her that the first thing he had done was try to kill the president.

“But why?” a little voice inside her head said. She silenced it. It didn’t matter what his motives were, it didn’t change the fact of what he had done.

Strangely enough, Kara’s thoughts turned to Lena, and the alien-detection device that she had been shown. She had been so quick to dismiss Lena, to be so disappointed that Lena was just another self-serving, fear-mongering, anti-alien instigator. But now, with the arrival of this Daxamite….

There were aliens out there who looked and acted exactly like humans. Aliens who wanted to do nothing more than cause havoc and destruction. A device that could warn people away from those aliens, that could potentially save them… maybe that wasn’t so bad. Kara fetched her laptop. Maybe she could write an impartial article about this after all.

**

It was late afternoon the next day, with Lena once again sitting on her couch, that the doors to her office opened and Kara Danvers walked into her office once again.

It had taken awhile the night before to calm down after her… vision, memory flash (she needed to thin about what she wanted to call it). Her sleep had been restless, and she had tossed and turned more than actually sleeping. The nerves and pit in her stomach hadn’t been helped when she arrived at the office to see the newest issue of CatCo magazine, with Kara’s article, waiting for her on her desk.

She put off reading the article for most of the morning; she had even moved it to her coffee
table after she had found herself glancing at it for the 50th time. But she had finally given in and read it around noon, figuring that it was going to be a distraction either way.

What she had read surprised her. It wasn’t an all-out attack against her and L-Corp like she expected, but it wasn’t a glowing recommendation either. It was a fair, impartial, article that left the moral implications to the reader. It had been such a difference from what she was expecting that it had distracted Lena from her troubled brooding over what happened last night. She was surprised enough to call CatCo, where she was given Kara’s number, and then had called the reporter, asking her to come see her, hoping the other woman could give her an explanation. Which led to said reporter being in her office again.

“Hi.” She greeted brightly, hands in the pockets of her dress as she walked in. “I’m sorry to drop in unannounced, but I just got the message that you wanted to see me. Those flowers are beautiful.” She said, barely a pause between her statements, making Lena smile.

“There called plumerias. Their pretty rare.” She said, genuinely smiling and not able to stop. She had thought that Kara would be reserved, perhaps even hostile, in this impromptu meeting, but she was being the same warm and bright person as before. It made Lena hope.

“They remind me of my mother.” Kara said gently.

“Was your mother a writer too?” Lena asked, holding up the magazine.

“No. She was, I guess, sort of a lawyer.”

“Well, you have a natural gift with words. Your article is amazing.” Lena complimented, making Kara smile and blush just slightly. “I knew that you’d make a great reporter, but after hearing your… bleeding heart pro-alien views, I was afraid you’d do a hatchet job on me.” She found herself stumbling a little over her words, and fidgeting with her hands. Lena hadn’t been this ineloquent and open in front of another person, besides Lex, in years. She wondered what it was about Kara Danvers that seemed to make her carefully crafted armour disappear.

“Oh, I tried.” Kara said, sitting on the couch beside Lena. “I tried. I wrote a scathing article about your device.”

“And…” Lena prodded
“And my boss tossed it. Made me re-do it.” Her tone of voice reflected the bright smile she still had.

“Oh, well that explains it.” Lena scoffed wryly.

“The funny thing is I’m glad he did. I mean, not at first, but…” Kara said, wanting to let Lena know that she was glad that her original work hadn’t been published. “Some things happened that made me re-think my position.”

*Well that’s not vague,* Lena thought while at the same time shifting position so she was facing towards Kara and resting her head on her propped-up arm.

“Do tell.” She said, perhaps a little bit flirtier than she had intended. She was rewarded with a Kara laughing a little and flushing slightly again, looking away.

“I still think that alien amnesty is a good thing. But there are bad aliens out there.” She said. Lena grinned widely.

“Well I’m glad you can see it from my point of view.” She considered explaining to Kara what she was hoping to achieve with the device, but decided that she didn’t want to bring it up again, worried that it would create another argument. To her surprise, she found herself instead talking about Lex.

“You know, when I was first adopted by the Luthor’s, I adored Lex. When he showed his true colours, I was crushed.” She briefly thought she shouldn’t be sharing this with anyone, let alone a reporter, but something about Kara made her feel safe. Made her feel like she could open-up, when she hadn’t done so with anyone since Lex was arrested. Maybe even for years before that too.

“I tried everything to reach him, to bring him back to the side of good, but it was no use. I’d lost him.” Lena wasn’t looking directly at Kara, finding it easier to say these things and feel the familiar pain and guilt without seeing the compassion on the reporters face. “Finally, I realized that some people are just bad, there’s nothing you can do to change that. But you can learn to protect yourself.”

“Yeah.” Kara said, bright smile in place. Lena was finding that she liked seeing that smile just as much as seeing Kara flustered.
As they continued to talk, Lena found herself distracted by a thought she couldn’t shake.

_Some people are just bad, and you can’t change it._ What did that mean for her, a Luthor and a woman who was remembering a past life where she had gone very, very bad?

Chapter End Notes

So, the beginning part is just to try and get a better insight into Lena, Lex and the entire Luthor family. I know that I didn’t really write Lena as a four-year-old, but I don’t think I have the skill to accurately portray the thoughts of a child. Also, that part is a flash-back. Adult Lena doesn’t remember it.

As for the bits I have about going to a psychiatrist, I in no way actually think that going to one makes someone strange, broken or anything else. I was just trying to do the perspective from a scared and lonely little girl. The parts where she thought she was being judged as being strange and broken comes just from the judgement of mean kids, and the sometimes-misguided/misplaced sympathy of adults.
Lena lay in her bed, eyes moving rapidly behind closed eyelids, her heart racing. Every few moments, she would shift or kick out, all signs pointing to a troubled night of sleep. But this time, it wasn’t nightmarish dreams of a past life that were haunting her sleep.

In her dreams, she saw a line of fire burning in the night. On one side of the flames stood Supergirl, familiar in all her red and blue glory. The firelight reflected in her eyes, adding to the anger that was already burning there as she stared straight ahead of her. Her expression sent a shiver down Lena’s spine, glad to know that the look wasn’t directed towards her.

A different woman stood on the other side of the flames, her back to an expensive car. She held a glass of champagne in her hand, a fur coat draped casually around her shoulders, and she looked at the hero with smug contempt, not at all bothered by Supergirl’s anger. Lena knew that she knew who the second woman was, but couldn’t place it at first. It was only after seeing the rearing snake head tattoo on her left shoulder that she remembered; Veronica Sinclair, or Roulette as she liked to be called.

“People don’t care what happens to aliens.” Roulette said, disdain dripping from her words. “But they do care about dogs.” She finished flippantly.

“You’re sick.” Supergirl said, looking ill herself even while her words rung strongly through Lena’s minds.

“And you’re naïve.” Roulette countered. “You’re not going to change their hearts, anymore than you’re going to change the hearts of the spoiled rich who pay good money to see blood spilt. You can shut down the matches, but only for a little while.”

The vision before her faded out, swirling darkness replacing Lena’s sight for a moment before solidifying again, but this time somewhere else. It looked like an empty industrial warehouse, lights focused on a large cage set in the center. Men and women dressed as if attending a gala loitered about, cheers for the blood-sport they were witnessing changing to screams of alarm and panic as cops in tactical gear rushed into the warehouse. Two woman led the attack, guns drawn and authority in their voices as they ordered everyone to freeze; one of the women was the mysterious agent who had saved her life from John Corbin.
Lena’s attention was drawn to a tall scaly alien in the ring, looming over a woman on the ground, spiky armour covering its shoulders and an axe in its hand. Lena knew that it wanted nothing more than to kill the woman before it, regardless of the chaos caused by the incoming police.

There was a rush of wind, and with a thud, Supergirl landed inside the ring. Wasting no time, she focused her laser vision on the alien’s axe, the blue beams making the weapon glow hot, forcing it to be dropped. This didn’t stop the alien, and as Supergirl got closer to it, it swung around, hitting her with enough force to send her flying into a wall.

Lena felt her breath catch as she found herself instinctively worried for the hero, but that caught breath became one of surprise. As Supergirl lifted her head back towards the alien, her vision focused on his right knee. Lena could see through the tissue to the alien’s bone, seeing what Supergirl could see with her x-ray vision as if Lena too had that ability. Supergirl and Lena could see the fracture in the alien’s knee, and when Supergirl attacked again, she came in low with a hard strike to the damaged joint. As the alien roared in pain, she dealt one more blow to it’s head, knocking it to the ground.

Supergirl looked up, her attention focused on something happening in a different room of the warehouse, but for a moment, it looked as if she were staring right at Lena.

Lena woke up with a gasp, sitting bolt upright. Her heart was still racing, and what she saw in her dreams still played in her mind. “Well, that was different.” She muttered to herself.

**

As was becoming a very distracting habit, the dream refused to leave Lena alone and forced her to spend far too much time (which would be better served working on her company) thinking about it.

This dream certainly wasn’t a memory, not with Supergirl and Roulette in it, but it also hadn’t really felt like a normal dream either. It was far to real for that (plus she was certain that the two women would have been doing something different if it were a normal manifestation of her subconscious), and it left Lena feeling as if there was something more to her vision.

It had taken some time, but Lena was eventually able to think up a logical explanation that she could get behind, even if it still felt like it wasn’t actually the truth. While she hadn’t seen Roulette since boarding school, the tattooed woman had made sure that she received regular invites
into her barbaric little fight-club since she started it. Her ex-something (girlfriend was too serious, and fling not enough) knew Lena well enough to know that she wouldn’t attend, but the constant invites were the kind of barb that was Roulette’s signature style.

Lena had never wanted to attend the fights, but she also hadn’t done anything to get them discovered or shut down, despite her desire to do so. Everything had just been to hectic to allow her time to think of a suitable plan that would end the matches, while at the same time protecting her from any backlash. She thought that it was this desire to do something that had made her dream of Supergirl shutting down the fights, which she realized was probably bugging her a lot more than she had realized.

Once that was all figured out and sorted in her head, Lena moved on from the dream, determined not to let it take up anymore of her thoughts for the rest of the day. It was early evening when it came intruding back into her mind, in the form of Kara barging through her office doors, a flustered Jess almost sprinting behind the reporter.

“I swear I just blinked, and she got right passed me.” Jess defended to her boss who had left strict instructions that she wasn’t to be bothered for the rest of the night.

“Lena, I’m sorry, this is my fault.” Kara apologized, stopping for a moment with Jess’s interrupted ‘She’s so fast’. “I just need to talk to you.”

Lena looked between the two women, thinking that the whole situation was rather amusing, though not letting that humor show on her face. She studied Kara for a moment, and decided that now was a good of time as any to try and take a step towards friendship with the reporter.

“Jess, can you make a note downstairs that Kara Danvers is to be showed in right away whenever possible?” she directed to her surprised assistant; Lena didn’t give anyone unfiltered access to her office. It was a mark of the other woman’s professionalism that her replied, ‘Yes Ms. Luthor’ held none of her own disbelief.

“Really?” Kara’s quite voice, on the other hand, clearly showed that she was taken back by the move. Lena just gave her a look, eyebrows raised slightly. Kara’s hands began to fidget slightly over her stomach and coat pockets as she watched Jess leave the office. “Thank you.”

“Now,” Lena said, sitting back in her chair. “How can I help?”
Kara was clearly nervous, and the way she folded her hands together and glanced at the doors told Lena that she wasn’t sure about how to say what she wanted to. The simple movement and hesitancy increased her curiosity about what the reporter would say.

“I, uh, I think a friend of mine has gotten involved in something shady.” She said. Lena cocked her eyebrow, and couldn’t stop the grin on her face.

“A friend?” she asked, slightly sceptically.

“No, an actual friend.” Kara assured, realizing how her first statement had sounded. “And now he’s missing. Do you know of a woman named Veronica Sinclair, she caters to people in your, um, your circles.” She asked, walking until she was just in front on the desk.

Lena leaned back in her chair, curious that Kara would be inquiring after the woman that had so recently been in her dreams, but kept her intrigue from showing.

“Tight dresses, tattoos like Lisbeth Salender? Yeah, I know Roulette. We went to boarding school together. I never really liked her.” What had been between the two of them hadn’t really needed either of them to like the other all that much.

“I need to find her.” Kara said.

“Well that’s the trick, isn’t it? Her little fight clubs stay mobile.” Lena responded, certain that the only thing Kara could want with Roulette had to do with the fights. And if she had a friend that was mixed up in the fights, then he was probably an alien. It made since that she had an alien friend, it helped to explain her almost aggressively pro-alien stance.

“Do you know where she is holding the next fight? I wouldn’t ask if I had any other option.” Kara assured her.

“I’m a Luthor.” Lena said with a sigh as she wrote down the address. “Of course I’m invited to her little pop up. Not that I’m interested in her type of entertainment.” If nothing else, Lena wanted Kara to know that she wasn’t one of those people who enjoyed watching aliens kill each other. She stood from her desk, walking closer to Kara, and handed the note to the reporter after a slight pause.
“Thank you. I owe you, big time.” Kara said, relieved.

“Not at all.” Lena responded, voice unintentionally a lower octave. “I know you’ll be there for me when the time comes.” Kara gave her an awkward half smile before exiting the office.

Once Kara had turned away, Lena zoned out slightly as she looked to the floor. What were the odds that she would dream about Roulette and her fight clubs, and then rookie reporter Kara Danvers would come in asking about the same thing? Lena wasn’t certain wasn’t sure what it implied, but she was sure that it was something.

**

The next afternoon, during one of her unusual breaks from trying to hold the company together, Lena took the time to thumb through the newest issue of CatCo magazine. She usually didn’t end up reading very much of the magazine, but she always looked through each issue in an attempt to convince herself that she hadn’t gotten a subscription just for Kara’s articles. But that rationalization was quick to disappear when her normal disinterest in the magazine was replaced by a jolt of excitement as she spotted Kara’s name under an article heading.

It wasn’t a very long article, but it gave the scoop on Sinclair’s fight-ring and how she had been exploiting aliens for entertainment. What really got Lena’s attention (and concern) was the details that Kara had added, sourced through Supergirl herself, about how the hero had helped the NCPD shut the fights down. Her alarm came from the details that the hero had given Kara; details such as the description of the cage set-up in an abandoned warehouse, her fight against one of the alien fighters, and the raid headed by Detective Maggie Sawyer of the NCPD.

Reading Supergirls account of the raid made Lena’s stomach start to churn. Those details sounded far too like what she had dreamed. She tried to dismiss it as a coincidence, but her instincts were in over-drive, telling her that it wasn’t. That disorientating, slightly terrifying and becoming-all-to-familiar feeling of something in her chest began to wake up. The harder she tried to dismiss the article as a crazy coincidence, the stronger it felt, as if it was pushing her to make a connection, to remember something.

And abruptly, Lena realized what it she was trying to remember. New memories came into her mind, though this time they didn’t force themselves in with pain or power. Instead, it was if she was simply reminded of events that she hadn’t thought about in years. Instead of a ‘BAM! Here you go!’ it was more like ‘oh yeah, that happened’. Lena could remember that her past life could, and often did, have visions of the future.

“Ok, past lives are one thing, but clairvoyance?” Lena thought to herself, the rational part of her mind wanting to deny the gut-feeling of certainty she had. “Well, it should be easy enough to
prove, or disprove.”

She grabbed her tablet, doing a quick search for the only detective Kara had mentioned by name in the article. It took her a moment, but she soon found a picture of the detective, and she stared at it for a couple of minutes in shock. While her dream hadn’t focused that much on the incoming police officers, Lena definitely remembered that it was that woman leading the charge beside the mystery agent.

Her heart rate was accelerating beyond control, and she noticed that she was gripping the edges of the tablet hard enough that her fingers were turning white and the machine’s frame was starting to protest. She forced her hands to relax, and tried to order her breathing and heart to slow.

“Well that seems pretty conclusive.” She thought to herself, but immediately found herself shaking her head at herself. “That doesn’t prove anything!” her logical mind fought back. “You could have seen that cop or her picture in passing in a thousand different ways, and then you’re subconscious just put her in the right roll.”

Lena abruptly stood up and started pacing. She had always prided herself on being the kind of person who had strong instincts she could depend on to lead her the right way. She worked in balance with her instincts, following them through with applied rational thought. But now, her mind and instincts were of two completely different opinions.

She continued pacing, trying to think of what she could do stop her division. The most obvious course of action would be to figure out exactly what happened during the raid of the fight-club, but that left the question of how to do so. Knowing Roulette, there wouldn’t have been any cameras recording the fights that she could hack into. Asking Detective Sawyer what had happened was out of the question; a Luthor asking about explicit details about alien death matches wouldn’t go over to well. For the same reason, questioning Supergirl was also out.

Lena stopped pacing. There was someone who already knew the details about what happened, and might be willing to tell her about it. She quickly crossed over to her desk and grabbed her phone, bringing up Kara’s personal contact info that the reporter had given her when they talked after her first article was published. Lena hesitated for a moment, thinking of what to say, before she started typing.

Lena: Hey Kara. Just saw your article on Roulette’s fight ring. Congratulations, it’s quite the scoop.

After hitting send, Lena resumed her pacing, wondering how long it would be before the
reporter responded. Luckily for her nerves, it was only a few minutes before her phone buzzed.

**Kara:** Thanks!! It wouldn’t have been possible without you’re help in telling me where it was.

- 

**Lena:** I’m glad I could help. Is your friend all right?

**Kara:** Yeah, Supergirl and the police got there in time to help him out.

- 

**Lena:** I saw that you had Supergirl as a source for your article. It’s pretty impressive that you could get a quote from her, she doesn’t seem to talk to the press that often.

**Kara:** Well, she’s a friend of mine. After I got the address from you, I passed it onto her and the police, that’s why they were able to find the place. Supergirl thought it was only fair she tell me about what happened in return.

**Lena:** Well, all good reporters need great sources, and I think you have the most exclusive source in National City.

**Lena:** I would love to hear more about what happened. It would be nice to hear how Roulette got taken down a peg or two.

There were a few minutes with no response. Lena fiddled with her phone nervously.

**Kara:** Well, that only seems fair, seeing as the only reason Supergirl was able to be there, and then tell me what happened, was because you gave me the address.

Lena breathed a sigh of relief.

**Kara:** I just got home though, and I had a bit of a long day. Do you mind coming over here, rather than meeting in your office?
Kara: I can totally come to you though, if you’re still busy, or if it would inconvenience you at all.

Kara: No, actually it’s fine. I’ll come to you. Forget I said anything.

Kara shot off the last texts so quickly that Lena didn’t have time to reply at all. Lena smiled to herself, easily able to imagine Kara getting flushed as she rambled on via text. She had honestly thought that Kara would just continue to text her, but she would much rather talk to the other woman face to face.

Lena: No, I’m perfectly happy to accommodate you. In fact, it gives me a good excuse to duck out of the office earlier than I normally do.

Kara: Well, if it helps you to stop overworking so much… J By all means, come over anytime.

That text was followed with Kara’s address. Lena put away the things she had been working on and gathered her things. Jess looked up at her quizzically as she exited her office.

“I’m headed out for the evening, Jess.” She told her assistant who wasn’t quite fast enough to hide her surprise. “You only need to finish off anything that you think is urgent before leaving yourself.”

“Of course, do you want me to call the car up?” she asked.

“No, I feel like driving tonight.” Lena replied, shaking her head a touch.

“Alright then, have a good evening, Ms. Luthor.” Jess replied, even though Lena knew that she wanted to question her boss as to what was making her leave work early for once.

Lena walked quickly to where her car, a dark green Bentley, and grinned as she got into the driver’s seat. Driving was something that Lena really loved to do, but like most of her personal interests, she found herself lacking time to do so after becoming CEO. She usually used the time driving to and from the office to keep working on her pile of never-ending paperwork.

As she drove down the road, lacking significant traffic at this time of day, she once again bemoaned the fact that the car wasn’t a convertible, because it was the perfect weather for it right now. But she
knew that it was unbecoming from the leader of a fortune 100 company to arrive to meetings with windswept hair, despite the joy it may bring her. Just another thing to add to the list of what she disliked about being in charge.

After 20 minutes of losing herself in driving, Lena found herself parked outside of Kara’s apartment building. She looked at the building, nerves suddenly asserting themselves. She felt out of place in the cozy and inviting building, still dressed to the nines in her take-no-shit CEO outfit. After double checking the apartment number, she stood in front of Kara Danvers door. She brought her hand up to knock, but found herself hesitating.

Once she was done talking to Kara, then she would have a better idea of whether she was just crazily jumping at conclusions, or if she could honest-to-God see the future. Lena didn’t know which option she would prefer, if she were being honest with herself. But she also hesitated because she was suddenly struck with the fact that she was about to enter Kara’s home.

As her hand hovered beside the door, she began to doubt that Kara even wanted her here. Maybe her rambling texts about going to the office instead had been because Kara had regretted inviting the CEO to her apartment, and was just to polite to retract the offer? What if Kara saw this as a horrible breach of privacy and boundaries?

Lena knew that she had just given Kara basically unrestricted access to her office, but going into someone’s home was different. Lena had given the order as a way of making sure that the other woman was aware that she didn’t just want a professional relationship. But what if Kara only saw her as a source for her articles, and any kind overtures towards her had just been a ploy to cultivate that source?

Before Lena could create any more doubt or worse-case-scenarios in her head, the door opened. Kara stood in the doorway, giving Lena one of her million-watt smiles, making her anxiety melt away. She wore jeans and a light grey cardigan wrapped over a white shirt, her hair tied back in a ponytail. Her glasses sat crooked on her nose and Lena shot down the unexpected desire to straighten them.

“Lena, hi!” She greeted brightly. “I thought I heard you out here. Please, come in.” she stood to the side, gesturing for the other woman to enter into her home. Lena smiled back at her, walking past her into the apartment.

It was smaller than her own, but felt much more like a home. She looked around, taking in the details of paintings, large couches covered in throw pillows and even a few dirty dishes in the sink. Lena felt a twinge of regret as she glanced around; this was what a 20-somethings home was supposed to look like, rather than the nearly museum-ready quality of her own.
“Thank you, Kara. I know you said you’d a long day, so I won’t take up too much of your evening,” Lena said. Kara waved her concerns away, taking Lena’s purse away and placing it on her table.

“Nah, it’s fine. Nothing’s better than to be able to unwind after a long day talking with a friend. Especially a friend that has helped me with basically every single article I’ve ever had published,” Kara joked.

Lena took her jacket off, using the motion to cover the heat rising in her cheeks and the pleasant way her heart beat a little faster at being called Kara’s friend. Kara took the jacket from her, a slight crinkle between her eyebrows as she looked at Lena intently. After a second, the crinkle disappeared, and she gestured for them to sit on the couch.

“So, you wanted to know more about what happened during the raid on Veronica Sinclair’s fight club?” Kara asked after they had sat, grabbing a pillow to hold in her lap.

“Right!” Lena thought to herself, slightly startled out of her quite inspection of the reporter. “That was the reason I came here.”

“Yeah, I read your article, and I was very glad to hear that Supergirl was able to shut the matches down. It’s despicable how Roulette was forcing aliens to kill each other so that she could make money, though I do have to say that it wasn’t a surprise to learn about,” Lena said, starting to plan how she could get the information she needed without coming across as crazy.

Kara’s expression turned stormy at the mention of Sinclair’s name.

“It makes me so upset that a hum… that someone would actually make aliens fight like that.” Her expression turned from angry to sad and confused. “What I still don’t really believe is how some of the aliens were fighting willingly.”

“Well, money is a powerful motivator, for all sentient beings it seems,” Lena said, not liking seeing her friend upset. “But, you said in your article that Supergirl managed to convince them that they were better than that, and they helped the police capture Roulette.” This caused Kara to smile again, though not as brightly as before.

“You’re right. I need to focus on the bright side.” Her brow creased. “Why do you keep calling her
Roulette, and not her real name? You said you knew each other at boarding school, right?"

“Habit, I suppose. Even back then she never let me call her Veronica, everyone had to call her Roulette. She was pretty intense, and overly-dramatic even then. It led to some… interesting met-ups during school.” Lena fumbled over her words a little bit, finding herself not wanting to tell Kara that she and Roulette had been involved at all.

Kara, for her part, had cocked her head to the side a touch. The crinkle was back between her eyebrows, but not nearly as noticeable this time.

“So,” Lena said, quick to try and change the subject back to the reason for her visit. “is it true that Supergirl had to go up against a 7-foot tall alien gladiator with an axe?”

Kara took a second to blink, thrown by the abrupt change of conversation before grinning.

“Yeah, it was this big ugly guy named Draaga. He defeated Supergirl the first time they fought, but she was able to beat him the second time during the raid.” Kara said, plucking slightly at the edges of the pillow in her lap.

“How was she able to beat him, if he had already beaten her before?” Lena asked, careful to keep the true depth of her interest out of her voice.

“Well I… I mean, Supergirl told me that she got a tip from a different alien who had seen Draaga fight off-world before. His knee got damaged in one of those fights, and Supergirl was able to exploit that weakness, taking him down with one hit.” Kara said, pride in her superhero friend evident in her voice.

Lena’s heart was starting to beat erratically again and she had to exert more control than she would have liked to keep her breath from becoming ragged. She was deep enough in her own thoughts that she failed to notice the odd look Kara was giving her again.

“And she took out his axe by heating it with her laser vision?” Lena asked, for some reason still thinking that she needed more proof.

“Yeah,” Kara said slowly, crinkle present. “How did you know that?” she asked, her voice quiet with a note of suspicion.
“Oh, rumors that were circulating around the affluent population of the city. Not everyone who attended the fights were contained by the police, and stories started going around fairly quickly.” Lena said, the quickly formed lie slipping easily between her lips. Kara seemed to believe her though, as the distrust fell away from her face.

“I just wanted to know if the stories of Supergirls awesome heroics were true, or just had been exaggerations.” Lena said, her words for some reasons causing Kara to duck her head to try and hide the delicate rose coloring to her cheeks.

“You think Supergirl is awesome?” she asked almost shyly. Lena smiled at the reports antics with confused amusement, the troubling thought that she could see the future the furthest thing from her mind with Kara in front of her.

Chapter End Notes

Shorter chapter again, but I had fun developing the character/relationship parts of the story rather than focusing on the action. Thanks to everyone sticking with my crazy uploading schedule!
I am SO sorry for the long wait between updates. I wish I could blame it all on new job and hectic life (thought that does have somewhat to do with things) but I had a lot of opportunities to write, but I just couldn't get my muse to speak to me! Hopefully this chapter was worth the wait. I considered waiting until I had all the events of 2x05 written down, and putting that out as a single chapter, but I figured it was better to give you guys something! So, without further delay, ENJOY!

“Breath, Lena; just breath.” Lena commanded herself quietly as she stared at her reflection in the bathroom mirror. Her hands gripped the edge of the sink tightly enough that her knuckles were white with the pressure. It hurt to keep her hands so tight, but it was the only thing stopping the trembling from shaking through her entire body.

She had spent almost an hour talking with Kara at her apartment before she had forced herself to take her leave of the reporter. Despite the initial part of their conversation having confirmed Lena’s thoughts that she had dreamed the future, when she had been around Kara, the whole thing hadn’t felt like that big a deal. It wasn’t until she had parked her car in its designated spot in her building that the significance of her discovery really hit her.

Lena had greeted her doorman with a polite nod, and gotten into the elevator to her floor when her heart picked up it’s pace and began pounding painfully in her chest. She had grabbed onto the railing in the elevator as she suddenly felt light-headed and nauseous. The world around her seemed to fall out of focus and tilt; her grip on the railing was the only thing keeping her from falling to the ground.

She had stumbled out of the elevator as soon as the doors opened, trailing her hand on the wall to keep her balance. Cold sweat beaded over her skin as she shakily made her way towards her front door. By the time she got there, her whole body was shaking and every breath she took was short and painful to draw in. The small part of her mind not consumed with the fear and panic racing through her system was immensely glad that no one could see her right now.

After managing to open her door, Lena had made her way into her bathroom, barely managing to kick off her heels. Once there, she had grabbed onto the cool granite and concentrated on watching her reflection as she tried to calm down. This wasn’t her first panic attack, and so Lena had practice in knowing what she needed to help her body and mind relax from it’s current state. The initial stage of controlling her breathing was always the hardest, and she had to fight past the sensation that she was suffocating. Once she could start breathing easier, she could start thinking.
Lena knew that the panic attack was a delayed reaction from the revelation she had this night. It was one thing to have memories from a past life; ideas about reincarnation had been part of different cultures for centuries. And there was rapidly growing support within the scientific community for the evidence of genetic memory playing a much larger role in individuals lives than previously thought. But clairvoyance? That was on a completely different level, one which Lena had never given much faith in.

But now… Now she had proof that, not only was it possible to literally see the future, but that she could see the future! Lena found herself starting to hyperventilate again as that fact, and the fear of it, truly sank in. She re-focused on her reflection, staring hard into her own eyes as she forced her breathing to slow.

Lena was glad that her panic attack hadn’t hit her when she was driving, or when she was with Kara. The thought of being this distressed and vulnerable in front of the reporter sent another jolt of fear down her spine, but Lena fought against the distressing thought. It hadn’t happened, so there was no need to let fear overcome her with what might have been’s.

Plus, the implications of her newly discovered talent had been the furthest thing from her mind during the time she had spent with Kara, despite it ostensibly being the whole reason she had gone over. Being around Kara, with her genuine open smiles and shy mannerisms, the reality of this new ability hadn’t been so daunting. With Kara, Lena hadn’t even thought about being afraid.

Lena loosened her death grip on the counter, finding that she didn’t need to hold onto it anymore as the shaking had stopped. Her heart was starting to beat more smoothly now, and her breathing was easier and deeper as well. She closed her eyes, taking three deep breaths as the last of the panic attack faded from her system. The fact that she had calmed down so significantly while simply thinking about Kara had been a complete coincidence, and that was the story she was sticking with.

After a few more minutes of relaxed breathing, Lena knew that the panic attack was over. By this point, it was fairly late in the evening, even if she was home much earlier than normal. She decided that best course of action right now was to follow through with her nightly routine to help ground herself further. She turned the shower on, stepping under the hot spray of water after removing her clothes.

She let out a content sigh as she felt the water start to relax her muscles. In truth, this shower was one of the main reasons that Lena had gotten this apartment in particular. It had two large rainfall shower heads mounted on the ceiling, and three shower heads set into each wall that sprayed out horizontally, allowing her entire body to be hit by the water. The bathroom also featured a sunken bath beside the shower, big enough to hold at least two people (though Lena had yet to use it herself, let alone with anyone else). She knew that they were extravagances, but one of the few that she
happily allowed herself to indulge in.

Lena stayed in the shower longer than she normally would, simply enjoying the feeling of the hot water hitting and rolling down her skin. With a sigh, she turned the water off and grabbed towels to wrap around her body and hair. She shivered slightly as she opened the bathroom door and the steam from the shower escaped into the cooler air of the rest of her home.

Most of the space of her apartment was modern open concept, with the only closed off spaces being the bathroom, her bedroom and a small guest room that she had converted into an office (it wasn’t like she was ever going to have guests). The west wall was almost entirely floor-to-ceiling windows, which opened to a balcony that she had been assured by the realtor provided amazing views of the sunset (though Lena had yet to even be at home during a sunset to see for herself). She had set up a couple of lounge chairs and table out on the deck, and often found herself enjoying the night air and city lights when she couldn’t sleep (or had waken up from a memory dream).

Her living room consisted on a matching couch and overlarge chair, both of which were comfortable but obviously not well used, and a coffee table currently covered with various papers from L-Corp and a laptop. A bookcase took up a large part of the north wall, filled more with the latest scientific and engineering journals than fiction. Despite this choice, most of the books on the shelf were obviously well worn.

The kitchen was opposite the windows, all the major appliances sunken into the walls. A long counter stretched out between the fridge and stove, two sinks set into the end closest to the fridge. The cupboards above the counter were a rich walnut, which mixed well with the grey and black flecks in the granite countertops. A small island done in the same granite and walnut sat a few feet away from the counter, a couple of stools pushed up against it. There was no dining table, as Lena would most often simply eat at the island during the sporadic times she even ate in her own home.

Lena took a moment to look around, an odd feeling creeping into her chest as she unconsciously compared it to Kara’s. Kara’s apartment had felt inviting, comfortable and lived in; a place to relax with friends. Her own could easily have been the staging of a show home. With a sigh, Lena turned away and entered her bedroom. It wasn’t like there was anyone to spend a lot of time here anyway.

Of her entire apartment, it was her bedroom that looked the most lived it, but that still wasn’t saying very much. There were more large windows in here (natural light was very important to Lena) that were covered by thin drapes that allowed light in while still maintain her privacy. She had a king-sized bed, with floating shelves on the walls in the place of night stands on either side, both holding a few more books and other nick-knacks. The covers on the bed were perfectly made, a lingering habit from boarding school, but there were a few articles of clothing draped over the end and on a chair placed into the corner. The rest of her clothes were hung or folded neatly away in her walk-in closet set behind a frosted glass sliding door.
Lena went in there now, grabbing a pair of yoga pants and a dark grey tank top that she put on. She put her wet hair up into an easy ponytail, feeling more herself than she had all day. She padded into the living room, flicked on the lights, and grabbed her laptop as she sat on the couch with her legs out-stretched.

Opening the computer, she spent a few minutes making an extra layer of encryption (on top of the many other layers of security she already had on the computer) before creating a new document folder. Thinking back to all the revelations she had had over the last few weeks, she began to write. She carefully documented everything she had remembered so far; what she had seen in her vision, how that had corresponded to what Kara told her, as well as all the differences between a memory and a vision. Meticulous organization of her thoughts was something that Lena excelled at, and it always helped to settle her nerves and stray thoughts.

So, that’s what she did for the next hour and forty minutes. She wrote down every relevant detail she could think of, adding headers and sub-headers to make her notes more coherent. When she was done, she was slightly exhausted and her eyes ached from the bright lights of the screen, but was feeling much better emotionally. She double checked the added layers of encryption, satisfied that no human (and no alien tech that she had yet encountered) would be able to break into her system. She leaned back on the couch, throwing one arm behind her head as she read through her notes for a quick double check.

The section labeled ‘Dreams/Memories’ was by far the largest, and included everything she could remember of what she had seen, as well as detailed lists of the emotions and intuitions she had felt when she remembered. The end of the section had a short list of conclusions that she had been able to determine…

1: All the memories center around one woman, so they came from a single past life and not multiple ones.

2: Details of other people, places and other background information is limited – never-the-less, swords, castles, armour and dresses have been distinctly seen. Medieval period? Some inconsistencies with true medieval period – further investigation needed to determine true point of origin/time of the memories.

3: This woman had been friends with the several reoccurring figures (e.g. blond man/brother?) at some point, but (unknown cause or time-lapse) turned against them and was actively trying to destroy the place that had been her home.

4: This woman had the same clairvoyant ability – she was originally frightened of it, and that fear never truly went away (but was controlled).

5: There is the possibility of other abilities that have not been remembered as of yet – assumption based on intuition and emotions felt during periods of remembrance.

6: Whoever she was, this woman used to be good, kind and caring. For an unknown reason
probably related to #3) these traits and emotions went away; in their stead was intense rage, hatred and desire to destroy.

The section labeled ‘Visions of the Future’ was much smaller, and had only a few comments attached to the end.

1: One clairvoyant episode as of yet, but there is the memory of similar events occurring in the past life.

2: Details of dream match details given in newspaper, given from source – events seen in the dream were not seen in the real world first hand so there is a degree of uncertainty (but source is reliable).

3: Further investigation/experimentation needed to further understand this ability and its possible uses. Questions include: Can visions be controlled/triggered? Are the visions 100% accurate, or can events be altered?

Lena let out a soft sigh, running her hand through her hair. Creating these notes had allowed her to organize the myriad of disconnected thoughts, feelings and fears that had been running through her mind. Writing everything down, however, had allowed new fears and unease to rise. Fears that she currently had no answers to.

The 6th note at the end of her Dreams/Memories section was the one that made Lena the most uneasy. It sounded far to like what had happened to Lex for her comfort; was this, compounded with being a Luthor, more evidence that she would end up down a similar path?

No. Lena refused to let anything, be it her family or some past life, determine her life. She would forge her own future, one where she did good and could be seen to stand separate from the rest of the Luthors. What had happened to this woman and to her brother would not happen to her. She would simply not allow it.

**

“Earlier today, a gang of criminals armed with what appears to be alien weapons, attacked and robbed West National City Bank. Although Supergirl arrived on the scene, she was unable to apprehend the criminals.” The anchors voice coming softly from the TV pulled Lena’s attention away from her work. She looked up at the screen, reaching for the remote and turning the volume up.

“Eye witness reports state that the two masked criminals had exited the bank when Supergirl arrived,
before one of the perpetrators was able to hit the hero with a blast from an, as of yet, unidentified weapon.”

As the anchor talked, the footage changed into grainy footage of the attack, most likely filmed on someone’s phone. Lena watched as Supergirl faced off against one of the masked men, before a second came up behind her. He removed his mask first, and then fired at the alien. A beam of blue streamed out of the weapon, hitting Supergirl directly in the chest, sending her flying backwards.

Lena felt a stab of concern at seeing Supergirl like that, even though that concern was ridiculous. If the hero had been hurt, that would be all over the news right now, not the attack. On the TV, Supergirl continued to fight the criminal. Her eyes turned to red light and her heat vision shot towards the man and his weapon, but an energy field issued out of the gun protecting them both.

Supergirl took off flying, the camera jerking around wildly trying to follow her as the assailant continued to fire his weapon. One of the shots hit her while she was off-screen, but the video managed to capture the hero’s fall into the concrete, creating a small crater with the force of the drop. The man shot again, throwing Supergirl back once again. The camera footage cut out, replaced once again with the anchor.

“As can be seen from some recovered video, the weapon that the assailant was using was highly effective against the Girl of Steel. Extensive damage occurred to the area around the front of the bank,” again, the footage changed to show the damage that had happened during the fight, with the anchor remaining in the right corner this time.

“However, it was the Children’s Hospital that received the most damage,” The video changed to show a massive hole in side of the hospital, and Lena’s grip on the remote tightened. “Supergirl was sent through the exterior of the building, and did massive damage on the floor that she crashed through; the intensive care unit. Officials from the hospital have stated that no patients were harmed during the incident, but the damage to the care systems and building infrastructure was extensive. They estimate that it will cost several million dollars to correctly replace and repair the…” The news feed cut out, replaced now with a blank head and a disembodied computerized voice.

“You were warned. The alien invaders are dangerous,” the screen changed from the head to various news events, mostly involving Supergirl, riots or explosions; obvious fear mongering at it’s finest. “Their intentions malicious. They posses power we cannot hope to match, and their technology brought from other worlds, is falling into the wrong hands.”

“We should not be opening our arms to them,” the screen showed Supergirl and the President shaking hands. “We should be locking them up and taking their weapons away. You did not heed us, but you will heed the chaos that Amnesty has brought. You will pay the price in fear and blood, and you will beg us to save you.” With the video once again changing to the white head, the
disembodied voice uttered its last sentence. “We are Cadmus.”

The video changed back to the news anchor, who looked visibly disturbed by the hack into the news feed. She shuffled a few papers around, mumbling somewhat while she adjusted to what had just happened. But Lena was no longer paying attention. Her gut was churning, and her mind was speeding along a mile a minute.

There was no way in hell that it was a coincidence that Cadmus chose to air their little public service announcement during the news coverage of the gang’s attack with alien weapons. Hell, thinking about it, it was likely that it had been Cadmus itself, not aliens, who supplied the criminals with the advanced weapons. It was a horribly simple truth, Lena knew, but humans have a pretty generalized response to fear. And what better way to grow that fear, and all that comes after it, then to create the problem yourself? That kind of reasoning was frighteningly similar to Lex’s personal brand of thinking.

It was that thought that was making Lena feel ill. Anti-alien groups, like Cadmus and Roulette’s fight club, had publicly grown in strength and numbers after Lex had started to visibly fight against Superman and the other aliens. She had hoped that once he was stopped, those kinds of groups would start to die out, but instead they had simply gotten more vocal.

Lena couldn’t stop the guilt and shame that always overcame her when she thought of these anti-alien groups. Cadmus and the fight-ring were her fault; if she had seen earlier what was happening with Lex… If she had paid more attention to her brother, and her instincts that had been telling her something was wrong for months (if not years) instead of denying them; if she had tried harder to reach him… Maybe she could have stopped Lex, made him realize how horrible his crusade was. Or at least, she could have stopped him before he hurt thousands of people.

But “maybe’s” and “what-if’s” were pointless. The past was prologue, as they said, and nothing could be done to change it now, despite how much she wanted to. Knowing that, however, never seemed to stop her guilt. She saw something like Cadmus, and felt deep down, that it was her fault. And if she couldn’t stop them, it was her responsibly to mitigate the damage that they caused.

Driven to action by that thought, Lena jabbed down on the intercom button that connected her to Jess’s desk.

“Jess, come in here, please. I have an idea, and we are going to have a lot of work to do to pull this off.”
Hours later, all the plans for the charity gala for the Children’s Hospital were finally complete. It had been a little bit of a mad rush, with her and Jess coordinating their efforts to sort out the hundreds of little details that were needed to make something like this a success. Luckily, both women were old hats at this kind of thing, and the only the time limit was a challenge to them.

One of the first calls that Lena had personally made was to the director of the hospital that had been damaged. The man had sounded sceptical when she had proposed the idea, no doubt worried what kind of cost a Luthor would attach to such a generous offer. It had taken several minutes of persuasion on her part, much to her annoyance (though she couldn’t blame the man for his scepticism), to convince the director that she had no hidden agenda. Once he was convinced that she wasn’t going to be demanding anything from the hospital in return, the man couldn’t stop thanking her.

The director’s appreciation had managed to quell some of the guilt and responsibility that she had still been holding onto. When she had hung up the phone, she started thinking about how his reaction could be taken as a foreshadow of how everyone in this city would see this event; a Luthor using another tragedy to try and make themselves look better. Thinking about facing off against that was enough to give her a headache.

The idea of facing off with the wealthy and influential of the city at this event, all sweet smiles and words to her face, while behind her back they crucified her, filled Lena with dread. Ever since she was a child, she had never enjoyed large company gatherings and the two-faced nature of business talk, and this gala wouldn’t be an exception. However, her personal misgivings aside, there was nothing that was going to stop Lena from holding this charity event. Though it would be nice to have one person in attendance that she knew would be honest to her, and would support her. In the past, that person would have been Lex, but now a different face came to mind.

“Is there anything else I need to oversee, Jess?” Lena asked her assistant (who was honestly a godsend that she probably didn’t pay enough). Jess briefly looked over the list and paper in front of her.

“No, I believe we have everything covered. If not, I think I can handle it on my own.” She said, not asking why her boss asked her that question even though Lena knew how curious the other woman could be.

“Good. Can you call up the car, please? I think I’m going to head over to CatCo.” Jess was ordering up the driver before Lena even finished. Lena watched Jess out of the corner of her eye as she put on her coat and gathered her things. Her assistant was almost fidgeting with her unasked questions. Lena smiled slightly, wondering how long it would take Jess to break through and ask her questions.
She knew that she could just go ahead and answer what she knew Jess was wondering, but it amused her to see the other woman try and hold back her curiosity. And besides her own amusement, Lena thought it was good that Jess learn that she could ask the CEO anything; she had heard from sources that Jess’s old boss had been less than willing to accommodate the woman’s curiosity.

“If I may, Ms. Luthor; why CatCo?” Jess finally asked as they headed to the ground floor and outside to wait for the car. “Do you want them to cover the gala?” Lena smiled warmly at her assistant before answering, non-verbally letting Jess know that she didn’t mind her giving voice to her curiosity.

“No. I’m going to visit Kara Danvers, and invite her to attend the gala.” At Lena’s answer, Jess couldn’t stop the small smirk from forming on her lips.

“Ah, well I’m sure Ms. Danvers will appreciate her personal invitation,” Jess said, her voice heavy with insinuation. Lena narrowed her eyes at her, which caused the smirk to grow even wider. Maybe godsend was to high a praise.

“I’m not sure what you think you are implying, Jessica, but I am inviting Kara along as a friend. God knows I’ll need one at this event.” Lena objected. Her car and driver pulled up beside them, Lena opening the door and sliding into the back seat.

“Of course, Ms. Luthor,” Jess said, a raised eyebrow now added to the smirk. Before Lena could think of a good retort, Jess closed the door and the car pulled away.

As they drove to CatCo, Lena let her thoughts wander. It was undeniable that she enjoyed spending time with Kara. The reporter was sincere about what she believed in, hopeful and so full of light that it was a wonder that everyone in National City didn’t flock to the woman. Such people were in short supply in Lena’s life, both now and in the past. In truth, Lena may never have had someone so sincerely good in her life.

It was also equally undeniable that Kara Danvers was a gorgeous woman, and Lena had found herself caught up in studying her friend’s features more than once. Beauty was a normal attraction for her, but Kara’s awkwardness and shy personality was different from the more commanding women she had been involved with in the past.

Lena started somewhat in the backseat; she hadn’t even thought that idea through in her mind before it had arrived, fully formed. She was attracted to Kara. And it wasn’t based simply on how beautiful the reporter was either; whenever Lena was around Kara, she felt better. Lighter somehow, as if the
problems and the weight that she carried on her shoulder was, just for those few moments, not so
overwhelming. Kara made Lena believe that she could actually change the Luthor name, and that
someday she could be seen as her own person and not just of extension of the Luthor name.

Lena laid her head back against the seat. When she had first thought of inviting Kara to the gala, she
hadn’t meant to make it into a date. Should she do that now, though? She rejected the thought almost
as soon as she had it. A business event, even a charity gala, was not a great place for a first date.
Lena’s time and concentration would have to be on business and raising money, not on the woman
that she would want to concentrate her attention on. Besides, Lena didn’t even know if Kara liked
women.

“Oh god, please don’t let her be straight,” Lena thought to herself. “Crushes on straight girls are the
worst!”

So caught up in her internal musings (and gay panic), Lena didn’t notice that they had arrived at the
CatCo building until her driver politely cleared his throat. She flushed slightly, and instructed him to
park wait for her, before she exited the vehicle. She made her way up to Kara’s floor, butterflies
deciding it would be fun to start flying around her stomach.

After exiting the elevators, she looked around for a moment before the woman she sought caught
her attention. Kara was leaning over some guy’s desk, her back towards Lena.

“Kara,” she called out softly as she crossed over to her. Kara turned around at her voice, facing her
with a wide, stunning smile. Lena crossed her arms over her chest, trying to control the nerves she
was getting after realizing her feelings for the reporter (damn gay panic!).

“Lena,” Kara greeted happily, mirroring Lena and crossing her arms as well. “Surprise visit to
CatCo?”

“No, I’m here to see you actually,” Lena said, trying to control the stupid grin on her face.

“You are?” Kara asked.

“L-Corp is hosting a party this weekend. It’s a gala fundraiser for the Children’s Hospital after that
horrific attack on their new building.” Here, Lena paused and drew in a breath. “I was hoping you’d
come.”
Once again, Kara’s brilliant smile made a reappearance. The man at the desk, who Lena honestly hadn’t payed any attention to before that, stood up and interjected himself into their conversation.

“A gala, is that like a party?” he asked.

“No, no it’s not,” Kara responded quickly, her smile vanishing.

“You are literally my only friend in National City,” Lena began, ignoring the man with the very odd sense of style (a bow tie, really? In this century). Kara’s smile came back. “Most people wouldn’t touch a Luthor with a ten-foot pole, but…”

Lena’s train of thought came to a halt as she was suddenly overcome with the mental image of Kara touching her. She unconsciously bit her lower lip before bringing herself back under control.

“Get a grip, woman! This wasn’t supposed to be a date, remember! Tone down the gay!”

“It would mean a lot to me if you were there.” Lena finished, having to glance away briefly to cover her embarrassment over her mental slip.

“Of course I’ll come, I’m honoured,” Kara said, her smile softer now, making Lena smile back at her in turn, lost for a moment simply looking at her.

“I love parties,” the man said, once again inserting himself into the conversation. Lena couldn’t help but notice the slight grimace on Kara’s face and the way she was half looking at him without really turning her head. “Can I come too?”

“No,” Kara said after the man had barely finished speaking.

“Interesting,” Lena thought to herself.

“No, of course your friend can come. What’s your name?” she said aloud, engaging with the man for the first time. More people meant more money raised for the hospital, after all. But the way that Kara hung her head for a moment, and then looked back up slightly irritated was firmly noted in Lena’s mind and she wondered if Kara hadn’t wanted the man to come.
“Mike. Of the Interns,” he proclaimed proudly, as if that were a great accomplishment. Lena slid on her CEO smile; polite and inviting but not warm.

“Well, Mike of the Interns; find yourself a nice suite and I’ll see you there,” she said. At her words, a goofy grin broke over his face. Kara smiled over at him, though it seemed more forced than her normal smiles.

“You should get back to work now, Mike,” she insisted. His grin fell at the clear dismissal, but Lena had to give him some credit for actually doing what he was told and shuffling back over to his desk (even if he did act like a kicked puppy). Once he was back at his desk, Kara returned her attention, and a warm smile, back to Lena. She gestured slightly for them to walk away, and she brought Lena to her office.

It was a small office, with a desk, chair and not much else. There wasn’t even any windows, something that Lena personally would have hated. But it seemed that Kara had put her normal touch on the space, and even with the lack of sunlight it felt sunny. Kara leaned back against her desk, apologizing to Lena that there wasn’t anywhere to really sit.

“It’s fine Kara. It’s a huge accomplishment that a rookie reporter like yourself would even have their own office; you don’t need to be apologizing for the lack of space for guests,” she said as she leaned against the desk.

Kara huffed a laugh, her cheeks flushing slightly as she looked away bashfully. “I actually got the office because of Ms. Grant,” she explained. “I was her personal assistant for years before becoming a reporter. The office was one of her ways of thanking me.”

“Well, Cat doesn’t express her gratitude and affection easily, but if you are someone she cares about, she does show it in her own odd ways,” Lena said, smiling. Kara tilted her head slightly in question.

“Do you know Ms. Grant?”

“Only professionally, really,” Lena said, thinking back to the first time she had met Cat Grant. It had been shortly after she had been outed to the public, and most tabloids and gossip rags had been printing whatever they wanted about her (whether or not they had gotten an actual interview hadn’t mattered). CatCo Magazine was still relatively new at that point, and most people expected Cat to continue on with the gossip type news that she had covered at the Daily Planet.
Her entire family was doing an interview with the woman, and when the Queen of All Media’s attention had turned to her, Lena had prepared for a barrage of questions and insinuations that were common from tabloids. Instead, Cat had been incredibly respectful, never pushing Lena to talk about anything she wasn’t comfortable with, and had allowed the teenager to take control of the narrative. The endless amounts of speculation and garbage published about Lena had, mysteriously, died down rather abruptly after that. Lena had only a few occasions to see the media magnet after that, but she had always tried to convey her lingering gratitude to the woman.

“About what happened with Mike,” Lena started, bringing the grimace back briefly to Kara’s features, “Should I not have invited him? It’s just that you seemed… irritated that I did.”

And ok, maybe Lena was fishing a little bit. It had occurred to her that Kara’s irritation may have developed because she thought Lena had been asking her out. Kara sighed, rubbing the back of her neck for a moment.

“No, you didn’t do anything wrong. The more people, the better for the charity, right? It’s probably good for him to actually be around hum… different groups of people more.” Lena noticed the slight slip, but said nothing. “It’s just that I got him this job, and he just started as an intern today, and he’s not taking it seriously enough. He’s acting far more interested in partying and eating snacks rather than working and contributing to anything.”

Lena nodded, but remained silent. It wasn’t her place to give Kara advice about work issues. Whatever was going on at CatCo would have to sort itself out, without the interference of L-Corps CEO.

“But you don’t need to worry about any of that,” Kara said, refocusing on Lena. “I take it this gala is kind of a last-minute plan, since the hospital was attacked this morning. Do you have any sort of coverage or press set up for the event yet?”

“No, not yet. I’m planning on sending out invites to all of National Cities elite, as well as issuing a statement about the gala.”

Kara had a sideways grin at Lena’s words, and she had a look in her eyes that showed that she was planning something.

“I think I can do you one better. What if CatCo ran a cover about the gala; that way you’d get a lot more coverage and more people attending.” At this point, Kara was no longer leaning against the
desk and was gesturing excitedly with her hands.

“Oh, no Kara, it’s…” Lena started to say before Kara cut her off with a slight wave.

“It’s no problem at all. James is my friend, and I’m sure he’ll agree with me that it’s a great idea. Let’s go talk to him about it right now!” Kara reached out and grabbed Lena’s hand, pulling her up from her slouch against the desk and half-way out of office before letting go.

Lena would blame the fact that Kara had briefly held her hand (she wasn’t used to other people willing touching her, let alone her recently-realized-crush) on the fact that she didn’t think it wasn’t a good idea for her to go talk to James Olsen until they were in his office. He was famously the best-friend of Superman and was obviously close to Supergirl was well, and she doubted he would want anything to do with her.

“James!” Kara called out cheerfully. He looked up from the papers he had been scowling at to greet Kara with a bright smile of his own, which returned to the scowl when he spotted Lena. Lena felt uncomfortable under his accusing stare, but didn’t let any of that discomfort show outwardly. With almost disturbing ease, she shifted back into her iron cold CEO mode; polite, powerful, intimidating and guarded all at once.

“We’ve never met personally, Mr. Olsen, but I’m sure we can do away with introductory formalities?” she questioned, her tone leaving no room for dispute.

“Of course, Ms. Luthor.” He said her last name as if it left a bad taste in his mouth. Internally, Lena thought that was bad form on his part; as a CEO, you never let anyone, even someone you loath, know how you really see them. But, considering what she knew about the photographer turned acting-CEO, she supposed he was holding back his hostility because of Kara.

“James, L-Corp is hosting a charity fundraiser for the children’s hospital this weekend.” Kara either didn’t pick up on the hostility and awkwardness of the situation, or chose to purposefully ignore it. “I thought that we could run a cover on it, and then a follow up piece after the event. It’s a good cause, and more press coverage will help with raising more money.”

“A fundraiser, really?” he asked, focusing on Lena again. The scepticism was clear in his voice, and it was the same she had been hearing the entire day as she worked on the planning.

“Yes. The damage done to the hospital is going to cost them millions of dollars to repair, and I
thought it was the right thing to do to try and help cover those costs.” James nodded slightly at her words, picking up with her desire to help mitigate problems that she felt accountable for. Lena was also fairly certain that he believed her to be responsible on some level as well.

“It’s a good idea, Kara,” he said, turning his attention back to the blond after a tense moment of silence. She beamed at him, and Lena saw him visibly soften. At least it wasn’t just her that Kara had this power over, though seeing it work on Olsen created a twinge of discomfort in Lena’s chest.

“If you have time now, we can do an interview and get the details about the gala,” Olsen said, turning his attention back to Lena. “We should probably also do a cover shoot, show the people who they are going to be dealing with.”

Lena knew that the last comment was a subtle dig at her, but she considered herself lucky that she was getting anything at all from Superman’s best friend. Though she had a feeling that if it had been suggested by anyone other than Kara Danvers, the idea would be dead on the floor right now.

**

Fog moved around the edges of her sight. Men she had only seen on the screen of a TV strode among her terrified guests. There were three of them, all holding alien weapons that could do unspeakable damage. They strutted through the crowd, cocky and arrogant, ripping off people’s expensive watches, rings, necklaces and whatever else they felt like. The cowering figures hastily ripped wallets out, shoving them into the criminals eager hands.

“Did you really think I wouldn’t be here?” Supergirls voice rang out, clear as day over the crowd. Lena looked up to see the hero floating above all their heads, glaring at the leader of the gang.

“Actually, I was counting on it!” he said, turning around and firing his weapon at the flying hero. The energy from his weapon was met by Supergirls heat vision, neither giving ground until another of the criminals shot her. The discharge from him weapon threw Supergirl to the ground, her impact creating a crater of debris around her.

After a stunned moment Supergirl took to the sky again, staying low and blasting at the gang with her heat vision. She shot close enough to them that it was disrupting their aim and making them duck, but not enough to hit them. Lena found herself impressed by the hero’s tactics; one of Superman’s faults was that he was often unwilling to take such kinds of risks against human foes.

The focus of Lena’s vision changed. Instead of watching Supergirl, she was now watching James Olsen. He attacked one of the criminals, trying to subdue him, but the gang member was able to
overpower him, tossing him away. Olsen stumbled, and when he righted himself to return to fight the man, an alien weapon was leveled at his chest. Purple light shot out of the weapon. Before it could hit him, Supergirl was there. She took the blast directly in the chest, which sent them both flying backwards to the ground.

Supergirl was losing, and she could almost sense what was coming with a horrible sense of certainty as the gang advanced on them. Lena’s heart was racing, fear pumping through her.

“Lights out, Supergirl,” the gang leader said, firing at the alien, and once again his beam was blocked by her heat vision. However, this time, the other two fired their weapons as well, adding to the stream of energy directed at the hero. Lena could see Supergirl’s muscles straining with the effort to try and push her heat vision, but it wasn’t working. Slowly, the energy beams from the alien weapons were pushing back her own energy, advancing towards her and Olsen with menacing certainty.

Supergirl let out a strangled cry, still fighting to stop the weapons. Lena wondered why she didn’t just fly away, but the answer was spoken in her head by the recognisable voice of a stranger.

“She has to protect the humans. If she flies, the energy hits the bystanders. It is her weakness, and it will be her downfall.” At any other time, Lena would have questioned the appearance of the oddly familiar, but right now all she could think was that there had to be something she could do. Supergirl, National Cities personal hero, could not just die, there had to be something Lena could do. But despite how hard she thought, or tried to move, she had been forced into the role of observer alone.

The energy from the alien weapons were close now, it wouldn’t be much longer until Supergirl’s heat vision gave out completely. The muscles and tendons in her neck were straining against her skin, her mouth hanging open in a scream and her hands digging into the concrete.

“James, go!” she shouted, her voice desperate and hoarse, the alien weapons seconds away from overpowering her.

“I’m not leaving you.” Olsen replied, stubbornly staying by Supergirl’s side. With a cry, she shut down her heat vision, using the split second that she had left to turn her body as much as possible to shield Olsen and the other bystanders.

The combined energy of the three weapons struck Supergirl, shooting her tumbling back across the ground. A line of broken concrete was the marker of her passage. Supergirl lay in a crater, lacking the strength to pull herself out of the shallow hole as the three criminals sauntered over to her.
The leader was speaking, his tone of voice arrogant and mocking, but Lena couldn’t hear the words he was speaking. All she could hear was the beating of her own heart, as well as the ragged breaths that Supergirl was taking. Together, they created a storm in her ears. Lena’s gaze was fixed on the hero.

She watched as Supergirl looked past the gloating criminals to see James Olsen lying on the ground, unmoving and sightless eyes open. Tears glistened in the alien’s eyes, her lip cut open and bleeding. She was no longer paying attention to the criminals, instead looking around the crowd of horrified humans who were watching their hero die.

The three criminals each raised their weapons, taking aim direct at the fallen hero. Lena was aware of black-clad agents running towards them, one woman in the lead screaming out. But they, nor the green alien just landing from flight, weren’t going to get here in time to do anything but watch the hero die.

Lena’s breath caught in her throat as Supergirl looked directly at her, pain and sorrow shining in her eyes. A flash of light filled Lena’s vision, the energy of the alien weapons blinding as they struck the killing blow.

Lena woke screaming out Supergirl’s name, sitting bolt upright in her bed. The covers were bunched around her, making her feel claustrophobic. Her heart was pounding painfully in her chest, and her cheeks were wet with tears. Her mind was still racing from her vision, but she knew with absolute certainty what she had seen. Lena found herself praying fervently that her visions weren’t set in stone, and that the future could be changed. Otherwise, this weekend the Girl of Steel would die.

Chapter End Notes

First of all, I have never personally experienced a panic attack, and I used internet research to try and determine the best way to describe what Lena was feeling and how she overcame it. If I did it wrong, or you have experienced a panic attack and what I wrote was utter rubbish, please let me know so I can try to fix it. I try to be as accurate as possible.

Secondly, Kara’s movements/smiles/body language in the ‘asking to the gala’ scene was not made up by me to exaggerate the annoying-ness of Mon-El. Seriously, go check it out! She does exactly what I wrote when ever Mon-El speaks! Also, he will be making more appearances in this story, but I am not sticking with canon (so no horrible
relationship on their part at all). I want to try and write him fairly, and write him the way I wished had actually be canon, so don't except to much Mon-El bashing (I may have to limit myself!)

If you want, come check me out on tumblr, I'm darheksmoak or at darheksmoak.tumblr.com - there you can do whatever you want, maybe prod me once and a while about getting a new chapter out!
I am SO sorry for the long delay. As a reader myself, I know how much I hate that, and I am sorry. I don't even have a good excuse, I have had plenty of time to write that I haven't taken. But I plan on writing much more frequently now, so hopefully I actually update frequently. I have not, nor do I have plans to abandon this story. So please, enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Lena bolted out of her bed, sweat making her clothes stick to her skin. She rushed into her living room, grabbing paper and a pen, not wanting to waste the time it would take to boot her computer up. She started writing frantically, her words rushed and sloppy on the page; but she had to write down every detail of the dream before it slipped away. As she wrote, tears welled in her eyes again as she replayed the vivid scenes that had tormented her sleep. Her hand began to tremble when she started to write about how Supergirl had fallen.

She closed her eyes, taking a moment to try and steady herself. She attempted to push down everything she was feeling, but all the combined terror and pain she remembered from the dream (she was certain that all she was feeling didn't belong exclusively to her) dug in deep with long claws. The trembling in her hand started to worsen as the events she had seen began to play over and over in her mind like a fractured clip show; Supergirls defeated look towards her, the blinding flash of light and then the hero's body hitting the cement with a sickening thud. A scream (Lena was unsure if the cry was her own or someone else's) echoing across the horrifyingly silent scene.

Over and over those images flashed through her mind, speeding up and consuming all her mental focus. Lena was dimly aware that she had dropped her pen and had sunk to her knees, cradling her head between her hands. A low moaning sound was slowing getting louder, and it took a moment for Lena to realize that she was the one making the noise. She tried to think about something else, tried to make the images in her mind stop, but nothing she was doing was working. Her vision just kept on replaying, roughly pushing her body into panic mode along with them.

“Control yourself Luthor!” A voice in her mind commanded, sounding oddly like a mix of Lex, Lillian and an older, somehow familiarly strange voice. “The visions are your tool. Control them, do not let them control you.”

The commanding voice cut through the panic and images rushing through her mind, creating a small line of clarity that Lena latched onto.

“Now breath. The visions are a dream, nothing more. Forget the panic, the pain, the fear and anger. Focus on this moment, focus on who you are, on where you are.” The voice continued to coach Lena, and she followed its directive, not yet taking the time to question where this voice was really coming from.

Forcing herself to breath deeply and slowly (even if it did feel like she was drowning) she was able
to start focusing on herself in this moment. She was still on the floor, curled into herself and cradling her head. In a display of intense self-control, Lena removed her hands from around her head, though it felt like she was moving through thick syrup. She didn’t have any more time to work herself through everything she was feeling before a new source of panic landed on her balcony with her red cape snapping in the wind.

Supergirl opened the balcony door (which was unlocked, luckily, because the hero looked as if she was getting inside no matter what) and her head swivelled around as she looked for a problem, concern etched deep onto her face. Lena stood up quickly, anxiously smoothing her hand over the lines in her pajamas. She felt her cheeks burn softly at the state the hero was seeing her in, but she pushed her visible signs of discomfort away. The imbalance and confusion she had been feeling only moments before was quickly fleeing, leaving no outward trace of their existence; if there was one good thing that came from being raised a Luthor it was her unconscious ability to bring yourself under control and appear unflappable in a moments notice.

She was momentarily distressed by the thought that her normal impenetrable appearance wouldn’t work with the Girl of Steel. No doubt the alien woman was able to hear every single rapid pound of Lena’s heart inside her chest.

“Ms. Luthor, are you alright?” Supergirl asked as she took a few steps forward, her attention focused on Lena as she concluded her inspection of the space. Lena fought the instinct to step back, but still felt her body make the halted movement to jerk backwards. Supergirl also noticed, and her frown deepened slightly, but she didn’t move any further towards Lena.

“What are you doing here, Supergirl?” Lena asked, ignoring the hero’s question in favour of her own. Her tone was both confused and accusatory (Superman’s similar late night ‘chat’ forefront in her mind) as she crossed her arms across her chest, settling herself into a more comfortable, and powerful, pose. She couldn’t do much to calm her heart, but she would do everything in her power to appear to be the woman her last named implied.

“I was coming back from a small robbery, and I heard you call out for me,” Supergirl explained, her concern clear. “I thought you were in trouble and needed my help.”

Lena glanced away; it was easier to hide her complete surprise when she wasn’t facing the hero. Of any reason for Supergirl to be showing up at her apartment late at night, the hero wanting to protect her had never even been a possibility she had entertained.

“TELL NO ONE! HIDE IT! PROTECT YOURSELF!” The voice in her mind yelled out before Lena had even had the thought about whether to confess the reason she had screamed Supergirls name to the woman in question. An overwhelming need came in with the order; Lena needed to protect herself, to never tell anyone about what made her different.

“Well, as you can see, I have no need of your presence this evening,” Lena said. She could see that the answer wasn’t enough for Supergirl, who was clearly moving towards questioning the CEO further.

“Do you always come flying in whenever you hear someone screaming out your name late at night?” she asked the hero, quick to deflect any further inquiry. Supergirls brow furrowed (the movement somehow familiar) confused by the abrupt change, and by the question itself.

“Of course,” she said, her tone leaving it clear that she didn’t understand why Lena would even question the fact. A smirk played on Lena’s lips.

“I’m sure that has resulted in more than one… revealing, situation,” she insinuated, her eyebrow cocking upwards. “I can only imagine the would-be-rescuee’s mortification; or their delight. I’m sure
that that had resulted in many interesting propositions.”

Supergirls cheeks darkened and glanced away for a moment, much to Lena’s private entertainment. She hadn’t consciously decided to tease the hero, but had found it to be an instinctive response. Lena found it delightful that it was almost ridiculously easy to fluster the Girl of Steel. Though maybe she should reel in her flirting a bit.

To her credit, Supergirl only took a short moment before meeting Lena’s eyes again. “Yes it has,” she spoke, her voice low and precise, “but that hasn’t stopped me from responding every time.” The hero held none of her previous discomfort at her statements, resolutely staring into Lena’s eyes as she spoke.

Lena swallowed. Supergirls words weren’t particularly suggestive, but damn, did they have an effect on her she didn’t except (or want). She wondered if the hero had taken anyone up on their offer before. She shifted her weight, her train of thought creating a slight burn through her system, but she refused to break Supergirls gaze. After a moment, the Girl of Steel blinked rapidly and looked away, as if she was just realizing the intensity of their eye-contact. The hero shuffled a foot for a moment before putting her hands on her hips, a move Lena was sure Supergirl thought looked hero-ish but came out more awkward that intended.

“Well, if you’re not in danger, I should probably go,” Supergirl said somewhat awkwardly, moving towards the open balcony door. Lena made a split-second decision before she could leave.

“Well, if you’re not in danger, I should probably go,” Supergirl said somewhat awkwardly, moving towards the open balcony door. Lena made a split-second decision before she could leave.

“Wait, I actually had something I wanted to ask you,” Lena called out, uncrossing her arms and reaching towards the hero slightly to stop her from leaving. Supergirl turned her head towards the CEO, a question on her face. Did she think that Lena was going to ask her to…? The CEO briefly wondered what the hero’s response would be to such a request, but quickly pushed that train of thought away. Fantasy’s could wait until after the image of Supergirl dying was gone from her mind.

“I was going to ask Kara Danvers to get in touch with you, but since you’re here now, I figure I may as well ask now,” she explained. Supergirl turned back to face her completely, folding her arms across her chest. Lena noted that that movement seemed more natural than the hands-on-the-hips move, and it radiated much more strength. She had the fleeting thought that she should tell the hero this observation; mimicking her cousins signature stance wasn’t doing her any favors.

“I’m not sure that you’ve heard, but I’m hosting a gala fundraiser tomorrow night for the Children’s Hospital,” Lena told the hero, the seeds of a plan already starting to grow in her mind.

“Yes, I had heard about that,” Supergirl said, her brow furrowed into a crinkle (damn, why did that seem so familiar?) “I don’t know if it’s a good idea to go through with it. If I haven’t caught the gang with alien weapons yet, this will definitely be a target for them.”

“I know you won’t have caught them yet,” Lena thought to herself. “That’s why I want to invite you to come, too,” she said out-loud. “I know that if you’re there, my guests and I will be safe.”

“And if you’re already there, I can find a way to save your life.”

Supergirl was studying her intently. “You like to take risks, don’t you?” she asked. “When Corbin was after you, and now this. Why?”

Lena felt her face fall into neutrality. She couldn’t exactly tell the Girl of Steel that she had dreamed the woman’s death and was trying to prevent it.
“Well, you can’t live in fear,” she said instead. “You more than anyone must understand that. Time and again you risk everything to see justice done. Is it so hard to believe that I feel the same way? Or are you one of those people who think there’s no such thing as a good Luthor?” Ice was in her voice at her final question.

“I believe everyone should be judged on their own merits,” Supergirl responded, hardly any hesitation before her answer.

“Then judge me on mine. This party must happen, and I am asking you for your help,” Lena said, her tone just a smidgen more pleading then she would normally allow. Supergirl had to attend; there had to be a way to stop her dream from coming true.

“Then I guess I have no choice,” Supergirl sighed out, but a small smile danced around her mouth. Lena couldn’t stop the huge wave of relief that flooded over her.

“Thank you,” she said. “So, Kara and I will see you tomorrow night?” For some reason, her last statement made the hero tense up.

“Right!” Supergirl said, moving towards the balcony. “Yes, Kara and I will both be at your party.”

With no further farewells, the hero exited the apartment and flew away into the night. Lena sat heavily onto her couch, letting go of her unflappable façade. The first step in her fledgling plan was set, now all she had to do was think of a way to stop a group of people that Supergirl herself had failed to stop. No pressure.

**

Kara was not in a good mood, hence the reason she was stomping up the stairs to her apartment instead of mindfully watching how heavy her footfalls were. Today had not been a good day at all. The gang had attacked again last night, and she had been busy with an armed robbery across town. By the time she had arrived on the scene, the gang had fled, but the damage they had done to a building (literally bringing it down!) had already been done. She was just glad that everyone inside had gotten out in time; she didn’t like to think about what would have happened if they hadn’t.

And as if a group of humans attacking people with alien weapons wasn’t enough to worry about, Mon-El was being a complete and utter tool at CatCo. He wasn’t doing any of the work he was assigned, wasn’t even trying to learn or be helpful and to top it all off, she had caught him having sex with Eve in a supply closest. She got that he was a Daxamite and everything, but did he really have to try so hard to prove all the stereotypes about that planet true?

The one thing that she had have been looking forward to was Lena’s charity gala tomorrow night. But after her late-night chat with the CEO, even that was a source of stress now. It wouldn’t be just a fun night helping a worthy cause while spending time with her friend, now she had to do the whole song-and-dance of being there as Kara and as Supergirl, which she wasn’t certain yet how she would pull off.

Kara stomped around the corner to her appointment, surprised to see Alex leaning against the wall and waiting for her. She was even more surprised to see Alex eating a donut.

“A donut? You never eat sugar in the middle of the day. What’s wrong?” she asked, cruising by Alex to unlock the door.

“I’m feeling confused about something,” Alex said vaguely. “But your steps were exceptionally
As they entered her apartment, Kara briefly weighed what issue to talk with Alex about. She already knew her frustrations about the alien weapons, and for some reasons she didn’t really feel like telling Alex that she was upset that she wouldn’t be able to simply enjoy hanging out with Lena tomorrow night. That left Mon-El to complain about.

“Mark almost got fired today,” She said.

“Who?”

“Mark. Uh, Mike. Mon-El!” Kara said, flinging her hands around with frustration. “He doesn’t take his job seriously at all. It’s really like he’s never worked a day in his life.”

“Well he is from a different planet,” Alex tried to reason.

“I’m from a different planet!” Kara shot back. “And I had to deal with the awkwardness of 7th grade when I first got here. I helped him get a new identity,” she grabbed a bottle of water from the fridge, going back and getting a second one at Alex’s wordless gesture. “I got him an internship. I even got him a new pair of glasses for a disguise, in case he wants to put on a cape and help people the same way I do. He has everything he needs, and yet is still a disaster!”

Alex was smiling. “Well that’s the problem.”

“What the glasses? I can take those back, but I don’t think it’s going to make any difference.”

Alex put her hand across the table, urging Kara to sit, which she did.

“When you first arrived at our house, I thought, “finally, I have a sister,” Alex started saying.

“An alien sister,” Kara interrupted somewhat petulantly. She didn’t really remember that being Alex’s first reaction to her being there.

“Even better,” Alex continued. “But I still wanted you to be just like me, to do everything that I did. So I dragged you out to science fairs…”

“Those were so boring,” Kara said, thinking back to the fairs that had seemed like children’s science to her, and yet made Alex so excited.

“Made you watch scary movies.”

“What do you have against a good old romantic-comedy?”

“Forced you to listen to the music I liked.”

“Yeah, your punk rock phase was very strange.” Kara remembered the first time Alex had made her listen to said music; she had nearly broken the iPod in her haste to turn off the sound (THIS is good music, Alex had insisted) that was piercing her ears.

“But finally, I let it go. Let you do your own thing, find your own hobbies. Listen to your own weird music.”

“ Weird? Uh, NSYNC, first of all, is not weird and second of all, they are amazing,” Kara defended. Normally, this would start into a joking argument between the sisters, but this time Alex stayed focused on the conversation at hand.
“Mon-El is not you. Just like you’re not me. So, what works for you, might not work for him. You know,” Alex stood up here, pacing back and forth slightly and gesturing with her hands. It seemed like she was now talking more than about Mon-El. “People just need to figure out what works for them. You know, who they are inside. What their meant to be.”

“So, your saying that the job, the sweater and the glasses are a bit too much,” Kara asked.

“Not everyone can rock argyle like you do,” Alex said, scrunching up her face. And like always, Alex was right. Now, instead of being upset with Mon-El, Kara was a little disappointed in herself for trying to force what she wanted onto him, not even caring what he wanted. Speaking of which…

“Oh, god. You came here to talk to me about something, and I haven’t shut my mouth,” Kara apologized. “I’m sorry. What is it, what’s wrong?”

Kara could see the tension in Alex’s body suddenly skyrocket. She fidgeted for a moment, looking past Kara to think. There was silence between them for a moment, Alex seemingly wrestling with some big. With every moment that past, Kara’s concern increased.

“I was, um, I was talking with Maggie earlier,” she started hesitantly. “And something she said got me thinking. Well, it was more than just what she said, it’s been a lot of things. A lot of things that I’ve done, or been doing, and I haven’t thought about them until Maggie said something. So now I’m thinking about these things, and I’m… I’m doing a lot of thinking.”

Now Kara was really concerned. It was completely unlike Alex to ramble so much, and she couldn’t remember the last time she had seen her sister this nervous.

“Alex,” Kara started, mimicking her sisters earlier move and reaching her hand across the table. Alex sat and took Kara’s hand in her own. The crinkle made a small appearance as Kara felt just how hard Alex’s heart was racing.

“Did Maggie do something, or say something to you? Something you didn’t want her to?” Kara was glad that Alex had some to hang out with outside of the Super-friends, but if Maggie had done something to hurt her big sister is any way…

“No!” Alex was quick to say. “God, no. It’s just, something she said; something she thought I was implying, made me take a closer look at myself.”

“Ok, what did she say?” Kara asked quietly. Alex stared at her, her pulse point going crazy beneath Kara’s fingers, and her breathing was getting faster.

“Alex?” Kara asked again after several minutes of silence. Her voice seemed to snap Alex out of her daze and she removed her hand from Kara’s grasp.

“You know what, it’s really not important,” she said, trying to brush it off. Kara furrowed her eyebrows.

“It seems like it is important. You can tell me, Alex, you know you can,” Kara tried to coax gently. Alex stood up from the table again, crossing her arms and shaking her head just a little to hard.

“No, no it’s fine,” she started but Kara interrupted her.

“Alex, whatever Maggie said obviously upset you. Tell me what’s wrong,” Kara pleaded, also standing up from the table and crossing over to grab onto Alex’s shoulders.

“No, it didn’t… she didn’t upset me. Just got me thinking about something,” Alex spoke resolutely,
her posture suddenly straightening. “I said something off-hand about it being a long time since I just hung out with people that were neither co-workers or your friends first. Maggie just thought that it was a strange thing, and it got me thinking.”

As she spoke, Alex began to lose a lot of her nervous ticks, and was once again the calm and collected Agent that Kara so often relied on. Even though she was visibly relaxing, Kara had the feeling that Alex wasn’t really telling her the truth.

“I realized that I probably don’t have as much of a social life as I should. It’s always been harder for me to prioritize that kind of stuff with everything else that goes on in my, in our, lives; but hanging out with Maggie, it’s making me realize that it’s something I should work on.”

Kara held Alex’s gaze for a moment longer, before she broke out into a huge grin.

“Well I could have told you that,” she said, deciding to push away her unease at the feeling that Alex was lying. If Alex wanted to wait to tell her what was really going on, that was alright with Kara. “In fact, I have told you that. More than once.”

Alex laughed and grinned back at Kara’s teasing, and lightly pushed her shoulder.

“Well sometimes it takes someone outside of the immediate situation to point out even blindingly obvious situations to someone,” she said as Kara turned around. The superhero thought her sister’s voice had gotten kind of strange at the end of the sentence, but when she glanced back, Alex looked the same as before.

“Now, do you need to vent about Mon-El a bit more while I order us some pizza?” Alex quizzed, then laughed at Kara’s answering groan.

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Lena sat in her office, stacks of paper surrounding her open computer as she studied the recordings (that she obtained completely legally) of each of the alien-armed gang attacks. It wasn’t her first time studying the footage, and her frustration was beginning to increase.

She had already spent hours going over the videos and subsequent scientific readings she had gained on the criminals, as well as pouring over all the L-Corp devices and files (both completed and still-in-development) she could think of that might be of any use. So far, inspiration had not struck her, and frankly, it was pissing her off. It didn’t help that it was easier to dwell on the irritation and anger than the growing fear of that maybe she wouldn’t be able to save Supergirl.

She knew that whatever ‘secret’ government agency Supergirl worked with must have access to more information about these alien weapons, and she knew that getting a look into whatever information that agency had would almost certainly make it easier for her to come up with a counter-attack. But she wasn’t desperate enough to try and hack into their files. Not yet at least, but if she didn’t think of something soon…

Lena leaned back in her chair, throwing a pen at her desk top in frustration. She ran a hand over her face, reaching down to rub at her shoulders; she couldn’t get over the feeling that she was missing something crucial, something that should be easy for her to see.

“Lex would have figured it out by now,” she thought to herself. Such thoughts (and often similar words spoken by Lillian) weren’t new to Lena, and she tried to shut down that negative part of her mind. “Of course, Lex wouldn’t be interested in shutting down the weapons, but rather would increase their output to kill Supergirl faster.”
Her hand stilled on her neck as an idea came to her. What if it wasn’t a matter of shutting down the weapons, or even counter-acting their effects? What if instead, the solution lay in turning the effects and energy of the weapons back against themselves? Lena turned back to her computer, pulling up the different radiation readings she had been able to find. She skimmed over the reports again, finding them woefully lacking. But not lacking enough that they couldn’t help her at all.

Electric-magnetic radiation. That was what powered the weapons, and more importantly, it left behind a signature that the science division of NCPD had been able to detect. Their finds included the frequency and wavelengths of each weapons energy pattern. Lena couldn’t stop her grin as that illusive piece of the puzzle seemed to click in her mind.

Turning away from the computer, she searched through the various papers and folders scattered along her desk before finally finding what she wanted. She read over the file, her smile growing into a triumphant smirk.

“Jess,” Lena spoke through the intercom to her assistant. “Please call Dr. Collins down in R&D and inform her that I’m heading down to consult with her on Project 4252. I want the full project schematics, test readouts and prototype ready for my arrival in ten minutes.”

Jess acknowledged the task briefly before starting on her assignment. Lena got up from her desk, gave herself a quick check in her office bathroom’s mirror (one must always look impeccable, especially a CEO) before starting her short journey down to the R&D lab.

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Kara found herself oddly nervous as she got out of the taxi with Winn as they arrived at L-Corp’s charity gala. She had been to such large gala’s before when she was Cat’s assistant, but this felt different to her somehow; more important. Kara reasoned that the tension in her stomach was because she had to make appearances as both of her identities tonight. But that didn’t really explain the reason she had taken over forty minutes to pick out the dress she was wearing.

Winn was gawking just slightly at the spectacle of National City’s richest and most influential people milling around drinking champagne and listening to soft music. Kara was certain that he had been to events like this before, but maybe not with so many of the cities elites. She wacked him on the arm very lightly, to get him to stop. He grinned sheepishly at her while playfully acting like she had bruised him.

She had been in the DEO making a report on the gala and the possibility of it being a target, and how Lena wanted Supergirl to make an appearance, when Winn had made an offhanded comment on how she was going to be like Robin Williams. She had half-glared at her friend, but J’ohn had seemed to take his idea seriously, and had ordered Winn to accompany her to help her sort out the situation. The IT specialist had been caught of guard by that, and had asked why J’ohn not simply pretended to be Kara or Supergirl again.

J’ohn had done that quite stare he does (which Kara was certain he did just to make Winn fidget) before telling them both that he and Alex were going to be on standby at the DEO in case the gang attacked somewhere else. With their orders clear, Kara had called Lena to ask if she could bring a friend along with her to the event.

Lena had sounded happy to hear from Kara (and talking to Lena never failed to make Kara smile too) but there had been just the slightest pause and change in the tone of her voice when Kara had made the request.

“Is that ok?” Kara had asked, hesitantly confused at the change in Lena’s voice.
“Yes, of course you’re more than free to invite anyone that you want to accompany you,” Lena had assured her.

Despite her assurances, Kara still felt like she had disappointed her friend somehow, and that had left her feeling upset with herself. Maybe that was why she had put more effort into getting ready for the gala then she normally would, as a way to try and make it up to Lena by showing how grateful she was to have been invited.

After they confirmed with an usher that they were on the invite list, they made their way into the main area of the event itself. Winn pulled out a small device from his pocket, looking around briefly before starting to speak.

“All right, the particle detector will let us know if there are any alien weapons within a hundred feet of us,” he half whispered.

“What are you sure?” Kara asked somewhat skeptically.

“Have I ever been wrong before?” Winn asked, his voice higher in indignation. Kara didn’t respond, just looked at him with an eyebrow raised.

“Oh, this time I am sure,” he said, causing Kara to grin. Her attention was stolen away from him when she spotted a familiar figure ahead of them.

“I see Lena, commence operation ‘Doubtfire’,” Kara whispered, a touch more dramatically than really needed. But it was Winn’s fault, he had insisted in calling it that.

“Lena!” Kara called out, big smile on her face as Winn ducked away. As Lena turned towards her, Kara’s step falter for half a moment when she noticed how amazing the other woman looked. Not that she noticed her own paused movement.

“The professional CEO smile the other woman had before was replaced with a genuine one when she saw the reporter. “It’s really great to see you, I’m glad you could come.” She glanced around slightly, wondering where Kara’s mysterious invitee might be, but then quickly brought her attention back to her friend. She was here for a reason, not to be jealous over Kara bringing a date to an event Lena had invited her to (and she definitely wasn’t here to be distracted about how amazing Kara’s arms looked).

“Have you seen Supergirl?” she asked to make herself focus on the task at hand. Kara shook her head slightly.

“But I’m sure she’s on her way,” she said looking around. Just then somebody walked straight into Lena with enough force that she was turned away from Kara slightly.

“Oh, I am so sorry! Did I spill this on you?” the man asked, calling out to see if anyone had a seltzer before Lena could assure him that she was fine. But at least this guy wasn’t using a spilled (or possibly spilled) drink as a very poor excuse to try and cop a feel on her, which had happened more times then Lena would like to admit.

Before Lena could say anything, she heard rushing wind followed by the landing of boots on the cement beside her.

“Supergirl,” Lena started, smiling politely even as her stomach clenched in nerves. “I’m glad you could make it.”

Kara noticed that Lena was again acting more like the perfect CEO with Supergirl, as opposed to the
way she was more open and real with Kara Danvers. It bugged her, but that was cost of having a secret identity she supposed.

“I still think this might be a bad idea,” she said, striding closer to Lena. If her tone was a little more of an exasperated friend than an admonishment from a superhero, neither women really noticed.

“Well, why don’t we wait to see how the evening pans out?” Lena suggested, just a touch flirty. She silently cursed her knee-jerk reaction to flirt when she was nervous around pretty girls; she was trying to prevent the hero’s death, not go out with her! When it wasn’t nerves to do with trying to get a date (or getting laid), she shouldn’t respond by flirting!

“I’ll check the perimeter for any activity,” Supergirl said, stepping back from Lena again (Lena wondered why she had moved towards her in the first place). “I’ll be back at the first sign of danger.” She assured the CEO before lifting into the air and out of sight.

Lena continued to stare after the spot where Supergirl had disappeared, anxiety worrying in her gut. The hero was on the lookout for danger to everyone else, but was she going to be paying attention to the danger she was in?

After using her super-speed to change back into her own clothes, Kara half sprinted to be back by Lena’s side. It took a second for Lena to notice her return, as she was busy looking up into the sky, the edge of her bottom lip caught between her teeth. The movement was similar to what Lena had done when she asked Kara to go to the gala, and seeing it again, though this time directed towards Supergirl, made something pang inside of Kara.

“Kara, you just missed Supergirl,” Lena said, directing her attention back to her friend.

“Did I? Golly.” As soon as she said it, Kara made a face at herself. Golly? Really?? But she immediately flashed a bright smile again as Lena looked at her questioningly. Lena laughed softly in amusement at her friend’s odd choice of words.

“Well, as much as I would love to just stay with you the entire evening, I need to make the rounds and make sure all these lovely people are donating generously,” Lena said. Kara’s smile dimmed slightly, but she nodded.

“Yeah, I know how that is,” she said, “work before pleasure, right?” Kara obviously hadn’t meant anything beyond the saying with those words, but damnit if Kara saying pleasure didn’t start Lena’s abundantly detailed imagination. It was through sheer force of will that her cheeks didn’t redden, and she excused herself from her friend, silently cursing herself for behaving like a teenager.

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It was a little while later, and Lena was still making the rounds amongst her guests. While everyone was polite and respectful to her face, the judgemental looks and whispered comments behind her back didn’t escape her notice. But Lena didn’t let herself dwell on what anyone was thinking or saying. To be a Luthor was to be above such disdain, and she was nothing if not well practiced in acting like other people’s opinions didn’t bother her. Besides, she was half distracted waiting for the moment when the gang would show up and try to rob the place.

She was in the middle of making polite, yet mind-numbingly boring, talk with a shareholder of Lord Technologies, when she saw Kara out of the corner of her eye. She casually adjusted her stance slightly so that she could get a better view of her friend while still paying attention (or as much attention as needed) to the shareholder.
That same flash of jealousy she had felt when Kara had said she was inviting someone to be her date jolted through Lena as she saw Kara begin dancing with the guy, Mick or something, from CatCo. Lena wondered if the impression she had got from the two at their work, that Kara barely even liked the guy, was completely wrong, as she seemed to be enjoying dancing with him.

She didn’t have long to wonder about it, or to try and stomp down on her jealousy, as explosions came from near the stage. There were startled cries, but everyone seemed to be shocked still instead of running around and panicking. Lena’s heart began to beat wildly; this was it!

“My, my,” the gang leader sing-songed as he sauntered into the open space between the crowd, flanked by two other men. “Look how many pretty things there are.” Lena took a step out, coming right into his path.

“Oh, you picked the wrong party to crash,” she said, letting disdain fill her voice instead of the anxiety she felt. She needed her plan to work; she needed to prove that she could change the future. The alternative was too horrible to contemplate.

“I don’t think so princess,” he said, reaching over to her and ripping her necklace off. Ok, now she was pissed. “Alright, I’m gonna keep this real simple people,” he continued louder this time, holding the necklace above his head. “Hand over every ring, pearl, diamond, watch, wallet, and no-one gets disintegrated.”

At the leader’s words, all three criminals began to move among the crowd, taking whatever they wanted.

“Did you really think I wouldn’t be here?” Supergirl’s voice rang out, clear as day over the crowd. Lena looked up to see the hero floating above all their heads, glaring at the leader of the gang.

“Actually, I was counting on it!” he said, turning around and firing his weapon at the flying hero. The energy from his weapon was met by Supergirl’s heat vision, neither giving ground until another of the criminals shot her. The discharge from him weapon threw Supergirl to the ground, her impact creating a crater of debris around her.

“Oh god, no.” Lena thought to herself. She had hoped that Supergirl being here earlier would have already changed things from her vision, but it didn’t seem like she was that lucky. As the hero shook off the attack, Lena dashed through the panicking crowd and dived underneath the stage. She made her way over to where the black-body generator was sitting, grabbing the remote and switching it on.

“Damnit!” Lena shouted, grabbing the small flashlight she had stowed beside the generator. She ripped the top cover off the device, and began to fiddle around with the wires and internal mechanism while mentally running over the generators blueprints to try and figure out why it wasn’t working.

Lena could hear Supergirl’s laser-vision being shot at the criminals, exactly as the hero had done in her dream. Lena refocused on her task; if she let herself think about the vision, she was going to end up caught up in it’s emotions again, and right now she couldn’t afford to become paralyzed with fear. She was distracted from her work when another person dived under the stage to hide from the attacks.

“Do you mind!” Lena snapped, the device sparking beneath her hand. It was the same man as before, the one who had run into her.
“Is that a black body field generator?” he asked with obvious awe, crawling over to her and the device.

“It will be, if I can get it working, ok?” Lena responded curtly; she did not need distractions right now. Why wasn’t the damn thing working? What was she missing?

“This whole party, you set a trap for these guys,” the man said, confused respect clear in his voice.

“Yes, a trap that is going to fail unless I can get this operational,” Lena said. “And if I don’t get this stupid thing working, Supergirl is dead.” She added to herself.

“Oh, uh,” the guy muttered, “so if the black body is at equilibrium with the alien weapons… then it will absorb the electromagnetic radiation and shut them down! This is genius!” this time the excitement was clear in his voice.

“Yes, I know,” Lena spared him a half-second glance, surprised and pleased that he seemed to understand what she was trying to do. “But the frequency and the wavelength, their a match, so…”

As she said it out loud, the pieces clicked in her head and she glanced at the fellow scientist beside her.

“The induction coil.” The both said at the same time. Without saying anything else, Lena handed him the flashlight as she stuck her hand back into the machine. He held the light steady as she corrected the problem.

It only took a moment, but in that short time Lena faintly heard the lead criminal say, ‘Lights out Supergirl’, exactly as he had in her vision moments before the hero’s death. She looked up at the man with her, worry clear in her face.

“Punch it,” he said, mistaking her panic as worry that the device wouldn’t work. Without another hesitation, and a silent plea to all deities in existence, Lena flicked the switch inside of the machine and turned it on. To her immense relief, something happened this time. A slightly visible energy field shot out of the generator, expanding rapidly outwards. Beyond the stage, the sounds of the discharges of the weapons were soon exchanged for an explosion.

Wasting no time, Lena crawled out from under the stage, her random science partner beside her. As she stood up, she looked around. The crowd was still mostly frozen in shock and fear, but the gang members now stood weaponless. Even more importantly, Supergirl stood up from where she was crouched in front of James Olsen.

A wave of relief and euphoria unlike anything Lena had ever felt before washed over her, making her knees buckle slightly. She had done it! She had saved Supergirl’s life, and also proven that what she saw in her visions weren’t always going to come true. She felt like laughing, cheering and maybe crying a little too, but she held herself in check, acting professional as always.

The crowd began to move around and talk amongst themselves in hushed whispers. The agents in black that Lena had seen arriving too late in her vision were now pressing into the crowd, four of them stepping forward and starting to restrain the criminals. Another agent, a woman, went straight to Supergirl, placing a hand on her arm in concern.

Lena’s attention was drawn away from that scene by Mick, no Mike of the interns, walking away from the crowd. He was trying, and failing, to hide the obviously giant burn at his chest; a burn that would have only come from being hit from one of the weapons. Different pieces came together in Lena’s mind, such as Kara’s near slip that the man needed to be around humans more.
“He must be an alien. Oh, so he’s probably the friend Kara said got mixed up with Roulette’s fight club.” She thought to herself. She was brought out of her musings when the man beside her gestured between the two of them.

“Oh, no, we weren’t, under there, to,” he started stammering. Lena looked between him and Supergirl, the later of whom was giving them both an odd look for appearing from underneath the stage together.

“We stopped it!” the man said instead of trying to continue explaining. His gleeful exclamation made Supergirl and James Olsen chuckle and smile brightly. The female agent standing beside Supergirl, however, kept a straight face and her attention fixed on Lena. And while Lena may have been used to receiving similar kinds of intense looks from other women, she was not used to receiving it from a secret agent. With a slight smile and tilt of her head, she acknowledged that she was aware of the agent appraising her, and then Lena began to take control of the situation, handling the concerns and exit of the guests.

The agents escorted the now captured criminals away, but Supergirl stayed around to help deal with the aftermath of the attack. They didn’t discuss it, but Lena found that they worked in concert to take care of the situation. The one person she didn’t notice in the exiting crowd, though, was Kara.

Kara flew through the air above National City, enjoying the still night beneath her. The city had been quite since Miner and his gang were arrested last night, but Kara’s thoughts were still troubled. The criminals hadn’t even been in jail for even 24 hours before they had been killed. They had simply dropped dead, right in front of Maggie, killed by some device they hadn’t even known was planted in their heads. If there had been any doubt before that Cadmus was the ones behind them, their murders drove it away.

Kara found herself flying near to L-Corp, and she made a quick adjustment to fly closer to the building. Much as she was expecting, the light was still on in Lena’s office, but Lena wasn’t at her desk. Instead, she was on the balcony, leaning against the railing with her eyes closed. Kara smiled. After dealing with the aftermath of the attack on the gala, Kara had seen she had received texts from Lena asking if she was alright. She had assured her friend that she hadn’t been harmed, and had simply been shown out by Supergirl and that’s why they hadn’t seen each other again that night. Neither Supergirl nor Kara had talked with Lena since then, and Kara suddenly found herself missing the CEO.

Deciding that that wouldn’t stand, Kara dropped down out of the sky onto Lena’s balcony beside the other woman. If the sudden landing startled her, she didn’t show it. Instead, she smiled, her eyes still closed for a moment.

“Supergirl,” she said simply, opening her eyes to look at the hero. The smile she gave Supergirl wasn’t quite the same as the one she would give Kara Danvers, but neither was it the practiced CEO smile. Kara didn’t even try to restrain her own bright smile, happy that she was making progress in getting Lena to be more open with her as Supergirl as well.

“I came to thank you,” Kara started and then stopped. She wasn’t sure how she could say exactly how she was feeling, and how grateful she was for what Lena did. When she had realized that Lena had set a trap for the criminals, and had successfully carried it out without anyone being hurt, she had been so incredibly proud of the woman. That pride had been followed by concern over all the things
that could have gone wrong, and how easily Lena and everyone else could have gotten hurt.

“You took a great risk, Ms. Luthor,” she continued, both women starting to move along the balcony into the office. “Why didn’t you tell me what you were up to?” she asked, looking over her shoulder and smiling softly to undercut the worry that had plagued all of her ‘what if’ thoughts. Lena shrugged a single shoulder, a more casual move than Kara expected.

“I doubt you would have believed a Luthor just wanted to see justice done,” her voice held a hint of a laugh, but her words still dampened the warmth that had been spreading through Kara.

“She doesn’t trust me,” Kara thought, upset by the fact.

“Well I couldn’t have done it without you,” she said aloud. “Thank you.” She turned back to face Lena, who was looking at her with a wide, genuine smile on her red lips. The warmth came back, spreading out from her chest.

“Who would have believed it,” Lena chuckled, “A Super and Luthor working together? I hope we can work together more in the future.” The last sentence was spoken a little quieter, almost shyly as Lena ducked her head. The action, as well as the statement itself, caused the warmth in Kara’s chest to come back and to feel like a blazing sun.

“Me to,” she answered honestly, a soft smile playing on her lips.

“Oh,” a voice from behind startled Kara, making her turn around and break her gaze off Lena. She had been distracted enough that she hadn’t heard this woman enter at all. “I didn’t realize that you had company.”

Though the woman wore a large smile, Kara could tell it was fake. Oddly enough, she felt as if she had been caught doing something she shouldn’t have, and she smiled awkwardly back as she placed her hands on her hips, feeling the need to show that she wasn’t doing anything wrong.

“Would you excuse me, Supergirl? I have to take this,” Lena asked, gesturing to the woman behind Kara. The hero didn’t miss that Lena was tense and coldly professional again, a far cry from how she had been acting just a moment before.

“Of course,” Kara said, glad to have a reason to leave behind the odd sense of awkwardness she was feeling. She strode quickly to the balcony and took of into the night.

Lena watched Supergirl go almost sadly. Even if she was still a little unsure around the hero, she would have preferred talking to the alien then to her mother.

“I’m sorry I missed your party,” Lilian said, her sentiment sounding false to Lena, who had years of practice in knowing when her mother was lying.

“What else is new?” she said coldly, turning back to face Lilian. “What can I do for you, mom?” Lilian smiled coolly.

“Is it really necessary to take that tone, Lena? I’ve come all this way to see you, and its been a long time since we were together.”

“Yeah, the last time was Lex’s trial. You haven’t spoken to me since then, even though I was tried to reach out,” Lena said, trying hard to hide the pain and anger she felt towards her adopted mother shutting her out like that. She knew that she shouldn’t let it bother her, it was a familiar enough move that she should be able to not be hurt by it anymore. But logic didn’t make it hurt any less then it did when Lena was a child.
“Well, what did you expect, dear? You testified against your own brother, and I’m sure that if you had done what was right, testifying for him as you were supposed to, he never would have gone to prison.” Her words were measured and calm, said with just the right tone that it came out sounding like a statement of undefeatable fact, rather than the barb it was.

Lena huffed to herself softly, fighting back the different emotions Lillian’s words caused. It was just like her to blame Lena for Lex’s prison sentence, as if he hadn’t done a single thing to deserve being there.

“What do you want, mom?” she asked again, refusing to let Lillian drag her into an argument. It was late, and she was too tired to deal with any of it.

“Is it really so hard to believe I came her to make up?” at her question, Lena just raised an eyebrow. Lillian subtly rolled her eyed and ‘tsked’ as if Lena was acting like a problematic teenager.

“Though, I do have to question your judgement, Lena. I come in here, trying to reconcile things between us, and I find her here?” Lillian looked at her balefully. “After everything her cousin did to your brother?”

Lena crossed her arms. “You mean after everything Lex did to Superman?” Lilian’s only response was a glare. “Besides, Supergirl is not her cousin, just as I am not Lex.”

“Well, that last part is painfully obvious, dear,” Lillian said. Even after all this time, after all the years of growing up and hearing her mother make similar comments, it still stung. The fact that it hurt made anger well up beside the pain of it. Lena turned away and walked over to her drinks tray.

“It’s late mother, and I’ve had a trying couple of days,” Lena said, pouring herself a glass of water, but not picking it up yet. “If you’re not here for anything important, I’m going to have to ask you to leave.”

“Nothing important?” Lillian scoffed. “If you think my trying to help you isn’t important, then by all means, I’ll leave. If you think it isn’t important that I am trying to stop you from making a fool of yourself, of trusting an alien, of making the same mistakes that Lex did. If I don’t stop you, you’re going to tarnish the Luthor name, the name we so generously gave you, more than you already have.”

As Lillian spoke, Lena’s hand formed into a fist. She had put down the water pitcher, but hadn’t yet picked up her glass. Anger, shame, humiliation; all the varied emotions that her mother managed to make her feel swirled inside of her, fighting each other even as she tried to deny that they were there. She could feel her nails cutting into her hand.

Everything that Lena was feeling and fighting rushed together. She felt her eyes burn, and the glass in front of her exploded. Glass and water flew outward, causing Lena to jump backwards and Lillian let out an undignified shout at the suddenness of the action. Lena stared in shock at where the glass had been.

“Really Lena, breaking a glass?” Lillian scolded. Lena turned her head towards her mother; she hadn’t seen that Lena hadn’t been holding the water, that she hadn’t even been anywhere near it.

Lena was frozen in shock for a moment, water drops on her clothes and skin. She soon recovered.

“Yes, obviously, this is not a good time,” she said, striding past Lilian to the open door. “Please go, mother. If you want to talk with me again, I suggest you make an appointment with my assistant.”

For a moment, Lena was worried that Lilian was going to argue with the clear dismissal, and she let
out a slight sigh when Lilian moved to leave. As she walked by, she paused in front of Lena, half out of the door already.

“When this alien turns on you, and you’re the one its hunting down, don’t come crying to me about it.” She spoke harshly, her voice little more than a whisper. Without another word or glance, Lilian left the Lena’s office.

Lena resisted the urge to slam the door behind her, but still closed it on her mothers retreating form. Alone in her office, she allowed the myriad of emotions to swirl inside of her again. She focused on the water pitcher, and after a moment’s concentration there was a burning in her eyes, and it too shattered.

That place deep inside of her, the place that allowed her to know with certainty that she was remembering a past life, that she could dream the future, resonated within her. That familiar voice, or feeling, in her mind seemed to hum with pleasure as the dots lined up for Lena and she knew. Magic was real.

And she had it.

Chapter End Notes

So what did you think? Did you think that Alex was going to come-out to Kara in this chapter? Cause to be honest, so did I. I had already written half the scene when I decided that I wasn’t going to. Alex’s coming out was one of the best things this season, and it was done so wonderfully that I didn’t think I could improve it at all.

Also, I hope that I’m doing a good job in writing the magic elements to this story, and my reasoning for Lena’s behavior to it are easily seen. Leave me a comment to let me know if there is anything you think I need to fix, or come see me at tumblr @ http://darheksmoak.tumblr.com
Chapter Notes

Wow, I am super bad at regularly updating, aren't I? And what makes it worse is that this chapter was done a while ago, but I just haven't had/taken the time to edit it and then update it. For everyone who is patiently sticking it out with me, hundreds of thanks on you all.

It had been a long two weeks, Lena thought to herself as she sipped at her drink, the chatter of dozens of people and music playing having long since faded to white noise. Two weeks since her dream of Supergirl dying; two weeks since her gala event where she had changed the future that she had dreamed. And two weeks since the exhilarating, and more-than-slightly terrifying, discovery that she possessed magic.

After her mother had left her office and she had tested out her abilities for the second time, Lena’s mind had taken off down a long road of wild speculation that had taken her until morning to pull herself out of. Her questions and curiosity refused to let her get any sleep that night, and they had also done well to hide her unease at this radical discovery. But the next morning, she once again gained control of her mental faculties, and from then on had acted more like the renowned scientist she was, rather than succumbing to flights of fancy.

Lena had either moved or out-right cancelled the majority of her meetings that day, instead dedicating her time to start outlining the parameters of her personal research project. The two biggest questions she could think of, in regards to her abilities, where these; where did these powers from, and what, exactly could she do with them? She had already decided that the answer to her first question lay in her past life; details and specific events were still hazy in her dreams, but connecting what she did remember with magic felt so instinctively right that it had to be the answer. And though Lena was frustrated that she couldn’t more easily access her past for answers, she was satisfied enough (for now) that she happily applied herself whole-heartedly to discovering the answer to her second question.

In the days following the initial incident, Lena sequestered an empty part of L-Corps R&D department for her own use. The labs that she commandeered where several empty hallways away from any populated areas, and she had disabled, and then completely removed, every kind of surveillance that had been there. Her investigations after that had become painfully slow, at least compared to the speed and time she wished she could dedicate to it. But, her company still needed to be run, and even though she desperately wanted to, she couldn’t devote her entire time and energy to her new discovery.

So instead of devoting her thoughts and energy towards her goal during business hours, Lena began
to stay late into the nights at L-Corp (even later then she normally did). She would send Jess and her other assistants home the same time she normally did, and after waiting a little while longer to ensure that she was virtually alone in the building, she would head down to her private labs and test out her abilities.

At first, Lena would practice trying to recreate the same display of power that had alerted her to her magic in the first place. The first day she had done this, it had taken her many hours (and a LOT of frustration) to realize that using her magic was not going to be accomplished by strength of will or concentration. It only manifested itself through the access of powerful emotion or overwhelming instinct, similar to what she had been feeling during Lillian’s visit. She had realized this after several unsuccessful hours of demonstrating her powers had resulted in her giving into her frustrations and tiredness, and she let out an angry shout as she slammed her hand down on the table top. As she had done so, she felt that same burning in her eyes, and then the glass vase she was using as her test subject erupted into millions of pieces.

She had stared in shock at the pieces of glass for a moment, taken by surprise as she wasn’t trying to access her powers at that moment, before a large grin grew on her face as she screamed out ‘yes!’ into the silent lab. She quickly documented everything that had just happened in her paper notebook set on the table (after all, it wasn’t science if it wasn’t written down).

Several evenings like that first had passed by, and Lena was slowly but surely learning more about her strange new-found abilities. At first, she had wondered if the magic she used could only be accessed by powerful negative emotions, such as anger, frustrations and sorrow, but she soon put that to the test as well. She had put together a little collection of things that never failed to make her happy and joyful (articles on the newest scientific developments, improvements in medical technology, clips from her favorite movies and TV shows). All those things had put her into a wonderful mood, but the (new) vase on her table top didn’t so much as budge an inch.

Lena was about to jot down that positive emotions either didn’t effect magic the same way, or that she wasn’t currently capable of creating the same depth to those emotions, when her phone buzzed in her pants pocket a couple times as multiple messages came in rapid-fire succession. She ignored it for a few minutes, assuming that the messages would be business related since it was so late at night (nearly 1:30 in the morning at this point). But after a few minutes, her conscience grew heavy on her and she pulled her phone out, resigned to what was probably bad news. There had been an unfamiliar, but not unwelcome, tightening in her chest when she saw the messages were from Kara.

**Kara:** Hey Lena! I know it’s late. I was just thinking about you.

**Kara:** Because we haven’t seen each other in a few days, that’s all. No reason at all for the unusual check in time.

**Kara:** I guess I just wanted to make sure you’re doing alright. Maybe we could see each other again sometime soon? I like hanging out with you, and you called me your friend so I’m holding you to late.
**Kara:** Well, I guess it’s pretty late now. Text me back tomorrow!

Lena had stared at her phone for a few moments, almost unaware of the large stupid grin on her face as she felt her heart beating harder than normal in her chest, a strange constricting lightness settling next to it. It had been a very long time that a friend had randomly texted her for no real reason at all. But then again, it was late at night, and Kara had said she was thinking about her. That could imply…

That lightness in her chest burst into heat, rushing through her heart and setting her blood on fire. That heat traveled through her body, warming her in a way she had never experienced before, creating an unapologetic rush of affection and elation. The heat spread to her eyes, the almost now familiar feeling of burning bursting out of them, and then fire sprung up on the desktop around the vase.

Lena gasped as she watched the flames dance around the glass, going near but not touching it. They burned bright and hot, but didn’t damage the table or seemed to be fueled on anything other than wherever she had pulled them from. After a moment, the fire died down, leaving no trace that they were there beside a faint smell of smoke in the air. As Lena wrote down the occurrence, she couldn’t stop the blush that stained her cheeks at the realization that she had created fire by thinking about Kara.

She had texted Kara back the next morning, but despite both of their attempts, neither woman could find the time to meet, both busy with their jobs and Lena’s nights taken up by her experiments. Lena tried to ignore that part of her that was glad that she couldn’t meet up with the reporter, and was possibly even actively trying to avoid Kara.

She ignored that sense of relief she felt when they couldn’t meet face-to-face, and instead decided to call it sensible caution on her part. Despite whatever she may feel towards the reporter, there was no way of knowing if Kara felt the same (or if she even felt that way towards women at all). So, calling her hesitation sensible action to get over a silly crush was much easier than acknowledging just how much, and how deeply, the other woman made her feel. Saying she was being practical was easier then admitting that she was scared.

Whenever Lena found herself starting to drift towards thinking about Kara Danvers, she instead focused her thoughts onto her magic and the ‘experiments’ she was conducting. It was on the seventh night of her late-night research that a deep sense of unease overwhelmed her. So far, she had been able to start fires from nothing, shatter glass, and her latest success, moving objects around (with admittedly limited stability) with nothing more than her thoughts.

All the time she had been testing her powers, writing down all the observations and things she felt as she accomplished new goals, Lena had been overwhelmed with the pure excitement of a new,
unexpected discovery. On that seventh night, however, reality seemed to finally hit her. This wasn’t some exciting new scientific breakthrough, or ground-breaking discovery. This was magic, and as far as Lena knew, she was the only person in the world to have it.

The reality of the situation had hit Lena when she had been re-reading over her latest notes in her journal, and the thought popped into her head that she needed to compare her results with someone else’s, for comparisons sake. Her eyes had stopped seeing the words on the page as the thought came to her that there was no one to ask, no one else to compare notes with.

She had crashed to a chair beside the table as she was overwhelmed with feelings of isolation and loneliness. Her lungs and heart seemed to constrict inside her chest, making every movement of her organs painful. Lena felt tears well up in her eyes: she was alone, and there was no one she could turn to for help. Later, she would realize that part of the despair she had felt during those moments were remembered feelings. When her former self had made this same discovery, that she possessed magic, it had not been an exciting discovery. It had been one filled with isolation, pain, guilt and mortal dread, and those feelings were starting to bleed through into Lena’s thoughts now.

Lena tried to think of someone she trusted enough to confide in, but that voice in the back of her mind was screaming at her before she could begin to fully think through the thought. Memory flashed through her minds eye, to fast and distorted for Lena to truly pick up on any of it other than emotion, as she (the woman she was, whoever that may have been) felt so alone and scared. That feeling of loneliness dissipated somewhat, as there was someone that she had confided in, someone she trusted, someone she thought had been on her side.

Lena almost sobbed when she remembered that feeling of companionship, of trust, being ripped away from her. The painful sting of betrayal as she remembered when the person she had confided to (Lena couldn’t even see his face) turned on her. The memories ended with the clear feeling of hatred and blame at the person who had betrayed her. Everything that had gone wrong had been his fault.

After the assault of remembered emotions was done, Lena had basically run from her personal lab and had driven way to fast back to her apartment. She slammed all the doors before starting to pace. All she wanted to do right then was to run away, to escape from these powers, from these memories of a past life. She had never wanted to have abilities, being a genius and a Luthor had made her different enough from everyone else her whole life, that she had never wanted something else to put her in that ‘other’ category. And now she was irrevocably different from everyone else.

And even if people didn’t go after her just for being different (and she knew that no matter what there would be those who did, just as those same people had come after her after she came out) there was no one on the planet who would ever trust a Luthor with powers.

Lena stopped her pacing, everything she was feeling finally becoming to much, and she screamed.
The sound was loud and held a pure note, with an almost inhuman quality to it. She felt her eyes burn, and in a hazy reflection in her kitchen she saw her eyes turn gold, then the reflective surface shattered, along with every piece of glass that was outside of a cupboard. Several large cracks broke through her granite counter top.

Her eyes quite burning gold and the final note of her scream faded, leaving behind a deep silence. Lena sank to the floor, pulling her legs close to her body and wrapping arms around herself. Sitting on the ground, surrounded by the destruction she didn’t know how to control. Lena began to weep, rocking herself back and forth. Luckily, this scream didn’t cause Supergirl to come crashing in through her balcony, as Lena had no clue how she would have even begun to explain anything to the hero.

That was how Lena Luthor found herself, two weeks after the initial incident, sitting alone in a dimly lit bar, the pressing crowd of uncoordinated people dancing to loud music at her back. Obsidian was a relatively new club in National City, only five years old at the maximum, but it was by far one of the most popular, mostly because of the somewhat elite clientele, and the promised discretion of the staff as well as everyone who entered through the doors.

The building had three floors, with the main floor mainly being a large dance floor with, with a DJ’s booth on one end and a long bar on the other. The actual bar itself was made from a single piece of live-edged bubinga, finished just right that there was a never-ending shine coming off it. The dark red wood complimented the dark blue light highlighting the glass shelves piled with liquor, as well as the white shirts and deep blue, almost black, vests of the bartenders.

The top floor was more of a loft than an actual floor, with a railing for people to lean against to watch the shows that occur on the main floor. This area was filled with booths and tables so that people could sit and talk away from the loudness of the music, if they so wanted to. There was another, smaller bar set into the corner of the loft, and while it was also a live-edged bubinga, it was much smaller and less grand then the bar on the main floor.

The last floor was in the basement, and it was the reserved VIP area. Each area was curtained off to maintain privacy, and came equipped with plush seats, river tables made from gorgeous and expensive woods, as well as a personal server to fetch drinks or food. Lena had only been in the VIP section once shortly after the club had first opened. The whole bottom floor had been rented out, making it an exclusive party for Lena and the other investors and part owners of the club. She had been pleased to find out that Obsidian was doing just as well now, maybe a bit better, as it had then.

Lena sipped at her drink and looked around at all the people around her. She had wondered if she would stand out, coming her by herself, but to her relief, she had found that a good part of the crowd was made up of single men and women, many of whom where looking to not be single by the end of the night. When Lena had decided on coming her tonight, she had briefly considered inviting Kara to join her. But inviting a girl (who she didn’t even know if she liked women or not) out to a more-or-
less gay bar as a first date/totally just a friend thing’ (you know, depending on the whole liking women part) didn’t sound like a great move. And that was the reasoning she was sticking to; there was absolutely no way that Lena Luthor was afraid to ask a pretty girl out on a date.

Lena let out a small huff into her drink at her own self-delusion. Not afraid, right! She could be as utterly fearless and ruthless as a dragon when she was acting as CEO, but when it came to her personal life, fear always held her back. She had been to afraid to even hold a girl’s hand in public in her first relationship, and listening to that fear had led to Melanie’s (the said girl who wanted to hold her hand) anger and resentment of Lena, who she then outed to the press in revenge. She had been only been 14 at the time.

It had been fear that had held her back from even trying to date again until she was far away in boarding school. Amanda had been a 5’2”, silver-dyed haired spark of confidence and swagger. That confidence had been the main attraction for the 16-year-old Luthor who was still to nervous to answers questions in class, even though she knew they were correct, for fear that she would be wrong.

It had been a painful lesson to learn that Amanda was interested in her solely for the attention and connections it had gotten her. The other girl had dropped her faster then a hot rock after Lena had asked if they could tone down their public outings and do more with just the two of them. She had flown out to Metropolis for a week, staying with Lex who held her every night as she cried herself to sleep.

After Amanda, Lena had hardened herself. All she saw in any girl that expressed interest in her was another spot-light hungry poser. She cut herself off from basically everyone and everything after that. And then came along Veronica, or as she liked to be called, Roulette.

When Lena had first met the would-be criminal (though arguably she was already on that path at boarding school) she had had an immediate and strong equal dis-like and attraction to the other girl. She was smart, possibly just as smart as Lena had been, and she took great amusement in showing that in their shared classes. Roulette had been smooth, sleek, seductive (even at 17) and most important, always in control. It had been after a particularly difficult class in which Roulette had baited Lena into an inch of sanity, when they were standing in a deserted hallway, that during her yelling at the girl, Lena had called Roulette ‘damned distractingly sexy’.

Roulette had wasted no time in pining Lena to the wall, hands flying across her body as their mouths had crashed together almost painfully. To her mild surprise, and furious delight, Lena had found her hands and mouth reacting to the other girl just as strongly.

Veronica Sinclair had been the first girl that Lena slept with. The two girls never dated, never called each other their girlfriends, and in fact never really liked each other all that much. Everything they
did, whether it was trying to best each other in class, making out or sex, there was a ferocity to it all. And even though Lena hated to admit it, during those times with Roulette, the other girl taught her a lot about confidence, composure, seduction and quite a few really good moves in the bedroom.

Realizing that she deserved better then angry hook-ups with someone she didn’t even like, Lena had tried dating again in college (as short as it was for her). But even there, in a place where people are supposed to be more mature and accepting, she had a hard time getting truly close to anyone. By that point in her life, she had finally learned how to spot the people going after her for the perks associated with her last name, and she steered clear of those women (often resulting in being branded a frosty stuck-up bitch).

The other hindrance in her quest for acceptable girlfriends was something she had never planned for; Lex. It was during her few short years in college that her brother really started to take his turn for the worse. Despite all of Lena’s attempts to bring him back to the brother she loved, little by little he kept growing worse. A lot of the potential girlfriend pool shrank away during those days, afraid to get involved with Lena because of the madness they saw (and Lena tried her best to ignore – a thought that causes her guilt even now) in Lex.

Though during her time at college, and then her short run as head of R&D in Central City, Lena did find women to date. A lot of them she liked, just didn’t like enough. Most were hook-ups, resulting in seeing the other women maybe three times. There had been a couple of women who lasted for a few weeks, and Lena could have seen the possibility of a relationship with, but for some reason or another, those hadn’t lasted. In fact, Lena had a private joke with Jess that theirs was the longest and most stable relationship she had ever had with another woman (not that she said that joke very often; whenever she did, Jess tended to start looking at her with something like pity and setting up blind dates).

And then Lex had gone completely insane, went after Superman and committed mass murder. Needless to say, dating concerns hadn’t been anywhere near the list of things that Lena was thinking about. Until, that is, Jess’s damn knowing smirk about inviting Kara to that gala. And now, wondering if there was even the smallest possibility of Kara liking her back was taking up far too much of Lena’s attention.

Lena shook herself from her thoughts and ordered another drink. She was supposed to be out enjoying herself, not pining after a gorgeous girl she barely knew as she drowned her sorrows in alcohol. But that right there was the cause of all her fear when it came to Kara Danvers; she barely knew the other woman. She barely knew her at all, and yet she had never felt quite this way about anyone else before. Lena slammed her drink back, enjoying the burning sensation travelling down her throat. Maybe if she hadn’t discovered a forgotten past life and magic, maybe then she would have had time to be lovesick.

Lena was just starting to gather her things to bring an end to her night out when she froze on the
spot.

“Is one of my powers making people appear if I think about them too much?” She thought to herself, because there, across the floor just coming in from the entrance, was none-other than Kara Danvers.
Forging Connections

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Lena couldn’t take her eyes off Kara, even though the large crowd was trying to make her task more difficult. What was she doing here at Obsidian, National City’s foremost and most discrete of LGBTQ+ nightlife establishments? She didn’t look really dressed for a night out; instead she was in one of her normal outfits, slacks with a light blue button-down shirt, her hair in a bun on her head. Looking at her simplistic, and yet still alluringly-attractive outfit, made Lena feel overdressed even if she did fit in better with the rest of the crowd.

“Kara,” the word was barely a murmured sound on Lena’s exhale, and yet it was still as if Kara had heard her. The reporter’s eyes, which had been absently scanning the crowd, zeroed in directly to where Lena was sitting, a blinding smile directed towards her. Lena felt giddy little electric jolts dancing around her stomach, which abruptly sank down into a ball of lead as the woman standing beside Kara leaned over and spoke into her ear, her hand catching a hold of Kara’s arm at the same time.

That same hot spark of jealousy she had felt when Kara had danced with Mike of the Interns was back, though this time with a cruel vengeance to it. The harsh and self-deprecating part of the mind was laughing at her nastily; she had spent so much time wondering if Kara liked women to not even begin to worry about Kara already dating one!

Lena tried to stomp down on her thoughts and jealousy as she saw Kara and the other woman discuss something for a moment before the other woman (who looked very familiar, yet was too far away for Lena to correctly recall) headed through the crowd to go to the upper loft area. Instead of following her, Kara headed over to where Lena sat, much to her horrified delight. As she reached her, Kara’s bright grin was back (it had never actually left) and Lena was fully composed and in control of herself, jealousy and heartache locked away.

“Kara, this is a pleasant surprise,” she half-yelled to be heard over the music, standing to properly greet her friend.

“Lena, I didn’t expect to find you here,” Kara said emphatically, making a halted move forward, as if she was going to hug Lena before thinking better of it, which Lena was glad for. She wasn’t one for casual physical contact at the best of times, but being hugged by her crush who was probably here on a date with someone else did not sound pleasant at all.

“Are you here by yourself?” Kara asked, feeling something unfamiliar at the thought that Lena might not be. To her relief (though she didn’t understand what she was relieved about) Lena nodded.
“Why don’t you come up and join us?”

“No, I’d hate to intrude,” Lena responded, sure that her friend was just trying to be polite.

“You wouldn’t be intruding at all,” Kara insisted, “I haven’t seen you in weeks and I want to catch up with you. And I’d love you for you to meet my sister.” Kara added, gesturing up to where Alex had gone after noticing that her friend wasn’t looking convinced.

Lena felt her cheeks heat up as she smiled widely; sister, not date. That simple piece of information made her feel a whole lot better, if not a little embarrassed that she had been jealous of Kara’s sister.

“If you’re sure I’m not intruding,” Lena said, causing Kara’s smile to grow even bigger and brighter (which she hadn’t thought possible).

“Come on, she’s just grabbing a table upstairs,” she said, briefly taking a hold of Lena’s arm to start leading them through the crowd. It was too loud to talk as they walked, so Lena used the time to try and get herself more composed.

Once they reached the loft, the noise of the crowd and music down below quieted down dramatically. It was a marvel of architectural design that had enabled the upper floor to be cut off from most of the sound, even though it was open directly above the main floor. Kara pointed out the woman who had been with her earlier, telling Lena that was her sister, Alex, before heading over there.

As they approached, Lena couldn’t help but observe the other woman. Like Kara, she wasn’t dressed for this kind of club. Her jeans, grey V-neck sweater under a leather jacket were nice, but did not fit with the rest of the clientele, including Lena. But it was more then just her choice of clothing that was setting her apart from everyone else. Lena could easily tell that Alex was tense, nervous and felt entirely unsettled. When she looked over and saw Kara approaching, she relaxed, but only just. She stood as they approached, obviously glad of the small distraction.

Getting closer to her, it suddenly clicked where Lena had seen her before.

“I know you,” she said, “you saved my life.” Indeed, she was the same agent who had prevented Corben from shooting her. But she was also the agent who had been almost glaring at her at the end of the children’s hospital gala; the same agent who had been running over to a fallen Supergirl looking absolutely devastated in her vision. Not that she would ever tell anyone that part.
“Special Agent Alex Danvers, FBI,” Alex greeted her with a warm (but slightly hesitant) smile.

“My sister,” Kara added unnecessarily, pride and love clear in her voice. There was momentary painful twinge in Lena’s chest; she used to speak of Lex with the same tone.

“Lena Luthor, as you are already well aware,” Lena said, attempting humor to ward away her melancholy. “I never did get a chance to properly thank you, Agent Danvers.” Alex waved it away as they all sat down.

“It’s all part of my job. And off duty you can call me Alex, Ms. Luthor.”

“Lena, please,” she responded, pleased when Alex nodded in acceptance. Kara couldn’t stop looking between the two of them, happy grin on her face.

Lena waved over the attendant, who normally sat in the corner but had moved over into her line of sight when he had noticed her move upstairs.

“What would you like to drink, it’s on me,” Lena said. Both other women started to protest, but she continued before they could. “Consider it a thank you for saving my life, and for being basically the only source of good press for my company and I.”

The sisters accepted Lena’s offer, Alex ordering a simple beer, Kara a club soda while Lena got herself another glass of aged whiskey. From the corner of her eye, she had seen Alex’s eyebrows raise slightly at her order before looking suitably impressed. The attendant left, eager to get their drinks to them as quickly as possible. Lena smirked slightly at his eagerness; sometimes it was nice to be a Luthor.

“So, what brings you two to Obsidian on this fine night?” Lena asked, wanting to start conversation as well as fish for information about Kara just a little bit.

“Oh, it’s Alex’s first time to a…” Kara started, then stopped abruptly, looking over at Alex as if she had done something wrong. Alex was looking at Lena, tense and almost expectant, but not upset like Kara was expecting.
“…To a gay bar?” Lena finished for Kara, questioning. “It’s not a dirty word to say.” Her final words were said with a mix of apprehension and defensiveness.

“No, of course it isn’t!” Kara started, her voice just an octave higher than normal. “It’s a perfectly normal thing to say… and perfectly normal place. It’s just that Alex…. It’s Alex’s…” she trailed off, looking nervously between the two of them. She knew she was rambling, but she knew that it would be incredibly easy to say the wrong thing right now and upset one, or maybe even both, of the other women at the table. Alex looked to be debating something with herself, and Lena was looking at her in confusion.

“I just came out,” Alex said after a beat of silence, “So, needless to say, I’ve never done anything like this before. Kara’s just here for support.”

Understanding dawned on Lena’s face, along with the smallest hint of something else (maybe disappointment, but that didn’t make a lot of sense to Kara) before her expression cleared. The attendant came back and placed their respective drinks in front of them.

“Well then,” Lena started, raising her glass in a toast that the other two copied. “Here’s to coming out. I promise, the terror you feel now will go away. It’s all more than worth it.” After speaking, she took a large sip of her whiskey, the feel of it a good distraction from the way her throat felt like closing. That was one way to learn that her feelings for Kara were going to be unreciprocated.

The sisters glanced briefly to each other before following Lena’s lead and drinking. Alex put her bottle down, looking at Lena out of the top of her eyes.

“So, you’re…” she started, hesitant and shy. It looked unnatural on the agent, making it obvious that there wasn’t much in her life she was unsure about.

“Gay?” Lena finished for her, looking between both sisters as they nodded slightly.

“Yes,” She confirmed, watching with befuddled amusement as both of their eyebrows raised. “I’ve been out since I was 14, it’s not like I hide it or anything.” Still, both other women looked surprised at the information. “A 20-minute Google search would show that very clearly. I would think that a reporter and a FBI agent could have found that information out easily.” She couldn’t resist teasing them as they both flushed and made almost the same fidgeting movement with their hands. Lena smirked as she took another sip of her drink.
“I’m actually surprised that neither of you had that information, or did you just see ‘Luthor’ and decide that was enough information on me?” Lena continued, trying to make it her tone clearly teasing and joking. However, she couldn’t hold back the small amount of defensiveness and annoyance at what was most likely a very true statement.

“What! No, of course not Lena!” Kara insisted, her conviction making Lena feel a little bad for saying anything. Alex met Lena’s gaze and half shrugged a shoulder, a slightly chagrinnned half smile on her lips.

“When we first met, I didn’t know anything about you, besides your last name, and then I did meet you and I…” Here, Kara paused, trying to figure out the right words as Lena looked back towards her. “I didn’t care what anybody else thought, or said about you. I was going to judge you for the person that you are, not what others think. And so far, I know I’ve made the right call.”

Lena swallowed, suddenly needing to try and open her closed throat. Heat gathered behind her eyes, and she was half afraid that she may start crying. She knew that her friend was good with words, but hearing them spoken, rather then written, had a much different impact. That, and the way that Kara was looking so firmly at her, never breaking eye contact as she spoke. No one had ever looked at her, or said those kinds of things about her before. Lena offered a weak smile, and grabbed hold of her glass. She needed a distraction, now, from the feelings Kara evoked in her that she was so desperate to push away.

“Well, in my defense,” Alex started, taking a swallow from her beer, “the FBI doesn’t really consider sexuality when creating a threat assessment on someone. Unless, of course, you’re thinking of seducing the president.”

Her last statement was said off hand, and it surprised Lena enough that she chocked on the sip of scotch she had been trying to swallow. The Danvers sisters looked on in amused surprise as Lena had to control her laughter, trying not to choke herself or spray anyone with alcohol. Kara smiled happily, realizing that this was the first time she had seen her friend have a good kind of knee-jerk reaction.

“I assure you, Agent Danvers,” Lena began after finally catching her breath, “seduction of any kind is not something currently on my schedule.” Her voice was a little rough and lower than normal, due to her coughing fit. Pair that with the sly smirk and way that Lena was looking at her through half-lidded eyes made Alex feel, something.

“How did I not realize that I was gay for so long?” she thought to herself as she shifted slightly in her chair.
“Speaking of seduction,” Kara began, either oblivious to what Alex had just felt, or purposefully turning the conversation away, “Alex, don’t you think it’s time to go get your charm on with some of these fantastic ladies?”

Lena winced slightly at the very quick stab of panic on Alex’s face, but it was gone too fast for Kara to have noticed it. Lena assumed she only noticed it because it was exactly the kind of way she would react; taking only a split second to hide what she was truly feeling behind a mask to make someone else more at ease. She was about to say something to act as a lifeline for Alex to stay, but the agent had already stood up from their table.

“I guess that’s why we came here,” Alex said, a carefree and confident smile on her face. At least, that’s what Kara saw; Lena saw it as the mask that it was. It caused her to wonder why Alex felt the need to use such masks on her sister, and why Kara bought them. Well, Lena thought as she also stood up, she had been too late to offer a lifeline, but she could still help out someone straight (ha, pun not intended) off the boat.

“Here, give me your jacket,” she said, reaching for the leather. Alex looked confused, and slightly vulnerable without her choice of shielding, but she complied with Lena’s request. “Roll your sleeves up to your elbows, if you can. That will definitely get the ladies looking.” Alex did as Lena said, and like she had thought, it made the already attractive agent look even better.

“Now, go to the bar on the main floor to get another drink. But when you’re there, ask if they have a discount for FBI. I know there is one for those in the armed forces, so it should apply for special agents as well.”

Alex looked confused at Lena’s instructions, and shot Kara a quick look. For the first time, Kara picked up on her sister’s distress.

“Why?” Alex asked. Lena smiled reassuringly at her.

“To ask the bartender anything, you’ll have to speak fairly loud. People will overhear,” Lena couldn’t help her smirk. “And girls love a woman in uniform. They will be coming to you, instead of you going to them. I thought that might make your first foray into this whole scene a little easier.”

“You got this, Alex,” Kara cheered, trying to boost her sister’s confidence a little. When all she got in return was a weak smile, she faltered a little. “Want me to come with you?”
Alex shook her head. “No, if we’re together, people will probably think that we’re together,” she paused for a moment as a shared look of revulsion passed over the sisters faces. “I think this is a solo mission, for now.” She squared her shoulders, determined to face whatever was coming her way.

Lena leaned in slightly. “Don’t be worried, Alex. You really have got this.” Alex smiled, shyly and thankfully, at Lena before leaving the table and heading down to the main floor.

Kara was smiling at Lena, gazing at her in a way she wouldn’t have recognized if she could see her own face.

“Thank you, that was amazing” she said, as Lena reclaimed her seat, turning her body to face Kara completely. Lena just half-smiled and waved the statement away in that way she did whenever someone complimented her personally.

“Well, coming out, and stepping into this world is terrifying, no matter what age you do it at,” Lena replied. Kara glanced down, as if she could see her sister through the floor.

“It hasn’t been easy on her, but she seems more… happy? Herself now, maybe? Does that make sense?” she turned to her friend.

“Yeah it does. No matter how difficult it is in the beginning, living true to yourself is always the better choice. It’s really the only way to gain any measure of true happiness.”

Kara’s face fell. “If it weren’t for me, Alex could have been living true to herself a long time ago.”

Lena was puzzled, and she had never heard Kara sound so dejected before. Lena realized, perhaps for the first time, that the always almost-unnaturally happy Kara Danvers was just a much a mask for the other woman, as her cold CEO was for her.

“Why do you say that?” she questioned, her voice low and comforting, not wanting to upset Kara with her questions. “Was Alex staying in the closest because she was worried about how you’d take it?” She really didn’t know how she would react if Kara’s answer confirmed her question.

“No, she told me pretty much right away after figuring it out herself,” Kara responded. “It’s just… Her whole life has been so focused on me, ever since I came to the Danvers, and if I hadn’t been
there, she could have been figuring all this about herself out a long time ago. But instead, she had to deal with taking care of me. She pushed herself, what she needed and wanted, to the back burner. If it hadn’t been for me, she could have been this happy her whole life.”

Kara stared morosely into her club soda. She had said as much to Alex, but Alex was her sister. Of course she would protect Kara, even from herself. But admitting this to Lena… it was different, and she didn’t want to see the judgment and disgust she felt at herself directed towards her from Lena’s eyes.

“What do you mean, after you came to the Danvers?” Lena asked after a moment of silence, her voice even softer now, more understanding. Kara dared to look up, and instead of her own feelings reflected back at her, Lena looked confused, as well as concerned for her.

“My family… they died when I was 13. The Danvers took me in,” Kara explained. Lena’s eyebrows raised.

“You’re adopted too?” she asked, surprised to find one more thing she and Kara shared. Kara shot her a weak half smile.

“Now who hasn’t done their research?” she teased half-heartedly.

“In my defense, there is a lot more information about me on the internet than there is about you,” Lena shot back playfully. The smile on Kara’s face turned into a real one, and Lena was glad.

“So, you blame yourself, blame the fact that a horrible tragedy destroyed everything you knew, and that the Danvers took you in; you blame that, and yourself, for Alex not finding herself sooner?”

“Well, when you put it that way,” Kara half chuckled, uncomfortable with the way this was going. She had expected Lena to agree with her, tell her it was all her fault. Lena could tell that Kara blamed herself for a lot; a lot more then just this. For the first time, she was clearly able to see the weight of the world pressing down onto this girl’s shoulders. She could see how Kara hid that pain, that weight, and the toll it took to carry that burden. Lena recognized that Kara hid that away, because she did the same.

“Does Alex blame you?” she asked carefully. Kara shook her head emphatically.
“No, of course not. But that’s Alex! She has always been there for me, always protected me. She would never tell me even if she did.”

Lena took a moment to think of a way to correctly deliver her thoughts before speaking again.

“I can’t say if you’re right, Kara,” she started, the reporter looking up at the CEO in surprise, “and I can’t say if Alex is either. If you hadn’t been adopted by the Danvers, then, yeah, maybe Alex would have focused on herself more, and realized that she was gay earlier in her life. Or maybe not. Maybe right now, at this time and place in her life; maybe this was always going to be when she realized this about herself. So, stop blaming yourself, and thinking about what could have been. Instead, just be there, in whatever way she needs you to be, now.”

Kara didn’t say anything in response to Lena’s words for several moments. She just stared at her friend, with unreserved warmth and affection. Lena had to look away, both because she was unused to people looking at her so unguardedly, as well as because the look was making little butterflies dance a samba in her chest.

“Lena Luthor, you are amazing.”

Lena blushed, and with a slight shake of her head dismissed Kara’s words. Kara had noticed a similar action before, as well as any other time she had complimented Lena as a person. It was starting to bug her a little that Lena didn’t seem to think that the amazing things she did were something to be acknowledged. Kara silently vowed to herself that she would do whatever she could to make Lena realize just how amazing she was, and that she deserved all the most wonderful things people could say about her.

“Hey.” Both women startled at the sound of someone else beside their table, neither having noticed Alex returning to them (which was quite a feat, considering one of them had super-hearing). Alex looked between them, taking note of their body language and facial expressions.

“Am I interrupting something?” she asked. Kara shook her head just a touch to much, but Lena had a much more calm approach to her casual (almost too casual) movement of disagreement.

“So, any luck?” Kara asked, finding herself oddly desperate to change the subject and to get Alex to stop looking between her and Lena that closely. She almost felt as if she had been caught doing something she shouldn’t have, but she didn’t know what. Luckily, her distraction seemed to work.
Alex’s face closed down somewhat, turning more into the professional DEO agent she was, rather than a sister at a club. “Nope,” she said, just a touch too curtly, putting her jacket back on and sitting down at the table. Before Kara could press her about it further, her phone rang.

Looking apologetically at the company around the table, she stood and answered it. It was Winn; something involving a Vorlon was happening across town. With a muted sigh at her plans for the evening being disrupted, Kara told Winn she was on her way. She turned back towards Alex and Lena, a sheepish expression on her face.

“I’m really sorry, but something with work came up. I need to go.”

“Of course, Kara, no need to apologize,” Lena stated. After all, she well knew the demands a job could place. Alex looked relieved and was already half out of her seat before she asked if Kara needed her to go with her. She almost said yes, and then remembered herself at the odd look Lena threw her sister.

“No, of course not!” Kara started rambling, “this is for my work, you know, as a reporter. I don’t see how an FBI agent needs to accompany a CatCo reporter to something that totally has to do with reporting. Stay here, have some more drinks, meet girls!”

Thankfully, Alex got the message and sat back down, even though she wasn’t really happy about it.

“Ok, just…” she paused, Lena was probably already wondering about Kara’s odd ramblings. She couldn’t exactly tell her sister to stay safe when all Lena thought she was doing was some late-night editing or something. “Call me when you’re done.” Kara nodded her agreement, and with a final farewell towards Lena, headed out.

As she left the crowded club and took off into the night sky, she couldn’t help but worry. Lena was smart, and she must have found it strange that Alex had suggested that she might need her to come with her, when Lena didn’t know about the whole Supergirl thing. But, Kara found herself thinking as she flew; maybe Lena knowing wasn’t a bad thing after all.

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Awkward silence had descended over the two women the moment that Kara left. Both nursed their drinks, finding the idea of trying to make small talk kind of ridiculous. Questions like ‘how long have you been with the FBI’ or ‘what’s it like being the CEO of a widely hated company like’ didn’t seem like the right kinds of questions. Both women were painfully aware that the only things connecting them were Kara, and a shared sexual orientation. Lena decided to go with the latter.
“What made you decide to come to Obsidian?” she asked. In her experience, even the most radically different of personalities could have a meaningful conversation if it was over something they both shared. To her disappointment, Alex didn’t seem to care about having any kind of conversation, as she just shrugged in answer to the question, seemingly not wanting to have this conversation. Or be here at all.

Not that Lena was going to let that stop her from trying. She wasn’t one to back away from a challenge, and she had gotten the distinct impression from Kara that she wanted the two women to get along. Alex was clearly very important to Kara, and Kara was important to Lena. So, she would try and make friends with the FBI agent.

“Was it the club’s reputation?” she ventured further. Even after the limited time she had spent with the agent, she could tell that this sort of place was not her scene. She had been uncomfortable and tense every moment she had been here, and Lena thought perhaps she was putting herself through that because of the promised anonymity of the club.

“It’s reputation?” There was a sharp edge in Alex’s voice. Ok, so that wasn’t the reason she had come here. By her tone of voice, Lena wondered what Alex was thinking this place’s reputation was, and if it was worse-case scenarios that would fit with a predetermined opinion of the CEO.

“Obscurity,” Lena answered, the word carried out on a sigh. It seemed that Kara’s sister wasn’t going to take the same approach as she did when it came to Lena. It must have been basic instinct for the FBI agent to approach everyone and everything with suspicion, but it still stung.

“Obsidian has an unspoken, and yet highly enforced rule. Anyone who enters here retains their anonymity; they don’t have to worry about their pictures being spread across the tabloids the next day. It allows for people like me, who would rather not make the news because of who we like to kiss, to actually enjoy a night out once in a while.”

Alex’s brow had furrowed. “I didn’t know that,” she said. In truth, she hadn’t thought about what it would be like for Lena or other powerful people who were gay. Of course she had seen the cheap shots thrown at such people in tabloids and rag magazines, but she had never actually stopped to think about how it would effect the people behind the pictures. She hadn’t known about it, but she was glad they had somewhere to go where that wasn’t a concern.

“Honestly,” she started, feeling the need to at least try and play nice with Kara’s friend, “Kara picked this place.” At Lena’s raised eyebrow, she continued. “I’m pretty sure she just picked the place with the highest Yelp reviews.”
Alex was once again rewarded and surprised by a genuine laugh escaping the CEO she had only ever seen be in perfect control. She managed her own half grin.

“That sounds just like Kara,” Lena said, her fondness for the reporter clear. “But there are a lot of other things to consider when picking a bar to go to, not just Yelp reviews. Such as the kind of atmosphere you’re into. And, forgive me for saying it Alex, but you definitely don’t fit in here.”

Alex bristled at her words. All evening, she had felt self-conscious about how she was dressed. Neither her nor Kara had really considered their attire before going out, and she had immediately felt like an outsider in this place. Lena was right, this wasn’t her scene, but being bluntly told that (by someone who fit in here seamlessly) made her feel worse about herself, and tonight was supposed to be about feeling better. So far, her experiences with being gay had been being rejected by the woman she had feelings for, and then told by someone who had been part of the community basically her whole life, that she didn’t belong here. So, feeling insecure and hurt, Alex lashed out.

“Well, it’s hard for me to imagine you fitting in a place that promises obscurity when you seem perfectly content with outing people for profit.”

Lena’s eyes narrowed and her entire face hardened. In an instant, the relaxed woman who had laughed freely at her jokes was gone, replaced with the cold CEO Alex was used to. Even though she felt a sting of guilt, Alex also felt more at ease now. This was something she knew how to deal with, and in return, she slipped effortlessly into full on DEO agent mode.

“I simply meant, Agent Danvers,” Lena spoke, ice in every word, “that it was obvious that you are not comfortable in this particular kind of setting. Hell, I’m not even fully comfortable here, and it specifically caters to people in my circles.”

Alex felt a pang of guilt course through her; she had taken Lena’s words completely the wrong way, and had taken offence when none had been intended. But she didn’t let any of that show through her own mask.

“As for outing people for profit, I assume that you are referring to the alien detection device that I developed?” Alex’s answer was a slight tilt of her head to the side. Lena took a moment to decide what approach she wanted to take.

“Well you’re right,” she said, deciding on the straight-forward approach, “it is hypocritical of me to praise a place that will protect my own privacy, while creating and selling technology that will rob
Alex was surprised by the answer, and it showed on her face. The CEO stood, gathering her things.

“Come with me, theirs something I want to show you,” she requested. Her curiosity getting the better of her, Alex followed. Lena was silent as they walked down onto the main floor, just tapped away at her phone for a moment or two. Alex’s interest peaked even further as they headed towards the exit, but she didn’t say anything.

They reached the doors of the club, but instead of exiting like Alex thought they would, Lena turned them towards the entrance. It was much quieter, the noise from the dance floor just barely filtering in, and the guests entering having a hushed excitement. Lena nodded to a big burly man who sat behind a desk off to the side, and his returning nod and smile made Alex even more curious.

“Do you see those beams right there?” Lena asked, pointing to the larger than average doorframe that everyone walked through to get into the club. Alex nodded, not at all sure where Lena was headed with this. Instead of explaining further, Lena walked over to the seated man.

“Hey Jon, this is my friend Alex. Do you mind if I show her the system?” she asked, surprising Alex once again that she was on a first-name basis with a bouncer. Jon grinned back at the CEO.

“Of course, Lena. I like showing off my work to friends as well. Makes them very impressed,” he said with a cheeky smirk aimed at Alex. She felt herself blush slightly, picking up on the man’s assumptions. Lena just rolled her eyes and beckoned Alex to come stand behind the desk.

When she did, she was surprised (once again, it seemed that Lena Luthor was nothing but surprises) to not find the back of a wooden desk as she suspected, but rather several computer monitors and a security system that rivaled those found at major airports. Jon moved to the side to give them some privacy to talk, but stayed within sight of the monitors.

“This scanning system is built into that doorframe,” Lena explained, pointing out several different features on the screens. “I developed this technology a few years ago, and installed it in this club, others like it, as well as schools and some religious buildings.”

“What does it do?” Alex asked, curious and excited despite herself. This scanning tech looked even more advanced than what they had at the DEO.

“It detects, and then neutralizes, weapons that people try to bring into the club.” Lena’s statement
was simple and direct. Alex gapped at her.

“You do know that that’s against the law, right? It impeaches peoples right to carry weapons,” Alex responded.

“And there have been far too many mass murders at places just like this for me to give a damn about that law,” Lena replied, her conviction and resolution clear. Alex found herself smiling at the CEO’s words. “My device neutralizes their weapons so that they can’t be used in here. There is also a high spectrum infrared tracker placed on that person so that the club’s security can keep an eye on them. If nothing happens, and they don’t try anything, they leave the club none the wiser, their weapons once again functional after they leave.”

“But if they do try something, they find that their weapons don’t work,” Alex added, impressed. Lena nodded.

“Exactly, and then the tracker can be used to identify them to the police later, even if they do happen to get past the security team,” she concluded. Alex nodded, impressed both by the technology and the woman who developed it.

“This technology is very impressive, Ms. Luthor, but I don’t get what it has to do with your alien detection device.” Lena half smirked again, Alex realizing that it was one of her go-to moves to be in charge of a situation. It worked; not only was it disarmingly charming (and a little sexy a small voice in the back of her mind said) but it also made you feel off-kilter, as if to remind you that the CEO was much more intelligent, and dangerous, then you were.

“Compare this device, that detects and shuts down with no-one the wiser, to a very obvious portable device that requires someone to hold their thumb to it for nearly half a minute,” she said, willing to let Alex fill in the pieces. Understanding dawned on the agent.

“You didn’t have to make it that way, did you? You could have made it so whomever was being scanned didn’t even realize it.” Lena nodded her head in acceptance of the statement, and after bidding Jon goodnight, led Alex to the exit.

“It’s an unfortunate aspect of this world, but fear sells, Agent Danvers. And despite the Presidents, and others steps otherwise, humans still fear aliens.” Lena led them outside, and stood waiting while she talked with Alex. “My company was failing, so I capitalized on that fear. I don’t like it, and I wish I didn’t have to, but this product will be the boost L-Corp needs before I can take it down a better road.”
“A necessary evil, huh?” Alex questioned sarcastically. She was beginning to see Lena’s side of things, but she wasn’t willing to let the other woman off the hook just yet.

“Unfortunately, yes,” Lena said, regret clear in her voice. “And I know that this device is morally grey, if not full on dark, and it will most likely cause some harm; but it is better this device that someone has to very willingly use to out themselves, or something from my competitors that wouldn’t provide any kind of warning to the aliens it was used against.”

With those words, Alex lost all resistance she had had towards the other woman. She understood that there wasn’t always an easy choice to make, and sometimes it was a matter of choosing something that, while still bad, wasn’t the worse of your options.

“If you didn’t develop something like this, another company would have,” Alex reaffirmed, nodding slightly. Lena’s CEO mask fell a little, letting out a soft smile that was real. She understood that Alex saw the same things she did.

“Yes, and they wouldn’t have been as nice about it. And even if they do come out with something now, it will be in direct competition with a company that is famous for it’s previous anti-alien rhetoric,” she looked down, her voice laced with sadness. “The people who are going to want this device will choose L-Corp tech, thinking that the company has the same views that they do.” Lena faced Alex again, a victorious smile on her lips.

“And then I can use the profits from those people to work towards bettering this world, and I plan on taking advantage of all the alien scientists and knowledge that I can.” Her statement caused Alex to grin widely and laugh.

“You’re already planning on hiring aliens?” she questioned.

“Of course,” Lena responded, her CEO mask gone completely again. “A lot of these people are from worlds much more advanced than ours, and any knowledge or help they can give me about anything; clean sources of energy, space travel, food production… I’m going to take everything they are willing to share, and I am going to make our world a better place.”

Alex looked at Lena, seeing the shining conviction in the other woman’s face clear as day. For a moment, as she looked at her, Alex was reminded of Kara, and how sure she was on saving the world. For the first time, she fully understood why her sister cared about Lena Luthor so much.
“Yeah, I think you will.” Lena was surprised by the certainty in Alex’s voice as she spoke to her. She smiled over at the agent, thinking to herself that maybe she could add one more to her list of friends in National City.

Just then, her town car pulled up. When Lena had requested her driver to come around, she had intended for the vehicle to be her escape. Now she had a better idea in mind. She opened the door and gestured for Alex to climb in, but she just looked at her quizzically.

“What are…” Alex started and then stopped, clearly not knowing what to even ask. Lena beamed at her.

“This is your first night out in the wonderful wide world of being openly gay. I’m not going to let it be somewhere where you didn’t have a good time.”

Chapter End Notes

Hope you all liked it. I am determined to make Alex and Lena friends, there are two many fics out there where they don't get along or are at least a little defensive around each other. I didn't want that at all. Let me know what you're thinking!
New Friends and Complications

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Alex stared at Lena for a moment, but the CEO just grinned wider and gestured for her to get into the car again. She took a second to weigh her options; her first choice was to go home and wallow in her heartbreak (and ice cream) for another night, and the second option was to get into Lena’s car and follow the woman who had done nothing but surprise her all night, to something unknown. Alex had had enough of wallowing; she got into the car, sliding over so that Lena could follow.

“So, where are we going?” Alex questioned as the car began to move, but Lena had not given the driver any instructions yet. The CEO shrugged, drawing Alex’s attention to her bare shoulder for a second as she sat beside her on cars single back seat.

“I don’t know yet,” Lena responded happily. At Alex’s raised eyebrow, Lena laughed. “Where do you want to go, Alex?”

She was surprised by the question as she hadn’t given any thought about where to go. It had been Kara who had suggested a night out a gay bar, and Kara who had picked the place. Alex had been happy enough to go along with the decision, but hadn’t put any kind of thought into what she wanted beyond having her mind taken off Maggie.

“I don’t know,” she answered honestly. “Are there a lot of gay bars in National City?”

“More than you’d probably expect.”

“Are they all like Obsidian?” Alex was worried that if they were all like that, upscale and glittering, she would fit in as a lesbian just as well as she had when she thought she was straight.

Lena huffed out a laugh on a short exhale. “God no! Obsidian is definitely the most… glamorous of establishments. Even I admit that it’s a little much, and I own part of it.” She admitted candidly, not noticing the surprise it brought Alex. “The other places I’ve been to are pretty much normal, down to earth bars that just so happen to like serving a distinct kind of clientele.”

“Something normal and easy sounds pretty nice,” Alex admitted. Lena seemed to think for a moment, and then gave her driver (whose name was Lydia) an address to go to.
“No problem, Lena. We’ll be there in less than 10 minutes.” Lydia responded before lifting the partition again. Lena grabbed two bottles of water from a small fridge set into the bottom of the seat, handing one to Alex.

“So, you’re on a first name basis not only with bouncers, but with your driver too?” Alex questioned.

“I hate being called by Ms. Luthor,” Lena confided, “especially by people who know me and I interact with on a regular basis. If it’s not a formal or professional setting, I would always be rather called Lena. I may have been raised a Luthor, but I never did seem to develop that particular stick-up-their-asses that the stupidly rich have.”

Alex choked on the water she had been drinking, and she tried desperately not to let any liquid fly out of her mouth in a snort. Lena’s eyebrows raised in amusement as she watched Alex trying to compose herself while also choke back a painful swallow of water.

“Are you alright?” At her question, Alex nodded emphatically before finally finding her voice again.

“You know, you are not at all what I was expecting,” Alex admitted. Lena cocked her eyebrow, leaned back in her seat, angling her body towards Alex’s as she crossed her legs.

“Oh, and what were you expecting?” Teasing was clear in her voice. “A stuck-up bitch or a scheming megalomaniac?”

“Sort of both, yeah,” Alex admitted. She laughed as Lena mock gasped and placed a hand over her heart as if deeply wounded. “Though it is only partially due to the whole ‘Luthor’ thing. I don’t regularly interact with people in your positions, and my experiences have been limited to the horror stories Kara shared about Cat Grant, and personal horror experiences with Max Lord.”

“Oh, you’ve met Max. I feel truly sorry for you,” she said in the same tone of voice one would use to congratulate someone. Alex laughed again.

“Oh, I’ve more then met him. I went on a date with him.” Now it was Alex’s turn to grin at the look of horror and disgust on Lena’s face.

“Why on earth would you ever agree to go out with that man? Even if you thought you were straight, that is still so… ugh,” she said, finding it hard to articulate her feelings on the subject. Alex’s
eyes showed that she shared Lena’s sentiments, but her grin turned mischievous when she spoke again.

“Well, it was sort of a mission,” she started. “I was the distraction so a member of my team could break into his labs and figure out what he was up to.”

Lena let out a sharp bark of laughter, causing Alex to laugh as well. She was surprised, but happily so, to discover how much she was enjoying her time with Lena. When Kara had left, she had mentally prepared herself for a couple of minutes of discomfort before she thought of a good enough excuse to escape. Instead, she was here laughing and joking as if she and Lena were old friends. It had been a long time since Alex was this quickly comfortable around someone who wasn’t Kara; even with Maggie, there had been a current of competition and challenge (which she later realized was attraction, one-side though it was) between them.

“Well, I suppose that if you had to go out with Max Lord, doing so in the name of safety is a better reason that most. Was this before or after the DEO got him for making that Bizzaro Supergirl?” Alex’s laughter died down, and she looked at Lena in something like shock.

“Please,” Lena started, misinterpreting Alex’s shock, “the only people I know of who are smart enough, and insane enough, to do that to another person are Max and Lex. I know Lex didn’t do it, because he was behind bars before he could go after Supergirl.”

“No, not that. How do you know about the DEO?” Alex questioned, suddenly worried that she been enjoying spending time with someone who was going to become a threat.

“Seriously?” Lena asked, her forehead wrinkled. She realized that Alex was serious, and starting to become seriously worried. “Alex, for a clandestine government agency, the DEO doesn’t act all that clandestinely. With the whole swoop in with big black helicopters, very distinctive men-in-tactical-black look, and you know, the whole giant skyscraper office right in downtown.”

Alex had never looked at it that way before, but looking at it now made her see Lena’s point.

“Yeah, I guess it’s really not that subtle, is it?” Lena shook her head no. “But how did you know that I’m part of it?” she asked.

“It was pretty simple to figure out, actually,” Lena said, caution creeping into her tone. “You work with Supergirl, which I know from when you saved me from Corben and the death glare you sent
me from her side at my gala.” Alex had the grace to look a little sheepish when she remembered that. “And Supergirl works with the DEO, not the FBI. So, for you to work with her, you’d also have to be DEO.”

“Pretty good reasoning, I guess,” Alex admitted, her voice a little gruffer then what she truly meant. She was pleased when Lena picked up that she was being teased again and she relaxed.

“Well, my IQ isn’t just a number that my father liked to throw around to make people intimidated by us.” She teased right back. Alex grinned, knowing just how high that number was.

It was easy to forget just how smart the woman across from her was, simply because the arrogance she was used to from other incredibly intelligent people wasn’t present in Lena. She was confident, and she knew just how smart she was, but she didn’t use that knowledge to make herself seem better than others. Unless, of course, she was in CEO mode and it was a calculated strike against her enemies.

The car pulled to a stop, and Lena glanced out the window.

“We’re here,” she announced before thanking Lydia and exiting the car.

Alex was relieved to find just a normal bar upon entering. It smelled of beer and greasy food, looked a little rough around the edges and only had about 40 or so people in it, roughly half of which were women. After her quick look around, she instantly relaxed. Lena saw this, and grinned to herself. Together, they went to the bar, ordered their drinks (both got whiskey this time) and then found a table to sit at once they were served.

The whole time they were doing that, Alex had noticed several people turning and looking at them. Or, more specifically, several women noticing them.

“People have noticed us,” she spoke quietly to Lena. Lena looked at her, and then looked around at the people who quickly glanced away. She wondered how many people where staring because a Luthor was in their presence. She decided she didn’t want to think about it.

“Of course their starting,” she explained to Alex, “you’re gorgeous. I wouldn’t be surprised if you have at least half a dozen new numbers to call before the end of the night.”
Alex blushed and took a sip of her drink just for something else to do. Personally, she doubted that these women were looking at her when Lena was right beside her. In her fitted black trousers and deep red sleeveless blouse undone just above her cleavage, no one would be looking at her in worn jeans, sweater and leather jacket.

“Nah, I think it’s gonna be you who ends up with new numbers to call. Looking like you do, why would anyone look at me?” She said without thinking. Lena blushed slightly and ducked her head down to hide it. Alex had a mini panic attack. Was that flirty? Was she flirting with Lena Luthor? Had she been flirting all night? What was friendly teasing and what was flirting between two gay women? Did she want to be flirting with Lena Luthor?

As soon as she thought the last question to herself, a smiling dimpled face framed by dark wavy hair came into her memory. Her heart lurched and pain lanced through her chest. No, she didn’t want to flirt with Lena, or anyone for that matter.

“You want to talk about it?” Lena asked, intruding into her thoughts. She looked at the CEO.

“About what?” She asked, hoping to deflect the concern she saw looking back at her.

“Whatever it is that got you looking like that,” Lena answered, her voice surprisingly gentle. Alex looked down into her glass, trying to decide if she wanted to talk about Maggie or not.

“Is it about your coming out? Has something, or someone, made it hard on you?” Alex looked back up at Lena, noticing a look of distant pain in her eyes. From that look alone, Alex figured out that Lena’s own experience probably hadn’t been very easy.

“No, its been fine. Kara is really the only one I’ve told, and she’s been great,” she paused for a moment before deciding on a course of action. “No, it’s nothing to do with the actual process of coming out, it’s because of... the reason I did…” Alex faltered; she wanted to talk about it, to talk about Maggie, but her words seemed to fail her. Lena waited patiently for Alex to find her words.

“I never thought about it, you know?” she started, trying to will Lena to understand. “About being gay. I just didn’t have time to think about it, about any of it. And then I…” She stopped, unable to continue.

“You met someone,” Lena finished for her. Alex looked up at her, grateful that she understood, and nodded.
“And you developed feelings for her, and it made you realized that you like women,” Lena finished after there was a moment she realized that Alex wasn’t going to. The agent nodded again, once again considering her glass. She looked despondent, heartbroken. Lena understood what that look meant.

“But she doesn’t feel the same way about you,” she guessed. A single nod was her only answer, and she felt her heart breaking a little for Alex.

“Is she straight, or…” Lena left the question hanging, not wanting to push Alex to far, but realizing that the other woman needed, no wanted, to talk about it. Having feelings for a straight girl was the worst; after all, she should know.

“No,” Alex’s voice was quiet, and she still wasn’t meeting Lena’s gaze. “She’s out and proud of it. She helped me realize that I was gay, and helped me come to terms with it. She helped me realize that it wasn’t anything bad, that it was just what’s normal for me. But I realized all of it because….” Again, she paused, not being able to speak past the lump in her throat.

“You realized everything because you had feelings for her,” Lena said, now understanding more about Alex Danvers. She thought it sucked to have feelings for a straight girl, but at least with that you know no matter how painful it is to face, nothing is going to happen because she isn’t interested in any women. Having someone be an integral part of a life-changing realization, and knowing that they liked women too, but they just didn’t like you; well that would suck even worse.

“I’m sorry. I can’t imagine how much that hurts.” These were the only words Lena could give, knowing even as she said them that they wouldn’t do much help Alex. Finally, the other woman could meet her eyes, though her own were watery.

“And she’s just so amazing. She’s so good at her job, and working with her is incredible. She’s smart, confident, beautiful, and… And it hurts.” Her voice cracked a little on the last word, prompting Lena to reach out and take her friends hand. Alex gladly held onto her. Lena thought for a moment before speaking again.

“Is it Supergirl?” she asked, thinking that might explain the way Alex had been glaring at her at the gala. To her surprise, Alex laughed.

“What?” She looked incredulous, “No, god no!” For a moment, her expression was the same as it had been back at Obsidian when she had said that people might think her and Kara were together. Lena didn’t have much time to consider it.
“No, her names Maggie. Maggie Sawyer. She’s a detective, and she’s been helping me out with a few cases.” Even with the amount of heartbreak Alex was dealing with, she couldn’t stop herself from visibly softening at Maggie’s name passing her lips. Lena gazed at her for a moment, taking her in completely.

“Well, it’s this Detective Sawyer’s lose, not yours,” she stated bluntly, causing Alex’s eyes to widen. “What, it is. I’ve been with you for less then a couple of hours, and I can already see how amazing you are. If she’s letting that go, letting you go, she’s the one who is going to end up with regrets. Cause I find it hard to believe that you’re going to be alone for long.”

Alex smiled sadly, and then realized that their hands were still joined across the table. She tensed, and felt a rush of blood heat her face as her thoughts took her down a path. Lena noticed both reactions and chuckled before dropping Alex’s hand.

“No, I’m not flirting with you,” she assured the agent.

“I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to…” Alex sputtered as her face turned bright red from embarrassment. Lena cut her off.

“It’s alright, there’s no need to apologize at all,” she assured her friend.

“I guess I’m going to have to learn how to tell when a woman’s hitting on me, aren’t I?” she asked, looking suitably chagrined at the situation.

“It can be hard to tell whether their flirting or just being nice,” Lena agreed. “But that’s why you’re not alone, so you have someone to help you integrate into this community.”

Alex nodded distractedly, but was already thinking about how she couldn’t come to Maggie with any of this, any of her questions or concerns. Having to work with her was already going to be awkward enough, she didn’t need to try and get advice on how to be gay from the person she had been rejected by.

Lena seemed to read her thoughts though, because she spoke up again. “That’s why you have me.”
Alex looked at her in something like shock or surprise. Lena looked surprisingly vulnerable to her eyes.

“It’s good to have friends who understand what you’re going through, where there are no romantic feelings involved at all. I would be honored if you would think of me as a friend, Alex,” she spoke softly, hesitantly. Alex knew that she was preparing herself for a refusal. Alex gave her a grateful smile, feeling lighter than she had since she kissed Maggie.

“I already do, Lena.”

Lena’s eyes widened in surprise, relief and joy. As they started to move the conversation to different things, Alex found herself wondering what sort of life the youngest Luthor had lived where it was hard for her to ask to be someone’s friend. She was glad that Kara had found her, and that from her sister, the two women had met. After all, she could use more friends in her life as well.

They stayed at the bar for another couple of hours, talking, laughing, almost crying at times; each moment strengthened the feeling like they had known each other for years. By the time they called it a night, they helped each other stumble slightly (just one or two many drinks) back to Lena’s car and drove off into the night.

What neither of them would know until later, was that someone had been watching.

**

Maggie massaged her temples as she sat at her desk, watching the footage of the ‘Guardian’ killing someone once again. One day. Was it too much to ask for one day that wasn’t going to go batshit crazy?

When the weird masked vigilante had first appeared on the streets, she hadn’t really given him much thought. Yes, he was technically breaking the law by going after criminals himself, but what he had been doing had helped the police somewhat. She, as well as most of the force, had been willing to look the other way for the guy. But now he had started killing; now he was a problem that she had been assigned to work with, probably because of her connections with the ‘FBI’.

And that was the second cause of the pounding in her skull. Things with Alex had been… weird ever since that night at the bar. It was completely understandable, but that didn’t mean that she had to like it. Alex was a friend, one of the first people she had formed such an easy connection to in a long time, and Maggie wanted things to go back to how they used to be.
How they used to be… Maggie caught herself absentmindedly rubbing at her lips, almost as if they could still feel Alex’s against them. She shook her head, demanding that those thoughts get lost.

Alex had kissed her because she was mistaking gratitude, friendship and counsel for a crush. She’d get over it soon enough; soon enough she would realize how much better she deserved than the damaged and broken detective. Even if the said detective couldn’t get that kiss out of her mind.

“Dammit Sawyer!” She scolded herself in her thoughts, “she deserves better than you. Don’t start going down the ‘what-if’ path, you’d only end up hurting her.” And the very last thing that Maggie wanted was to hurt Alex Danvers.

“Hey Sawyer, come look at this!” Another detective across the room hollered over to her, breaking into her thoughts. He held up a paper just high enough to see its name, but not high enough for her to see what he was talking about.

“You read trashy tabloids, Swanson?” she yelled back, smirking at him. His cheeks might have coloured slightly, though it was hard to tell under his beard.

“Just get over here and take a damn look at this,” he insisted. Deciding it was a good break from her own thoughts, and the perfect opportunity to bug him some more, Maggie headed over to his desk. When she got there, and he pointed at the picture taking up the front page, she wished she hadn’t.

“Isn’t this that FBI agent that’s been helping out on your cases?” he questioned, pointing to the picture of Alex on the paper. The picture of Alex, and Lena Luthor. Both were grinning wildly, getting into a car with the neon of a bar behind them. The large bolded caption above their heads read, “LENA LUTHOR’S LATEST GAY CONQUEST!!! WHO IS THE NEW MYSTERY WOMAN IN THE NOTORIOUS CEO’S LIFE?”

Looking at the paper, Maggie felt sick to her stomach. She knew the bar behind the two of them in the picture, had been to it herself a couple of times. She couldn’t find the words to stop Swanson from flipping through the pages to the actual story, where there were more pictures.

The pictures showed a lot of things; Alex and Lena sitting across from each other at a table holding hands, pressed close together laughing and goofing off, looking at each other with open admiration. Each one that Maggie took in made her stomach roll more.
“That is her, isn’t it? Your FBI friend?” Swanson questioned.

“Yeah.” Maggie felt like she had to move the word past boulders in her lungs and throat. Beside her, Swanson whistled.

“Damn. Don’t know whether to tell her she’s got quite the catch, or pity her for being sucked in by a crazy Luthor. Though if she’s gay, why didn’t you make a move Sawyer?” he questioned.

“Yeah, why didn’t I?” Maggie asked herself.

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“Shit!!” Lena swore loudly, prompting a raised eyebrow from Jess. Her boss almost never swore in the office, but the assistant figured this situation warranted the language.

Jess had actually arrived before Ms. Luthor this morning, and thought this wasn’t the first time it had happened, it was still infrequent enough for her to make a note of it. Granted, Lena arrived not 10 minutes after Jess, but it was still noteworthy. Jess had started organizing the days events that she needed to go over with her boss when she got a call from a friend from a different company.

“Tyler, you know better then to call me at work,” Jess had started before the second assistant had interrupted her.

“I know Jess, but this is important. I just forwarded you a digital copy of this mornings National. You need to see this.” Dread formed in Jess’ stomach; the National was a cheap and dirty tabloid that thrived on creating scandal. If Tyler was sending it to her, something was wrong.

She quickly opened her email and pulled up the link. When her mind finally registered the front page, she felt herself sinking.

“Did you get it?” Tyler asked.

“Yeah, I got it. Thanks for bringing this to my attention, Tyler. I’ll pay for drinks sometime,” Jess responded, her mind already traveling down the path that she needed to try and fix this.
“This isn’t something that needs a reward Jess. Just make sure Ms. Luthor is going to be ok,” Tyler responded before hanging up. Jess took a deep sigh, wishing for a split second that she could just hide this from her boss. But, better that Lena be warned about this now, rather than ambushed about it later. She transferred the paper onto her tablet, and after knocking, entered Ms. Luthor’s office.

Lena looked up at her and smiled brightly. “What’s on the schedule for today, Jess?” Her voice was chipper and happy; satisfied. Instead of staying seated behind her desk, she stood and walked over to her assistant. Once again, Jess wished that she didn’t have to show her this stupid tabloid (or that she could possibly make the person who took these pictures disappear).

“There’s something you need to see first, Ms. Luthor,” Jess said, handing the tablet over. Lena raised an eyebrow, but took the device. Jess watched Lena’s face fall, the happiness from moments before disappearing behind her mask.

“I assume that there are paper copies of this circulating as well as digital?” she asked, her voice free of any inflections.

“Yes, ma’am. They were distributed around 4 this morning.” There was silence for a moment.

“Shit!!” Lena swore, surprising Jess as she handed the tablet back to her. “Shit, shit, shitty shit!!” she kept swearing as she dug out her phone and put in a call.

It was rare (almost non-existent) for Jess to see her boss so rattled, so she diverted her gaze to the tablet instead. She wished she hadn’t, because she didn’t need to see the bolded words “LENA LUTHOR’S LATEST GAY CONQUEST!! WHO IS THE NEW MYSTERY WOMAN IN THE NOTORIOUS CEO’S LIFE?” again or to see the pictures that were invading her boss’ privacy.

“Damnit, she’s not answering!” Lena said, almost throwing her phone onto her desk (which almost seemed to move an inch or two, but that must have been a trick of the light), which she then put her hands on and leaned over.

“I should have been more careful,” she spoke to herself just loudly enough that Jess could hear. “She’s going to hate me for this.”

At those words, Jess bristled. No-one was allowed to make Lena Luthor feel bad, especially over
something that she had no control over. Even if the fact that her boss was dating someone (who clearly wasn’t Kara Danvers) had been a shock to Jess, she had seen how happy Lena had been this morning. You could be damn sure that Jess wasn’t going to let anything ruin that.

“With all due respect, Ms. Luthor, you’re a public figure. If your date is going to be mad at you for something like this, something entirely not your fault, then she isn’t worth your time or affections,” Jess stated boldly. Lena looked up at her assistant and smiled tiredly.

“Thank you Jess, but it wasn’t a date,” she began. Now it was Jess’s turn to look puzzled. “She’s Kara Danvers sister. She just came out, and I was helping her learn more about the community. She’s my friend, or at least she was.” At Jess’ quizzical look Lena elaborated.

“She had only told two people she was gay, now, because of me, she’s been outed to the entire of National City. And it doesn’t even matter if she was ready for that or not, because it should have been her choice to tell people or not. But she was with me, that choice has been taken away from her.”

**

Alex was leaning against Kara’s desk, eating a donut and recounting her previous night animatedly. Kara was leaning opposite her sister, a goofy grin on her face as she listened to Alex talking. When Alex had first showed up at CatCo and immediately grabbed one of Kara’s donuts, she had been worried that something was wrong. And it was true that her sister had seemed nervous at first when she had asked Kara to let her deal with Guardian on her own (Kara had objected, but Alex made the good point that she was swamped with actual work to do, and Guardian wasn’t anything Alex couldn’t handle by herself – and yes, if she ended up needing back-up Kara would be called so-fast).

One of Alex’s arguments about dealing with Guardian herself was that she felt like she needed a win, something to do to get her mind off Maggie. At the sad look that had crossed over her face, Kara had hesitantly asked how last night had gone after she had to leave. She had been surprised (but pleased) by the giant smile that illuminated Alex’s face, who had then proceeded divulge every detail of her time with Lena Luthor.

“And even though she’s mainly a mechanical engineer,” Alex continued to gush about the CEO, “she knows so much about other kinds of science and technology that it’s almost scary! Can you imagine just how smart she is? And she is so good; she’s done so much to try and help as many people as possible, and she knows that some of the things she has had to do aren’t good but is already creating plans to try and counteract those actions. And… why are you looking at me like that?”
Alex stopped in the middle of her rambling, her head tilted to the side as she looked at Kara quizzically. Kara blinked, shaken out of her thoughts at Alex’s abrupt stop. How had she been looking at her?

“I’m just really happy that you two got along,” Kara said, smile slipping into place. Alex still didn’t look entirely convinced. “Ok, I’ll admit it; I was a little worried that you’d both just be ‘Secret Agent’ and ‘CEO’ and wouldn’t get along. I’m glad that you two are friends; you both need more of those in your lives.”

Alex rolled her eyes good-naturedly at her sisters teasing before taking another bite of her donut. Kara felt her smile slip slightly as the thought came to her again that the last person Alex had talked like this about had been Maggie. Was it possible that Alex liked… No, if she did, she would tell Kara about it, wouldn’t she? Still, Kara didn’t understand why that thought left a sour taste in her mouth.

A hesitant knock on the door distracted the sisters from their thoughts, and they turned to see James standing in the doorway. He seemed almost nervous, and Kara was focused enough on that unnatural look on his face that she missed the glare that Alex directed at him.

“Hey Kara. Alex, I didn’t realize that you were here,” he started, stepping into Kara’s small office, holding something behind his back.

“She stopped by to let me know she’s got the Guardian situation handled,” a strange looked passed between Alex and James, “and to tell me all about her night last night.” James flinched slightly.

“Yeah, that’s actually why I’m here,” he started. Alex raised an eyebrow; was he going to tell Kara that he was Guardian? Instead of saying anything else though, James took what was behind his back, a paper magazine, and placed it on the desk. Alex craned her neck over to see the front page, and felt the blood drain from her face.

She didn’t even fully register the entirety of the front page just the word gay and the fact that she was in the pictures plastered all over the cover. Alex turned back to James feeling sick. He had a strange look on his face as he seemed to study her, and fear of how he was going to react clenched her gut.

Kara didn’t say anything right away, instead grabbing the paper and flipping through it, quickly skimming the article. It was all pretty standard trash writing, saying things like ‘infamous CEO’, ‘acting extra-gay for publicity’, ‘her latest conquest better watch out, the youngest Luthor has quite
the reputation’ and other crap. Kara knew that Alex and Lena hadn’t been on a date, she knew that the only reason they had been together was because she had to leave; but still, it didn’t stop the fact that the one picture, of them holding hands across the table, looked an awful lot like an intimate moment of date. Her stomach was rolling, heat racing through her blood, and Kara didn’t understand why.

Without thinking, she lowered her glasses just enough to shoot a quick beam of heat vision out, instantly making the tabloid catch on fire. The action startled James and Alex out of their weird staring contest.

“Kara!” Alex admonished, looking around to make sure no-one had seen anything while James grabbed the trash can to throw the burning paper into.

“Sorry, it’s just,” Kara started, not sure how to articulate what she was feeling. “This is horrible! It’s such a huge invasion of yours and Lena’s privacy, and it’s just not right that someone would actually take these pictures, let alone get paid for them!” And that was it, Kara decided; the tumultuous things she was feeling were a result of how gross and unfair this situation was, both to her sister and her friend.

“Wait, you actually went out with Lena Luthor?” James asked, incredulity and a hint of disgust in his voice. His tone made Alex stiffen, crossing her arms across her chest. Kara stood from her chair, mirroring Alex’s pose as her expression changed to one of iron.

“You have a problem with that?” Alex said, her voice steady despite the quacking she felt in her heart. Quickly realizing why the Danvers sisters were giving him death glares, James held up his hands in defense.

“With Lena Luthor, not with you being…” he paused, suddenly uncertain. “Are you…” again he stopped, as if he wasn’t certain if he was allowed to continue.

“Gay?” Alex said, only Kara barely noticing the break in the word. “Yeah, I am. I just realized not to long ago, and I was going to tell everyone in my own time, but…” Alex trailed off, gesturing the smoky remains of the tabloid. James nodded and smiled at her.

“I’m sorry that you didn’t get the chance to tell everyone how you wanted, but just so we’re clear, this doesn’t change a thing for me.” His voice had gone soft and deep the way it did when he was making sure to be extra caring. Alex let out a shaky breath she hadn’t been aware she was holding, relief flooding through her. She smiled softly back at her friend.
“But Alex,” he continued, “You should know better then going out with Lena Luthor.” He said her name with disdain, and he seemed to miss how the Danvers sisters both bristled again. “Honestly, I wouldn’t be surprised if she orchestrated this whole thing as a weird publicity move.” He added, confident in his negative opinion about any Luthor.

Kara opened her mouth, but Alex beat her to the punch.

“What is wrong with you, James?” she asked as she looked at him in disbelief. His eyebrows raised in surprise, clearly not expecting Alex’s words. “You don’t know Lena at all, and yet your judging her in the worst possible way.”

“She’s a Luthor…” he began to defend himself but Kara cut him off.

“Her last name and where she came from doesn’t define her, James! She’s a good person, one of the best I’ve ever met! Haven’t you been paying attention to anything I’ve ever said, or written, about her at all?”

James looked at the two women, stunned. He hadn’t expected their intensity in defending Lena, and it was throwing him off. He had read what Kara had written about the CEO, but he had chalked it up to her remaining an impartial reporter. He hadn’t expected Clark’s cousin to actually like or respect the sister of the evillest man on the planet.

“Kara’s right,” Alex continued in the same vein as her sister, further surprising him. “And even if I had been on a date with Lena, which I wasn’t, it wouldn’t be any of yours, or anyone else’s, business beyond Lena and me.”

Looking at the Danvers sisters standing side-by-side glaring at him, James suddenly had a lot more sympathy for all the aliens and bad-guys they faced down together.

**

Alex had been silently fuming as she drove over to the NCPD precinct where Maggie worked. She
was angry at James for the way that he had spoken about Lena; but she was also a little angry, and
guilty, with herself. After all, even just yesterday morning, she probably would have reacted and
thought the same way that he did about Lena. It’s almost funny how a single night can change so
much.

Speaking of which… Alex swallowed heavily as she climbed off her bike. She hadn’t seen Maggie
since the night that she had kissed her; since the night that she realized that what she felt wasn’t
returned in the slightest. Her heart still ached with the memory, and the thought of seeing Maggie
again sent fresh pain sweeping through her. If she didn’t have to convince the detective to lay off
Guardian (aka James with Winn acting as backup) she wouldn’t even be here.

Alex started heading towards the entrance of the precinct when a painfully familiar voice called out.

“Danvers!” Alex stumbled slightly, and turned to look at Maggie who was making her way over to
her. God, she was still gorgeous, and it hurt. “It’s been a hot minute,” Maggie continued once she
had gotten close enough to not need to shout. “How’s it been?”

“Yeah, good, good, yeah.” Alex spoke, cursing herself as she almost stuttered over her words.

“You haven’t returned any of my calls,” Maggie started saying, the concern in her voice tearing
Alex’s heart apart even further. “I’ve been worried about you.”

“I’ve been busy,” Alex responded, making herself iron against everything she was feeling.

“Yeah, must have been a lot of rouge aliens out there,” Maggie replied sardonically. Both she and
Alex knew that if there had been an onslaught of aliens in the city, Maggie would have known about
it too. But it was clear from Maggie’s tone that she was trying to joke and tease, like they had used
to, and not only did it hurt Alex, it started making her angry too.

“Listen, I just wanted to make sure everything was ok, between us. Cause the last time we saw each
other things got a little…” Maggie started but Alex cut her off, not wanting to talk about what
happened.

“I’m here in an official capacity, Maggie,” she started, her voice gruff and authoritative. “I need you
to lay off Guardian.” Maggie drew back a little, taken aback at Alex’s change in demeanour.
“You mean National City’s masked serial killer? No way.” She responded affronted.

“He’s not a killer Maggie, you’re targeting the wrong guy.”

“Ok, I’m listening,” she said, waiting to hear whatever it was the made Alex so sure of this.

“No, that’s it.” Maggie scoffed.

“If you want me to drop my main murder suspect, you’ve got to give me more than that,” she started to say.

“It’s classified, so no, I don’t have to,” Alex responded shortly, thinly veiled hostility in her voice. Maggie turned and looked at her directly, trying to get a read on the DEO agent. Only, she couldn’t, not like she used to have been. Alex Danvers was a closed book to her.

“What’s up with you Alex? First, I have to find out you’re dating Lena Luthor through some tabloid, now you won’t share information about my case with me?” Maggie was bristly, and annoyed with herself for bringing up the Lena Luthor thing. She had told herself that it wasn’t an issue, and that she wasn’t going to confront Alex about it. But she knew herself well enough to know that she wasn’t just jealous, she was hurt that Alex hadn’t told her about this huge step in her life.

“Lena has nothing to do with this,” Alex shot back, voice raising slightly. Maggie let out a huff of laughter.

“Come on Alex, Luthor has a reputation. Whether or not she’s aware that you’re fresh off the boat, she’s going to end up hurting you. Dating her is a risky, if not a down-right stupid idea,” Maggie knew she was letting her own jealousy and insecurities speak, so she tried to reel it in. “Look, as your friend…”

“No, Maggie. We’re not friends,” Alex cut her off, full out angry and hurt now. Maggie took half a step back, the words striking deep and cutting.

“What? I’m lost, what happened?” she hid the pain she was feeling behind a mask of confusion.
“We hung out, we got close, you called me out for liking you,” Alex listed, her voice breaking slightly at the last two words. “And I had the guts to admit that, yes, it’s true. And you told me that my feelings were real, and that I deserved to be happy, so I thought you meant that I deserved to be happy with you.”

“Alex,” Maggie started ready to restate all the reasons why Alex deserved someone better than her.

“No, no I’m not done. Because then you convinced me to come out to my sister, and I did. Because I was sure of one thing, and that was my feelings for you.”

Realization crashed over Maggie, as did guilt. She had thought that Alex’s feelings were nothing but a crush, just simple easy emotion born from the gratitude of helping her realize who she was. She was beginning to see how wrong that assumption had been.

“Initially, I was terrified,” Alex continued, some of the anger leaving her voice and being replaced with bone-deep sadness. “But ultimately, I was proud to come out; because it wasn’t just some concept, it was about my feelings for this amazing woman.”

Maggie looked away from Alex; the last thing she was, was amazing.

“But I didn’t feel liberated, or like I was on some great journey, all I felt was pain, because you didn’t want me.” At this point, Alex was fighting to keep her voice from breaking and the water welling in her eyes from becoming noticeable.

“Alex, that’s not why…” Maggie started, but Alex interrupted her again, deciding in a split second what she was going to do.

“You know, just save it,” she said, waving her hand. “I’ve found someone who I want, and who wants me back. And I don’t care what you, or anyone, thinks about Lena. She is smart, good, so kind and… and everything she is and does makes her damn sexy.”

Alex hadn’t come into this conversation intending to let Maggie keep thinking she and Lena were dating, but the idea had just come on her and she had gone with it. The detective had seemed defensive when she brought Lena up, and the part of Alex’s brain that was working through the pain and heartbreak right now thought that if she went with this lie, maybe it would hurt Maggie like she had hurt her.
Maggie was looking at Alex stunned. She didn’t know what to say, or what to think. After looking at the tabloid, she had already half-convinced herself that the story was fake. To hear that it wasn’t, that Alex Danvers was dating Lena Luthor… Maggie didn’t know how to react or what to feel.

“But my dating life is none of your concern, Detective,” Alex said. “What’s important here is that you back off Guardian.”

With that, Alex walked off back to her bike, leaving a stunned and speechless Maggie behind. Desperate for something to do to keep herself from looking back, Alex pulled out her phone. She was surprised to see several missed called from Lena, as well as several texts that were begging her forgiveness and asking her to call her, please.

She leaned against her bike, calling Lena who answered on the second ring and immediately launched into an apology. Alex laughed silently to herself; she didn’t understand how anyone would think badly about this woman.

“Lena, Lena,” she had to repeat herself to break through the CEO’s rambling. “It’s ok, I’m not mad at you.”

Silence.

“You’re not?” her voice was small and coloured with disbelief. It made Alex’s heart ache that Lena couldn’t believe that someone wasn’t going to blame her for something beyond her control.

“Of course not. It’s not ideal, but it’s not the end of the world,” Alex reassured. She heard a shaky exhale of breath on the other end of the line.

“Ok, ok. If you’re sure?” she asked.

“Of course I’m sure Lena,” Alex paused as she suddenly fully realized her actions of the last few minuets. “Though I may have done something.”

**
Later that evening, Alex, Kara and Lena all sat around in Kara’s apartment, munching on snacks and drinking as they laughed about what the day had brought them.

After Alex had informed Lena about what she had told Maggie, Lena had been a little irritated but a lot amused. She told Alex point blank that pretending to date someone to make someone else jealous was a very high-school move, and that it was most likely going to blow up in her face at some point. Alex had blushed, but had laughed and agreed. She had just been happy that Lena wasn’t mad at her about it.

Realizing that she wanted to hang out with the CEO again, she quickly invited her to ‘Sister Night’ that evening at Kara’s apartment. Lena had been hesitant about accepting at first, but Alex had convinced her that it was fine (though it had taken calling up Kara who had exuberantly agreed to the invitation to really convince her).

So, the evening found the three women sitting around, laughing and enjoying each others company. By silent agreement, neither Alex nor Lena brought up what Alex had told Maggie earlier in the day. And even though she wanted to, Alex also didn’t say a thing about who Guardian was after the news brought up that he had been cleared off all charges.

“I still maintain that vigilantes are weird, and sometimes do more harm then good,” Kara started, “but I may have misjudged Guardian.”

“No, I agree,” Lena said. “Vigilantes are just… I mean, the masks and voice changers; its all just too weird!”

“Exactly!” Kara said, pointing at Lena (who was sitting beside her on the couch) as the two broke into laughter again.

Alex said nothing, instead silently enjoyed how happy and relaxed her sister was. She hadn’t seen Kara like this for a while now, ever since the last game night among the ‘Superfriends’. But ever since she had broken things off with James (which she still didn’t fully understand) and Winn had started working for the DEO, she had noticed that things were strained among them. Realizing that it was their ‘Guardian-ing’ that had made James and Winn even more distant the last few weeks, Alex found herself hoping that the boys would smarten up soon and tell Kara their secret.

A knock on the door broke through Alex’s thoughts as well as quieting down Lena and Kara’s laughter and mimicry of the various vigilantes found in Gotham.
“I got it,” Alex said when before Kara could throw her the ‘puppy-dog-eyes’ so she wouldn’t have to move from her spot. She grinned and bounced happily in her seat, making Lena laugh quietly again.

Alex opened the door and stopped short.

“Maggie,” she said, shocked to see her on the other side. She looked behind her towards Kara (who was glaring at the detective with a sweet smile) while Lena looked between the two of them. Maggie looked through the door and say the other two women as well. There was a painful stone in her throat; she hadn’t even met Kara yet, and Alex’s new girlfriend was already hanging out with the both of them.

“What do you want, Maggie?” Alex’s voice brought her back, and the cold look on the other woman’s face was almost enough to make her lose her nerve.

“I was hoping to talk to you for a minute,” she glanced back at Lena who gazed back with a single raised eyebrow. “In private.”

Alex hesitated a moment, but then nodded, looking back at Kara and Lena with a small nod to let them know everything was ok, before she stepped into the hall with Maggie. She crossed her arms across herself, giving the other woman a look to start talking.

“I really needed to talk to you,” Maggie said. “And if you give me two minutes of your time, I’ll promise to be out of your hair.” Alex took a moment to decide.

“Two minutes,” she sighed out, “then I’m going back in to my girlfriend and my sister.” Damnit, why did she say that! It seemed like she couldn’t stop herself.

“I heard everything you said,” Maggie started, “I get it. And if you never want to talk to me again, I’ll respect that; I’ll disappear. But I don’t meet many people that I care about, and I care about you, a lot. You’ve become really important to me, and I hope that one day you and I can be friends. Cause I don’t want to imagine my life without you in it.”

As she finished, Alex just started at her for a moment and then walked back to the door. Maggie’s heart sank; this was it, this was the last time she was ever going to see Alex.
Instead of walking away though, Alex paused by the door and turned back to her.

“Pool, tomorrow night,” she said simply. Maggie’s heart started beating again; she knew she had screwed up any chance of every being something more for the other woman, but at least she wasn’t losing Alex out of her life completely. She could live with that.

“Wouldn’t miss it,” she said resolutely, nodding a farewell as Alex re-entered the apartment.

Both Kara and Lena were looking over at her from the couch.

“How was that?” Kara asked hesitantly. Alex looked up and smiled softly, if not a little sadly.

“We’re going to be friends.” Kara murmured an ‘ok’ but was still watching her sister closely for a sign that she needed to go throw Maggie into space. Seeing the concern in her sister, Alex smiled genuinely at her, which made Kara relax. She looked to Lena, who tilted her eyebrow up slightly in question. Alex grinned a little sheepishly, knowing that Lena was wondering if Maggie still thought the two of them were dating. She nodded her head just slightly enough for Lena to notice.

Kara didn’t understand what Lena’s exasperated sigh was about, or why it made Alex burst out laughing.

Chapter End Notes

Ok, from here on out, there are going to be some things that are similar/taken from actual episodes of season 2, but not in the proper order and not everything from a single episode is taking place in the same chapter. So, for this chapter, even though the situation with Guardian is the same, Kara has not yet been captured by Cadmus. I hope everything continues to make sense and be enjoyable. Let me know if something is uncertain, and I’ll try to correct it. Thanks!
Facing the Gorgon (Part I)

Chapter Notes

Takes place a couple of weeks after chapter 9. Life has pretty much gone on the same; aliens to fight, Snapper yelling at Kara, magic being tested/discovered/fearred and more hang outs between Lena and Alex, as well as Alex, Lena and Kara (though nothing yet with anyone else). Also, the other main cast members have all learned about Alex being gay, and they reacted the same way they did in canon.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Kara paced around her small cell, frustrated and angry that she couldn’t do anything to break her and Mon-El free. She had tried everything she could think of, but the Daxamite had been right, the metal was unbreakable, even around the lock where it should have been weakest. And though she didn’t want to be, she could feel her irritation with Mon-El growing every second that he just sat there and did nothing.

She knew that they had kidnapped him to get to her (its likely that they couldn’t even have gotten close to anyone else she cared for) and that he had tried to escape before being tricked by Henshaw, but now he seemed content to just sit back and complain. He wasn’t trying, or even looking, for a means to escape. She knew that he was relying on her to get them out of there, but it was irritating because with his powers he could be helping too!

There were no guards in the room, no one that she could try to talk to, or to use her heat vison or other long-range powers on. She had considered the option of frying some of the equipment that was around them, but they weren’t connected to anything so it would have done little good. She was just about to try freezing and then super heating the metal of her cage (again) when the doors opened and a tall elegant woman walked in.

“Supergirl,” she drawled condescendingly as she marched into the room, “I don’t believe we’ve been introduced.”

“I’ve seen you before,” Kara said, struggling to place the woman’s face for a moment before she remembered. “In Lena Luthor’s office. What were you doing there?” she questioned harshly.

“I might ask you the same,” the woman answered with a sneer. “I don’t like the idea of you around my daughter.”
Dread filled Kara as the meaning of her words sunk in.

“You’re Lillian Luthor,” she spoke, horror clear in her tone. “Lex and Lena’s mother.”

“I’m a lot of things,” Lillian response was upbeat, as if they were discussing her career in a nicely lit open park rather than the bowels of Cadmus. “A doctor, a patriot, a mother…”

“A liar, a kidnapper, a killer,” Kara spat out, one thought racing through her mind, “Does Lena know about Cadmus?” Her voice mimicked her heart at the vocalized thought, and stuttered. She could feel tears forming in her eyes, and didn’t care that they probably gave Lillian Luthor satisfaction.

“Does she know who her mother really is?” No, it was impossible. Lena couldn’t know anything about this, didn’t know anything about Cadmus.

“And what are you to my daughter?” Lillian asked, more a threat than a question.

“I’m a friend,” Kara answered resolutely.

“I’ve heard that before,” Lillian mocked and proceeded to talk about how Superman had promised things to Lex, promised that they would change the world together before villainizing her son, turning the world against him. Kara only half listened to her insane ramblings, to caught up in her own thoughts.

Lena couldn’t know, she couldn’t be a part of this in any way. Lena had shot Corben; leading to him becoming Metallo. She had stopped the gang who was being armed by Cadmus; which led to them being killed, they were too public for Cadmus’s involvement anymore.

For every redeeming quality she could think of, the thought of how it all could have been a ploy filtered into her head, strangely enough in Clark’s voice. Kara remembered what he had said, “I’ve learned through hard experience not to believe anything a Luthor says”. Doubt tried to creep into her heart.

No! She thought firmly to herself. Lena was too good, too smart and too kind to be involved with Cadmus. Kara knew that she was a good judge of character, and Lena was her friend. She wasn’t going to start doubting her now just because another member of her family turned out to be a
Kara hadn’t realized it before, but it had felt like her heart had been breaking since she realized who Lillian was. But now, after realizing just how much she believed in Lena, it started to feel strong again, stronger than before.

It felt strong enough to talk back to Lillian, calling her crazy. It felt strong enough to move past her own fear of solar flaring so that Lillian wouldn’t kill Mon-El. It was strong enough that she endured her blood being taken, of being put back into the cell powerless, strong enough to admit that she was scared and to ask Mon-El to make sure Alex was alright (*because no matter what, it was her job make sure he was safe even if she wasn’t*). Her heart was strong enough to handle the joy, and the sorrow, of finding and then leaving Jeremiah behind.

Her heart was strong enough to get Mon-El back to the DEO, to tell J’ohn and Alex what had happened. It almost wasn’t strong enough to see the hope grow on her sister’s face, only to see it crushed when she got back from Cadmus’s base with nothing to show for it.

She felt it grow stronger again she promised Alex that they would get Jeremiah back, and Alex looked at her with such conviction that it helped her believe it was possible. Her heart grew even stronger when she hesitantly brought up the concern that Lena might be involved with Cadmus and Alex shot it down, believing, like her, that it just wasn’t possible.

Her heart was strong enough to give her the courage to fly to Lena’s apartment when her powers returned. She told herself that Lena deserved to know what her mother was up to, and she might be able to help them out in their fight against Cadmus, but deep down, Kara knew she just needed to see Lena. To make sure that she was still there, and still the Lena she knew and… the Lena she needed.

Though she had only been there the one time when she had heard Lena screaming her name (*Kara flushed slightly at the memory of the suggestion Lena had made*), she knew the way to Lena’s apartment well and was soon landing on the balcony. She felt a lightness in her chest as she saw Lena in yoga pants and a loose long-sleeved shirt sitting crossed-legged on the couch, a book on her lap as she rested her head on her arm. Lena never looked this relaxed and at ease, not even around her and Alex.

She knocked lightly, wishing that she didn’t have to disturb her friend’s peace. Lena looked up quickly, blinking her surprise at seeing Supergirl standing on her balcony. She offered the hero a warm but confused smile, and in the back of her mind Kara still realized that it wasn’t the same smile she gave to Kara Danvers.
“You do realize that this isn’t an entrance, right?” Lena teased lightly as she opened the door and exited to stand in the night air beside the hero. The thought crossed Kara’s mind that if she was there as Kara and not Supergirl, she probably would have been allowed into the CEO’s home.

“I’m sorry for dropping by so late, Ms. Luthor, but something’s happened, and I thought you should know,” Supergirl said, propping her hands on her hips to try and make herself feel more in control. A chill travelled down Lena’s back, and it wasn’t from the wind. She hugged her arms to her chest, knowing that she wasn’t going to like what the hero had to say. Fear spiked through Lena’s heart; did something happen to Kara?

“Your mother is behind Cadmus, she’s their leader,” Kara said, not knowing any other way to make it sting less. She watched as Lena’s face went from confusion to being blank, the perfect CEO mask in place.

“You’re lying,” Lena said coldly. She didn’t know what she was feeling, or what she was thinking. She had gone from dread for Kara to being told that her mother was the head of a genocidal terrorist cell.

“I’m not,” Kara said, desperate for her friend to believe her while at the same time wishing she didn’t have to deliver this news. “She kidnapped me, and a friend of mine. We barely escaped with out lives.”

Lena was still unreadable, and Kara had never felt so off in her presence before. “If there is anything you can think of that would help me find her…”

“You know, I thought you were different,” Lena interrupted her. Her voice was cold and accusatory, but Kara could still hear the pain. “You wear that symbol of your chest and everyone thinks your good.” The disdain was clear as she chuckled humorlessly, and for maybe the first time since putting on the suit, Kara felt like her family’s crest was a burden, not a call for hope.

“My mother is no saint, but you come in here accusing her of being the devil incarnate?” Kara knew that Lena was reacting the way anyone would after hearing this about their family, but it still hurt, and she found she couldn’t look Lena in the eye. “How many times did your cousin put on that high-and-mighty costume and come after Lex? Come after me?”

Kara looked up at Lena in surprise; what did she mean Clark came after her?
“How long do I have before you come after me too?”

“Never,” Kara said, her firmness shocking Lena though she didn’t show it. “I didn’t know my cousin did anything, accused you or threatened you. He had no right to do that.”

Lena hugged herself tighter; it wasn’t very often that anyone said Superman was in the wrong, and here was his own family taking her side while not knowing the facts, when she was here defending her mother who she could easily see being behind the group.

“I’m not here because I think that you have anything to do with Cadmus, Lena,” Supergirl spoke her name softly, almost reverently, and Lena realized it was the first time that the hero had used it. “I’m here asking if there is anything you can do to help me stop her before more people get hurt.”

Lena remained silent, turmoil seething inside of her. Kara could see some of the pain and conflict her friend was dealing with, and she couldn’t let Lena think that she thought any less of her because of her family.

“I know what it’s like, to be disillusioned by our families,” Lena scoffed. “My parents knew that my world was going to die,” Kara said, choking slightly on the words. Even after all this time to accept it, it still hurt. “They knew, and they didn’t try to stop it; all they did was save me.”

Lena’s eyes were beginning to grow misty and she stayed stock still as she held herself on her balcony. Kara had no idea what she was thinking, or what she was feeling besides pain. She took a half a step towards the CEO.

“I’m a pretty good judge of character, and you are not like your mother, Lena,” she spoke softly, her voice barely above a whisper. It carried on the night wind to Lena’s ears, and she didn’t know what to do with the faith she heard. “She is cold and dangerous, and you are too good and too smart to follow in her path. Be your own hero.”

Kara was standing close to Lena, closer than she ever had as Supergirl (*maybe even as Kara Danvers*). She was close enough to see the tears in Lena’s eyes, to hear her ragged breaths and to see the way she was shaking slightly. The wind was blowing strands of her hair into her face, and Kara wanted to reach out and brush them away. She wanted to hold Lena’s face until she believed what she was telling her. To hold her in her arms until the shaking and tears stopped, until she was whole again.
Lena stepped away from her.

“You can leave now,” she said, her voice steady despite herself. It was a clear dismissal, and Kara’s heart ached to hear it.

She flew away, and her heart no longer felt strong. And as she flew, she heard Lena scream; it was loud, full of anguish and heartbreak. It dissolved into sobs, and Kara had to force herself to stop listening to Lena cry. Her heart wasn’t strong enough to take it. Lena didn’t want anything to do with Supergirl, and if she continued to listen to her cry, Kara wasn’t strong enough to stay away.

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Lena hadn’t slept at all the previous night. Everything she was feeling, everything she thought she knew, it was all in turmoil. After Supergirl had left, all she had been feeling had forced itself into a scream, one which she knew would be a release for her magic. Not knowing what kind of damage she would do, Lena had held her power in.

It had hurt, and the pain of repressing her magic had been a welcome temporary distraction from her misery. That voice inside of her, the one she was starting to realize was more connected to her magic than she originally thought, had raged at her. It threw memories and feelings into her mind, making her relive pain, hate, fear and rage, all to make her let go of the power; to destroy, to let everything go and make the world tremble beneath her. Somehow, Lena had held it in and hadn’t succumb to what was clawing to be released.

The pain of keeping her magic at bay combined with the way her thoughts and emotions were all over the place, and Lena had cried through most of the night. As she looked at the mess she was in the morning, she gave herself a good self-deprecating laugh as she realized that she had broken down more since moving to National City than she had in the past 6 years.

Looking at herself in the mirror, Lena realized just how badly she needed answers, needed conformation or denial. She couldn’t believe that her mother was really behind Cadmus; didn’t want to think that she was capable of such things. The problem was, Lena knew that she was capable. She knew how Lillian viewed aliens, especially Superman and Supergirl, because she blamed them for what happened to Lex.

But still, she didn’t want to believe Supergirl. She wanted to believe that the Girl of Steel had said and done what she did because of some crazy feud between their families, that she was going after her mother because of that. No, she couldn’t take Supergirl at her word, which only left one person that she knew would be honest with her.
Which is how she found herself waiting at a table in a coffee shop called Noonan’s, nervously picking at the sticker on her cup as she waited. It wasn’t long before she saw the Danvers sisters walking over to her table.

“Lena are you ok?” Kara asked as soon as she was in earshot, pulling a chair over so that she could sit closer to Lena. She wanted to reach out, to offer comfort in that way, but she wasn’t sure how her friend would take it. Instead of answering Kara, Lena looked at Alex questioningly (after all it had been her and not Kara that she asked to meet).

“Kara knows what’s going one,” Alex informed her, taking the seat opposite the two of them. “I thought you might want her here.”

Lena let out a shaky breath, gripping her cardboard cup tighter. “So, it’s true then?” she asked, and when she looked back up to Alex there were tears in her eyes. “What Supergirl told me, it’s true?”

Alex nodded once, wishing she didn’t have to tell Lena this news.

“Is there more proof?” Lena asked, not sure why she was still trying to find ways to talk her mother out of this mess. “Is its just Supergirls word, or is there something else?”

Beside her, Kara stiffened, her eyes downcast. It hurt that Lena didn’t trust Supergirl, trust her, but she pushed it back to be there for her friend.

“I’ve seen her too,” Alex spoke softly as if to a spooked animal. “She threatened my life, and… and she has my father. He’s been Cadmus’s prisoner for years.”

New weight from her family’s sins settled onto Lena’s shoulders. With Lex’s, and now her mothers, Lena didn’t know how much more she could bare.

“Alex, I’m so sorry,” Lena choked out, Alex shook her head, but it was Kara who responded.

“Lena it’s not your fault,” she said, reaching out and laying her hand on top of Lena’s, who gratefully flipped hers over to hold the reporters hand. It was also a move to get her hand away from her coffee cup, which had begun to boil, which she hoped neither Danvers would notice. “Whatever
your mother has done, or whoever she really is, it’s not on you. You’re your own person, and you’re way better of a person then she could ever hope to be.”

The smile that Lena gave to Kara, and then to Alex, was watery, but it was real. It took her a few minutes of silent support from her friends, but she managed to get her emotions, and magic, under control again.

“Why aren’t you running a story on this?” Lena asked Kara. “Expose who she is and what she’s doing?”

“I wish I could,” Kara said apologetically, “but the only proof we have are eye-witness accounts from a government agency that technically doesn’t exist.”

“Bloody black-site setups,” Lena muttered to herself.

“Anything the DEO needs,” she started, looking at Alex, “anything I can do or give to help bring her in, it’s theirs.” Alex nodded once, accepting Lena’s offer.

“Well, if that’s all,” Lena left the statement hanging, feeling the need to run away now.

“Actually, there is one more thing,” Kara started, her voice sheepish. “I know this is crappy timing, and I meant to invite you earlier, but; do you want to join us for thanksgiving?”

Lena stared at the reporter, not entirely sure how to process the invite nor the hopeful smile that graced her lips. She was mildly aware that their hands were still clasped together.

“I wouldn’t want to intrude,” Lena said diplomatically, trying to figure a way out of this. Did she want to get out of this?

“You wouldn’t be!” Kara exclaimed, leaning a little closer to Lena as she begun to talk excitedly. “It’s only a couple of days away, and with everything that’s going on, I… we didn’t think that you should be alone. And it’s not just a family thing, it’s a friends-giving, everyone will be there!”

At Kara’s last statement, Lena looked even less convinced then before.
“My mom’s going to be there,” Alex added, shyly looking down at the table rather then at Lena. “I’m going to come out to her; she’s the only one left who hasn’t seen that tabloid.” Lena’s gaze shifted from Kara to Alex, and she softened, some of her own panic fading away because she knew what Alex would be feeling was ten times worse.

“It would mean a lot to me if you were there too, you know, as moral support and all that,” the DEO agent muttered, still looking down at the table as her face heated.

Lena sighed, but smiled at the same time. Despite her own reservations and discomfort, her friend needed her. Who was she to say no?

“Ok, I’ll come.” Alex grinned at her, relief clear in her eyes. Kara honest-to-goodness squeaked in delight before throwing both her arms around the CEO. Lena was taken aback, but returned the hug. And if it lasted a moment or two longer than normal, no one noticed.

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“This was a mistake. This was a mistake. This was a mistake.” The mantra was set to a loop in Lena’s brain, making her nerves worsen every time it replayed.

She had arrived early to Kara’s apartment, under the official pretext that Kara and Alex had needed some more help to set everything up. All three women knew that it as just an excuse; Alex and Kara had both thought that Lena might be more comfortable if she had some time to prepare herself in the setting before everyone else showed up. Lena, who had thought the same thing, had eagerly jumped at the excuse.

At first, she had been slightly anxious, but more excited to be there. But as time passed, and the more she thought of the impending event, the more her anxiety sky-rocketed. So far, it had been following a nice, predictable pattern; she would be alright, then would start questioning her sanity, would begin to think about how this was a huge mistake, and just before she could dash out the front door, she would get a confident smile from Alex or Kara, and her nerves would settle. She became confident that she could do this, as long as they were beside her. For a little while at least, and then she would start thinking to much again, and the pattern repeat itself.

It was not a fun process, and if Lena wasn’t so certain that the only thing that might come up is her breakfast, she would have been worried about accidently spilling magic out.
“Eliza’s coming into the building now,” Kara said, looking up from her phone. Lena’s heart started to beat double-time and she took a gulp from the glass of wine Alex offered her. Alex gave a nervous smile in sympathy as she took a gulp of her own drink.

“We’re just a couple of gay messes,” Alex said, then her brow furrowed. “Do you count as a gay mess, even if your panic isn’t because you’re gay?” Alex questioned, successfully lessening the tension in the air as Lena chuckled.

There was a knock on the door, and Kara gave Lena and Alex a quick glance before opening it.

“Kara!” the woman on the other side (obviously Eliza Danvers) exclaimed in happiness. She hugged her adopted daughter, who was grinning widely. Alex had come up behind the pair, and she was treated to the same energetic hello. Lena stood back beside the table, her nerves hidden behind a mask of poise and composure. It took a minute, but Eliza soon noticed Lena standing there.

“Hello,” Eliza greeted warmly, yet cautiously. Lena didn’t think that Eliza recognized her immediately.

“Mom,” Alex started hesitatingly, both sisters trying to subtly stare at their mother to see her reaction, “this is Lena Luthor.”

Eliza’s smile dropped; not dramatically, but just enough for all three women to recognize her surprise (and unease, Lena thought) at the introduction. Eliza gave a quick glance at both of her daughters, and the rapid looks were almost a silent conversation between the three of them. Lena saw Kara give an almost imperceptible nod, and a slight tilt upward in the corner of her mouth.

It seemed it was enough for Eliza, as she turned back towards Lena with a new (if a more forced) smile.

“Hello, Ms. Luthor. I have to admit, I was not expecting to ever get the chance to meet you in person,” Eliza said, stepping closer and holding out her hand, which Lena readily shook.

“Dr. Danvers,” Lena replied, cool, charming and poised. “Alex and Kara have told me a great deal about you; it’s a pleasure to meet you.”
Eliza’s mouth ticked upwards as she tried to hide a smile. Lena got the sudden impression that the other woman had seen straight through the calmness she was projecting and had realized how nervous she was. At the realization that Dr. Danvers could see through her so easily, Lena felt her back and shoulder muscles tensing up, instinctively readying herself for the verbal assault that was sure to come (after all, she only had experience with one other mother-figure).

Of course, Eliza noticed that as well. When she saw Lena tense up, as if she was about to be attacked, she felt her heart warming a little to the woman before her. She felt bad for her instant judgements and fears she had, but, she decided that if Alex and Kara had invited her, she couldn’t be all that bad.

“I went to a few of your TED Talks a couple of years ago; you had some very brilliant insights. I’m sorry that you had to leave your lab to become CEO of L-Corp.”

Lena blinked. Then she smiled, which was more real then before, but still not completely relaxed.

“Thank you,” she spoke softly, still uncertain about the woman before her. Since she had become CEO, no one had brought up her scientist background, let alone commiserate in her feelings of having to abandon it.

“So, what’s left that needs to be done?” Eliza asked cheerily to her daughters. Kara swept her into the kitchen, talking a mile-a-minute as she talked about the dinner. Lena’s shoulders relaxed, and she took another sip of her wine as Alex slide beside her.

“That went well,” she whispered.

“Yeah, and only three more to go,” Lena whispered back fake cheerfully, “and I already know that James Olsen hates my guts.” Alex huffed a laugh.

“Want to switch places with me?” She replied sarcastically.

“God no!” Lena exclaimed emphatically, but still quite enough that the other two women in the apartment wouldn’t hear. Alex laughed, but her nervousness was still clear. They both moved and offered to help with whatever needed to be finished off.

It wasn’t long after that the rest of the part arrived. James and Winn arrived together, both warmly
greeting and hugging Kara as she opened the door for them. They moved in, expecting to greet Alex and Eliza, but stopped short when they saw Lena standing beside Alex.

James’ face immediately fell, clear distrust and annoyance on his face before he carefully schooled it into something politer. Winn just looked confused, and kept glancing back and forth between Lena and Alex as if he was trying to figure something out. As for Lena, she was trying not to stare at Winn in shock; he was the guy who had helped her with the black field generator at her gala.

“Guys, you both know Lena,” Alex said, a hard note in her tone that both men wisely realized was an unspoken threat.

“Of course. Ms. Luthor,” James offered a nod, polite if not a little bit tense.

“Um, yeah, hi,” Winn said, rubbing that back of his neck. He clearly had no clue how to act, so Lena took pity on him.

“Happy to meet you again. I never did get a chance to learn your name, or thank you for your help at my gala,” Lena remarked. It got a smile in response.

“Oh, right! My name’s Winn, I work with Alex in the FBI.” Lena couldn’t help but raise her eyebrow slightly; he did not look like a field agent.

“Oh, not with Alex, kind of for her?” It was clear that Winn thought he had dug himself into a hole and was starting to ramble. “I mean, I work in the IT department. That’s how I knew what to do to help with your generator. Cause I’m in IT.”

Lena was finding it hard not to start laughing at the man’s attempts at subterfuge. Luckily, she was spared by Alex intervening and getting both men something to drink, before moving them into the living area. As she passed her, Alex shot Lena an amused smile at Winn’s antics. Lena hoped that no over ever seriously tried to question Winn about the DEO; she wasn’t sure how well he would handle actually being questioned.

“What’s she doing here?” James whispered harshly as soon as the three of them were seated on the couches.

“She’s mine and Kara’s friend, and she’s going through a lot right now,” Alex whispered back just
as harshly. “So, don’t do or say anything that is going to upset her, alright?”

James stared forward for a moment. Winn took a chug of his drink, trying not to feel so uncomfortable.

“Oh,” James finally said on a sigh. “It’s just… I was going to tell Kara about being Guardian today.”

“Oh, no. You’re not doing that,” Alex responded.

“Well, obviously not now,” James started to say.

“No, not at all!” Alex said. “Even if Lena wasn’t here, you’d not be saying anything to Kara today.”
Both men looked confused; hadn’t Alex been the one to tell them that they needed to tell Kara right away?

“I’m coming out to my mom today, so don’t you guys even so much as hint at being Guardian,” Alex threatened, pointing at each of them in turn with her index finger. Winn gulped, very much remembering the threat of what Alex could do with that finger.

“Wait, is that why Lena’s here?” he questioned.

Over on the other side of the apartment, Kara was busy talking with Lena while Eliza worked behind them. It hadn’t gone unnoticed that Lena had hardly left her side (or Alex’s when she was busy) the whole day so far. Kara knew that Lena was nervous around her other friends, but it still made her feel very happy that Lena was sticking so close to her. The memory of Lena sending Supergirl away still stung, but it helped being so close to her now.

There was a knock on the door, Kara knowing that it had to be Mon-El, as he was the only one who wasn’t there yet (J’onn said that he had to stay at the DEO, but would love leftovers brought in tomorrow).

“Jolly thanksgiving!” Mon-El greeted from the doorway, holding a bouquet of flowers in one hand and a… pillowcase in another.
“Thank you,” Kara said, laughing lightly at his antics as he handed her the pillowcase. “And it’s happy thanksgiving. What’s this?” he questioned.

“Oh, you asked for stuffing, so I opened my mattress and pulled some out,” he said.

Kara shot a brief horrified look at Mon-EL before quickly glancing over to Lena who had witnessed the exchange. She forced a laugh.

“He’s such a joker, this one,” she force-laughed. “Always pulling pranks. Of course, he knows what stuffing is, he just had to pull another one of his jokes.”

Lena nodded as if she believed Kara, but she was trying really hard not to laugh. If her explanation hadn’t been so forced or awkward, she may have believed it; except for the whole already knowing that Mike was an alien thing. As for the guy in question, he was looking between the two women with confusion.

“Oh, Mike!” Kara started, exaggerating his name, “You remember Lena Luthor, right?”

“Yes of course,” he said, smiling dopily. “You throw awesome parties.” He said his statement incredibly matter-of-factly, as if that one quality alone made Lena alright in his eyes.

“It did get attacked by thieves,” Lena reminded him.

“Ah,” he said pseudo-wisely, “All the best ones do.”

Lena laughed politely, not entirely certain of what to make of him. She had to admit that he could be charming (when he wasn’t pressing himself into other’s conversations or inviting himself to parties) and she supposed that some of his failings may be a result of human-alien cultural differences. She was willing to give him the benefit of the doubt, even though her initial opinion hadn’t been too pleasant.

“Kara,” Eliza called over as she came to stand with them, “Is this your friend from… CatCo, the new Intern?” There had been just the slightest hesitation, and Lena wondered if Eliza had been about to say something else. Did she know that Mike was an alien, too? There was an unpleasant feeling in her chest at the thought that he was already important enough to Kara that her mother knew his big secret.
“Yeah, this is my adopted mother,” Kara started to introduce the two, but Mon-El cut her off.

“Dr. Danvers,” he greeted, reaching out and giving her the bouquet of flowers. “It is an honour and a privilege. Kara tells me that you’re a brilliant scientist, that must be riveting.” He led her off, asking more about what science she did.

Lena personally thought he was trying just a little bit too hard with the charm, and judging by the expression on Kara’s face, she thought so too. Alex came over to the two of them, raising an eyebrow at the pillowcase in Kara’s hand. Without a word, she reached in and grabbed a handful of stuffing to show her. Alex let out a huff of laughter, then noticed the weird look on her sister’s face.

“Yeah,” Kara started slowly, trying to process what she thought she was seeing. “I think… Was Mike hitting on Eliza?” She directed the last part to Lena.

“What?” Alex asked, looking grossed out as she looked over to where Mon-El was walking away from her mom and towards the guys.

“Honestly, I don’t know,” Lena shrugged. “I’ve trained myself to not see male flirting.”

The comment made both Alex and Kara smile and chuckle, and then Kara left to go talk to Eliza.

“How you are doing?” Lena asked Alex, who she noticed was on her second bottle of beer.

“Oh you know, terrified, nervous, a little bit buzzed,” she said, shifting her weight from foot to foot. Lena reached out and put her hand on Alex’s elbow.

“It’s going to be alright,” she reassured softly, taking a step closer. “Your mom seems great. It’s obvious how much she loves you, and I don’t think learning this about you is going to change that. You can’t raise such lovely, welcoming and warm people without sharing those qualities.”

Alex smiled gratefully at her. “Thanks. I’m really glad you’re here.”
“Well, I’d be a pretty terrible girlfriend if I wasn’t, right?” Lena teased, getting the expected result of Alex’s cheeks heating up that she was going for. Since Alex had told her about telling Maggie that they were dating, Lena took every opportunity she could to bug the DEO agent about it, knowing that it caused her embarrassment.

To try and downplay her own blushing, Alex rolled her eyes and lightly punched Lena in the arm, which made Lena laugh. They didn’t see the strange and thoughtful looks they were given, from Kara and Eliza respectively.

“Food’s done!” Kara called out, weirdly feeling the need to break apart what was going on between her sister and best friend.

“Yes!” Winn yelled, jumping from his spot on the couch and almost running to the table. Everyone stared at his antics.

“What?” he asked when he noticed that no one else was moving towards all the wonderful food. “I’ve been dreaming about Eliza’s glazed carrots since last year!” Everyone laughed, and took their seats around the table. Alex sat on one end of the table, Eliza the other. Lena was sitting between Alex and Kara, with Mon-El on Kara’s other side. James and Winn were on the other side of the table.

“Lena, you have to try these things,” Winn said from his seat opposite of her. “Though fair warning; they will ruin you for all other carrots.”

Lena was startled that Winn was addressing her, but she tried to take it in stride. James was giving Winn a weird look.

“Thanks, I’ll keep that in mind,” was all she could think of to reply, but it seemed to be enough for Winn who smiled happily. She risked a sideways glance at Kara, who grinned happily at her.

“Kara, will you do the honors?” Eliza asked.

“Yes, right,” she said, standing up from her chair and holding her glass of wine in the air. “It is a Danvers family tradition that before the meal, we go around and we say what we are thankful for. So, whoever liked to go first,” she left the statement open ended.
“I will, if that’s alright?” Lena asked before getting an energetic nod and smile from Kara. Better to get this over with then have to deal with the nerves of doing it while everyone else talked. She stood and raised her glass.

“As everyone here can imagine, I’m not used to friendly family events like this one,” there was a little polite laugh from Eliza, Winn and Mon-El, but Kara and Alex gave their friend reassuring smiles. “In fact, I’m not even used to having friends, especially friends as wonderful and welcoming as Kara and Alex.”

She looked down at Kara and couldn’t stop the warm smile and equally warm feelings bubbling in her chest.

“Kara gave me a chance, one that a lot of people probably wouldn’t. You’ll never know how grateful I am that you came in with Clark Kent to interview me that day.” Kara gazed up at Lena with an equally warm smile, feeling some of the hurt she had carried around since the night on Lena’s balcony start to fade.

“And through Kara’s friendship, I gained Alex was well,” Lena thought it was best if she stopped staring at Kara like a love-struck fool now, so she switched her attention to Alex. “I know you weren’t sure of me when we first met, but I like to think you’ve warmed up to me now.”

Alex laughed at the joke, which made Lena smile again, the corners of her eyes crinkling slightly.

“I guess, I’m just thankful that you’re letting me be part of your life,” she concluded quickly, feeling her throat threaten to tighten, raising her glass higher. The action was mimicked by everyone else before they all took a drink.

No one noticed that Mon-El was glancing back and forth between Kara and Lena, as if trying to figure something out. So was James. Eliza was doing the same, but looking between Alex and Lena instead.

“I’m grateful to Kara too,” Mon-El said, jumping up before Lena had fully returned to her seat. He directed his entire attention of Kara and gazed down at her softly. The only consolation Lena had for the jealousy she was feeling was that Kara looked a touch uncomfortable at his attention, and shifted in her seat just a hair to be further away from him.

“You’re understanding, and gracious. Out of anyone who could have found me… where you did,
I’m the luckiest guy in the world that it was you.” Kara smiled at Mon-El kindly, who looked as if he had expected his words to have a greater impact on her, as everyone else drank to his toast.

Lena figured that he had meant that it had been Kara who had found him when he first arrived on earth. It would further explain their connection, and why she seemed to be going through so much to try and help him. She had assumed that they had met because of Alex and the DEO, but the real reason was a lot more... *personal*. It bugged her, and she really wished that it didn’t.

“So, uh, I guess I’ll go next, then.” Alex’s stuttering brought Lena out of her own thoughts, and she focused on her friend who was hesitantly standing. She shot Lena a nervous look, which Lena returned with a subtle reassuring nod.

“There are so many things that I am thankful for,” she started, trying not to let her nerves show themselves as hesitations. “And honestly, I don’t think I’ve felt this much like myself, then right, right now.”

Her words were fast and slightly jumbled, mixed up with a lot of stutters and ‘ums’. Elia looked puzzled, trying to figure out where her daughter was going with this. Kara and Lena were trying hard not to wince visibly from how awkward Alex was being, while Winn and James looked almost gobsmacked at how nervous and un-scary Alex was being (*compared to her normal self*). Mon-El was only half paying attention to Alex, to busy in his own head wondering why Kara hadn’t reacted more to his praise.

“Well, there’s a reason for that,” Alex continued, plowing through the icy nails spiking themselves in her stomach. “And that reason…” she paused, trying to find the words to how she wanted to say this. Or maybe just trying to find the courage to say the words that she wanted to. She glanced over at Lena who half-smiled and nodded at her.

“Well, everyone’s…”

This time the cut-off in her speech was because a sudden blue vortex appeared over the dinner table. Everyone cried out and jumped back immediately. The vortex grew in size, until it was several meters big and looked like a cross between angry storm clouds and rolling water. Before anyone could do or say anything, it vanished just as quickly as it appeared.

Everyone was silent for a moment, looking back and forth between each other. Lena noticed that everyone but Kara looked just as confused as she did. Kara looked… contemplative, as if she might have recognized the vortex from somewhere. Lena felt her forehead furrow a touch; why would Kara recognize something like that?
“Does that normally happen on Thanksgiving?” Mon-El finally spoke up, breaking the silence in the apartment.

“No,” Kara said drawing out the word, still visibly lost in her thoughts. Then her eyes seemed to refocus on the world around her and she shook her head to clear her thoughts. “But that doesn’t seem completely out of the blue for National City, does it?”

Everyone chuckled along at Kara’s joke, Mike laughing just a little to hard and loud (in Lena’s opinion).

“Well, I don’t think a sudden vortex ruined the food,” Eliza offered, gesturing to the feast laid out on the table. “Why don’t we all dig in?”

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The rest of the dinner went pretty smoothly, even if there was still some awkward tension hanging in the air. Alex didn’t finish her speech, and didn’t take another opportunity to try and bring up the subject of her sexuality to her mother. When they had sat down again, Lena had glanced over to Alex, her right eyebrow raised in silent question. Alex had subtly shaken her head ‘no’, and Lena knew better then to push her to come out tonight if she wasn’t feeling ready anymore.

Alex and Kara had made a great deal of effort to keep Lena engaged and involved in the conversations, as had Eliza, but what really surprised Lena was that Winn did as well. At first, it had been fairly awkward, as he was mainly asking questions like, ‘So; do you like the view from your office?’. But as she had been discussing new project with Eliza, that was focusing on introducing more cost-efficient ways of reducing greenhouse gases from large scale buildings, Winn had perked up at a description of one of her new devices.

Pretty soon, the conversation had evolved to Lena and Winn geeking out over engineering science things that the rest of the table was hardly following, and it resulted in several napkins worth of scribbled notes between the two. Before heading out for the night with James, Winn had grabbed Lena’s phone and put his number in it, with the instructions to get in contact with him so that they could continue working on ‘their’ project. Lena had happily agreed.

It wasn’t long after the guys left the Lena parted ways as well. Kara had wanted her to stay around longer, but she felt weird about trying to hint for Lena to stay longer while she had been hinting for the last half-hour for Mon-El to leave. Lena had found it very hard to resist the urge to roll her eyes as he hung around, following Kara around very obviously trying to be charming, while at the same time never once offering to help with the cleanup of the meal.
Kara found herself feeling slightly uncomfortable with the amount of attention Mon-El was giving her. It had been odd earlier when she thought he was hitting on Eliza, but when her adopted mother had said that he was being nice to win points with her, Kara had felt really weird. She had never thought of Mon-El liking her. In fact, she still didn’t want to think about it, as it was just super weird. She barely even liked him on the best of days, and if he liked her, that was going to make everything so much more irritating and harder than it already was.

She wished that it had been Lena who had stayed around longer. It would have been nice to have her stick around, so that they could talk about what she had thought of hanging out with the rest of Kara’s friends. She had thought it had went well, but she knew that Lena had kept a couple of her masks on all night, and had never opened up completely. Kara would have liked Lena to have stayed, so that they could have had some time that was just them.

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“So, what was with that tonight?” James directed towards Winn as he finished putting on his Guardian armour in their crime-stopping van.

“What was with what?” Winn responded distractedly as he ran over the systems before James headed out.

“At dinner, with Lena Luthor,” James stated, as if the point he wasn’t saying was obvious. Winn stopped what he was doing and spun in his chair to give James a confused look.

“What stuff with Lena?” He really had no clue what James was talking about.

“You know, you were getting all chummy and stuff,” he gestured around with his hands to try and say what he couldn’t articulate.

“Yeah, she seems pretty cool.” Winn was confused now. “Why wouldn’t I be nice to her?”

“Winn, she’s a Luthor,” James shot back, as if that were the opening and closing statements of a winning argument.

“So?” Winn asked, starting to get a little irritated with his partner in crime-solving.
“Her family are a bunch of evil, deranged murders! Look what Lex did, and now we know that her mom is the head of Cadmus? She can’t be that different from them,” James said heatedly.

“Woah,” Winn said, holding his hands out as if to stop James’ crazy-train roll. “First of all, it sounds like you’re letting your personal history with Lex form your opinion of someone you barely know.” James looked like he was going to interrupt, but Winn kept talking over him.

“Yeah, I remember that you and Clark, a.k.a. Superman go way back, and that Lex and Clark were quite famously buds. I figure that you were around for most of that, and so got to witness that implode spectacularly. Second of all, I trust Kara and Alex. They think Lena’s good people, and I trust their judgement, so that’s how I’m going to see her too.”

“I know you’ve got baggage when it comes to Luthor’s, but you got to at least act more civil to Lena,” Winn continued, on a roll now. “If you don’t, you’re pretty much directly telling Kara that you don’t trust her or her judgement. And how do you think she’s going to react to finding out about Guardian when she already thinks you don’t trust her, or you think she can’t tell when people are using her?”

“Ok, you have a point,” James admitted, only a hint begrudgingly. “I get what you’re saying. So I’ll try, ok? I’m not going to start liking or trusting Lena, but I’ll try to stop being so obvious about it.”

“Alright,” Winn said, knowing that was going to be the best he was going to get.

“I’m still keeping an eye out on her,” James added on. “She’s going to turn at some point, just like all the Luthor’s do. I’m not going to be caught unprepared.”

Winn didn’t respond, knowing that nothing he said was going to get through to his friend. He understood being paranoid, as well as not wanting to be surprised, but it seemed to him that there was something else behind James’ insistence that Lena was bad; he just didn’t know what it was.

“My dad is an evil, deranged murder,” he spoke into the stillness of the van, not even turning to face James. “By your logic, you should be keeping an eye on me, for when I turn evil too.”

James frowned, and opened his mouth to respond with how Winn’s situation was completely different. Winn didn’t let him, however, as he announced that there was a robbery in progress that they were close too.
James went out and did his Guardian thing, but he wasn’t completely focused on the task at hand. He was stuck thinking about Winn had said, and how Winn would have a come back against all his arguments about how he and Lena’s situations were completely different.

Chapter End Notes

Ok, so this whole retelling of 2x08 was originally meant to be one chapter, but it got pretty long just with this part. So next chapter finishes off the retelling of this episode. I definitely didn't mean to make James as much of a jerk as I may have, it just sort of happened. I thought about changing it a bit, but I think I had Winn explain my reasoning for keeping him like that fairly well. He does have a lot of personal baggage with the Luthors, I completely head-cannon that either he and Clark were friends with Lex, or he felt that Lex was taking Clark away from him (causing jealousy and then slight vindication when Lex turned evil). He was being serious though, and is going to start acting nicer to Lena.
Kara sat in the DEO’s medical bay, fidgeting with her phone nervously in her hands. Since collapsing in the quarantine chamber, Mon-El still hadn’t woken up; though Eliza had said that he was fighting the virus in his system, Kara knew that he was losing to it. To the Medusa virus that Cadmus had used in the alien bar; the weaponized virus that her father had made.

Logically, she knew that it wasn’t her fault, but she couldn’t help but feel that everything was happening because of her. If she hadn’t been captured by Cadmus, and then given in to Lillian’s demands, they wouldn’t have even gotten their hands on the formula. But her guilt was more than that, because it was her father who created the virus. His legacy was hers, and the weight of it was crushing.

She stopped fiddling with her phone, pulling up the contact page for the dozenth time. Her finger hesitated over the name of the person she wanted to talk to more than anyone, but this time she didn’t chicken out. She pressed the button, and her phone made the connection.

“Kara,” Lena’s happy voice sounded slightly metallic through the phones speakers, but Kara still almost started crying when she heard it.

“Lena,” she managed to get out around the lump in her throat. She didn’t even really know why she wanted to talk to Lena so badly; it wasn’t like she could tell her the whole story about why she was so upset, that would require telling her that she was Supergirl. She would have considered doing so anyways, but now was not good timing, with everything that was going on. And the way that Lena had acted the last time she had seen Supergirl made Kara hesitant to tell Lena her secret.

“Hey, what’s wrong? Is everything ok?” Her voice was instantly filled with concern, and Kara could imagine her best friend ignoring whatever else she had been doing to focus solely on the phone. It made her smile slightly; how anyone could think Lena wasn’t the most caring person on the planet was beyond her.

“Um, there was an attack,” Kara started, finding it hard to say.

“Oh my god! Is Alex…” she trailed off, dread making it so that she couldn’t finish the question.
“No, no Alex is ok,” Kara reassured her, causing Lena to sigh in relief. “It was Cadmus, they used a biological weapon at an alien bar. It killed all the aliens that were there.”

“Oh, god.” Horror was clear in her voice. “Was Supergirl there?” Lena’s mind was racing, knowing that it had to be something personal to make Kara so upset.

“No, she wasn’t, but it wouldn’t have done anything to her anyway,” Kara answered, guilt making it hard to speak. “The virus was designed by Kryptonians, to use against alien attack on their planet. Cadmus stole it, and modified it so that it wouldn’t hurt humans too.” She didn’t add on the part that it was Supergirl’s father who made the virus; how she knew that would raise too many questions that she couldn’t answer.

“Mike was at the bar though,” Kara finished quietly.

“Mike is dead?” Lena asked, trying to process the information. She hadn’t liked the guy, and she could admit to being jealous of him, but she didn’t want him dead!

“He’s not dead, but he’s really sick. He’s probably going to die,” Kara choked out, then Lena’s words sunk in. “Wait, you know he’s an alien?”

Lena laughed at the complete surprise in Kara’s voice.

“I figured it out awhile ago, Kara. It wasn’t the hard to realize that his eccentricities were because he didn’t understand how to be human,” Lena said. “Besides, Mike got shot in the chest by an alien weapon at my gala, and he walked off with a giant burn in his shirt as if it were nothing.”

Kara laughed wetly. “Then I guess you should know that his name is Mon-El, not Mike. He’s from a neighbouring planet to Krypton, so that’s why the virus didn’t kill him immediately.”

“Is it possible that he can fight it off, since he’s genetically similar to Kryptonians?” Lena’s scientist brain was running full steam-ahead, and Kara could hear it in her voice.

“That’s what Alex’s hoping, but I don’t know,” her voice broke on the last word. “It doesn’t look good, Lena.”
“Oh, Kara. I’m so sorry. If there was anything I could do to help, you know that I would, right?” Her voice was low and sympathetic, and Kara nodded, even though Lena couldn’t see her.

“I know,” she said. “Eliza’s a specialist in astrobiology, so she’s here helping Alex and the other DEO doctors out.”

“Is there anything you need? Anything you need me to do, or to get for you?” Lena asked.

“I just,” Kara started, swallowing against the tightness in her throat. “I just needed to talk to you.”

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Alex and Eliza were working diligently in one of the DEO’s labs. The other DEO agents who were working with them were currently out, running tests or information in different labs, leaving Alex alone with her mother.

“Kara really cares for the Daxamite boy, doesn’t she?” Eliza asked, causing Alex to look up from the information on the computer screen she had already read five times. Her mom was leaning against the counter beside her, arms crossed over her chest.

“Yeah, I guess,” she replied, leaning back in her chair to stretch out her back. “She hasn’t said anything, but I think she views him as her chance to guide someone, to be a mentor, like she was supposed to with Clark.”

“Hmm.” Eliza thought silently for a moment. Alex recognized her mother’s thinking face, and stayed quiet as she waited for her to vocalize her thoughts.

“Is that all it is, though?” Eliza questioned. “It’s obvious that he likes her. Do you think she likes him back?”

Alex screwed her face up. “Mon-El likes Kara? Gross,” she said the last part under her breath so that Eliza wouldn’t hear.

“I don’t know, mom,” she directed to Eliza again. “She hasn’t said anything to me, and she doesn’t
act like she has a crush on him or anything.”

As she spoke, a little voice in the back of her mind made her question the truth of that statement. She knew her sister was already blaming herself for the fact that it took Alex so long to figure out her sexuality, so it was possible that she was holding back her feelings to make Alex feel better about her own lack of romance. It wasn’t something they needed to talk about, but Alex really hoped Kara didn’t like Mon-El.

“I swear that most of the time she can barely stand him,” she continued. “Yeah, he was on pretty good behavior at dinner, but mom, he’s not that great of a guy.”

Eliza’s forehead creased in confusion, a silent request to elaborate.

“Yes, he’s starting to get better,” Alex sighed. “But he’s still just such a… a frat boy!” Eliza laughed at her daughter description.

“He doesn’t want to do anything but laze around and drink, anytime he’s helped out with his powers, we’ve practically had to drag him to do it. And I swear he takes a different girl home from the bar every night!”

“Ok, ok,” Eliza said, raising her hands in surrender. “Obviously you know him better than I do, I was just wondering if there was something between him and Kara. Like I said, it’s obvious that he likes her, but if she doesn’t feel the same, I guess that’s it.”

She leaned back against the counter and re-crossed her arms, giving Alex a shrewd look. Alex looked away quickly; she knew that look, it said that her mother was going to start grilling her about her personal life. Foolishly, she thought that if she looked away, Eliza wouldn’t say anything.

“So, what is it?” She asked.

“What’s what?” Alex responded, trying to play dumb. By the look and tilt of her mother’s head, it was obvious that she hadn’t succeeded.

“You’ve been trying to tell me something,” she probed gently.
“Nope,” Alex said as if she hadn’t known what Eliza was talking about. “No, nothing. Nope.” She got up and walked to the other side of the lab, her nerves making a sudden reappearance. Eliza followed her and stood beside her, silently waiting for her daughter to give in to the line of questioning.

“How?” Alex asked on a sigh, knowing that her mom didn’t believe her.

“Keeping a secret disagree with you sweetie.” Eliza’s voice was gentle, even if she couldn’t help the soft laugh.

“This isn’t like that, mom,” Alex responded, her turn now to cross her arms over her chest.

“Does it,” Eliza started hesitantly,” have anything to do with Lena Luthor?” Alex shot her mom a look; oh god, had she seen the tabloid after all? “You two seemed very close at dinner.”

“No, it doesn’t have anything to do with Lena,” Alex started. “Well, I guess it kinda does, cause of that stupid paper, but she was just there to support me.”

“Support you with what?” The question was soft but pointed, and Alex knew then that while Eliza may not have seen the tabloid, she already knew what her daughter was trying to tell her. It didn’t make her fears or nerves go away, so she stayed silent.

“Oh, my beautiful Alexandra,” Eliza reached out and rubbed Alex’s arms. “Why, why is it so hard for you to tell me?”

“I feel like I’m, um,” Alex started, trying hard not to cry. “Like I’m letting you down, somehow.”

Eliza looked hurt; not for herself, but for Alex. “Why would you being gay ever let me down?”

“You always wanted me to have a regular life.”

“Alex,” Eliza started. “Look at the life our family has led. Look at me, look at your sister. I don’t think that you believe that I ever expected you to have a regular life. You were always going to be different Alex, because you were always going to be exceptional. And I love you, however you are.”
Alex bobbed her head, trying valiantly to hold back the water in her eyes. She lost her battle against them as her mom pulled her into her arms, holding her tightly as the tears rolled down her face, all her fear and nerves gone as her mother held her.

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The night air on the balcony at the DEO had moments ago been enjoyable; now, all Kara could thin about was how J’onn was turning into a White Martian. She knew that Eliza and Alex would be able to come up with a cure for him, but he was being stubborn and had basically ordered her not to say anything. Kara understood his insistence that Cadmus needed to be the priority, but it seemed that he was willfully ignoring the situation, rather than waiting to deal with it later.

Alex and Eliza came running up to the two of them on. “We found out how Cadmus intends to weaponize Medusa,” Alex announced.

“They need a dispersion agent,” Eliza picked up, “One not available on Earth, but there is an analogous element; isotope 454.”

“Which is incredibly rare, since it’s made exclusively by L-Corp,” Alex finished.

“If Cadmus can get their hands on any more, they’ll be able to spread the virus across the entire city. There won’t be anything we can do to stop them,” Eliza added on.

“Alex, call Detective Sawyer and get a police presence at L-Corp right away,” J’onn ordered.

“Then call Lena,” Kara added on, ignoring the shared looks of concern between Eliza and J’onn. “Let her know that Cadmus is going to be coming for it, and that I’m on my way to help secure the isotope.” Without waiting for any other input or orders, Kara took off into the night sky, flying towards L-Corp.

She wondered how Lena would react to seeing Supergirl, and had just enough time to start feeling anxious, when the sound of alarms cut into her hearing. She focused on the sound, pushing her own thoughts and emotions into the background. The alarms were coming from L-Corp.

With an extra burst of speed, Supergirl arrived just in time to catch a security guard that was being thrown through the air by Hank Henshaw. She set the man down and turned to watch the so-called
“I should have known you’d show up,” he growled. With a burst of speed, the two launched themselves at each other.

Lena came racing down the hallway to the front lobby as fast as she could on heels. She had been conducting some more experiments in her private lab when she got a very brief phone call from Alex. She had barely taken the phone from her ear when the alarms were triggered. She had rushed from her lab, directing everyone she saw to evacuate the building through the secondary exits, and made her way to the front entrance.

She arrived in time to see Supergirl fighting a large man, half of his face covered in a metal plate and his left eye glowing blue. She was about to leave the building herself, knowing that Supergirl had the situation controlled when the cyborg picked the Girl of Steel up and threw her against a large stone ‘L’ statue.

The statue fell, Supergirl falling with it; she didn’t get up immediately. Lena could tell that she was winded, and that the blow had disorientated her. She knew she should be running away, but instead she took a half step forward, as if to go help her. Supergirl looked up from the ground, their eyes connecting across the distance for a second. Lena didn’t know how to read what was in the superhero’s gaze, but somehow it felt familiar.

Her attention was brought back to the cyborg as she saw him lift the giant stone slab, turn toward her and throw it. Lena instinctively took two steps back, and time seemed to slow. Everything around her was happening in slow motion, but she was unaffected. She raised her hands towards the stone hurtling towards her, power building up inside of her.

Suddenly, Supergirl was in front of her. Even though the rest of the world was running in slow motion, the hero had still moved too fast for Lena to see. Supergirl braced herself in front of Lena, ready to take the hit for her, but Lena’s magic was already pushing free.

“Nyrwan,” Lena muttered, the word was pushed to the front of her mind. Her eyes flashed gold, and the stone exploded into rubble and dust right as it hit Supergirl.

The hero turned towards her, and for a micro-second Lena thought that the hero had heard her, had seen her magic, and that she had realized that it hadn’t been her invulnerable state that had made the rock shatter.
“Get out of here,” was all she said instead, her voice raspy and winded, before launching herself at the cyborg again.

Lena did as she was told, her feet actually listening to her this time. She ran, not watching the rest of the fight, hoping that Supergirl hadn’t met her match tonight.

She exited the building, finding a group of police officers and DEO agents arriving, corralling all her employees into a safe corner of the square. Lena looked around the darkly dressed officers and agents, trying to spot Alex, but to no avail, so she turned her attention to calming her employees.

It was a little while later that Lena spotted Alex. She had gotten into the building when Lena hadn’t been paying attention, and now she was coming out with Supergirl, both women walking besides an ambulance stretcher with another woman laying on it. It took a moment, but Lena recognized her as Maggie, and her heart dropped. From this distance, she couldn’t tell how badly the detective had been hurt, but it was obvious that she had been.

Alex and Supergirl were walking Maggie to a waiting ambulance, and then Supergirl lifted her head and looked directly at Lena, as if she had known that she had been staring at them. She said something to Alex, who looked around and spotted her as well. A quick conversation was shared between the DEO agent and the hero, and then Alex was on her way over to Lena after one last glance at Maggie. Supergirl stayed with the detective, helping the paramedics load her into the ambulance.

Kara wished that she was heading over to Lena herself, but Lena was friends with Alex, not Supergirl. It made more sense for her to check on the CEO then the hero. Doesn’t mean she liked it, though. She glanced down at Maggie, who thankfully only had a shoulder wound, who was also staring after Alex. A frown graced her features, and she looked upset that Alex was leaving.

She knew that she shouldn’t, but Kara couldn’t stop a small amount of smug satisfaction that it was Maggie’s turn to be hurt. Despite her sister’s instance that she and Maggie were fine, and it was working being friends, Kara still occasionally had the urge to throw her into the sun for making her big sister cry.

She instructed the paramedics to take Maggie to the DEO; Alex had been adamant that she needed to be the one to take a look at Maggie’s wounds (to make sure that the laser beam didn’t do any other kind of damage she had insisted; it was nothing personal at all that she had to make sure the Maggie was ok).

Knowing that Maggie was going to be alright now, Kara turned and started walking towards Alex
and Lena. It made sense for Supergirl to check in on the CEO of the company that was just attacked, to make sure she was alright. Right?

She tried not to listen in on them as she neared, but she still picked up on parts of their conversation. Lena was asking if Maggie was going to be alright, and Kara ducked her head to hide her smile at how Alex’s rambling response of how it was just a shoulder wound, but that she was going to take care of it herself.

Supergirl cleared her throat as she came to stand beside Alex, letting the DEO agent and CEO know that she was there. The two women turned towards the hero, and Kara tried not to flinch at the way that Lena’s expression shut down, cool and collected as opposed to the way that she had been open with Alex.

“I wanted to make sure that you were alright, Ms. Luthor,” Supergirl said by way of explanation. She placed her hands on her hips, Lena just barely noticing the way she fumbled her hands a little. She still thought that the imitation of Superman’s power pose didn’t work so well for his cousin.

“I’m fine, thank you.” Lena winced internally at how frosty her voice sounded. The hero had saved her life, and had been telling her the truth about her mother. You’d think that Lena would know better then to shoot the messenger, but right now, she found that all her disappointment and hurt because of her mother was still directed to the Girl of Steel.

“Who was that man you attacked my building?” Lena asked, directing her question more towards Alex. “Is he a member of Cadmus?”

Alex nodded. “His name is Hank Henshaw, or Cyborg Superman,” she explained. Lena raised her eyebrow at the absurdity of the moniker. Alex half-shrugged and shook her head slightly.

“And he got away?” It was more a statement than a question, and it was directed towards Supergirl. She bristled at the accusation in the CEO’s tone.

“I was distracted by helping Detective Sawyer,” she defended. “When I turned around again, Henshaw was gone.”

“Gone?” Lena asked, puzzled. “Did you look for him with your x-ray vision?”
“Of course I did, but I couldn’t find him,” Supergirl said, removing her hands off her hips and crossing her arms. “I think part of his cybernetic enhancements might included a kind of stealth technology that cloaks him from me.”

Lena looked to the ground, her forehead creased in thought.

“He has stealth abilities, but walks right through the front door, setting off the alarms and bringing Supergirl down on him,” she mused to herself. Alex and Kara leaned in slightly to hear her better, wondering what she was going on about.

She looked up abruptly, and took a couple of steps towards her building before Supergirl went to stop her by placing a hand on her shoulder. Lena flinched back before Supergirl could make contact, but her mind was racing to fast to notice the crestfallen look on the hero’s face.

“I don’t believe that Henshaw was actually after the isotope,” Lena explained to the confused pair beside her. “If he does have stealth capabilities, why would he go through the trouble of being so deliberate and obvious in the front entrance?”

“He wouldn’t,” Supergirl said, puzzling it out as well. “Unless he was there as a distraction.”

“Exactly,” Lena said. “If my mother is the head of Cadmus, she is way too smart for that attempt to be her true plan. I think Henshaw was the distraction, while someone else is in there stealing isotope 454.”

“You think they’re still in there?” Alex asked, hoping that Lena had a reason to think that, and that they weren’t too late to stop Cadmus from getting all they needed to release the virus.

“Isotope 454 is unstable at best, and volatile at worst,” she explained after a curt nod. “It takes time to make sure that it is stable enough for transportation. If someone else is trying to steal it, they wouldn’t have had time to make it stable yet.”

Supergirl turned to the L-Corp building. “Where is the isotope stored?”

“In the basement, R&D lab 52.”
Supergirl nodded and moved to head into the building, Alex behind her.

“Wait here,” she said. Lena’s hand shot out, grabbing Supergirls arm and halting her movements. Supergirl looked over at her in surprise. Lena tried not to be distracted by how much muscle was beneath her hand.

“There are highly valuable projects stored in the basement labs; you can’t just go blasting through the locked doors and destroying my company’s property,” she explained. “I have access to all the areas, so I’m coming with you.”

Supergirl opened her mouth, wanting to object (Kara didn’t want Lena to be in any further danger) but Alex shot her a stern look.

“Fine,” she bit out. “Just stay behind Agent Danvers or myself.”

Lena nodded her agreement, and the three women made there way into the building. They met no resistance or problems as they headed into the basement, though Kara made sure to be on full alert for any kinds of surprises in front of them.

They walked in silence, the loudest sound being the clicking of Lena’s heels on the floor. After a few minutes, the arrived outside the door of the lab. Kara did a quick scan inside, glad that the doors and walls didn’t have any lead in them.

“One man,” she whispered to Alex. “I can see a side-arm, but nothing else.” Alex nodded her understanding.

“Is there anything in there that’s going to react badly to gunfire?” she asked Lena.

“Only if you shoot them.” Alex quirked a half-smile.

“I guess I can’t miss then,” she stated. She and Supergirl got in position, while Lena stood next to the key pad and off to the side. Supergirl looked over to her, and gave a single nod. Lena punched in the door code, and within an audible click, it unlocked.
Moving as fast as they could risk, Supergirl and Alex dived into room, surprising the would-be thief. Supergirl was in front of the DEO agent, acting as a shield while still giving her enough room to shoot from behind her. The man turned towards them, reacting oddly slowly as if he was in a daze. He fumbled for his weapon, but Alex fired first. Her shots hit him in the right leg, and he screamed as he fell.

Supergirl blurred forward, grabbing the gun from his hand before he could shoot, and she caught him as he fell. She used one hand to pin both arms behind his back, and with her other hand caught the pair of handcuffs Alex tossed to her. The whole process only took a few seconds, and it was done so smoothly that it was obvious that the two had done it many times before.

Kara looked up, seeing Lena in the doorframe and not hanging back like they directed. For a moment, she thought she saw a golden glow in the other woman’s eyes, but she dismissed it as a reflection of the lights.

Lena moved into the room, moving past Supergirl to check on the containment container that the man had been standing over.

“It’s all here,” she breathed out on a sigh of relief. “None of the isotope is missing.” Both Supergirl and Alex also sighed in relief, before Alex radioed for someone to come get the thief. The Cadmus operative glared at all three of them.

“Good,” Supergirl said after another DEO agent had collected the man and taken him away. “We should take it to the DEO to secure it fully.” She hadn’t even finished speaking before Lena was shaking her head in disagreement.

“It’s still unstable, it can’t be moved yet.”

“How long?” Alex asked. Lena consulted a small computer attached to containment unit.

“At least an hour, maybe a little longer then that,” she responded.

“Ok,” Alex said. “I’ll have some agents posted here, and then we’ll bring it to the DEO when it’s stable.”

“Will having the isotope help you to find a way to counteract the virus? Or to make a cure to help
“Mon-El?” Lena asked. Supergirl and Alex shared a look.

“Kara told me what’s going on,” Lena started. “Don’t be mad at her. She just needed someone to talk to.”

Alex leveled Supergirl with an exasperated look out of corner of her eye, which Supergirl was very busy not noticing, before turning her attention back to Lena.

“Maybe, but I doubt it,” Alex said, deflating Lena’s hope. “We have all the same information that Cadmus does now, and unfortunately that doesn’t include anything about an antidote or cure. It was possible that the Kryptonians who developed it never even considered the idea of making a cure.”

Supergirl visibly flinched, and her shoulders hunched in on themselves. For the first time since the fight, Lena found herself feeling sympathetic towards the hero. She wanted to say something, but she didn’t know what she could that just wouldn’t make the situation worse for the Kryptonian.

“At least it means that Cadmus can’t create or use anymore of the virus,” Alex said, trying to see the silver lining.

“Does it?” Lena wondered to herself.

**

Lena knew that she should be feeling happy at foiling Cadmus’s plans, but she couldn’t shake the feeling that they hadn’t actually won, but had just delayed her mother’s plans.

She was in her office, the building cleared for re-entry by the police and DEO. She had insisted that anyone who wasn’t necessary to be here tonight head home, and the place was almost completely empty. After dismissing her assistant, Lena had sat down on her couch and stared at the chess board on the table as she started trying to figure out what was nagging at her.

Alex and Supergirl had been happy to get the isotope, certain that it meant that Cadmus couldn’t go forward with their plans with the alien-killing virus. Lena knew that one little setback like that wouldn’t stop her mother; she just couldn’t figure out what her next move might be.
Finding that she was too caught up in the securing of the isotope, Lena willed herself to focus, and to start at the beginning of the problem and go through it step by step.

First: Cadmus had access to an alien-killing virus, and they had already successfully tested it. That means that they could produce the virus, and they had modified it so that it didn’t kill humans (because if it was a Kryptonian virus, humans would register as aliens to them). More importantly though, they had to have had a distribution agent they used in that initial attack.

Lena leaned forward and grabbed a chess piece, turning it over in her hands as she dug further into that revelation. Cadmus had something they had used instead of isotope 454, but they had still tried to get their hands on the L-Corp property. There could be numerous reasons for that, but it most likely meant that they had either run out of the initial agent, or that it didn’t have the desired effects that the virus would have with isotope 454.

It that was true, it meant that Cadmus could still use the virus, though perhaps not as wide-spread as they wanted. Or they would eventually find a way to modify whatever they had used to get the results they wanted.

Dread filled Lena as she realized that they hadn’t stopped Cadmus using a biological weapon, but had merely delayed them. Instead of panicking, Lena had one thought running through her head; *How do I stop my mother?*

She knew that it had to be her to stop Lillian, no-one else knew her, knew how she thought well enough to be able to stop her before she did something horrible. So, what were her mother’s weaknesses? Her pride, her inability to see anything from anyone else’s perspective and the certainty that she was always right. Ok, Lena could work with those.

**

Lena stood looking out her office window into the night. She held her hands in front of her, trying not to fidget too much. For this to work, her mother couldn’t suspect that she was nervous. The case with isotope 454 sat on her desk behind her, closed and waiting.

Getting it had been surprisingly simple. The DEO had a couple of agents posted at the lab, waiting until it was stable enough so that they could take it back to headquarters. Lena had walked straight up to them and told that they she was there to ready it for transportation. They had let her into the lab with no questions.
As she had entered, Lena had the fleeting thought that what she was about to do could ruin her friendship with Alex, maybe even Kara too. The thought threatened to make her stop, but she pushed it down. It wasn’t like this was going to be the first time she had sacrificed her own happiness for the greater good. If she didn’t even try to stop Cadmus, when she knew that she could, she would never be able to live with herself, even if she had Kara and Alex in her life still. Sometimes you have to do what’s right, and damn the consequences.

A single agent had entered the room with her, and she watched over Lena as she carefully placed the isotope into a briefcase. With purpose, Lena handed the case over to the agent, who nodded her thanks and left with her partner to deliver the substance to the DEO. As she watched them leave, Lena wondered when they would realize that the case they were transporting was empty.

As she had been transferring the isotope to the case beside her on the table, Lena had felt the same push of magic she had felt when she had been here earlier with Alex and Supergirl. And just like then, and as she knew would happen, the voice in the back of her mind whispered words for her to speak.

“Lygen sīhḍ,” she murmured under her breath. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw the agent’s eyes glaze over slightly. Moving slowly, she had pulled out another briefcase and turned to the agent with the empty one. She hadn’t even blinked as Lena handed her the empty case and walked out the door, not even turning to look at the case with the isotope that was still sitting on the table beside Lena.

Lena had let out the breath she had been holding. Step one in her plan had worked perfectly; she was more confident than ever that her plan would actually work out.

She was brought back to the present at the sound of her office door opening and someone entering her space. She straightened her spine, feeling the mask that she had been preparing falling over her face.

“Asking to meet me the day-after Thanksgiving,” Lillian said snidely. “It’s almost like we have an actual mother-daughter relationship.”

Lena didn’t rise to the bait. “The Medusa virus,” she said instead, “that’s why you sent your goon here. For Isotope 454.” She turned to face Lillian, her mother’s face unreadable.

“You’re in charge of Cadmus.” She said the statement plainly, evenly, not letting a hint of her actual disgust and upset leak through her voice.
“Is this the part where you lecture me, like you used to lecture Lex?” Lillian shot back, not acting the least bit surprised that Lena knew the truth.

“No,” Lena said simply, this time managing to surprise Lillian. “What you said to me, the night after my gala; there was truth in that.”

Lillian titled her head slightly, as if trying to figure out a puzzle. Lena didn’t waste much time before moving to the next step in the plan; playing to Lillian’s pride.

“Ask me for my help,” Lena said, hating herself with every word, “and I’ll give it to you.”

“It’s that easy?” Lillian asked suspiciously.

“It’s that easy,” Lena affirmed, opening the case to let her mother see the isotope in it. Her eyes widened and took on an almost hungry gleam that turned Lena’s stomach.

“I didn’t think you believed in the cause,” she said, her voice dropping down to an almost revert hum.

“Well then maybe it’s time that you got to know your daughter better,” Lena answered. Her mother looked up at her and smiled at her with genuine pride for the first time that Lena could remember. It hurt that being part of a genocidal scheme was the thing to garner her mother approval, but what was worse was the part of Lena that ecstatic at finally getting that approval.

Lillian reached over and closed the case, picking it up.

“Come with me, Lena,” she said. “We’re going to save the world.”

Lena smiled at her mother, and it was almost genuine. She had known that fooling Lillian this way was going to be easy. If there were two things that Lena could count on, it was the fact that her mother didn’t know her at all and therefore couldn’t tell when she as lying. The second thing was that Lillian’s pride would be bursting through the roof at knowing that she had made Lena see her point of view.
Lillian had taken Lena to the docks, the whole drive over spent telling her daughter how they were going to save the world. How they would be remembered as heroes, and how Lena was finally living up to the Luthor name. It had taken all the Lena had to hide how disgusted she felt; disgusted with her mother’s words, but also with herself for enjoying the psychopath’s praise.

When they arrived, Lillian had led them to a large object covered in a tarp. When she pulled the tarp off, it revealed a missile launcher, and Lena’s heart started to race. This was real, this was happening, and if she couldn’t stop it… There was no time to doubt now, she had to stay focused and calm. That was the only way that this was going to work.

Lillian messed around with the launcher for a few moments, inputting coordinates, and finally adding the isotope into its place to make the weapon viable. With a jerk of her head for Lena to follow her, she walked to where the computer for the launcher sat. She pulled a chain off from around her neck, the keys for the weapon reflecting from the lights around them.

“You know some mothers wear lockets with pictures of their children, you wear the keys to a bazooka,” Lena said sarcastically. Internally, she was trying not to panic. She had hoped that she would have had a moment where Lillian wasn’t watching to change the isotope, but her mother hadn’t let it out of her sight. Now she needed to figure out a different way to stop the virus.

“It’s a rocket launcher,” Lillian said, not being able to pass up the opportunity to correct Lena.

“And it’s yours,” she said, handing the keys over to Lena. “Take it. Prove you’re with me. Unleash Medusa and end Earth’s alien menace once and for all.” Slowly, Lena took the key from her mother and inserted it into the launchers controls.

Twin thumps sounded behind her, and Lena turned to see Supergirl and man who looked like Cadmus’ cyborg landing a few feet away from her and her mother.

“What are you doing?” Supergirl asked, her voice so quiet Lena barely heard her. She thought the hero almost sounded devastated.

“Don’t do this, Lena,” Supergirl begged louder this time, taking a few steps towards her.
“Why not?” Lena asked, her voice hardened as she kept up the act for her mother’s sake, seeing an opportunity building to finish her plan. “I’m a Luthor.”

Ignoring the desperate look on Supergirl’s face, she turned the key and the rocket flew into the air. Supergirl spared her a disbelieving betrayed look, and then launched herself into the air, the man beside her insisting that he had the two of them.

“You two are finished,” he growled, stalking closer to them.

“You’re wrong about that,” Lillian said with a smirk. With a blur of motion, the man before them was knocked back several meters, Lena realizing that the cyborg was attacking him. Lillian watched them fight for a few minutes, a cruel smile on her face.

The cyborg knocked the man into two shipping containers, knocking them backwards and making the one on top fall over. Obviously taking this as a cue to get out of the range of the fight, Lillian grabbed the rockets controls and began to walk away, not looking back to see if Lena was following her or not.

Knowing that this was going to be her only chance, Lena took it. She pulled her phone out of her pocket, sending a pre-created message to NCPD. She had calculated their response time, and she knew that they would be here within 5 minutes. Now came the hard part.

Standing out of sight behind another shipping container, Lena closed her eyes and called on her magic. Following the instinctive coaching and instructions from that hidden part of herself, Lena soon was able to actually see the missile within her mind. It flew through the night air, Supergirl only a few feet behind it.

She focused more, seeing into the workings of the weapon and locking onto the virus hidden within it. Holding her hands in front of her, as if she they were on either side of the detonation device holding the virus, she spoke.

“Áswâpan duguð mândrinc, scieppan hîe unfrom.” She felt her magic start working as the virus began to change. An explosion ripped through the inner workings of the rocket, filling Lena’s mind with the image of fire. She opened her eyes, losing her mental image of the rocket, but looking up to see a fireball in the sky.

She looked around, and saw Lillian holding onto the rockets controls looking triumphant. She didn’t
appear to have seen what Lena did. She heard Supergirl’s voice, and looked over to see that the Girl of Steel was standing over the cyborg, a giant scary-looking alien beside her. As she watched though, red light flickered over the alien and he transformed into the man from earlier. Glowing particles started to fall from the sky, the remnants of the virus.

The leader of Cadmus walked towards Supergirl and the alien man, visibly ready to gloat and watch them die. Lena couldn’t help but smirk slightly as she also came over, watching her mother for the moment she realized that a virus wouldn’t look like pretty lights. She felt giddy in the knowledge that she had changed the virus, and made it harmless. The presence inside of her was feeling strong, basking in the feeling of powerfully performed magic.

Supergirl looked distraught, and was staring at her friend (who was standing there with his arms outstretched and his eyes closed), thinking she was going to watch him die.

The floating lights continued to fall, and Lena had to admit that they were very pretty. But soon enough, the three other people with her realized that that was all that they were; nothing was going to happen. The particles settled on the ground, their glow fading; they were gone as fast as they had appeared.

“You should be dead,” Lillian said confused. “All aliens should be dead.” Lena took this as her cue to walk over to stand beside her mother (hey, she was still a Luthor, and Luthor’s are always dramatic!).

Realization flooded her mother’s face as she turned towards Lena.

“You,” she accused, her voice full of disgust. Supergirl and the alien man looked over to them. “You switched out the isotope. You made the virus inert.”

“I did,” Lena replied, leaving out the part where she didn’t switch the isotopes but used magic instead. Sirens began to be heard, echoing between the metal containers as they grew louder.

“And I called the police.” Lena couldn’t help but smirk in triumph.

As the police cars surrounded them, Lillian didn’t try to run. Instead, she gave her daughter a look Lena was all too familiar with. It wasn’t a glare, or an accusation, but rather it was a look that spoke volumes about how disappointed she was in her daughter. Lena quashed down the instinctive feelings of guilt and sadness, trying to force herself to not let her mother get to her anymore.
Lillian was handcuffed and led into a police car. To her mild surprise, Lena found that she wasn’t being arrested. She had planned for that outcome (*had come to even expect it slightly*), so she wasn’t sure what to do as the police worked around her to secure the scene.

“Ms. Luthor,” Supergirl called out, walking over to her. “Why did you do that?” The hero sounded almost angry.

“Do what?” Lena asked back incredulously. “Stop my mother? Save everyone?” Yeah, she got it that she had looked bad there for a moment, but it had worked out perfectly; her mother was arrested, and the virus was destroyed. Supergirl had no reason to be angry with her (*the stupid self-righteous, high-and-mighty*)…

“Why didn’t you tell me your plan?” The hero asked. “It was a risky plan! What if you’re mother had realized what you did? You could have been hurt!”

Supergirl’s voice cracked somewhat on the last word, and with a shock, Lena realized that the alien wasn’t angry at her; she was scared for her, about what could have happened.

“I couldn’t tell you, Alex, or anyone,” Lena said. *Because I used magic, which no-one knows I have,* she added silently to herself.

“My mother is an insane would-be mass murderer, but she doesn’t live under a rock,” she explained to Supergirl, and the alien man who had come up to stand beside the hero. “There was no way that she doesn’t know about my relationship to Alex, and Alex told me that she saw her face-to-face. So, she would know that Alex was a DEO agent that I was close to. I couldn’t take the chance that she had anyone following me.”

“If someone was watching me, if I talked to Alex or anyone else associated with the DEO before acting like I was on her side, she would have seen right through me,” Lena finished, hoping that it was a good enough explanation for the two. Honestly, she thought of that point on the fly; her real reason for not telling anyone was because of the use of her magic.

“You have a point, Ms. Luthor,” the alien man said, his voice still gruff. Knowing the giant scary monster-looking thing he could turn into, Lena was a little scared of him. As if sensing her unease, he relaxed his stance and offered her a half-smile.
“I owe you my life, Ms. Luthor, as does every alien in this city,” he offered his hand, which Lena shook after a small hesitation as she remembered what his hand had looked like a couple of minutes ago. “DEO Director J’onn J’onzz; if there is ever anything you need, please don’t hesitate to let me know.”

Lena smiled while she shook his hand. “Thank you, Director. All I need is to make sure that my mother goes to prison for a long time.”

“Well, catching her in the act of attacking the city with a military grade weapon will certainly go a long way in that goal,” he said with gruff humor.

Supergirl was looking back and forth between J’onn and Lena in disbelief; how could J’onn be letting her off the hook for putting herself in danger (again!) so easily?!?

A policer officer walked over to the three of them, looking rather hesitant to interrupt.

“Um, Ms. Luthor,” he stuttered out, gulping a little when all three turned their attention to him. “If you will, you need to come down to the station, so that we can get your statement.”

“Of course,” Lena replied. She nodded to the director and Supergirl, who was still half-glaring at her stubbornly. She then let the officer lead her away.

**

It was several hours later, and very late at night, by the time that Lena finished up with the police. All she wanted was to go home and crash in her bed. The police had offered to set up a protective detail for her, thinking that other members of Cadmus might retaliate against her for getting their leader arrested. Lena had politely, but firmly, declined their offer. Her building had its own security, and if they weren’t up to the task, the police wouldn’t be much help either.

She exited the precinct, choosing to wait outside for her Uber (it was way too late to make Lydia wake up to come pick her up). As soon as she stepped outside, she froze; Kara and Alex were leaning against a car a little way away, talking to each other.

Before she could figure out a way to duck back into the precinct (or to disappear at command), Kara spotted her. The reporter turned and caught her eyes across the distance, and Lena felt like she
couldn’t breathe, but not in the normal way that she did when she looked at Kara. She hunched her shoulders, drawing into herself. Anxiety tore through her; was this the moment when she lost the Danvers?

“Lena!” Kara called out, striding hurriedly over to the CEO. As soon as she was within arm reach, she threw her arms around Lena, drawing the other woman closer to her and holding her tightly.

“Alex told me what you did,” Kara murmured into her ear. “Are you ok? God, you’re shaking.”

Lena let out a weak laugh; she hadn’t realized she was trembling until Kara said something. Finally regaining her wits, she wrapped her arms around her friend, allowing herself to revel in the feeling of Kara holding her.

“I’m ok,” Lena let out, her voice choked and shaky.

“God, don’t ever do anything like that again,” Alex scolded, taking Kara’s place when her sister moved back. Lena choked out a laugh that sounded close to a sob as she hugged Alex. After everything else that had happened today, the realization that she hadn’t lost Kara and Alex from her life was threatening to make her fall apart.

“I’m serious, Lena,” Alex said, pulling back to look into Lena’s eyes. “No more going up against bad guys without backup, ok?”

“Ok,” Lena said while nodding. A thought occurred to her.

“Mon-El?” she asked, turning towards Kara. “Did he make it?” A look that Lena couldn’t decipher flashed across Kara’s face before she smiled reassuringly.

“Yeah, he’s ok. Eliza and Alex figured out how to cure him,” she responded.

“I’m glad,” Lena smiled. “I know he’s important to you.”

Again, that looked crossed Kara’s face, but it was gone just as fast. Before she could ask about it, Kara spoke again.
“Have you called your driver yet?” She asked.

“No, I was just going to get an Uber home.”

“Good,” Kara said, taking Lena’s hand. “You’re coming home with me tonight.”

Lena choked on air, and she really hoped that it was dark enough that the Danvers sisters couldn’t see the flush that spread to her cheeks at the thoughts that statement generated.

“What?” she managed to sputter out.

“You just put your mom in jail,” Alex started. “And that was only part of an emotionally draining day. Not to mention that other members of Cadmus might try to take a shot at you. We’re not leaving you alone tonight. So, you’re staying with Kara.”

Lena tried to protest, to insist that she was fine, but neither of the women were having any of it. They ushered her into the car, Kara sitting in the back with her, barely letting go of her hand the whole ride. Lena wasn’t sure if physical contact was just Kara’s way of being reassuring her, or if it was the reporter who needed the assurance that Lena was ok.

Alex dropped them off at Kara’s apartment, brushing aside Lena’s questions of why she wasn’t coming with them with vague answers about needing to do paper work at the DEO (Maggie was still there, Kara informed her later). Neither Kara or Lena said much as they made their way to her apartment. Once inside, Kara grabbed an over large university long-sleeve shirt and sweatpants for Lena to wear.

Lena changed in Kara’s bathroom, washed her face free of makeup, but stopped when she caught sight of herself in the mirror. She gripped the edges of the sink, her heart rate starting to spike as the day’s events finally hit her.

Her mother was in jail. She had sent her mother to jail. She had used magic to help send her mother to jail; what if Lillian figured out that Lena didn’t have any opportunity to switch the isotope out, and figured out Lena’s secret? She was the only Luthor left free; the two Luthor’s in jail probably wanted to see her dead, and they would have the means of trying to make that a reality.
Lena didn’t realize that she was sobbing, or that Kara had repeatedly called her name, until Kara was there in the bathroom with her, wrapping her arms around her again.

Lena was used to being strong, in control and never letting people see what she was really feeling. It was the Luthor way to appear better, more collected, then everyone else. She didn’t care about any of that right now, as she broke down in Kara’s arms. She held onto her friend as if she was a life-preserver in a stormy sea, her tears soaking into the shoulder of her shirt. Kara just held her, lending Lena strength as she fell apart.

**

Lena woke up, her eyes sticky and heavy. It took a minute for her sleep slowed brain to register where she was. After crying like a mess for who-knows-how-long, Kara had gently led Lena to her bed, ignoring all of Lena’s claims that she could sleep on the couch. Her friend had gently insisted, pulling the blankets around Lena, who took more comfort in the fact that they smelled like Kara rather than their softness.

Kara had started to walk away then, but without thinking, Lena had reached out and grabbed her hand. She didn’t even fully recognize that she had done so, but it seemed that Kara had understood what she was silently needing. She had climbed into the bed on the opposite side of Lena, who had immediately turned over and buried herself back into her best friend. She had fallen asleep in the warmth of Kara’s arms, the reporter muttering nonsense words to help keep her calm.

Thinking of the night before in the bright light of day (honestly, had Kara never heard of blinds?) Lena couldn’t stop the embarrassed flush from her cheeks. Her embarrassment grew even further as she looked around the open-concept apartment to see Kara in the kitchen, cooking omelets with leftover turkey. She looked over to Lena, as if sensing that she was awake. She beamed over a smile.

“Morning!” she called out cheerfully. “I hope you like omelets.”

Lena didn’t trust her words right now, so she simply nodded and smiled over at Kara, which resulted in another bright smile sent her way. Lena couldn’t help but feel like this whole situation felt… domestic, comfortable, like a dream come true. Granted, whenever she had imagined a morning-after like this happening, the previous night’s activities hadn’t been an emotional breakdown.

“Thank you,” Lena said, coming over and sitting on a stool beside Kara’s kitchen island. Kara shot a look over her shoulder, finding she really liked the look of Lena Luthor in her apartment, still in pajamas and hair still messed up from sleep, her smile backlit by the morning light. Kara felt something in her chest, a warmth or brightness, but she attributed it to the fact that Lena seemed much better this morning.
“It’s no problem. Omelets are something that I can actually make,” Kara joked. Lena laughed quietly in response.

“I meant for last night,” she said. “Normally I don’t…” she paused, trying to find the right words.

“Break down like that?” Kara supplied gently, no trace of judgement or ridicule in her voice.

“Let other people see me breakdown,” Lena corrected. “Thank you for being there for me.”

“I’m always going to be here for you, Lena,” Kara said, plating the omelets and handing one over to Lena. She then went and filled two mugs with coffee, fixing Lena’s like she knew she liked it, before handing it over to her.

“Still, it can’t be easy to go from hovering around Mon-El’s deathbed to having to deal with my sobbing mess. You deserve ‘Friend of the Year’ award of something.” Lena tried to joke, but Kara’s face fell, and that strange look from the night before made a reappearance.

“Kara, what is it?” Lena asked, instantly worried. Kara tried to shake off the look, as well as Lena’s concern by saying it was nothing.

“Kara,” Lena insisted gently. She knew something was bothering her friend, and while she may be new to the whole friend thing, she knew that she should be there for Kara after what she had done for her last night.

“It’s Mon-El,” Kara said after a few moments, staring resolutely at her eggs. “He kissed me last night.”

“Oh,” was all the Lena could say, as she as feeling like a vise was gripping her heart.

“It was when he was still sick,” Kara continued to explain. “He was a little delirious, and he said he didn’t remember doing it when he was better.”
“Ok.” Great Luthor, articulate as ever!

“At Thanksgiving, Eliza said she thought he might like me, but when I asked him about it, he said that he didn’t. But then he went and kissed me, and I don’t know what he’s thinking, or feeling, and I don’t know how he wants me to react,” Kara rambled. Lena’s forehead creased as a thought crossed her mind.

“You seem awfully considered about what he feels, and what he wants. What do you feel?” She asked. Kara looked up at her.

“What?” she asked.

“You keep talking about what he’s feeling. Have you thought about how you feel about him?” Lena feared the answer to her questions, but asked them anyways; she had to be a good friend. “Did you want him to kiss you? Do you want him to have feelings for you?”

Kara looked away again, staring off into space while she absentmindedly drew patterns on the table with her finger. She didn’t answer for a few minutes, but Lena didn’t say anything, letting her take the time to think about it, probably for the first time.

“No,” Kara finally said, looking back at Lena. “It took me a while to warm up to him, but we were in a good place. I was helping him, when he let me, and we were becoming friends. I don’t want more than that with him.” She seemed to surprise herself with her own thoughts. Lena tried not to let how relieved she felt show on her face.

“Then it doesn’t really matter what he feels, does it?” Lena asked. “Just because he likes you, doesn’t mean that you have to do anything. If someone likes you, and it’s not reciprocated, it’s on them, not you, to find a way to deal with it.”

Kara smiled gratefully at Lena, unaware how close to home those words were for Lena. By carrying the weight of the world on her shoulders, Kara often felt like she had to carry other people’s feelings too. It was nice to be reminded that what others felt wasn’t another burden for her to carry.

“I know,” Kara said. “I just wish that for once I could make a friend who doesn’t fall in love with me!” The statement was said as a joke, but it caused Lena to panic slightly.
“What?” she choked out, terrified that Kara knew how she felt.

“Winn and James,” Kara clarified. “They both had feelings for me, and it’s made things awkward.”

“Really?” Lena asked, relief sweeping through her that Kara didn’t know.

“Yeah. I didn’t know Winn liked me until he kissed me, and it made things really weird between us for a long time,” Kara reminisced sadly. Lena fought back the urge to say something about Kara seemed to have a lot of guys randomly kissing her without her consent.

“And with James,” Kara’s voice got even sadder. “There was something there, something between us. We tried dating, but I realized that it wasn’t what I thought it was. I really hurt him when I broke it off, and it’s been... strained, between us since then, even though he pretends that it isn’t.”

“Well in defense of all your friends who have fallen in love with you,” Lena joked, trying to bring Kara’s mood up again. “You make it really easy to fall for you, you know, being the amazing person that you are.” Lena smiled because she successfully made Kara laugh.

“And now Mon-El of Daxam is added to that list,” Kara said with mock distinguished disgust. “I just hope that it doesn’t get weird again; being friends with someone who likes me.”

“It won’t,” Lena assured her, no longer talking about Mon-El but about herself. Kara didn’t deserve to feel uncomfortable because of Lena’s feelings. So, she vowed to herself right then that Kara was never going to find out how she felt.

Chapter End Notes

Most of the spells I’m going to use come from a couple on online Old-English translator. If anyone knows any better ones, let me know!
https://lingojam.com/OldEnglishTranslator
http://funtranslations.com/oldenglish

I have no idea how accurate it is, as it usually gives several different words for the same thing. I’m usually just going to go with the words/sentences that seem like the coolest.
Nyrwan – Shatter
Lygen sihð – False Vision
Âswâpan duguð mãndrinc, scieppan hîe unfrom - Remove the poison, make it inert.
Life had been surprisingly easy in the days following Lillian’s arrest. National City was calm; only regular kinds of crime, no super-powered villain wreaking havoc in the streets and no renewed anti-alien attacks or messages from Cadmus. Lena wondered if this was what normal felt like, or if the city was simply waiting out the eye of the storm.

As expected, the fact that Lillian Luthor had been the head of Cadmus, and that her daughter had been instrumental in bringing her to justice, was front page news everywhere. Lena had arrived at L-Corp the day following her mother’s arrest (despite Kara’s insistences that she could take the day off) to a horde of reporters, all clambering to get an interview with her. She refused, adamant that CatCo, Kara, would get the exclusive before she sat down with any other publications.

There had been a snag in those plans, however, when Kara had called her up. Amidst a million apologies, she had explained that Snapper was making her go on a last-minute cross-country trip for some convention. Instead, James had taken over the exclusive, turning it more into a series of photos, with limited written exposition on what had transpired (much of which was being held in confidence by the police and DEO).

It had been slightly tense working with James, considering the tone of every other interaction they had ever had. They exchanged pleasantries, and James had conducted himself very professionally (Lena could admit that he was an amazing photographer), but he had kept to the bare-bones of questions. He hadn’t asked for her personal opinion (either for the article or personally) about her
mother being head of Cadmus, or what it had taken from her to be the one to get her arrested. All in all, the interview had gone smoothly, and the article and photographs were amazing.

In fact, Lena was incredibly thankful that the last few days had been so easy. She was still dealing with the emotional fall-out from her actions; she didn’t have another breakdown the likes of the night with Kara, but all the complicated things she was feeling would still occasionally hit her.

And as well as dealing with the emotional fall-out, Lena was also dealing with the magical fall-out. Since relaying so strongly on the guidance of the voice in her head, she had found that the whispered words had grown louder; easier to call on and listen to. She was now pretty certain that the ‘voice’ was somehow the manifestation of whoever she had been in her past life.

Lena could now always feel this other person there, in the back of her mind. They couldn’t actually speak with each other, but they did have some form of communication. While experimenting in her lab, Lena had found that she had to just think about what she wanted to do, and her other self would push the right words to the front of her mind, and she could usually do what she had thought about.

Taking a new notebook, Lena had started recording the words (spells, she figured she should start calling them they were). She wasn’t certain how they were spelled, or even what language they were in, so she did her best to write then phonetically. She found that she had to write them down as fast as she could; disturbingly, she found that after using the spells, she often couldn’t remember what she had said. It worried her that the presence in her mind seemed to give her the spells, but then remove her knowledge of them. Her unease was not helped by the fact that she didn’t really know what she was saying, or how they worked (besides doing the basic thing she had imagined).

Another thing that added to Lena’s discomfort was the fact that her other-self seemed to be able to influence her emotions, even if only by a small margin. She found herself growing unusually furious at some of the speculation being thrown around about her, and found her thoughts drifting to ways to make the people pay for what they were saying.

More common than the rage, though, was sudden crushing feelings of loneliness. And it wasn’t the kind of loneliness that came from being alone; Lena could be in a roomed filled with other people, or walking in a crowd, and then she would remember that there was no-one else like her. No one else in the world had magic, could even begin to understand what she was going through (what her past life had gone through); she was alone.

That’s one reason why, when Alex called her up a few days after the Cadmus incident, to invite her to hang out that night, Lena had jumped at the chance. They made plans to go out and get a couple drinks before heading to Alex’s apartment to finish off the night with ungodly amounts of pizza (that Kara wouldn’t be able to eat 80% of as she was still out of town) and movies.
Lena had instructed her assistant Alanna (she had gotten another assistant, thinking that she demanded too much of Jess’ time) to head home early, and then headed out, driving herself with the directions that Alex had given her. If the agent hadn’t been waiting for her when she pulled up, she would have been certain that she had the wrong location. The area was a kind of run-down industrial space, looking grungy and entirely not like a place to hold a decent bar.

Alex had simply laughed at her commentary, assuring her that the bar was great, before leading her onward. They entered into the dimly lit space, and as Lena looked around as her eyes adjusted to the gloom, she grabbed onto Alex’s arm, certain that the other woman had gone completely mad.

While her first glance of the place had seemed normal enough for a dive-bar, when she looked closer, she noticed that many of the clientele was distinctively non-human. And unless there were more establishments of this kind then she assumed, this was the alien-bar that had been the site of Cadmus’ initial attack.

Lena did have to admit that the assassination plot had been very well thought out; Alex had gotten closer to her under the guise that Lena herself had made the first move, and now that she was comfortable and confident in her friendship with the agent, she had taken her to a place where the aliens her family railed against so strongly could do away with her.

Alex laughed out-loud at the way that Lena was glaring at her confusedly.

“Are you crazy, bringing me here?” Lena hissed. “Everyone here must want to kill me!”

“For what, saving their lives?” Alex asked, not-so gently leading Lena further into the bar. The CEO tried to hunch in on herself to not draw any attention to herself. But no one seemed to be paying her any attention, and Lena found herself relaxing a little; maybe tonight wouldn’t end with a lynch mob.

“Lena Luthor!” A loud, energetic voice rang out, making everyone in the bar raise their heads and look directly at her. Lena found herself drawing on her Luthor heritage, as well as the creative murder thinking of her past life, to figure out ways that she was going to kill Mon-El.

The Daxamite, on his part, didn’t seem to notice that Lena was sending him grade-A death glares, because he kept talking, just as loud and energetically as before.

“Yeah, that’s right, everyone take a look,” God, she was going to kill him slowly, “It is THE Lena
Luthor, who single-handedly stopped Cadmus and saved *all* our asses!"

Dozens of alien eyes zeroed in on her. *And this is where I die,* Lena thought to herself as one of the nearest aliens moved towards her. She was humanoid, her skin dusty white that faded into three blue lines over the top of her head. Lena tensed her muscles, preparing for… *anything* the alien decided to throw at her (*possibly literally*).

Ok, so maybe she wasn’t prepared for anything, because when the alien woman gently cupped Lena’s face in her hands, and then lowered her forehead to rest against Lena’s, it was completely unexpected. Lena had no idea how to react, so she simply stood there.

“Thank you,” the alien said to her, not drawing her face away. “I was taking an Instagram video of the virus as it fell; I would hate to give the baby boomers the satisfaction of dying in such a *millennial* way.”

“Uh,” Lena stammered out, thrown for a loop both by her actions and what she said. “You’re welcome.”

Grinning at her, the alien moved back, revealing that every alien in the bar were currently lined up, patiently waiting their turn to thank her (*Mon-El later explained that it was something you learned very early on Earth – you line up for important things*). The highlights of the makeshift meet-and-greet included an alien, who after thanking her, told Lena that he was her guy if she ever wanted to place any bets (*Alright, Brian! Alex had said before shooing him along*). Other highlights included one alien licking her left forearm (*it was the deepest form of gratitude on their planet*), and one woman with purple eyes and a bone plate circling her head slipping her number in Lena’s pocket after an appreciative once-over, with the offer to be more than willing if Lena ever wanted to experience alien sex (*which she promised in all seriousness was out-of-this-world*).

Finally, everyone had had the opportunity to speak to Lena, and a grinning Alex led the shell-shocked Luthor over to a booth in the corner. Mon-El brought over the drinks that Alex had ordered, and Lena had shot hers back and asked for another before her could take a step away.

“That was...” Lena stalled, finding that she couldn’t find the right words to describe what she had just experienced. “That was unexpected.”
Alex laughed good-naturedly. “You should have seen your face! I should have been filming it; Kara’s going to hate that she missed all that.”

Lena laughed along, feeling her pulse start to return to normal, and the enjoyable buzz of alcohol in her system.

“Some of these guys,” Alex started, looking around. “Definitely had some interesting suggestions on how they could thank you.” Lena shot her a look, finding the agents eyebrows raised suggestively as she teased.

“And what, cheat on my girlfriend?” she teased right on back, taking a sip from the fresh drink Mon-El gave her. Neither woman noticed the quick look he gave Lena.

Alex narrowed her eyes and stuck her tongue out.

“Although,” Lena said, her voice low as she looked out over the crowd, eyeing the woman who had made the offer. “The idea is fairly intriguing.”

“For scientific reasons only, of course,” she added at Alex’s raised eyebrow. The statement caused Alex to laugh out loud, which was unfortunate as she had just taken a drink. Lena laughed loudly as her friend tried to stop the liquid from propelling out of her mouth, causing herself to inhale part of it as she coughed. Lena moved to the other side of the booth to sit beside Alex, rubbing her back to help her swallow properly.

Lena couldn’t help how hard she was laughing, the ability to properly inhale air not working for her right now. As soon as Alex was no longer in danger of spitting or breathing in whiskey, she too started laughing hard, neither woman caring about the attention they were getting. It felt like a weight was lifted off Lena’s shoulders as she laughed.

That’s how Maggie found them a few minutes later, trying not to giggle as they cleaned the table off.

“Hey Danvers,” she greeted, walking over to them hesitantly. “Ms. Luthor.”

Lena nodded politely, while Alex looked like she was trying not to panic as she looked between the two women.
“Detective,” Lena responded warmly. “I never did get a chance to thank you, or your team, for what you did that night at L-Corp. How’s your shoulder doing?”

“It is a little stiff, but it’s doing a lot better now,” Maggie responded, her shoulder not the only thing that was stiff. “But I did have one of the best doctors in National City personally look after it.”

The last part was directed towards Alex, and Lena noted Maggie’s voice and face taking on a softness that wasn’t there when she talked to her. Though she also noticed that Alex failed to see this change.

“Well you missed the fun, Sawyer,” she said, gesturing around the bar with her glass. “There was a whole thing, everyone here lining up to thank my girlfriend for saving their lives.”

“Cause you know she did,” Alex continued, a little bit to emphatically, throwing an arm around Lena’s shoulders and drawing her closer. “She saved them; she saved all alien in life in the city, pretty much on her own. Yeah, it was risky move, but she pulled it off, because she’s amazing.”

The way that Alex emphasized risky seemed to refer to something that Lena wasn’t privy too. She wondered in maybe Alex had stronger drinks that she had thought. She also wondered if Alex was seeing the way that Maggie’s face drew in and how she tried to hide that she was hurting.

“Yeah, she’s pretty amazing,” Maggie admitted quietly, emotion thick in her voice. She seemed to shake herself from her thoughts, beaming a smile at the two of them. “You’re a lucky one, Danvers. You too, Ms. Luthor; Alex is an amazing person, and she deserves all the best.”

Lena tilted her head slightly, certain that she wasn’t imagining the implied threat of ‘or else’ that came at the end of that sentence.

“Well I should go, let you guys get back to your night. See ya around,” she finished, before leaving the two of them alone again. Alex deflated slightly beside of Lena and took a large gulp of her drink while trying to superstitiously stare after Maggie as she departed.

“God, Danvers you have it bad!” Lena teased, nudging Alex with her shoulder. “I just hope that when you two actually get your acts together that you are way smoother than you just were.”
She took a shot of her own drink while Alex shot her an irritated looked.

“What are you on about?” she asked, her voice sullen. “Maggie has made it perfectly clear that she doesn’t see me that way.”

“You’re kidding, right?” At Alex’s continued confused look, Lena realized that she wasn’t. “Alex, I know what she said, but that’s definitely not how she feels now, if she ever did.”

Alex scoffed, clearly not believing her.

“Trust me,” Lena said, grabbing Alex’s hand for emphasis. “I know what it looks like when a girl is pinning, and she is pinning bad! She likes you, Alex.”

“Really?” Alex asked, caution and hope warring in her heart.

“Yup,” she responded, popping the ‘p’. “So, you should probably get your act together soon, and fess up that this,” she gestured between the two of them, “was nothing but a lie.”

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She reluctantly left Alex a little while after that; as much as she wanted to stay, it was already pretty late, and she would need to be at work early in the morning. Pizza and movies had been forgone for the night; it was already late enough as it was. She had insisted that she was fine walking to her car by herself, and that Alex didn’t have to walk her out, as the agent was caught up in a very competitive game of pool.

The night air held a sharp chill, which felt rather nice to Lena. It wasn’t quite cold enough to see her breath in the air, but it held the promise of getting that cold soon. One thing that Lena loved about moving to National City was knowing that even in the depths of winter, it wasn’t going to get much colder than it was now. Central City had been subject to cold, windy winters that were something that Lena wasn’t going to miss at all.

She was almost to her car when she was suddenly surrounded by three men dressed all in black. She didn’t see where they had come from; it was almost like they had materialized from the shadows. She didn’t even have time to scream before two of them grabbed her arms, the third slipping behind her. She felt cold, sharp metal pressed against her neck.
“Make a single sound, a single move, and I’ll slit your throat,” he threatened. Lena couldn’t do anything with the knife pressed against her throat, and the men lifted her off the ground and started hauling her into a dark alley.

Her heart was hammering; she made herself go as limp as possible, using her dead weight to slow the men down to give herself even a moment longer to think of how to get herself out of the situation. Her eyes shot back and forth between the men holding her; neither wore masks, or had covered their faces at all. That was not a good sign.

They took her into the alley, the two men releasing their holds on her and pushing her into an enclosed corner. The man with the knife moved around to her front, pressing himself close, the blade still held against her throat. He had a crazed, angry look in his eyes.

“If you want money, I’ll give it to you,” Lena’s voice wavered, but she tried to act like she wasn’t scared out of her mind.

“We don’t want your money, you traitorous bitch!” One of the other men spat. This caused the other two to grin nastily.

“You’re going to pay for your betrayal,” the man with the knife sneered. “Henshaw said to leave you alone, but we can’t let you get away with what you did.”

“Siding with filthy aliens over your own family,” the other man hissed. “It’s despicable, but I guess that’s what you’d expect from someone who would sell out their race!”

With an even greater sinking feeling, Lena realized that these men were part of Cadmus. Now she wished that she hadn’t dismissed the idea of extra security around her; but the fact that they hadn’t made a move in the first couple of days had made her complacent. A mistake that may now cost her life.

“Well if you’re going to kill me, hurry up and do it,” Lena challenged, taking a gamble to buy herself more time, and maybe a moment when that knife wasn’t pressed against her skin.

It seemed to work, as the three men looked surprised by her bravado.
“I expected a sniveling traitor like you to beg for your life,” Knife-man confessed. Lena lifted her chin as much as possible, using all her experience as a Luthor to look down at the man.

“I’ve found that it’s impossible to reason with idiots who advocate for genocide because their afraid of anyone who is different...” she was cut off by Knife-Man pulling his fist back and slamming it into the side of her face. He had been holding the knife in the fist that he used, and Lena felt the metal slice into her cheek.

She cried out in pain and tried to shrink to the ground to protect herself, but one of the enforcers moved in and held her up by the collar. The three men then proceeded to hit her, moving back and forth in a ferocious pattern that gave Lena no relief from the fists flying into her. She tried to shield her face with her arms, but they kept ripping them down.

Finally, the enforcer let her go as another fist connected, sending her flying back a few feet. She laid on the ground, her entire body on fire. She knew that she was bruised, cut and bleeding, and she suspected that she had internal injuries as well. The three men towered above her, laughing at her as they moved toward her to continue their ‘justice’.

White light filled her mind; images and feelings coursed through her. Memoires came to her of similar kinds of men, men who took pleasure in the pain that they afflicted her with. She could feel the hits of a thousand strikes, feel the sharp cut of leather straps filleting her back, the excruciating pain in her shoulders and the lack of feeling in her arms as her hands were chained above her head for days at a time. The feel of dried blood covering her body, her screams as her healing skin was torn apart over and over.

The memories of torture and pain gave way to red hot rage, growing from deep inside of herself, the source being her past self.

*How dare they attack her! How dare they even touch her! They didn’t know who she was, but they soon would!*

Lena could feel herself pushing off the ground, could feel herself facing the three men, but she wasn’t in control. It was as if she was aware of her actions from inside of a dream. She tried to push herself back in control, but something, *someone*, pushed back, holding her captive in her own mind.

The Cadmus men faltered, uncertainty on their faces as they were stared down by their would-be victim. All three had the feeling of impending doom, and they instinctively knew that they were no longer the ones to be afraid of. One of them, the smartest of the group, listened to his instincts and turned to try to run.
Lena’s hand shot out, magic lashing out with the flash of fire in her eyes, propelling all three men off their feet and several feet through the air. Without giving them a moment, she grabbed ahold of them with her power, and with a swing of her arm, sent them flying through the air behind her, further into the darkness of the alley.

“Ástynte cnyll,” was spoken into the night, and an unnatural stillness overcame the alley. Feeling the intent behind the spell, Lena knew that no sounds or screams would be leaving the alley now.

She stalked towards them, slow and deliberate, the men looking at her in horror. Lena was still nothing but a passenger in her own body, but she could feel the rush that her other-self felt at seeing the men’s fear. With horror, Lena realized that she was enjoying this; enjoying hurting them.

“Tòslèan,” the words passed her lips, but Lena knew that she hadn’t been the one to say it. It meant ‘break’.

The spell was realized as with a sickening crack, three matching howls of pain pierced the night just as the men’s arm bones pierced through their skin.

Lena could feel the perverse delight the woman in control of them felt. “STOP!” she demanded, straining against the mental blocks that were stopping her from being in control.

“Why?” the question crossed the barrier, confusion mixed with the other woman’s rage. “They attacked us! They hurt you and were going to kill us. They need to pay for what they did. They will be our message; they will serve as a testament of what happens when we are crossed.”

“Fámgian dréor.” The glowing of her eyes was accompanied with a smile.

Lena watched in horror as the Cadmus men began to truly scream in agony. They were making sounds that she didn’t know humans were capable of making, and she noticed that the blood flowing from their wounds was now foaming and boiling. Steam began to pour off and out of them, blood leaking from their ears and eyes before evaporating from its own heat.

Lena was horrified, and even more horrified at how much her other-self was enjoying the torture. Needing to stop her, to stop this, Lena put everything she had towards pushing against the mental
barrier between them. At first, nothing happened, and the woman in control seemed to laugh at her efforts.

But Lena drew on the horror and revulsion she felt, and the absolute need to put to stop to what was happening. Mentally drawing herself back, with an internal scream of her own she threw her entire mental strength against the wall. Her other-self fought back, not wanting to give up control. Lena fought back harder; all her life, all she had wanted was to be good. There was no way she was going to let this person take that from her.

With a final force of effort, Lena broke through the mental wall, stumbling in her steps as she forcefully took control of her own body again. Wasting no time, she turned towards the men who had all passed out from the pain.

“Blódsetenna,” she said, thrusting her hand towards them. She felt the familiar burn in her eyes, and she watched in tense anticipation to see if her spell worked. The blood running from their wounds, as well as what was running from their eyes and ears, all stopped.

“Ic þe þurhhæle þin licsare mid þam sundorcraeftas þære ealdaþ æ,” she whispered in relief, finding this healing spell, as well as the other, coming much easier to her mind now. She watched in fascinated relief as the broken bones poking through skin slowly started to knit themselves back together.

Confident that they weren’t going to die now, Lena wished that she could just leave, but she knew that she couldn’t. She couldn’t leave them to remember what she had done; she couldn’t let Cadmus know that she had magic.

Lena tried to call on her past-life to remember a spell to get rid of their memories, but her other-self was in an even greater rage now. She wanted nothing more than to kill the three men, and Lena could also feel the rage directed towards her, the other woman furious that control had been taken away from her.

Lena seemed to haze out for a moment, but forcefully shut her mind to the voice that was there, finding that her hand was raised and a killing spell on her lips. She took an involuntary step back, her hand flying up to cover her mouth. The amount of power and influence this other person in her mind had over her was terrifying.

Praying that she could do what she wanted without a vocal spell, and that she wouldn’t lose control again, she crept closer to the three men. Putting her hand over the first one’s head, she closed her eyes, and channeled the feeling of warmth that was her magic, concentrating on what she wanted it
She stayed like that for a few minutes, worry growing that it wasn’t going to work, before she felt the release of her magic. She opened her eyes, the golden light from them mixing into the soft blue light that surrounded her hand. Considering the blue light, she began to see flickering images which she quickly realized was the man’s memories. Working quickly, she focused her thoughts and watched as the memory of what happened before he fell unconscious faded away into nothing.

The blue light flickered out, and Lena nearly fell over, her hand shooting out to catch herself as she fell forward. The world was spinning, and she felt close to throwing up. She felt drained, exhausted and close to blacking out. Lena wondered if these physical effects were happening because of the amount of magic she was using, or if it was because she wasn’t drawing it from her other-self.

No matter the reasons, and no matter the toll it took on her, she forced herself to do the same to the two other men. The only thing different with the two of them was to create a push, or instinct, to not go after her again.

Finishing off her work, Lena unsteadily climbed to her feet. The world swam around her, and she fell over almost immediately. The cement scraped her knees, and she was suddenly reminded of all the other injuries she had sustained from the Cadmus agents. Finding the energy from somewhere, Lena stumbled and half-fell, but made her way to her car.

She sank down into the driver’s seat, grateful to be sitting down. Needing another minute before trying to drive, she pulled out her phone, shooting off a quick text to Alex, which vaguely said something about seeing suspicious people in the alley near the alien bar. She hoped that it was enough to make the DEO agent investigate, and then take the men into custody.

Finally seeing a single view of the world instead of triple, she started her car and drove home. The drive felt like it took forever, and she was certain that she was close to totaling her car several times, but she made it home with no further incident.

She was glad that she didn’t run into any staff or other residents of her building, certain that she must look like a holy terror. Finally getting into her apartment, she made her way immediately to her bed, which she collapsed on, torn and bloody clothes left on.

Lena immediately passed out. The last thing she was aware of was the feeling of the other person in her mind pushing against her mental barriers, trying to find a way through.

**
She didn’t step a single foot outside of her apartment for the next two days. She had woken up that first morning after being attacked to a body nearly screaming in agony. She had stumbled her way into her bathroom, where she wincingly stripped off her ruined clothes and examined the damage that she could see. Her lip was split, her left eye bloodshot and bruises on her cheekbones. The rest of her body was covered in various bruises and cuts, though nothing looked life threatening. The only thing that gave her concern was the pain in her chest when she breathed.

Without thinking, she raised a hand, a spell already forming on her tongue when she realized what she was doing. The hand that had been raised started to shake, and she quickly moved to grip the counter as she realized that she had been about to use magic to heal herself as if it was second nature, which it definitely shouldn’t be.

The presence in the back of her mind growled in frustration, as Lena forcefully pushed her further back into her own mind. The other person, or past life whatever she decided to call it, had tried to hide her anticipation at the use of magic, but Lena had still felt it. She understood then that last night had opened the gates of her mind, even if by a small crack.

The other person was stronger now, her emotions and thoughts more easily conveyed to Lena’s mind. Her *other self* was closer to the front now, and Lena knew that she wanted nothing more than to take full control like she had last night. And using magic, especially spells drawn from her past self’s knowledge, would only make her stronger and easier for her to come through fully.

Lena started to shake, fear spiking through her system. That other person, her other self, revealed herself last night. She was terrifying, and full of anger and hate. Even now, Lena could feel the other woman’s anger and resentment towards Lena for keeping her a prisoner in her mind. She wanted out, and she wasn’t going to stop trying to gain control. Lena looked at herself in the mirror, and for a second it seemed as if someone else was staring back at her.

Fearing what would happen if she went out into the world, Lena had contacted her office and informed them that she wasn’t going to come in for the next several days. She put her CFO in charge of the daily operation of the L-Corp for the time being and instructed that anything incredibly urgent be forwarded to her there in her apartment. So, with a shaky plan in place, Lena secluded herself from the world.

And hiding away worked for a little while. Lena was able to focus on fighting against her other self, who was doing everything in her power to force control away from Lena. Often, it felt to Lena like she was losing her mind; fighting against a voice in her head wasn’t the sanest of activities.

It left her feeling exhausted, mentally and physically. She couldn’t let her guard down for a moment,
as her other-self took every opportunity of weakness to attack her defenses. Her sleep, what little she could get, was full of horrific memories of blood, fire and death. The few hours she was able to steal did nothing to help her feel better.

Along with the mental battles taking place, Lena’s body was still healing, and it was painful. Moving around was difficult, and every time she winced in pain, the voice in her mind would reprimand her for not using magic to heal herself. It called her weak and a fool for not helping herself with every tool at her disposal, and it was those moments that were hardest for Lena to fight against.

During the first part of the two days that she shut herself off from the world, she received several texts from Alex, which she had ignored at first. She didn’t want to drag Alex into her madness. After several dozen unanswered messages, the tone of Alex’s texts changed from bemusement to concern. Worried that the agent would track her down, Lena finally relented and sent the other woman a quick message saying that she was just caught up in something new and exciting with work.

Lena had never been so happy that text messages couldn’t convey tone, as she was sure that if she had talked to Alex in person the DEO agent wouldn’t have believed her for a second. As it was, texts were great for convincing someone else that you were fine and just geeking out about some new science. Lena promised to get in contact with Alex again when she wasn’t so busy, and that was the end of it.

Well, it should have been anyways. In the middle of the third day, Lena got a message from Kara. Seeing the notification, a sight that usually warmed her and made her smile, Lena felt nothing but dread. When the Kara’s name had popped up on her phone, her other-self went instantly, and worryingly quiet. Almost as if she had pulled back to examine something; to make a new kind of plan.

Lena had feed Kara the same lie she did to Alex but knew that it wouldn’t hold as well with the reporter as it had the agent. Knowing Kara, she would be dropping by L-Corp to try and surprise her with food at some point. And when she got there and was told that Lena hadn’t been in the office for several days, she would probably track her down to her apartment.

Lena’s heart starting racing; seeing Kara again was going to happen sooner or later, most likely sooner, and she still didn’t have control over what was happening to her. Horror-fueled visions invaded her mind, of Kara in her apartment and Lena losing control of her other self. Images of the other woman taking control and doing to Kara what she done to the men in the alley seared themselves in her mind. The part that truly terrified her was that Lena wasn’t certain if these thoughts were a product of her overactive imagination, or a promise from her other self of what would happen.

Now fearing for someone far more important that just herself and her sanity, Lena knew she had only
one move left to make.

Chapter End Notes

Ástynite cnyll - Stop Sound

Fámgian dréor – To foam/boil blood

Blódsetenna – To stop/To stop bleeding

Íc þe þurhæle þin licsare mid þam sundorcæftas þære ealdaþ æ - Used in episode 3x05 of Merlin (The Crystal Cave). I got it from the Merlin Wiki, and it doesn’t say exactly what the spell means/does, but it was used for healing, so I used I here as well.

Hope you enjoyed, I should be able to upload the next chapter next week!
After staring at her cellphone for more than five minutes, Lena finally worked up the nerve to hit the call button. It rang a few times, enough for her to start hoping that it wouldn’t be answered, before a familiar cheerful voice came out of the speaker.

“Lena! I wasn’t expecting to hear from you today.” Kara’s sounded happy at the unexpected call. Just hearing her voice made Lena smile, while at the same time a sick knot in her stomach tightened. She had to do this, to protect Kara and everyone else.

“Hi Kara. I hope I’m not bothering you.” Lena responded. She thought she had managed to keep her tone neutral (considering the spikes in her stomach) but something must have slipped through because the change in Kara’s voice was immediate.

“Lena, are you alright?” Kara asked, her voice going down an octave and filling with worry. Lena closed her eyes for a moment, fear making her stomach churn and tears well in her eyes. She refused the let them fall.

“Yeah, I’m…” Lena drifted off, not wanting to tell her friend that she was fine when she clearly wasn’t. “I was hoping that you could get in touch with Supergirl for me.” Her voice was tense and strained.

“Supergirl? Are you in trouble? What’s wrong?” Kara asked in rapid succession. The guilt came back up for Lena; she hated to make Kara worry, but at the same time the idea of telling her what she was about to do, to make Kara live with that; it was unthinkable. If she wasn’t so certain that she would undoubtedly lose control to her other-self, she would never even consider it an option. But even now, the voice in her mind was screaming, trying to wrestle control back; it was such a strong, instinctive presence, that it was taking all of Lena’s concentration to fight against it.

“Yeah, I just need her help with something.” Lena responded, trying hard to sound more normal. She
didn’t think it worked that well. “Can you contact her for me, tell her I need to see her?”

“Of course.” Kara responded. “I’ll be there… I’ll talk to her right away.” There was a pause on her end. “What’s wrong Lena? Please, tell me.”

Lena opened her mouth, but no words came out. She knew that Kara would never understand what she needed to do. The reporter would try to figure things out, to fix things. But this wasn’t something that the other woman could fix. Lena knew that her method would be the only way of fixing.

Again, the memories of the faceless man from her other life returned to her. Lena still didn’t know who he was, or even what he looked like, but she knew that she had trusted him above all others. And she seemed to remember that he had been open and trusting too, until something happened (this her other self would let her remember) and then he and her past-self hated each other.

She looked up at the ceiling, not seeing as she tried to block the tears from falling out of her eyes, and she didn’t respond to Kara.

“You know you can talk to me about anything, right?” Kara said after listening to the silence; Lena had never heard her sound so small.

“I know.” Lena cleared her voice and lied, trying to reassure her friend. “This isn’t something you need to worry about though.” It may have been her imagination, but Lena thought she heard Kara make a strange, choked off sound.

“But it’s something worrying enough that you need Supergirl?” Kara’s voice held a note of reproach, and something else, that Lena wasn’t used to being directed towards her.

“Kara,” Lena started, realizing that she had already upset the woman who meant more to her than anything else. But she didn’t know what to say to make it better. Nothing about this situation was going to work out well. In the end, Kara would end up hurt. She could only hope to control how much pain she would be in later.

“It’s ok,” Kara’s tone said that it definitely wasn’t. “I’ll tell Supergirl you need to see her. I hope that she can help you, Lena.”

“Thank you,” Lena’s voice was small. “Goodbye, Kara.” She hated making Kara upset, but the
thought of burdening her with the truth was too much for Lena to contemplate; knowing Kara, she would blame herself for it later. Hopefully this way, the reporter wouldn’t be burdened with guilt.

Kara, hearing Lena’s tone, instantly softened, letting go of some of her hurt and inexplicable jealousy she was feeling. The call ended, and she immediately changed into her suit and took off into the evening sky.

Putting down the phone, Lena let out a deep breath and leaned back in her chair, closing her eyes. She ran her fingers through her hair, willing her other-self to just stop, even if for a moment. But the other voice, the other woman, continued to rail against her mental barriers, pushing her thoughts and feelings about telling someone about her magic into Lena’s mind.

It was exhausting, and it was taking too much of her concentration to fight the instinct to lie and hide her powers from everyone. Lena was so caught up in her internal fight that she missed Supergirl landing on her balcony, and she startled in her seat when the hero knocked on the glass door. Lena turned to see her looking inside with a worried expression.

When Supergirl saw Lena, her expression immediately shifted between several different emotions; Lena recognized surprise, concern, anger and a couple others that she couldn’t. The hero reached for the door, but quickly drew her hand back, obviously fighting the instinct to come barging in (which Lena was happy about). It took her a second to understand Supergirl’s reaction, before she remembered that she looked like she had lost 10 rounds in a boxing ring.

Slipping into her calm, controlled mask (as if her face wasn’t covered in cuts and bruises), Lena covered her unease at seeing the hero, and how much moving hurt, with a graceful stand from the chair and crossing over to the door. She opened it for the hero and hesitated just a moment before stepping back and letting Supergirl inside her home. The hero moved in, reaching out as if to hold onto Lena’s arms, but the CEO stepped back out of reach.

“Supergirl. That was really quick.” This statement made the hero falter in her steps for just a moment, a hurt look irrationally crossing her face at Lena’s reluctance to let her touch her.

“Of course, I came as soon as I could, you sounded…. Kara said you sounded upset. And look at you,” she gestured to the remnants of her attack, and Lena hugged her arms around herself self-consciously. Her heart hurt at the idea that she had failed so spectacularly at making Kara think she was ok, that the reporter had convinced Supergirl to show up moments after they had finished talking. She didn’t want Kara worrying about her, even if the thought of someone caring about her treasonously made her heart a little warmer. She hated herself, knowing how upset Kara would be when this was all done. She hoped that it wouldn’t take her friend long to move on.
“Ms. Luthor, what happened? Did someone attack you?” Supergirl asked, fire in her voice. Right then, all Kara wanted to do was to find who had hurt Lena and make them suffer.

“It doesn’t matter,” Lena muttered.

“It doesn’t matter?” Supergirl repeated, incredulously. Her voice had raised, and she noticed Lena shuffle back from her again. Guilt shot through for making her friend scared, and she willed herself to calm down.

“Lena, you’re hurt. How could it not matter?” she asked once she had calmed down enough to not frighten Lena again. She looked directly into the CEO’s eyes, willing her to understand that she was there for her, no matter what.

Lena was instantly reminded of the last time the hero was at her apartment, the last time she had called her by her name and not Ms. Luthor. She remembered the way Supergirl had looked at her that night, and it was the same way she was looking at her now. The concern so blatant on the hero’s face; for some reason it felt familiar to her, and it made Lena feel uneasy, as if she was missing something.

She took a step away from the hero, then turned her back, breaking the intense eye contact. She didn’t see the pained look crossing Supergirls face for a brief second.

“It doesn’t matter,” she started, talking to the other side of her apartment, “Because what I’m going to tell you is so much bigger than what happened to me.” She stopped.

Now that the moment was here, Lena was beyond terrified. It didn’t help that every instinct was screaming at her not to tell, not to trust anyone, especially not the super. How was she, Superman’s cousin, going to react to finding out the kind of power a Luthor had? How would she react to finding about the madness that had overcome her in that alley? Would it be the hero’s fear that let her do what Lena needed her to?

“Lena, please,” Supergirls voice was low and soft, as if she was trying to soothe a frightened animal, making Lena turn back around and face her. “Tell me what’s going on. Let me help you.”

Lena considered the alien womans blue eyes. She shook her head and opened her mouth to speak. A memory flashed in her mind; she was standing in a room, equally or more terrified by this same secret, looking into a pair of eyes similar to Supergirls. The voice in the back of her mind spoke
again, telling her that these eyes will betray her just as the last did.

“You can trust me Lena, you know you can.” Supergirl’s voice was low and comforting, almost pleading. “Whatever it is, I’ll help you. I promise.”

Lena thought of Kara then, of the reporters’ belief in her. A belief strong enough that it apparently lent itself to the Girl of Steel as well. She had to do this, for Kara and for everyone who might get hurt if she was too afraid and tried to hide what was happening to her. Eyes glanced down to the crest on Supergirl’s chest. Hope. She closed her eyes briefly, and let out a shaky breath, banishing the hateful voice in her mind, and banishing her fear with it.

But she couldn’t just say, ‘I have magic’. There was no way that the hero would believe her; she would have to prove it. Without saying anything, Lena stretched her hand out to her desk. Supergirl followed the movement, confused, but realizing that she shouldn’t interrupt. Lena hesitated for a moment; using a spell weakened her defenses against her other self. She would just have to believe that if her other, more murder-y self took control, Supergirl would stop her.

“Tōbrýs–an lôc fréosan.” The spell fell from her lips, her eyes burning gold, and she thanked god that she remained in control.

A mug that had been sitting on her table shattered, the pieces and the cold tea inside of it exploding outward. Supergirl flinched back, her mouth hanging open as the liquid and ceramic shards then froze in midair. They hung suspended in the air, glittering and reflecting the light. Supergirl looked back and forth between the mug and Lena, her mouth hanging open, not able to say anything.

“Edwyrpan.” Lena muttered, and the pieces of ceramic and tea gathered together, and the mug reformed, the liquid in it steady and calm as if nothing had happened.

She put her arm down, wrapping her arms around herself again, and anxiously waited for Supergirl’s reaction. The hero looked at a lose for words, glancing frequently back and forth between Lena and the mug. If the situation wasn’t so tense, Lena probably would have laughed.

“How… how did you do that?” Supergirl asked, gesturing to the mug. Lena shrugged slightly, oddly feeling more relaxed now. She had done it, it was over. Now she had to live with the fallout, which was beyond her control now.

“Magick,” She said simply. Supergirl’s eyes widened almost comically and her eyebrows shot up.
“Magic?” she repeated, sounding bewildered. “Magic is actually real?” Lena shrugged, not sure how else to respond. They were both silent for a moment, Lena nervous about how Supergirl would process this. Her brow furrowed, looking back and forth between Lena and the mug again, her finger pointing at each in turn.

“Ok,” she started saying slowly. Supergirl looked lost in thought, trying to figure out this massive shift in her reality. “I’ve seen a lot of things, but magic isn’t one of them. Are you sure that’s what it is?”

“Yes,” Lena replied with conviction, but it didn’t seem enough to convince Supergirl.

“Cause a lot of people have abilities that seem like magic, if you don’t know why they’re happening.” Supergirl looked at her sharply, a new light in her eyes. “Lena, is it possible that you’re an alien?”

*Like me,* Kara thought (*hoped*) but didn’t say out-loud.

“No,” Lena answered instantly, feeling that that explanation wasn’t right. Supergirls shoulders slumped, and the energy that had light her up, left.

The hero’s response puzzled Lena, and she thought about the question harder.

“At least, I don’t think I am,” she added. She had never considered that possibility of being an alien, or her other self being an alien before. Logically, it made sense, more sense then magic springing up from nowhere. But logic was competing against the instinctive feeling she had in her gut; whoever, or whatever, her past life had been, and whatever made it possible for Lena to access magic now, it was all completely human.

“It’s more then just power,” Lena started to explain, regaining her focus, as well as Supergirls. “It’s memories, and experiences and knowledge; I have this whole other person’s life inside of me.”

A slightly-familiar crinkle appeared between Supergirls eyebrows as her forehead furrowed. She didn’t understand.
“I started having dreams before I moved to National City. Dreams about someone who was me, but also wasn’t, living a different life then me,” Lena explained further. “I didn’t think anything of them at first, but then they started coming to me when I was awake. And everything that I saw, it all felt familiar to me. It was like that feeling you get when you remember something from your childhood; that instant connection of ‘yes, this is mine’.”

“And then it just got… more, after that,” she said, gesturing helplessly with her hands. Supergirl folded her arms across her chest but didn’t say anything. She nodded slightly, urging Lena to continue. “I started having dreams that let me see things before they happened. Sometimes, my dreams can show me the future.”

“What?” The word quietly slipped out of the hero’s mouth in disbelief. Lena didn’t judge; she understood that this all sounded crazy. She waited a second, to see if Supergirl was going to say anything else, but the Girl of Steel stayed silent.

“After that, I was able to make my magic manifest more physically,” she gestured to the mug, Supergirl’s eyes following her movement before returning to rest on her. “But through all this time, I’ve felt a presence deep within me. It guided me, helped me to understand what was happening, until finally she was strong enough to actually start communicating with me.”

“You feel like someone else is inside your mind?” Supergirl clarified, her own mind racing and trying to make all this new information fit into her own worldview.

“She’s there, inside of me, my past self,” Lena assured the hero. “And she wants to get out.”

“What?”

“She’s trying to take control over me. She actually managed to do it for a little while the other night, when I got these,” Lena gestured to her wounds.

She swallowed hard; they had finally come to the point of the whole meeting. She steeled herself, fighting against the renewed attacks inside her mind. She would be strong, she would be good, even if this was the only way to do it.

“She’s dangerous, Supergirl. Violent, angry and deranged,” Supergirl was looking concerned and confused again. “She wants to take control of me, and I don’t know how long I can hold her back.”

“What are you saying, Lena?” The hero’s voice was small; she sounded scared, a part of her
instinctively knowing and dreading what Lena was about to say.

“its not a matter of if anymore, but when I lose to her. When that happens, I don’t know if I can take control back again,” her voice cracked, but she powered through. “When that happens, I need you to stop her, Supergirl. For good.”

Kara looked at her friend in horror, pain lancing through her heart as she realized what Lena was asking.

“Are you telling me to kill you?” she whispered, barely able to wrap her mind around the idea, let alone get the words out. Lena’s smile was sad and self-deprecating, tears in her eyes.

“I would ask you to do it now, but I know that you won’t,” her voice was thick with emotion and pain. Her other self was fighting against her now harder then ever, as if trying to stop her plan.

“I am not going to kill you, Lena!” Supergirl gasped, outraged and sorrowful that Lena was thinking like this.

“If you don’t,” Lena shot back, determined to make her see reason, “What she can do, what she will do; it will make everything Lex did cartoonish in comparison!”

“No!” Supergirl stated firmly, starting to pace between the table and couch. “Lena, this is insane! I can’t…” I can’t lose you.

“Supergirl, please!” Lena pleaded. Feeling desperate, she grabbed onto the hero’s arm, forcing her to stop and look at her. “I don’t want to hurt anyone. All I’ve ever wanted was to do good in this world. Don’t let her ruin everything I’ve ever done.”

Supergirl looked into Lena’s tear heavy eyes, hearing the desperation in her voice as she begged, felt the weight of her hands on her arm. It was the first time that Lena had willingly touched her as Supergirl. Kara’s chest ached; she couldn’t imagine her world without Lena anymore, and what Lena was asking of her… it was impossible. There was no way that she could end the life of someone she…

“No,” she said, firm and clear. Lena’s face dropped, but Supergirl continued before she could say anything. “The world is full of terrible things; I’ve seen so much of it, so much of that pain and
darkness, and I always have to look ahead to try and see it coming.”

She reached out and cradled Lena’s face in her hands, brushing a thumb over her cheek. She felt more then heard Lena’s small gasp as she held her face, the CEO surprised by the contact. She was surprised by the move herself, but it felt so important and so good to hold Lena like this.

“But not from you,” Kara whispered fiercely, the space between them small enough for them to feel the others breathing. She felt Lena’s grip tighten on her arm. “Never you, Lena Luthor. You are one of the greatest people I have ever met; I am constantly amazed by you, by your ability to do good when it seems the whole world is waiting for you to fail. How you do everything you can to help people despite no one believing you, its amazing. I will never believe that you could go bad.”

Lena swallowed, not knowing how to react when staring face to face with such unfiltered belief in her. She stared into blue eyes that felt familiar to her, more familiar then they should be after her few encounters with the hero. She reached up, covering Supergirls hands with her own. She left them there for a moment, basking in the strength they lent her before she pulled them away.

“That’s the problem, Supergirl,” she whispered, not wanting to break the atmosphere around them. “It won’t be me anymore.”

Kara pulled back, swallowing hard against a lump in her throat. Lena believed what she was saying, believed it so much that she was asking to be killed rather then let her fears manifest. She looked up, praying silently to Rao (hell, to any and every deity) to give her strength.

“There has to be a different reason,” she said finally. She looked back down at Lena. “There are aliens out there who could get into your head like this, with their science or through telepathy or something!”

“Supergirl,” Lena started, sadly.

“This isn’t you,” the hero interrupted. “This can’t be what you think it is.”

Lena opened her mouth to try and object again, but Supergirl moved in towards her again.

“Come to the DEO with me,” she pleaded. “We can run tests, figure out what’s happening to you, and find a way to help you.”
“I know what’s happening to me,” Lena shot back, venom starting to enter her voice. “Why can’t you just believe me?” She shook her head in exasperation. She should have called Superman; he would have been more than happy to end a Luthor threat.

“Lena you can’t just ask me to… you can’t expect me to… to do what you ask without letting me try and find any other way,” Supergirl stumbled over her words.

“Please, let me try and save you,” the hero begged of her, a Luthor.

Lena looked at the Girl of Steel, who seemed close to tears. She didn’t understand why saving her was so necessary for the other woman, why it seemed to matter so much to her. Guess that’s what made her such a damn good hero, the ability to care that much for everyone, even someone she didn’t know.

Fearing there would be no other way, but understanding the need to futilely look for another option, Lena nodded.

Chapter End Notes

Tôbrýs–an lôc fréosan – Shatter and Freeze
Edwyrpan – Repair

As always, thanks for reading. Stay tuned for the next chapter.
Supergirl landed on the balcony to the main floor of the DEO more gently then she normally would, wanting to make sure that Lena wasn’t jostled too badly. The CEO immediately let go of her, stepping back and grabbing onto the railing to steady herself. Her face was paler than normal, and Kara could hear her heart beating erratically. She knew that Lena didn’t like flying, and that was why she was afraid, but she couldn’t stop herself from feeling hurt as her friend put distance between them.

Back at Lena’s apartment, after she had agreed to be brought to the DEO, Kara had moved in automatically to pick Lena up. Despite the way they had been standing so close just moments before, Lena had shied away from the superhero, fear in her eyes. Kara had only been able to convince Lena to let her fly them to the DEO by saying it was the fastest way to get there, and Lena was certain that her time was limited.

With an unusual kind of wariness, her friend had nodded. Moving carefully, Kara moved in close again, placing her arm around Lena’s back, and then bending down and wrapping her other arm under her knees. She lifted Lena easily, carrying her bridal style, deciding that holding her like that would be the best way to make Lena feel safest. Kara couldn’t explain the thrill that had run through her as Lena had gasped slightly and latched her arms around her neck.

Kara never realized that she had dreamed about flying like this with Lena until they were in the air. She only wished that it was under different circumstances. She caught herself flying slower then she normally would, even with a passenger, the need to savour the feeling of Lena in her arms strong enough to make her stop thinking rationally. She knew that she should have gotten them to the DEO as quickly as possible, to prove to Lena that what she feared wasn’t going to happen, but Kara had kept finding herself becoming distracted by Lena’s breath on her neck, or the way that she had felt pressed against her chest.

By now, a small crowd of agents were gathering down on the main floor, looking towards Supergirl and Lena with apprehension. Several of them had their hands on the butts of their weapons, fearing that they would soon need to use them.

After giving the CEO a moment to calm herself, Supergirl led Lena into the building. With a wave of her hand, she dismissed the agents. Trusting their hero, they backed up, but didn’t go too far. Supergirl called over to an agent, ordering them to get Director J’onzz and Agent Danvers here immediately.
The hero led Lena to what she assumed was their main tactical information center, judging by all the screens and tech she could see. Feeling off-balance and uncomfortable in the government building, as well as to distract herself from the noise in her mind, Lena found herself studying the setup.

It was sophisticated tech, and she recognized some pieces that looked similar (but slightly more advanced) than what she had access to at L-Corp. It did send a little thrill through her to realize that all the tech either looked like original pieces (possibly alien) or based off L-Corps designs. Nothing here was based off any other company; no Lord Tech, Apple or Edge Industries for the government. She smiled a little, not being able to help but feel a little smug over that fact.

“Supergirl,” a deep gruff voice rang out through the room. “What is the meaning of this?” Lena turned towards the source of the voice, seeing Director J’onzz walking towards them, a scowl on his face. Beside him was Alex and seeing her familiar face (even if it was frowning in confusion) made Lena relax.

“Ms. Luthor need our help,” Supergirl stated, reverting back to formalities. The line across the director’s forehead deepened, and Alex immediately went to Lena’s side, unintentionally making Supergirl take a step further away from the CEO.

“What’s going on? Are you ok?” Alex asked, voice clouded in concern. “Is someone threatening you again?” She reached out and ran her hand down Lena’s arm, ending with her hand, which Lena held onto for comfort, a small smile on her lips. Seeing Lena at such ease with Alex should have made Kara feel better, but instead it made an unidentified ugly feeling sit tight in her chest.

“No, I’m not ok,” Lena started, and then in a small voice, explained to the two of them everything that she had told Supergirl already (baring the inclusion of her demand for Supergirl to kill her). When they looked sceptical at the idea of magic, Lena showed them as well, though not in the dramatic fashion she had with the hero. Instead of exploding anything, she simply lit a small flame in her hand.

Seeing the dancing fire in the palm of Lena’s hand made two sets of eyebrows go up. J’onzz recovered first, raising a fist to his lip as he sunk deep into thought. Alex poked her finger into the flame, yelping and sucking it into her mouth when it burned her. Lena extinguished the fire, giving Alex a wry but affectionate look.

“What?” Alex asked, pulling her finger out to inspect the small patch of pink skin. “Had to make sure it wasn’t an illusion.”

“Abilities like these are not uncommon among people not of this world, Ms. Luthor,” Director J’onzz
“No,” Lena cut in as he paused. “I think that the numerous medical exams I had over the course of my life would have indicated something if I wasn’t completely human. And knowing my family, if they had, I wouldn’t be here right now.”

Alex and Supergirl both winced in sympathy, but J’onzz just nodded his head, as if he too had already come to the same conclusion.

“There are beings with the telepathic strength to implant false memories in your head,” he continued, getting a strange look from Alex. “It is possible that you are being targeted by a telepath, and that they have, altered you to have these abilities. This presence you describe in your mind is most likely a remnant of their physical activity.”

“That’s what I told her,” Supergirl agreed.

“And as I told Supergirl,” Lena responded to both aliens, “I know that isn’t what’s happening with me. The abilities that I have are a result of magic, and of a past life where such things were common.”

“How can you be so sure?” Alex questioned.

“Because I can remember it Alex, or enough of it anyway.” Lena’s tone was starting to sharpen with worry and irritation. “I agreed to come here at Supergirl’s insistence, to undergo testing to try and prove me wrong. I need these to be completed as soon as possible; I am not willing to risk losing control again.”

She faced off with three concerned, skeptical faces. While it was frustrating that they were limited in their points of view, Lena didn’t really care. She knew what was happening with her, and she just wanted to get this all over with. She turned to address Supergirl specifically then.

“When those tests all come back negative, and you are forced to accept that I am telling you the truth, I expect you to do what I’ve asked you.” She was all business now, none of the emotion from earlier making a reappearance.

Supergirl cringed, her face losing colour. Alex noted her sister’s reaction, sorting it away to be
something she asked later.

“Come with me,” she said to Lena. “We’ll get started running some tests.” With a nod, Lena followed after her, her shoulders relaxing slightly now that she was just with Alex.

J’onn watched them leave, then turned to look at Kara, who was still looking out as if she could see the two walk away through the lead-lined walls. The crinkle was prominent between her eyebrows, and he didn’t need to read her mind (if he even could) to tell that she was upset and worried.

“What did she mean?” he asked gently. Kara shook her head and crossed her arms across her chest.

“It doesn’t matter,” she said, becoming defiant, “because it isn’t going to be necessary. We’ll figure out what’s really happening to her.”

She then left the main area, and J’onn was certain that she intended to stalk outside the medical bay. He frowned again, retreating into thought. It was obvious that Lena was resolute, and firm in her beliefs. It was also obvious that the woman was terrified. And whatever could scare a Luthor, it certainly gave him pause for concern as well.

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“What do you mean they all came back negative?” Kara questioned her sister, grabbing the papers out of her hands even though she really had no idea how to read them. Alex let her, knowing that Kara needed to do something to try and turn away from reality.

She was having a hard enough time believing this herself, and she had been the one to run every single test that she could think of. They had all come back negative; besides from a slight anemia and vitamin D deficiency, Lena was in perfect health. Nothing could medically explain the appearance of the CEO’s abilities, or the voice she was hearing in her head.

Besides them, Lena stood, her arms crossed across her chest and holding onto her elbows. She had changed into some black DEO sweats, tank top and hoodie to undergo her tests. She felt horribly underdressed, and it was making her very uncomfortable. But it was the fact that the voice in her mind was getting louder, stronger and almost gleeful that was causing Lena to dig her fingernails into her upper arms. She knew she didn’t have much more time before she lost control.
“No,” Supergirl insisted, flipping through the pages of the report again. “There has to be something that you missed. Run them again!” she insisted to Alex.

“That’s enough,” Lena spoke before Alex could respond. “I did what you asked, Supergirl. I let myself undergo all your tests, and we’ve lost valuable time. I held up my end of our agreement, now it’s your turn.” Her voice was steady and calm, not letting any of the terror she was feeling out. Ruefully, Lena was glad for all those times Lillian made her push her emotions down. At least it afforded her the ability to face her death with dignity.

Supergirl’s face went white, and she tightened her fists around the papers, ripping them before she could control herself. Alex looked between them in concern. Lena couldn’t make herself meet her friend’s gaze.

“No,” she breathed out. In a stronger voice, she continued. “You said that I had to…you asked me to do it after you’ve lost control. You’re still you!”

“I have no idea how much longer that’s going to be true!” Lena snapped out. “If you wait, all it does is give her more time to fight back! Do you really want to fight against someone that can set your blood boiling in your body with a word!?”

“I’m not killing you, Lena!!” Supergirl screamed, making everyone around jump with the unexpected noise. Now, all attention was on the three women. Alex gaped at Lena.

“What?” she asked incredulously. Lena made herself meet her friend’s eyes.

“It’s the only way,” Lena started before Alex cut her off.

“Bullshit! That’s bullshit Lena!” Alex placed her hands on her hips, slipping into her deadly, commanding agent persona that had more than half of the DEO terrified. Lena had the brief thought run through her mind that it was this pose that Supergirl was trying to recreate when she placed her hands on her hips, rather than her cousins.

“Alex,” Lena tried again.

“There is no way in hell that I’m letting you commit suicide, Lena!” Alex shouted, Supergirl standing beside her now as a unified force. “And over what, this crazy fear…”
“It’s not crazy!” Lena shouted, her turn to interrupt now. “I’ve already lost control once, and three men almost died in some of the most horrific ways imaginable. And this, person inside me,” she gestured wildly at her own head. “She loved every second! It made her feel strong, and powerful. And I could feel it; all the pleasure she got from it! You have no idea what it’s like to feel that sick satisfaction as she watched her work and knew that it wasn’t even a tenth of what she can do!”

Tears were welling in Lena’s eyes by the time she finished, but she was holding them at bay. She had begun her little speak screaming, and by the end she had been biting out every word against the knot in her throat. Alex, Supergirl and probably every agent on the floor, was looking at Lena in shock. But more important than that, there was glimmers of understanding in their eyes too. Lena latched onto that, grabbing a hold of Alex’s arms.

“Alex, please,” she pleaded. “I can’t live through that kind of horror again! I won’t allow someone to use me for such evil.”

Alex swallowed against the tightness in her own throat. Lena was telling the truth, and she could see how terrified it made the CEO. She hadn’t told Kara this, but she had sent agents out to investigate the alley behind the bar where Lena said she was attacked. The three men were no where to be found, but there had been blood at the scene. A lot of it. And the agents had reported back that it appeared that the blood had burned the ground it had fallen on.

Without fully realizing what she was doing, Alex nodded. Relief was immediate in Lena’s eyes.

“Alex, no.” The anguish was just as clear in Kara’s voice. She looked between her sister and her friend, feeling caught in the middle of a hurricane that was trying to tear her apart.

“I... I don’t know,” Alex stuttered, feeling lost and not knowing what to do. Kara looked about ready to start yelling at her sister for even considering the possibility of Lena’s plan, when J’onn interrupted.

“If I may,” his soft voice broke through the fog to all three women. Almost as one, they turned and looked at him. “There may be one more thing we can try, before we take such extreme measures.”

“Ms. Luthor,” he addressed Lena specifically. “My people are very skilled telepaths. I had thought that if another species had tampered with your mind, it would be found in the scans that Agent Danvers performed. Though nothing showed on those, it may still be possible that this is the case. With your permission, I’d like to scan your mind, and try and find out what’s happening with you.”
“Will it take long?” Lena ask, sounding defeated. For a secret military black ops organization, these people were really reluctant to take out clear and present threats.

“It will only take a minute or two,” J’onzz replied, his voice still low and soothing.

“Fine,” Lena agreed. “But only if I have your word that after you’ve seen that no one has messed with my mind, you’ll do as I’ve asked and deal with this threat.”

Supergirl scoffed, and then stared at J’onzz in disbelief when he agreed.

“Alright. What do you need me to do?” Lena asked, feeling relief that this whole nightmare was almost over.

J’onzz smiled kindly at her. “Just relax, you won’t even be able to tell that I’m doing anything.”

Lena relaxed her arms and gave the alien director a curt nod that she was ready. A heartbeat passed, and then J’onzz’s eyes turned red and he began staring at her intently.

Lena gave a small gasp, making Kara take a step towards her instinctively, but all the of the CEO’s focus was inward. J’onzz had said that she wouldn’t be able to detect his presence in her mind, but he had been mistaken.

The moment that he entered her mind, Lena had felt it. It was similar, yet completely different from how her past self felt inside of her mind. With the other woman, it was more of a familiar invasion; as if part of the different mind belonged nestled within her own. With J’onzz, it was if something entirely foreign had entered the parts of her that no-one else should ever have access to. It was instinct that caused Lena to fight against the intrusion into her mind.

The voice in her mind also reacted strangely to J’onzz entering their mind. For a moment, she stopped. Completely and utterly ceased her attacks against Lena’s barriers, stopped her cries and her threats. For a brief moment, Lena could feel the others’ emotions; she was surprised, and for the smallest of moments, her other self had felt hope. Lena didn’t understand why her past self had felt that way, but as quickly as it had appeared, it vanished. In its stead came a wave of rage and something like betrayal. In that moment, both Lena and her past self were united in purpose; pushing J’onzz out of their head.
Not really knowing what she was doing, Lena was surprised when Director J'onzz took a sudden step back, his head snapping backwards as if he was just hit. Supergirl and Alex were looking at him in concern, but as the red faded from his eyes, he was looking only at Lena in surprise.

“I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to do that,” Lena apologized. He held up a hand, dismissing her apology.

“No, Ms. Luthor, I need to apologize to you. I should have believed what you told us. I’m sorry that we have wasted so much time.”

Lena’s shoulders shagged as tension she hadn’t realized she was holding left. Finally, someone else knew the truth of what was happening with her.

“What do you mean, Sir?” Alex asked, her focus on J’onn. Kara’s attention was on Lena, who she was worried was going to faint or start crying from relief.

“There is another presence in Ms. Luthor’s mind. Not an alien one,” he added, knowing what Alex was going to ask. “This, other person, is very old, and very powerful. However, she is not foreign to Lena’s mind. From what I was able to see, this other mind has been intertwined with your own for a long time, perhaps even since birth.” He directed the last part towards Lena.

“How could it have been there that long?” Lena questioned. “These memories and abilities only started in the last year.”

“I’m not sure,” J’onn confessed. “I didn’t have a lot of time to figure things out, but from what I could see, it appears as if sometime in your past you purposefully blocked off access to your past-self’s mind and memories. As for why they are coming through now; that is a question we can ask at a later time.”

“I won’t have a later.” Lena said. Her comment made J’onzz smile, and she shot a confused look towards Alex.

“No, Lena. I am very happy to let you know that extreme measures will not be necessary to stop you from losing control.”
Lena and J’onn sat cross-legged across from each other, the room around them empty and dark save for a single candle flame that flickered with their breaths. All was quite around them as they breathed, eyes closed, and together delved into Lena’s mind.

J’onn’s statement before had been meet with equal parts confusion and optimism. He had been quick to explain that since his people (Martians Lena learned) were gifted telepaths, they had figured out long ago how to force themselves into another’s mind and take control. It was a violent act and was considered one of their worst crimes. From infancy, their children had been taught the mental blocks and strength that would prevent another from taking control of their minds.

Though he had been unable to see much of Lena’s mind, J’onn had been confident that the blocks that Lena had unconsciously placed in her mind when she was younger could be strengthened by Martian techniques to prevent her past-self from ever taking control again. Lena had been so resolved in her path that it had taken a few minutes from J’onn to convince her that his plan was very possible.

Supergirl had pleaded with her to at least give it a chance, but it had been Alex who had finally convinced her that doing this was the best option.

“I know how brilliant you are Lena,” the agent had said. “To not even try to do this will be depriving the entire world of someone who is capable of doing so much good. You owe it to everyone to try.”

Her friends’ words giving her strength, Lena had nodded her head and allowed J’onn to lead her to the small room they now sat in. He had instructed her into a meditative state, telling her before hand how to let him enter her mind again so that he could guide her there.

With another deep breath, Lena opened her eyes. Or at least, that is what it felt like she did. In the physical sense, she hadn’t done a thing. But in her mind, she had opened her eyes to see a large space that mirrored the room they were sitting in.

She looked around, noting that the space around her was plain and bare, the only difference between the physical room and this one was an almost rhythmic pounding in the distance, as if someone was knocking on a distant door. Well this is depressing if this is all my mind can bother imagining, Lena thought to herself.

A chuckle sounded through the space as J’onn materialized across from her. “Don’t be upset Lena.
The fact that you’ve recreated this room perfectly in your mindscape is very impressive. The fact that right now that’s all there is, is not a sign of lack of imagination, but rather of strong mental and physic ability.”

Lena blinked as she took in alien. “Did you read my thoughts?” she accused.

J’onn lifted an eyebrow. “Lena, we are currently in your thoughts.”

“Right,” Lena huffed, her cheeks turning red. The drab grey of the walls took on a sudden pinkish hue, and Lena did a double take to make sure that she was actually seeing what she thought she was.

“Is that reacting to what I’m feeling?” she asked, pointing to the walls. J’onn simply nodded, knowing that he didn’t need to explain further to Lena. “Ok, that’s just great.”

*I’m in a place with a total stranger where my every thought and feelings are broadcasted out. Perfect.* Lena thought to herself. J’onn tried to hide his smile as Lena realized that she hadn’t thought it to herself at all.

“This is probably going to be very embarrassing for me.” She sighed.

“Oh god, what if I think of Kara?” the thought suddenly raced through her mind, but she shut it down as quickly as she could when she saw the quizzical way J’onn had looked at her. There was no need for him to catch even a glimpse of the way she thought of Kara.

“What do I do now?” Lena asked, trying to distract herself and J’onn from her thoughts. Luckily, he followed her lead. The pounding continued, and it gave Lena an uneasy feeling.

“I’m just here to tell you the basics; how it all visualizes depends on you.” He waited for her to nod that she understood. “The first thing you need to do is to think of you mind as its own entity; for some, they thought of it as a building, one that they can defend against attacks.”

Again, Lena nodded, and closed her eyes to try and create the space that J’onn was talking about. She tried for several minutes, but nothing happened. Her eyes flew open with a huff of breath, her frustration making the walls around them darken and crack. Flakes of concrete dust seemed to flake off in time to the pounding.
“Relax Lena,” J’onn instructed. “Don’t expect to be able to get it all on the very first try. These kinds of things are outside your realm of experience.”

“Ok,” Lena mumbled to herself as an idea came to her. “So, I need to put it into my realm of experience.”

Again, she closed her eyes. But this time she tried to visualize something rather than a building. She could feel it working even before she opened her eyes, and when she did open them, she let out a short triumphant shout. The once bare room now had a table, and a laptop sitting on it. The distant banging had ceased.

J’onn looked on quizzically as Lena sat down at the table and started reading the scrolling lines of code on the computer.

“Oh this,” Lena explained, gesturing to the laptop as he came over to look at it over her shoulder. “This is my mind. I thought that maybe part of the problem with visualizing a building is that I would need one that I feel secure in, and that’s what was causing me problems. But a computer and firewall that I built myself, that I can trust.”

Her fingers began to fly over the keys, typing in code and passwords. J’onn could tell from what she was thinking that Lena was already on the right path for what she needed to be doing. After a few minutes, Lena pulled back.

“I’ve isolated the different code and sorted them by colour,” she said, pointing at the different lines of code scrolling down the screen. “Blue is for what I’m sure is me; my thoughts and memories. Red is my past self, trying to hack her way into the mainframe.”

The lines of red code were coming in fast and steady, to the same rhythm that the knocking had been.

“And these lines of green and black, what are they?” J’onn prompted. Lena frowned, and tapped away at the computer again for a moment.

“The green… I think that’s old code. See here, how its being overwritten by the red?” Lena asked, pointing out her observation. “I think those are what you were talking about earlier; the old firewalls that I put up as a child. She’s been attacking those, and nothing new has been replacing them. You can see her destroying them.” The red lines of code were overwriting the green at a rapid pace.
Seeing it happen so quickly made Lena’s breath short and rapid.

“Breath Lena, it will all be alright. Write the new code, fight back.” The gentle instruction came from over her shoulder.

With a deep breath, Lena let her fingers fly over the keyboard. With every keystroke, her confidence grew. Visions and magic may be where her past self held control, but there would be no beating her when it came to the world of technology.

Using the old blue code as a building block, Lena began to write new firewalls. They were stronger and ten times more resistant than the ones she had made as a child. As she wrote, the lines of red code seemed to start coming in faster, but the efforts were sloppy. It was like trying to keep a sub-par hacker out of L-Corps servers; almost ridiculously easy.

Lena felt a grin growing on her face as the lines of red code started to slow down, before eventually fading out all together. She shot her fists into the air, shouting out in happiness.

“Well done, Lena,” J’onn said, laying a hand on her shoulder. “That went really well.”

“Is she gone now?” she asked, turning around to face him.

“I don’t think she can ever really be gone,” he said after a moment to think. “She is a part of you, part that you can’t deny. But that should prevent her from taking control away from you.”

Lena nodded, recognizing the truth behind his words. She turned back to the computer, now dominated by blue, green and black lines of code. Her brow furrowed as she looked at the black code; there was something about them, something she couldn’t ignore.

Almost cautiously, she put her fingers back on the keyboard and began to peel away the layers to get at the black code. They somehow felt familiar to her, and she needed to figure out what they were.

“Lena?” J’onn questioned, able to feel some of what Lena was feeling.

“There’s something here,” she muttered, getting closer to cracking the code. “Something that I’ve
been missing.

With a final few keystrokes, she broke the encryption holding back the black code. As the locked data became available, she gasped, and in the physical world her shock was echoed.

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“They’ve been in there for too long,” Kara muttered as she paced back and forth in front of the door Lena and J’onn had disappeared behind over an hour ago. Alex was leaning against the wall on the other side of the hallway, trying to not get frustrated over her sisters pacing.

“Kara, please stop,” she begged. “You’re wearing a hole in the cement.”

Her comment caused Kara to stop and look down at the floor in concern before her brain caught up and remembered that it was just an expression. She shot Alex a glare when her sister laughed at her antics.

“How can you be so calm, Alex?” she asked. “This is Lena! What if it doesn’t work? What do we do then?”

Alex had no answer for that, and just shrugged. Kara grabbed the edge of her cape, rolling the fabric between her fingertips. The crinkle appeared between her eyes.

“What?” Alex asked, knowing all her sisters’ quirks that showed she was trying hard not to ask a question. When Kara looked up at her, Alex tilted her head and lifted an eyebrow, silently telling her little sister to not even try to deny it.

“Would you have done it?” the hero asked in a small voice. Alex’s heart clenched; it had been a very long time since she had heard Kara sound so scared. “Would you have killed her?”

She laid her head back against the concrete, thinking about how best to answer the question. She had the oddest feeling that if she answered wrong, it could make Kara hate her.

“I wouldn’t have wanted to,” Alex finally replied. Kara’s eyes hardened.
“How could you even think about it? Lena’s your friend too.” Her voice was harder then she intended it to be. She knew that she had no right to bite Alex’s head off, but the thought of losing Lena scared her so much. And Kara had never dealt with fear very well; better to get angry, that she could work with.

“I know Kara,” the weariness in Alex’s voice made the anger fade from Kara’s shoulders. “But you heard her; she was terrified of what had happened when she wasn’t in control. It reminded me of…” She stopped.

“Reminded you of what?” Kara promoted. Alex turned and looked at her.

“It reminded me of when we got you back from the Red Kryptonite,” she said. “If you had to choose between being influenced by that again, or Lena’s solution, what would you want?”

Kara was spared from giving an answer she didn’t have by the sound of a gasp from inside the room. In an instant she turned and was at the door, reading to pull it open and make sure that Lena was ok. She was beaten to the punch when the door opened from the inside, Lena standing on the other side. Her friend looked in shock.

“Lena, what is it? Are you ok?” Kara asked. Lena’s eyes drifted over to her.

“I remember,” she said. Alex and Kara shared a look, not understanding.

“Who I’ve been fighting against; my past life. I remember it. Her name was Morgana, but she’s remembered in history and Morgan Le Fay.”

Chapter End Notes

So the big reveal/blocking Morgana from taking control didn't go quite how I wanted. It ended up feeling a little rushed and easy. But writing more just didn't feel right. Hope it was OK.

All your comments and kudos have been so lovely, and very inspiring. I have three other chapters already written, and I'm hopeful to keep writing a chapter a week or so. I don't want there to be any break in weekly updates until the story is over!
Thanks to you all, and I hope you enjoyed.
“Morgan Le Fay??” Winn asked once again. “As in Arthur, Knights of the Round Table, Excalibur; that Morgan Le Fay?”

“Yes,” Lena replied, her forehead leaning against her hand, her elbow propped up on the table. After coming out with her astonishing statement, J’onn had led Lena to the DEO’s conference room, recognizing that she needed some time to sort things out. They all did.

Alex and Supergirl had trailed after them, both concerned. Winn had come running into the room only minutes later, bursting at the seams with questions he was dying to ask Lena. Alex shot him a glare (one of several over the past few minutes) as she handed Lena a glass of water, running her hand over the other woman’s shoulders before sitting next to her.

Across the table, Kara shifted in her seat, her arms crossed over her chest. It bugged her how touch-feely Alex was being with Lena; or maybe it bugged her that Lena was letting Alex be so touchy-feely, but had maintained purposeful distance from her (well from Supergirl, not Kara). Whatever the reason, she caught herself frowning as Lena glanced up at Alex with an affectionate smile.

“So you’re past life is a legendary figure that has been around in human mythology since the early Medieval period.” Kara didn’t realize how dismissive her comment was until Lena shot her a perturbed look.

“I know it sounds crazy, but its what I remember,” she said, her voice tired. She had felt drained since coming out of the mind-space with J’onn. “Whatever I did when J’onn and I were in my mind, it not only blocked Morgana from taking control of me again, it unlocked most of her memories too. I wouldn’t believe it if it wasn’t happening to me.”

“But like Merlin, and magic and dragons!” Winn almost shouted, nearly bouncing in his seat. “Its all real?” Lena had to laugh softly at his antics. It was nice having someone so excited about her discovery; if she didn’t feel so tired, she would have been bouncing around with him too.

“Yeah,” she started. “At least I think so. There are definitely things that I can’t remember, almost as if Morgana was hiding them even from herself. I remember dragons, magic, Arthur and Camelot. I’m not sure if Merlin was real; I don’t seem to remember him at all.”

While that was technically true, and Lena didn’t have solid memories of a man named Merlin, she had felt something strong twist in her gut when she thought of the famed wizard. It was just another thing to add to her list of bizarre occurrences that she wanted to explore more of.

“You say you remember magic,” J’onn said. “Do you know if you still have access to those powers, or were they blocked off with Morgana?”

Lena thought for a second, searching her own feelings. “No it’s still here. It even feels stronger now than before. There’s more power that I can tap into, and I remember more spells; I think Morgana was holding things back from me on purpose, so that I had to rely on her more. And the more I relied on her, the stronger she got.”
J’onn nodded, taking all the information in stride. “If you’ll agree to it, I’d like you to stay at the DEO for a few days so that we can keep an eye on you; make sure that the mental blocks you put in place hold.”

Lena hesitated, not liking the idea of being stuck here any longer then she needed to. A soft squeeze on her arm drew her attention to Alex, who nodded slightly at her, wordlessly asking her to accept J’onn’s offer. Lena nodded at the director, wanting to appease her friend.

“While you’re here, you can test out your abilities too!” Winn added eagerly. “I’m sure you’ve got some set up in your labs, but here you can go against the same tests and training we have for Supergirl. We can see how magic compares against alien biology!”

His excitement was infectious, and it made Lena’s smile widen even as she stifled a yawn. Beside Winn on the opposite side of the table, Kara sat up a little straighter. It hadn’t occurred to her magic may be just as powerful as she was. She found herself starting to hope, to fantasize about a future where Lena might stand beside as a hero. To have someone else with powers to work with; to work with Lena…

“Oh, that sounds fun,” Lena conceded, “But don’t start getting any ideas about me becoming some kind of nighttime superhero. My schedule is already busy enough as it is. So no making me a suit or anything.”

“Spoilsport,” Winn muttered good naturedly as he slumped in his chair. Lena noticed Supergirl’s shoulders sag too, a look of disappointment crossing the hero’s face. She wondered what that was all about. She hide another jaw-cracking yawn behind her hand.

“I don’t suppose that there’s any chance I can go back to my own apartment for a good nights sleep, is there?” Lena asked. “I could always come back here in the morning.” She added, trying to sound convincing even though she knew there wasn’t much hope in the DEO letting her do that.

“I’d prefer it if you were somewhere were we could monitor you,” J’onn said, a rueful smile in place. “I suspect that Morgana may try to take advantage when you’re in a such vulnerable state.”

“Well, I had to ask,” Lena mumbled, smiling softly to herself.

Kara opened her mouth, and then closed it again. She had been about to suggest that Lena stay with her, and then had remembered that Lena didn’t know that Kara and Supergirl were one and the same. The unspoken truth between them felt heavy.

“She can stay with me,” Alex spoke up. “I can monitor her just as well in my apartment as I can here, and a she can definitely sleep better at my place then on one of the DEOs cots.”

Lena looked hopefully over at J’onn, who thought it over for a minute. That same ugly feeling from before was creeping back into Kara’s chest, and she didn’t like it. She should be happy that Alex could be there for their friend when she couldn’t, but all Kara could focus on was that she wanted to be with Lena, not Alex.

“Alright,” J’onn agreed. Lena shot Alex a happy smile. “But if anything happens, you report back to the DEO immediately, understood?”

“Yes, sir.” Alex was grinning too. Her and Lena shared a look; Kara shifted in her seat. She had never hated keeping her secret so much before.

**
After grabbing some extra DEO sweats to sleep in, Lena and Alex headed over to the apartment right away. During the drive, Lena debated calling Kara to let her know that she was alright, but decided that it was too late to wake her friend up.

It was an excuse, and Lena knew it. She knew that Kara was the kind of friend, that even if she had been able to sleep after Lena’s tense call earlier, wouldn’t have minded one bit to be woken up to be informed Lena was alright. The real reason she didn’t call or even text was the wasn’t sure how, or even if, to bring up her magic with Kara. She knew that the reporter was open-minded, and good with aliens; but it was different if someone close to her was so radically different from other humans.

She was also putting off calling Kara because she was scared to explain why she had even called her in the first place. She was scared that Kara would be horrified over what she had let Morgana do while in control, even if logically she knew that Kara would never blame her. But how would she react to knowing that Lena had asked her to get in touch with Supergirl so that Lena could get the hero to kill her? No, it was better to wait for that conversation, even if it was just until the rise of the sun.

Feeling guilty, but firm in her decision, Lena had stayed quiet during the ride to Alex’s apartment. In fact, she found herself startling awake more then once. Once arriving, they had argued briefly over who would sleep on the couch and who would take the bed; Alex’s stubbornness won, and so Lena took the big comfy bed. She was out like a light as soon as she laid down and pulled the covers over her shoulders.

**

Lena was in a dark, small space. Pain coursed through every nerve in her body, but she refused to scream. Screaming would mean being defeated; screaming would bring something worse then the pain.

“Stop fighting!” A voice drifted from somewhere. Lena whipped her head back and forth, but she couldn’t see whose voice it was. “You’ve always been so difficult, I suppose I’m not surprised that you wouldn’t cooperate now.”

Pain even worse then before exploded through her, making her body convulse and spasm. Something was at the back of her mind, waiting to burst free. She fought it, but the pain made it impossible. She screamed, and it was free.

...

Lena was standing in her office, her back to the windows, Kara in front of her. She looked around, disconcerted by the sudden change of scenery. She saw more then felt her hand stretch out, magic playing along her fingertips, but she couldn’t really feel it, and she didn’t know what magic she had shown Kara.

All she knew for certain was the look of horror, disgust and sadness that distorted her friends face. Lena’s heart clenched painfully at seeing Kara look at her like that; as if she were a monster.

Resolve hardened the reporters face. “I’ll find a way to stop you.”

No, Kara please! Her heart cried, but no words escaped from her, and she stayed perfectly still as she watch Kara walk away from her. The reporters hands were tightened into fists, and every step away made her heart break over and over again. It should have been impossible, but it hurt worse then the torture.
“Kara!” Lena woke screaming out the name. Her cheeks were wet, and she couldn’t tell if it was from tears or the sweat she was drenched in. She was gulping in deep, ragged breaths, her limbs shaking. The pain in her chest remained.

“Lena, it’s ok,” Alex tried to calm her, and she belatedly realized that the agent was beside her on the bed, her arms wrapped around her shoulders, trying to hold her steady. She grabbed onto Alex’s arm, needing to ground herself to something.

Alex continued to soothe her, a hand rubbing circles on her lower back. “Breath Lena; deep breaths in and out. Breath with me.” Against her back, Lena felt Alex’s chest expand and contract. She tried to focus and match her breathing.

“That’s it Lena,” she coached. “Just breath and relax. It was just a bad dream.” At her words, Lena’s shoulders tensed again. She shook her head.

“No, it wasn’t,” she gasped out brokenly.

**

It took almost half an hour for Lena to calm down enough to finally start telling Alex what she meant. Sitting with her legs pulled up her chest, arms wrapped around her knees, she told Alex about her ability to see visions of the future. She had been sceptical at first, but then Lena told her how she had dreamed the attack on her gala (leaving out the part of Supergirl originally dying; she didn’t need word getting back to the hero and her thinking she was in Lena’s debt or anything). After hearing the story, Alex was convinced.

“So, this dream, vision I guess; it was about Kara?”

Lena pulled herself tighter into a ball. She nodded miserably, the look on Kara’s face burned into her memory.

“Is she ok? Was something happening to her?” Ever the protective big sister, Alex’s main concern was protecting Kara. Lena shook her head.

“No, nothing was happening to her,” Lena muttered, feeling tears sting her eyes again. She swallowed loudly, Alex waiting as patiently as possible for her to continue.

“She’s going to hate me,” she whispered, her voice broken and small.

“What?” Alex asked in disbelief. “Kara could never hate you, Lena.”

“She will,” she insisted. “I saw it; I showed her my magic and… She looked so disgusted, Alex. She looked at me like I was some… she looked at me like I was a Luthor.” Her voice broke.

Alex’s forehead was furrowed, and she looked confused.

“That’s not possible Lena,” she insisted. It didn’t make any sense; Kara already knew about Lena’s magic, why would Lena see her react so badly to it?

“I saw it, Alex,” Lena insisted, though she was wondering why she wasn’t letting herself take comfort in the idea of being wrong.

“Do your visions always come true?” Alex asked gently. Lena hesitated.

“No, but…”
“No ‘buts’ then,” Alex interrupted. “I don’t know what you saw, but I know my sister. There is no way that she would react like that. She’d never see you like that.”

“I can’t take that chance, Alex!” Lena practically sobbed. “I hear what you’re saying, but I also know what I saw. If I tell her about my magic, I’m going to lose her. I can’t lose her.” The last part was spoken barely above a whisper.

“Promise me that you won’t tell her,” at Alex’s strained face, Lena turned towards him more fully. “Promise me Alex!” she insisted.

“Ok,” she promised, even knowing that this would undoubtedly turn into a problem. “I promise that I won’t tell Kara.”

**

Eventually, Lena fell asleep again, this time with Alex staying beside her. She slept fitfully, tossing and turning for the remainder of the night, but there were no more dreams. Alex woke first, the sound of soft knocking on her door waking her up. She groggily pulled herself from the covers, Lena rolling over into the vacated warm spot, and made her way to the door, suspecting who it was.

Her suspicions correct, she grabbed one of the cups of coffee that Kara was holding out to her. Her sister also had a brown bag, delicious greasy smells wafting out of it towards her. Without thinking, she ushered her inside, giving her a quick one armed hug.

Kara’s eyes immediately latched onto Lena’s sleeping form. Her hair was fanned out around her on the pillow, her face soft and relaxed in sleep.

“She’s so beautiful,” Kara thought to herself, before the implications of where Lena was hit her. She was sleeping in a bed; Alex’s bed. And it was clear from the imprints in the other pillow, and the softly uncoiling mattress, that Alex had lain beside her.

*That* feeling came back, welling up with a sudden intensity that almost scared her. Kara told herself to calm down; there was no need to be feeling whatever it was that she was feeling. Friends shared beds all the time; in fact she and Lena had shared a bed together as well. But instead of calming her down, that thought made a knot start in Kara’s chest. It made her feel as if Alex was taking her place in Lena’s life. She didn’t like the feeling.

Unaware of her sisters internal conflict, Alex took a long sip of coffee, her brain starting to wake up. As she did, she remembered what happened last night.

“Kara,” she hissed, trying to be quite enough to not wake Lena. “You should go!”

“What? Why?” Kara hissed back, defensive about being told to leave.

“Kara doesn’t know that Lena’s here, so why would you come by to see her?” Alex whispered frantically. Kara just shrugged, not really caring to see the big deal.

“So tell her you called and told me she was here,” she replied, taking a sip of coffee, trying to act unbothered.

Alex was about to respond, but both Danvers froze as they heard Lena start to wake up.

“Alex?” she called out, voice still sleep rough. Kara thought she saw her reach out to try and feel where Alex had been sleeping. Finding that she was no longer beside her, Lena flipped over and looked out into the room, catching site of Alex and Kara in the kitchen area, both looking as if they
got caught with the cookie jar.

Lena’s face instinctively softened at seeing Kara, and all was good in the world in the moment until she remembered her dream. Anxiety spiked through her system, waking her up faster then coffee could.

“Kara. What are you doing here?” she questioned, pulling the covers closer to her body as if in hiding. Kara didn’t understand her friends reaction.

“Alex called me and said that you were here. I wanted to check in on you,” she said, not understanding the hurt look Lena shot Alex, or her sisters strained look back.

“I brought coffee,” she finished lamely, feeling as if she were interrupting something between her best friend and sister. She didn’t like the idea that there was something there to interrupt.

“Thank you,” Lena said, a wariness in her voice that Kara couldn’t help but pick up. She got up from the bed, pulling a DEO sweater on over her black tank top. Just like the last time Kara had seen Lena this early in the morning, she had the thought of how amazing she looked, and how nice it felt to see her like this. The emotions were soured with the knowledge that it had meant to be only Alex to see her this way.

Kara handed over the cup of coffee, which Lena gingerly took. In fact, all her movements were measured and stiff, as if she was uncomfortable around her.

“Are you alright?” she questioned. “You sounded really upset when you called me last night.” It killed her that she had to play at not knowing what was happening with Lena, but it was the way things were. For now at least.

“I’m fine,” Lena answered, her voice calm and measured. Kara recognized it instantly as the same professional tone that Lena used in business dealings. And to talk to Supergirl.

“You said you needed Supergirl,” Kara prompted, not understanding why her friend wasn’t telling her what happened.

“It was nothing, Kara.” An obvious lie, even if Kara didn’t already know everything that had happened. “Just an overreaction on my part.”

Kara leaned back, her confusion and hurt clear on her face. She glanced at Alex, but her sister had her face hidden from her. She realized that what happened last night would be difficult to talk about, but she didn’t understand why Lena was lying about it all-together.

She took a step forward, reaching out to place her hand on Lena’s arm. The CEO moved a step back, away from her. Kara let her arm fall, hurt spreading through her chest.

Lena felt guilty. She could tell that Kara didn’t believe her, and was hurt and confused by her actions. But she couldn’t even fully explain them to herself, let alone to the woman who was more then just a friend to her. She was being driven by the fear of Kara rejecting her, and was acting as if she already had.

Maybe it was an attempt to try and distance her heart from the woman, because she believed that it was inevitable that she was going to lose her.

The tense situation was broken by more knocking on the door. Alex shot Kara a quizzical looking, which she returned with a shrug before moving to open the door. The person on the other side made Alex freeze in place, her heart stuttering.
“Maggie,” she said, her voice stuttering slightly. “What are you doing here?”

Seeing Alex, Maggie couldn’t have stopped the soft smile from dimpling her cheeks before smothering it down. She was here on business, after all.

“Well, Alex,” she started, trying not to let her heartsickness be too obvious in her voice. “I’m here on official business. You wouldn’t happen to know where Lena Luthor is, would you?”

Inside the apartment, Lena’s head picked up, hearing her name. She and Kara shared a glance, then Alex looked back at Lena in a silent question. When she gave back a small nod, Alex opened the door wider, letting Maggie see that Lena was inside.

Seeing Lena in Alex’s apartment, hair sleep mussed, wearing comfy clothes and Kara there for what looked like a breakfast hang out, turned Maggie’s stomach. It all seemed so domestic, and she knew what she was feeling was the ugliest of jealousies; after all, if she hadn’t been such a coward, this could have been her. She cleared her throat, trying to get back into a professional frame of mind.

“Ms. Luthor,” she greeted. “I’m here to inform you that your mother was broken out of prison last night.”

“What!” Kara exclaimed, instantly on her feet. Alex was immediately asking for details of what happened, but Lena felt numb. She only listened vaguely as she heard the detective recount that Metallo, powered by more kryptonite, stormed the prison, getting almost to Lillian’s cell before confronting and killing several guards and freeing Lillian Luthor.

Lena sat down heavily on the couch, trying to process what she was hearing. Her mother, the woman who had tried to commit mass genocide, the woman that she had helped put behind bars, was free. She was suddenly very glad that she had better access to her magic now; Lillian had never placed much stock on their mother-daughter bond even before Lena got her arrested. She was certain she could now add another family member to the list of people who wanted her dead.

Kara sat down beside Lena on the couch, placing a hand on her shoulder. “Are you ok?”

Lena wanted nothing more then to lean into the comfort she was being offered, but she had resolved to try and distance herself from Kara; to not need her so much. So she pulled away from the warmth of Kara’s hand, choosing to get up and stand next to Alex to face this situation head on; she missed the way Kara’s face fell.

Finished telling Alex all the details that she was allowed to, Maggie turned towards Lena. “We believe that Metallo had help; not just in breaking so far into the prison without being detected, but also in obtaining Kryptonite. Where were you last night, Ms. Luthor?”

“You can’t possibly thing that Lena had anything to do with this!” Kara shouted before anyone else had a chance to react. Alex placed her hands on her hips, glaring at Maggie.

“It’s standard procedure,” Maggie defended.

“Because I’m a Luthor,” Lena thought bitterly to herself, but it was too cliché to say it out loud. She wouldn’t be surprised to find out that her mother had somehow set it up to implicate her.

“She was with me,” Alex stated, voice hard. “All night.” She couldn’t help but wonder if Maggie coming after Lena may have also been a little personal.

“You know why I can’t just take your word for that,” Maggie responded, a muscle in her jaw clenching. Kara furrowed he eyebrows in confusion. Lena bite back a sigh; if she got arrested
because of Alex’s stupid lie…

“Would you believe Supergirl? Director J’onzz or dozens of other DEO agents?” Alex countered. “Lena was in the DEO, surrounded by witnesses, from 1 o’clock yesterday afternoon until 2:30 this morning. After that, we came back here and haven’t left since; I’m sure the apartment manager would be happy to give you access to the security footage to confirm.”

Maggie narrowed her eyes a little at the blatant hostility in Alex’s tone and coming off of Kara in waves as she stood behind Lena with her arms crossed. “I’m just doing my job.”

“I understand,” Lena stepped in, being the peacekeeper since no one else was going to. “Thank you Detective. I’ll give you the name of my lawyers, and they will be happy to provide you with whatever you need.”

Maggie nodded, appreciating her rivals composure if nothing else, and pulled out her notepad to write the information down on. With another trying-not-to-be-heartsick glance at Alex, Maggie left.

Lena immediately crossed over and slumped down onto the couch, hiding her face in her hands. Kara started over, intent to sit on the couch and wrap her arms around Lena, but she stopped. She didn’t understand why Lena was suddenly rejecting all physical comfort she offered, but she had to respect her clear wishes. Alex seemed to have no such reservations, as she went and sat down, sling an arm around Lena’s shoulders. To Kara’s frustration, Lena leaned into the contact.

“It’s going to be ok,” Alex soothed.

“It’s just so much, you know?” Lena spoke, her words muffled by her hands. “My mother escaping, my ma… It’s so much, all right now.” She had to cut herself off, as she was about to talk about her magic. She couldn’t deal with losing Kara right now, not on top of everything else that was going on.

Alex shot Kara a dirty look. It was easy to understand what her sister meant by it; “Making Lena think you don’t know what’s going is only going to hurt her in the long run.” It was clear that Alex thought that it was time Kara tell Lena that she was Supergirl. She agreed, it was long past time for Lena to know. She wanted to tell her right then, but there was already so much on Lena’s shoulders. Kara would wait, certain that the right time would come soon enough.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you all enjoyed! Kara’s starting to get jealous! Man that was fun to write her being all jealous and such. To bad she doenst recognize it for what it is.
Avoidance isn't Good for the Heart

For hiding from life, this was turning out to be fairly productive. It had been several days since the morning in Alex’s apartment, and Lena had spent the majority of her time at the DEO practicing her newly remembered magical skills. She had insisted Alex take her back to the DEO as soon as possible; she figured if her mother was going to start hunting her, she was going to be prepared with quite the surprise counterattacks.

Her hair was pulled back into a single braid to keep it out of her face, but she found that she was still moving around enough that it occasionally hit her in the face. Sweat was beaded on her forehead, and she was already dreaming about her shower.

After the first night spent at Alex’s, Lena had demanded that she be allowed to spend the nights in her own apartment. J’onn had been reluctant, but had eventually given in. Lena knew she would end up needing the comfort of her own space in the coming days, as well as the privacy. She was embarrassed that Alex had seen her break down over a dream, and she had that encounter hanging over them now (it didn’t help that Lena knew that Alex didn’t believe that Kara would act as she had seen).

And if she were in her own space, it was easier to dodge Kara, which she had been doing splendidly. She hadn’t seen the report since the morning after her mother escaped, and though it created an almost physical ache to be away from her, Lena convinced herself that it was the right thing to do. Distancing and hardening yourself against someone before they could hurt you was the practical thing to do, right?

She blew out breath from pursed lips, then sucked in a deep drought of air, readying herself for her next move. She closed her eyes, pulling the spell to the front of her mind.

“Bebiede be arisan ciwicu,” The words fell from her tongue, her eyes glowing golden. The three rabbits that a moment ago had been nothing but pixels were now happily bounding across the floor towards Lena. Not able to stifle her laughter, she bent down and tried to give equal pets to the three energetic creatures.

“Rabbits?” The voice suddenly coming from the doorway startled her, and she looked up in time to
see Supergirl bend down and pick up one of the little fluffy guys. Her face was split by a huge grin as the bunny nestled into her arms.

“Well I got tired of blowing things up,” Lena said, standing up and straightening her clothes. “And rabbits are fairly traditional, even if they’re not coming from top hats.”

Supergirl laughed, her attention returning to the rabbit. This gave Lena a moment to study the hero openly. It seemed that the superhero had been spending as much time as possible with Lena, which confused her. Sure, they had been on friendly enough terms before this, but now Supergirl seemed determined to become closer to the CEO.

Lena’s first thought had been that Kara had asked her friend to keep an eye on her, since Lena had been avoiding the reporter. But then she remembered the moments that it had just been the two of them in Lena’s apartment. It was fair to say that things between them had gotten intimate. She couldn’t help but wonder if the hero had read into it more then she should have.

If that were the case, Lena was flattered, but she couldn’t let it go on any further. Even if there hadn’t been all the bad blood between their families, Lena couldn’t return the hero’s feelings; her heart, for better or worse, was fixed on Kara. She didn’t want to be so hung up on a straight girl, but she had never felt what she did for Kara with anyone else, even her college girlfriend Jack, and they had dated for nearly three years. It was best to keep things professional between her and the hero.

Lena’s internal musings were cut short when she realized that she had been staring at Supergirl. The hero’s head was ducked, and she was smiling up at Lena almost shyly as she hugged the rabbit.

“You must have a lot of control, to be so gentle with it,” Lena said as a cover for her staring, pointing at the rabbit.

“It took a long time for me to learn how to control my strength. When I first got here, it was hard for me to touch anything without breaking it.” She looked quizzically at Lena. “Is that what its like for you? Learning control to stop you from destroying things?” Lena thought for a moment.

“At first my magic was expressing itself only if I was experiencing intense emotions. It was a little dangerous then; I didn’t know what it would do, or what would set it off. Now though; its more like returning to an old skill you haven’t practiced in years. Even though I have never done it before, it feels like muscle memory.”
Supergirl was quite for a minute, processing all that Lena had said. “What’s it like, having memories of a different life?”

It was the same question, or a variant on it, that she had been getting over and over. She had thought about how best to answer, but she still couldn’t explain it well.

“It’s odd,” she said, starting to herd the bunnies back together. “I know what I can remember never happened to me, and sometimes it does feel foreign; but then I’ll catch myself looking for certain people, or about to refer to past events. I can’t explain it well, but the memories; they are mine, it all happened to me, but at the same time, they didn’t.”

Supergirl nodded, even though it was impossible for her to truly understand.

“You must be tired of people asking you that.” Her wry comment made Lena laugh out loud, prompting a startled but happy look from the hero.

“Well, better then some of the other questions I’ve gotten in the past year,” she responded ruefully. Supergirl knew what she meant, but wisely decided not to comment on it.

Lena now had the bunnies more or less clumped together, but she knew that wouldn’t last long with how energetic the creatures were. He held out her hand, finding it was easier to mentally direct the flow of magic.

She murmured a few words, and in front of her eyes, the three cuddly little bunnies that existed only a second ago turned back into pixels on a picture.

“That is so cool,” Supergirl breathed out.

“Says the woman who can fly.” Supergirl laughed, then looked thoughtful.

“Do you think you can?” she asked.

“What, fly?” Supergirl nodded. “I don’t know. Nothing immediately comes to mind to give me that ability, but I suppose it may be possible.”
“I think it would be pretty cool to fly with you,” Supergirl said, ducking her head to hide the red in her cheeks, as if she hadn’t meant to say that out loud.

Lena tried not to sigh. She didn’t want to be right, but Supergirl was certainly acting as if she were attracted to her. Lena didn’t have the time or the energy to deal with that.

“Well, even if there is a spell that allows me to, I wouldn’t be flying.” She got a puzzled look at her words. “I hate flying,” Lena finished simply. The hero’s mouth formed a silent ‘oh’, disappointment shadowing across her face before she wiped it away with a smile.

“So with that,” she gestured to the picture. “Does it only work with animals, or can you bring other things out?”

“I haven’t had time to try yet,” Lena answered distractedly. She was feeling the physical drain that came every time she used magic; she hoped that using magic would gradually take less and less effort the more she did it.

“If you could,” Supergirl continued hesitantly, “do you think you could bring places back too?”

Lena looked up to see the hero’s fingers fidgeting and she was trying too hard to make it seem like she would be unaffected by Lena’s answer. Her heart went out for the alien; if it were possible to bring places to reality from a picture, maybe she would be able to get pieces of her home world back. She didn’t know how to respond to that hope, so she simply shrugged.

“I don’t know,” she answered honestly. “But there are things even magic can’t do.”

“Yeah, of course.” Supergirl was hiding behind her smile, and it made Lena remember how much loss and pain the hero had gone through in her life. It was easy to forget, seeing as Supergirl was always ready with a smile, willing to make anyone feel better even if she was dying inside. That kind of person had to be admired, with or without powers.

“Are you doing alright?” Supergirl asked suddenly, changing the topic pretty obviously.

“Yes?” it was more of a question then answer, but Lena didn’t understand why Supergirl was suddenly asking her that.
“It’s just, a lot has happened all at once; Morgana’s attack on those men, you wanting me to, um… getting your memories and magic. Lillian. It’s a lot to happen all at once; it would be ok if you weren’t ok.”

Lena scrutinized the hero, making her fidget. “Did Kara Danvers ask you to check up on me?”

Supergirl’s cheeks went red, and Lena knew that even if the hero denied it, Supergirl was asking on Kara’s behalf.

“Why would you think she’d ask me to do that?” Supergirl asked.

“Honestly, I’ve been… distracted recently, and haven’t had the chance to really talk to her.” Lena had meant to say that she was avoiding Kara, but she decided that the hero didn’t need to know all the details of what was happening, or not happening, between her and the reporter.

“So she doesn’t know about any of this?” Supergirl fidgeted slightly when speaking, like she was hiding something. Probably her disapproval of Lena not telling their mutual friend.

“No, she doesn’t, and I have no intention of her finding out, so I would appreciate you not saying anything to her.” The hero frowned.

“You don’t want her to know? Ever?” She was confused, but Lena didn’t feel like clearing things up for her. Bad enough that Alex knew about her fears, she didn’t need Supergirl to know or judge either.

“I will tell her, eventually,” Lena said (and then I’ll lose her, she added to herself).

“Why don’t you want her to know?” Supergirl just wouldn’t leave it alone, would she?

“Because I’m having a hard enough time dealing with all this myself, right now,” Lena said, lying through omission of all the facts. “I need time to sort everything out before I can properly deal with her reaction too. I can’t ask her to deal with all this craziness until I’ve figured out how to deal with it myself.”
Kara knew that now was the time; right now, at this moment was the perfect time to tell Lena who she really was, and that she already knew all about the magic and everything. Right now, when Lena was confessing her insecurities and fears to her, she should tell her best friend that she had nothing to worry about, and that Kara was already here for her however she needed.

Kara knew all that, yet all she did was nod.

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After another day spent at the DEO, Lena made herself go back to work. She had wanted to stay and keep exploring her abilities, but she had to be responsible too. It didn’t help that the one year anniversary of her taking over as CEO of the company was steadily approaching, and the board was pushing towards having a celebratory gala. Not that she was feeling like celebrating the circumstances that led her to the job. But she supposed if she could make it into a charity event, it might be worth it.

She still spent time, either in her lab or at the DEO if she didn’t have any late night meetings, exploring and practicing her magic. It was her new favorite cathartic release after a bad day; hide away and change reality with little more then a thought.

One of the best things about being back at work was that it was no longer a lie when she told Kara that she was too busy working to see her. It still left a sour taste in her mouth, but it was better then completely lying to her friend. She had to bite back the immediate response to give in to Kara asking to see her every time she called. And she called a lot.

Lena hated herself every time she denied Kara’s requests to meetup, and she felt sick when she had to hear that dejected tone in the other woman’s voice. She had to keep telling herself that this was better in the long run, that it was better to start hardening her heart against Kara before she had a chance to break it fully. But even telling herself that over and over did little to stop the pain, not to mention the guilt.

The few times that Alex saw Lena over the next few days, she would always ask if the CEO had talked to Kara yet, even though if she had, Alex would have been the first person her sister talked to about it all. Lena knew that Alex disapproved of her keeping this from Kara, but at least she would let the subject drop and didn’t try to guilt Lena into sharing.

In total, it had been ten days since Lena had talked to Kara longer then five minutes. It had been a
trying day at the office, and Lena decided that she was going to leave a little early and go to the DEO to blow off some steam. She was just tidying up the papers in her office when her phone beeped with the notification of a text.

** Kara: ** Hey, Lena! I know you’ve been busy, but we’re still on to go to the opening of that new Korean BBQ place, right? What time did you want to meet up?

“Shit,” Lena swore under her breath. She and Kara had been planning to go the grand opening of this restaurant for well over a month now. Lena had eaten at the chef’s restaurant while on business in Korea, and had invested capital in their National City branch. Lena quickly started texting back.

** Lena: ** I’m sorry, I completely forgot. (Truth) I’m sorry to do this to you again, but I am behind at work. Its going to be another late night for me, I doubt I’ll make it out of here anytime soon. (Lie)

Her stomach turned as she waited for Kara’s reply.

** Kara: ** Oh.

Lena’s self-hatred only grew with the single word response. The little dots flickered at the bottom of the screen, then disappeared. After a moment, they came back.

** Kara: ** It’s ok, Lena. I know what it’s like to be swamped with work. We’ll just have to go another time then :) Talk to you soon??

Lena sighed and closed her eyes. Lying to this woman might be the death of her; but losing her as she had seen would destroy her completely.

** Lena: ** Of course. Have a good night, Kara.

**

Sweat dripped down Lena’s cheek as she swung at another cut-out that popped up beside her. With a clean slice, she cut it in two, using the momentum to swing herself around, throwing up an invisible
shield to protect herself from the blast of flame that had been heading towards her back. Not needing to vocalize the spell, magic threw the source back, breaking it open against the far wall.

Hearing a soft noise behind, she spun around again, her sword coming down in an arc to face the latest threat. She abruptly halted the movement, realizing that it was Alex standing there, and not another of the training machines.

“Woah!” Alex said, looking up at the tip of sword that she had jumped back to avoid. She eyed Lena, taking her in as she stood there with a blade at the ready. “Is it weird for me to say that that’s an attractive look for you?”

Lena blinked, then laughed as she lowered the weapon. “Sorry. I guess I got too into the training to realize it was you. I would have been bad if I had hit you.”

“Please,” Alex dismissed, coming over to nudge Lena’s shoulder with her own. “Highly trained special operative here; you weren’t even going to come close to touching me.”

Lena grinned, feeling her competitive side surface. Sometime in the near future, she and Alex were going to have to spar, and it promised to be a very fun event.

“Seriously, where did you learn to do all that?” Alex asked, gesturing around to the training room that was going to need cleaning. Lena shrugged, going for the nonchalant approach.

“Well the Luthors are an old-money family. Fencing was an acceptable sport to compete in,” she said, fighting to keep from smiling. When Alex gave her a disbelieving look, Lena cracked, smiling and laughing. “It’s also possible that Morgana knew how to do all this kind of stuff.”

Alex laughed along with her. “Well it’s pretty awesome to watch.”

“It felt really awesome to do,” Lena replied, pushing a few strands of hair off her face. “With the day I had, I needed something different; needed the physical exertion as well. Winn told me about this training area, said it’s where Supergirl does some training, though I can’t imagine it’s much of a challenge for her.”

“Nah, that’s what the Kryptonite room is for; lets me kick her ass.” Alex grabbed a towel and threw it to Lena to catch. “Are you gonna tell me why you had such a bad day?”
Lena stared ahead blankly, wiping the towel over her face. Alex nodded to herself.

“So it does have something to do with Kara,” she said sagely. Lena tried not to wince, but she wasn’t sure how well she hid it.

“Alex,” she started tiredly, but was stopped when the agent held up her hands in surrender.

“Hey, I’m not going to give you a hard time, or tell you what to do.” Lena eyed her warily. “You’ve got your reasons for keeping this from Kara, and even if I don’t get it or approve, I don’t tell other peoples secrets.”

“Thank you,” Lena said, deeply appreciative. She wasn’t used to friends like Alex, ones who wouldn’t use anything they could against her. It made her wonder worriedly if she would lose Alex too when she lost Kara.

The door to the room opened, a woman in a lab coat walking in.

“These are the test results on that Minbari you asked for, Agent Danvers,” she said, smiling widely up at the taller woman.

“Already? Del, you’re a genius!” Alex praised as she took the folder and started flipping through the pages. Her focus was on the report, so she missed the blush that bloomed on Del’s face, but Lena didn’t. She tried to hide her grin at the awestruck way the lab tech looked at Alex.

“This is great, work, like always. I knew it was best to bring this to you,” Alex continued with the praise, completely unaware of the effect it was having on the other woman.

“Well, I know what you’re doing is always important, so I put a rush on the work you order, Agent,” Del said, managing not to stumble over her words.

“Come on,” Alex said, finally look up from the papers with a lopsided grin. “How many times have I said you can call me Alex?”
The delighted smile and blush on Del’s face almost made Lena laugh out loud. The girl was such a goner for Alex. She was attractive; slightly shorter then Lena was, hair cropped short on her head and the contrast between the white lab coat and her dark skin was beautiful. Privately, Lena thought that Alex was doing a pretty good job for someone who was so worried about flirting with women.

“You can head home now, its getting pretty late. We’ll go over these in more detail tomorrow,” Alex said, smiling at the woman before starting to turn her attention back to Lena.

“Actually,” Del spoke up, “There’s this club event, thing, I’m going to tonight. A special DJ’s coming in to play, and its pretty cool ‘cause she’s this really famous chick from Iceland.”

“Ok?” Alex asked, not certain where this was going.

“I know it’s last minute,” Del took a deep breath to steady her nerves. “But would you like to go?”

Alex looked surprised by the offer, but took a minute to consider it.

“Sure, didn’t have any plans anyway,” she said, thinking that it wouldn’t hurt to get closer to the people she worked with. She looked over at Lena.

“It’s ok if Lena comes too, right?” She asked; it would be a good idea to get Lena out for the night. She didn’t understand why Del’s face fell, and she looked between her and Lena as if learning something significant.

“Oh,” Del said softly, a little crestfallen before plastering on a fake smile. “Of course.” She gave the details of the time and place to Alex, not feeling excited about the night at all anymore.

As soon as she was out of the room, Lena whirled on her friend, hitting her across the shoulder.

“Ow!” Alex yelped, rubbing at her arm. “What was that for?”

“What do you mean, what was that for?” Lena grouched. “You think I’d enjoy third-wheeling your date?”
“Date? What are you talking about, Del was just being nice,” Alex protested, her normally brilliant mind taking long moments to figure out what was happening. Lena gave her an incredulous look; was she being serious? After another minute of Alex staring at her blankly, Lena realized that yes, she didn’t realize what had just happened.

“Oh my god,” she laughed-sighed. “You’re such a useless lesbian! Del likes you, and she was trying to ask you out.”

Lena had to laugh as Alex’s face changed from confusion to eye-widening understanding and horror.

“Congratulations, Agent Danvers,” Lena teased, her voice overly-serious. “You have your first real date with a woman.”

“No.” Alex started to shake her head emphatically. “I can’t have a date, it’s not a…” she trailed off. All of Lena’s mirth evaporated when she realised that Alex looked genuinely scared and confused.

“Hey,” she said softly, grabbing onto Alex’s shoulders and rubbing them soothingly. “What’s wrong?”

“I can’t go on a date Lena,” Alex said misty eyed. “I’m not ready. Everything with Maggie…” Hurt flashed across her face at the detectives name. “I’m just not ready.”

“It’s ok, I’ll go with you,” Lena assured her. Going to a club hadn’t been what she wanted to do this evening, but she would deal with crowds and too-loud music for her friend. “Del already knows I’m going, and from the way you asked, I’m pretty sure she thinks we’re a couple. So at least she won’t think it’s a date.”

Alex laughed wetly. “You don’t have to be so nice you know. With the amount of people who think we’re dating, you’ll never get a date yourself.” Lena laughed along with the joke.

“Trust me, that’s not a problem for me right now. I’m not really interested in dating right now; anyone attainable anyways.”

**
“Honestly, who dumps paint on a dancing crowd of people?” Lena complained again as Alex ushered them both into her apartment. “They need to put up signs or something, letting people know that their clothes are going to be ruined if they go to that club.”

Alex just nodded, pissed off as well, but not quite as much as Lena had been. After all, her clothes didn’t have nearly the same price tag.

The party had initially been fun, if a little awkward around Del. The awkwardness had faded when she caught the attention of a tall red head that she danced with the rest of the evening. The music had been good, the DJ obviously talented, even if it really wasn’t to Lena or Alex’s taste. The alcohol had been nearly free flowing; inexpensive, but good quality.

It had been just after midnight, and around the time that the girls were feeling like calling it a night anyways, that multicolored paint had started to rain down from the ceiling onto the crowd. Most everyone else started whooping and hollering, enjoying themselves, but it was not what ether women had wanted.

Covered in different shades of paint, they left the club, Alex insisting that Lena come to her apartment to get cleaned up since it was significantly closer then Lena’s own.

“Go ahead and jump in the shower first,” Alex insisted, feeling like it was her fault that the painting had happened in the first place. “I’ve got some clothes that should fit you, just let me clean up first before I go rooting through my stuff. There’s a spare robe in the bathroom closet that you can use until then. And don’t worry, I’ll pay to have your clothes cleaned.”

“I’ll except the first use of the shower, but you don’t have to pay for my cleaning, Alex. I’m a billionaire, I can pay for my own cleaning.”

Alex agreed half-heartedly, and Lena had a feeling that she would try later to insist about paying. Deciding that would be a battle for another day, she headed towards the shower. It wasn’t as big or luxurious as her own, but it soothed her tired muscles and washed the paint down the drain, so she didn’t care.

She used the shampoo and body wash that was in the shower, feeling kind of weird about using Alex’s stuff even though the other woman had insisted. It was nicely scented, but not what she was used to. She found it equal parts disconcerting and funny that she would end up smelling like Alex until she could shower at her own home.
Mindful not to take too long, she turned the hot water off with a sigh. It would have been nice to stay under the spray for awhile longer, but she didn’t want to leave Alec covered in paint. When she was drying off, there was a knock at the door.

“Hey, I’m starving, so I ordered a couple of pizza’s. I know that chicken Caesar is your favorite, so I have one of those coming too.” Alex called through the closed door. The mention of food made Lena’s stomach growl; she hadn’t realized how hungry she was. She wrapped herself in the robe and excited the bathroom.

The paint had really started to dry, and Alex was fighting not to itch. “The delivery place I ordered from is really fast, so the food might get here before I’m out of the shower. I left money on the counter for it, so don’t even think about paying for it Luthor.” She warned with a pointed finger. Lena put her hand to her chest, shock on her face as if to say *who, me?*

With a laugh, Alex brushed past her into the bathroom. Lena left to wander around, taking in all the details of Alex’s apartment as she waited for the other woman to be done so she could grab her some clothes.

A few minutes later, the water shut off, signaling that Alex was done. Not even a minute later, there was a knock on the door. Eager to start eating the delicious food, Lena headed over, grabbing her purse on the way to the door. She was distracted trying to remember how much was considered a good tip, so she didn’t immediately realize who was on the other side of the door.

“Lena?” The voice was unmistakable, and it caused Lena’s head to snap up and stare.

“Kara?”

**

It had been a fairly boring and uneventful night for Kara, and for Supergirl. There had been a few minor instances where the Girl of Steel’s involvement was needed, but nothing that lasted long. Kara had even gone outside of her normal limits of National City looking for something to occupy her time, but it hadn’t worked.

She was upset, that much she could admit to. She had really been looking forward to trying out the new restaurant with Lena, as the other woman had described what she had eaten whilst in Korea
with such passion that it made Kara’s mouth water. But it wasn’t just the food that she was missing; Kara missed her best friend.

Yeah, she was seeing her as Supergirl a lot, but there was always distance and awkwardness between them lately. And as Supergirl, Kara couldn’t be as open as honest as she usually was with Lena, and she didn’t realize how much she needed to have that until it wasn’t available to her anymore.

She had tried to reach out and talk to her, but Lena was constantly ducking her calls, making excuses or right out lying by saying she was at work when the superhero knew she was at the DEO. She hated that Lena was lying to her, that her friend felt like she needed to keep so much of herself hidden away (Kara’s stomach twisted with the hypocrisy).

She had really hoped that Lena wouldn’t break their long-standing plans, and that tonight they would finally be together again. Kara had already started working on a plan to subtly get Lena to open up about what was bothering her. Or maybe she would have found a way to let the CEO know that Kara Danvers and Supergirl were one and the same.

All her half-baked plans had flown out the window when Lena had cancelled on her. She had felt like crap after getting Lena’s texts, and had thrown herself into work to try and avoid how she was feeling, since she didn’t even really know everything she felt or why. Thinking that Lena might be at the DEO training, Kara had avoided the building for the night.

But it had grown very late, and after work (both hero and reporter work) had failed to take her mind off of Lena, Kara had tried watching TV. Then she read (the same 3 pages dozens of times), then she cleaned and then she sat literally twiddling her thumbs.

Finally realizing that she wasn’t going to stop feeling like this or have any chance to sleep without talking to someone, Kara had headed over to Alex’s.

When she arrived at her sisters building, she automatically focused her hearing on Alex’s apartment. Not enough to invade privacy, but enough to know that everything was ok (it was a habit she had picked up when Alex was in college and routinely drinking too much; there had been a few times when Kara had had to race to her sisters room). She heard the shower going, and content that everything was alright, and that she wouldn’t be waking her sister up, she relaxed her hearing and headed up.

The water quit running when she was at the end of the hall, and she headed over to the door, knocking a couple of times and then waited for her sister to open it. She heard footsteps walking
over, a hand on the doorknob, and then the door opened. But it wasn’t Alex.

Standing in front of her was Lena, the woman that Kara, as Kara, hadn’t seen in almost two weeks.

The very first thing that broke through the fog in Kara’s mind was confusion. Why was Lena in Alex’s apartment after midnight? The next was that Lena was in a robe, hair still wet and slightly dripping. As if she had just gotten out of the shower.

Her stomach started tying itself into knots, her heart beating erratically as the first hints of an idea sprang into her head. At that moment, she hated her superpowers, since it was telling her that Lena currently smelled like Alex.

“Don’t take her money! I’m paying!” Alex yelled, almost running from the hallway, wrapped in a towel. She too still had water clinging to her skin. Her sister stopped when she saw that it wasn’t the pizza delivery at the door.

Kara’s eyes bounced back and forth between Alex and Lena, tightness growing in her chest, feeling sick to her stomach and a burning in her eyes.

Lena had blown off their plans tonight to be with Alex instead. At the DEO, Lena had been very relaxed around Alex, even seeking out physical comfort from her. Alex and Lena had been growing closer for weeks, all while Lena distancing herself from Kara. And now, it was obvious that they had just been in the shower together.

They were together. Alex and Lena were together. All the pieces and hints were sliding into place, she felt like a fool to have not seen it earlier. It had only taken heartbeats from the moment Lena had opened the door, but know her whole world was shifted.

Kara didn’t understand the deep pain she was feeling in her chest, or why she felt betrayed and lied too. Something of what she was feeling must have been on her face, because Lena took a half-step towards her, softly saying her name.

Kara turned and ran, not caring anymore why she was feeling the way she was, just needing to get away. She heard Lena call out her name behind her, and the sound threatened to tare a sob from her throat. She didn’t turn around, she just ran faster.
The jealousy and misunderstanding ramps up! Mwahahaha!! I know that that answering the door in a robe/towel really isn’t practical, and I really doubt either Alex or Lena would do so. But I needed it to happen for the catalyst for all of Kara’s jealously.

Anyways hope you liked it. See ya next week.

Bebiede þe arisan cwicum – from Merlin season 1, Valiant. Translation from "Merlin the Complete Guide" = I command you to rise up to life.
If I Told You What I Was, Would You Turn Your Back on Me?

Chapter Notes

Title taken from 'Monster' by Imagine Dragons.

Lots and lots of Angst in this chapter, as well as in the next one!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Shit!” Lena cursed, hitting her hands against the doorframe. When calling after her had failed to make her stop, Lena had chased after Kara down the hall. Lena didn’t realize how fast Kara could run, as she hadn’t even been able to see the reporter at all.

She slammed the door behind her, cursing again. She hit her hands down against the table, angry at herself and guilt swimming around inside of her.

“I could have told you, you weren’t going to catch her,” Alex said, walking back into the main room, clothed and drying her hair. She had a stack of clean clothes for Lena to put on.

“It’s all my fault,” Lena said quietly. She sagged against the table, not feeling good enough to support her own weight.

“What are you talking about?” Alex asked, concerned.

“What I saw in my vision,” Lena started, voice thick with emotion. “Kara hating me; it’s not because of my magic. Its because I kept all this from her for so long, I’ve lied to her for weeks; she’ll have every reason to hate me.”

Alex fidgeted uncomfortably. “She can’t hate you for that.”

“No, you don’t understand,” Lena despaired. “Kara and I had plans tonight, plans that had been in the works for awhile now. I bailed, and I said it was because of work. Now she knows that I’ve been lying to her and avoiding her.”

“That explains why she ran out of here so fast,” Alex thought out loud. She came over and stood
beside her friend, throwing an arm around her shoulders to help support her.

“Yeah, Kara might be a little angry right now, but she’ll get over it. She can’t stay mad at you.”

Alex’s words felt hollow to Lena, and she hoped that it was only the lateness of the hour that was making it impossible for her to hope.

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Kara had been in a weird emotional state all day. She felt so much, at all once, that she had no real hope of trying to figure out what all her feelings were. She knew she was angry, and hurt and sad and confused, and so many other emotions that she couldn’t sort them all out, let alone figure out what exactly was causing them.

She knew she was upset about finding Lena and Alex together, but she didn’t really understand why she was so upset they were together. Shouldn’t she be thrilled? Her sister and her best friend had found each other and were making each other happy. Why then was sick to her stomach, and felt like blasting holes into every available surface?

She had spent the day in a very palpable bad mood. Everyone in the office gave her a wide berth, unused to seeing her so angry and upset. Even Snapper cut her some slack, stating that it was good to see her lose some of that ‘sunshine and rainbows crap.’

Kara had avoided the DEO all day; the few times she had responded to anything, she had refused to speak with anyone but Winn. Alex, after a dozen messages and calls, quite trying to get a hold of her. She knew all the signs of Kara shutting people out and had decided to give her little sister the space she was asking for.

It took Lena longer to give up. She called and left messages dozens of times, sent even more texts. All where variants of the same thing; she was sorry, and she wanted to explain everything, but couldn’t over the phone. Kara ignored it all.

Lena had even visited CatCo in the hopes of tracking down the reporter, but Kara had heard her coming (Kara definitely wasn’t thinking about how she had unconsciously focused her hearing on Lena when she had detected the other woman’s presence).
Every time she started thinking about meeting with Lena, she could perfectly imagine what she knew Lena would say. How she had been surprised by her feelings for Alex, it wasn’t something either of them had planned. It had just happened, and they hadn’t meant to keep Kara out of the loop but being together made them so happy; being with Alex made her so happy.

And Lena would insist that she and Kara would still be friends, and that Kara was still an important part of her life, but she knew that Lena didn’t really mean it. Lena had been pulling away from her for weeks; it was obvious that now that she had Alex, she didn’t feel like keeping Kara in her life.

That, Kara decided, was at the basis of the storm of emotions she was feeling. Alex and Lena hadn’t felt like she was important enough to be told what was going on in their lives and being with Alex had stolen her best friend from her. It didn’t solve her problems, or stop all the horrible, ugly things she was feeling, but at least now she had a reason. Now she could deal with it.

Or not deal with it, if the half-empty bottle of spiced Corellian wine in front of her was any indication. Sick of feeling how she was, she had dragged Winn from the DEO to the alien bar, feeling the need to drink but not wanting to do it alone. So now they sat at a booth there, Kara not quite drunk but more then tipsy. Winn was in the same shape.

“And I just didn’t get it, you know?” Kara ranted, the alien alcohol making her words slightly slurred. “Why would people even be scared of them? Yes, they have interstellar travel abilities, but it’s obviously a fluke or stolen tech; clearly they are stupid if they didn’t check to see if the planet they are trying to conquer is 90% a substance that can kill them!”

“I know!” Winn agreed emphatically, spilling a little of his beer. “With all the different aliens that I’ve meet, I’m insulted on all of your’s behalf.”

They ‘cheers-ed’ their glasses together, which prompted a round of silly giggle from the both of them. Out of the corner of her eye, Kara say Mon-El making his way over towards them. Again! She groaned at his approach, inebriated enough to not bother trying to pretend to be nice. Mon-El had a tall glass of something that swirled like galaxies, and he placed it in front of Kara with a wide would-be-charming smile.

“I didn’t order that,” Kara said blankly, staring at the drink and then back at Mon-El. His smile slipped, but only for a moment before he tried back with the charm.
“It’s on the house,” he said, quite proud of the phrase he had picked up.

“This,” Kara started, picking up and shaking the Corelian wine, “Had been on the house too. You can’t just keep giving out free drinks, it’s not good business.”

“It is when the drinks are for very pretty girls,” he replied with a wink and flashing his pearly whites. He was not expecting Kara to groan and visibly roll her eyes at him, but it’s what he got. Winn sipped at his drink, looking back and forth between the two aliens, ready to enjoy the show.

“You’ve got to stop this,” she complained. “You can’t keep flirting with me, hell kissing me, and then act like you don’t remember, or realize what you’re doing. And you especially can’t keep acting like every little nice thing you do isn’t designed to get into my pants.”

“I don’t know what you mean,” Mon-El tried, still trying to keep up his façade.

“Cut the crap,” Kara shot.

“All this,” she said, gesturing to the drinks and all around them. “It’s all because you kissed me, right? You’re trying to make me like you.”

“Yeah, I guess,” Mon-El said, still playing it shy while inside he was planning on where to take Kara. In his experience, telling drunk women what they wanted to hear always ended up exactly where he wanted them.

“Ok,” Kara said. “Thank you for being honest. You can stop this whole ‘free drinks’ and stuff now.” She ended with finality, turning her attention away from and back to Winn, who was grinning ear from ear. Mon-El stared at her dumbly. That didn’t go how he wanted it to.

“Wait,” he asked, confused, getting Kara’s attention back. “I just told you I like you.”

“And?” There was a warning in her voice that he didn’t pick up on.
“I’m not sure what’s being lost in translation, but that means that I want you,” he replied stubbornly. He wasn’t used to not getting what he wanted.

Kara raised a single eyebrow, spearing Mon-El with a look. Winn brought his glass to his lips, saying something that sounded like ‘You’re gonna get it now!’

“So you tell me you want me, and I’m supposed to, what, fall for you? Do you expect me to satisfy your every whim?” There was ice in her voice now. Winn was watching her with earnest, eagerly waiting for the verbal smack-down he was certain was coming.

“Um, well,” Mon-El stammered, looking to Winn as if for guidance.

“Oh my god, you do!” Now Kara was standing, shoving her finger into his chest and pushing him back a step. “Listen here, buddy; that’s not how things work on this planet. You don’t just get to say I want it, and then get it. You have to work for things, and actually mean it.”

“And even then,” she continued, poking him again. “Even then, you don’t just get to decide that you like someone, and then their obligated to like you back. You don’t get to impose your feelings onto someone else, you can’t bribe someone into liking you back, or guilt them when they don’t.”

Mon-El looked around, not liking that so many eyes where on them. Normally, he loved being the center of attention, but not when he was getting a dressing down.

“I’m gonna make this extremely clear for you, Mon-El,” Kara breathed in deeply, preparing herself for her final proclamation. “You may like me, but I don’t like you. And I am under no obligation, or need, to ever return your feelings. So stop doing good things just to impress me, you’re never going to win me. Start doing good things to be an actual decent person for the first time in your life.”

Kara sat down amid cheers from the other bar patron, notably the female sections. It had felt good to get that off her chest; it was what she had been wanting to say to Mon-El for a while now but had been too worried about hurting his feelings or discouraging his personal growth. For his part, the Daxamite slinked back behind the bar, embarrassment burning his face and chest.

“Damn, Kara!” Winn said, drawing out the vowels to make the word longer. “That’s a pretty epic speech you had all prepared there.”
Kara’s face fell, suddenly remembering that just over a year ago, Winn had been in a similar situation that Mon-El was currently in.

“Winn, I didn’t mean anything against you for what I just said,” she started explaining, but Winn waved it away.

“Sure ya did, at least a little,” he interjected, calm and collected. “I’ll admit, when I made a move on you, I wished you could have returned my feelings just cause it would make me feel better. And I’ll also admit that I handled everything afterwards a bit like a jerk.”

Suddenly he got very serious, avoiding eye contact with Kara and fidgeting with the glass in his hand. “You not liking me back wasn’t your fault, and I made you feel like crap about it. I acted liked a dick and made you out to be the bad-guy, when I should have dealt with my stuff better. I never really apologized for everything I did.”

“Winn,” Kara was choked up. She was realizing that it was surprisingly rare that people apologized to her; more often then not, she would be the one leading the way to reconciliation. She hadn’t realized how much she had wanted Winn to acknowledge how much he had hurt her until he did.

“Thank you,” she whispered. He gave her a watery grin.

“We’re good right?” he asked hesitantly, the alcohol in his system bringing worries he thought were buried to the front.

“Of course we are!” Kara insisted, reaching across the table and grabbing onto his hand. “You’re one of my best friends, Winn!”

Winn smiled back at her, turning his hand over and holding onto hers. They sat like that for a few minutes, half laughing, half crying as they finally worked through things that had caused strain between them.

“Kara!” A surprised voice startled them, bringing their attention to the woman standing near their booth. “I didn’t expect to see you here.”
Maggie really was surprised to see Kara in the alien bar, especially without Alex (who was probably off cuddled up with Lena) who would be her only connection to the alien world. But then she noticed the drink that was sitting in front of the younger Danvers; it definitely wasn’t made for human consumption.

“Detective,” Kara said coldly, narrowing her eyes at her. “I don’t like you.” Maggie was taken aback by her sudden hostility.

“Excuse me?” she asked.

“You made Alex cry.” Kara said it like it was absolute worst thing a person could ever do. The statement caused a sharp pain in Maggie’s chest; in her opinion, it was the worst thing she could have done too.

“I know,” she answered softly.

“If you hadn’t broken her heart, maybe now she wouldn’t be with Lena.” Kara didn’t know why she said that, but it was nice to have someone other than two of the people she cared about most to direct her anger towards. She didn’t notice Winn’s gobsmacked look; she had never told him the reason she needed a drink.

A cloud passed over Maggie’s face. “Maybe,” she said bitterly. “Didn’t really take her long to get over me though, did it?”

Ok, maybe she had had a drink or two herself before spotting Kara. It wasn’t like her to just tell people what she was actually thinking.

“What are you talking about? They haven’t been together very long.” Kara felt she was missing something, and it had her stomach churning in a way that had nothing to do with the wine. She wasn’t going to like what Maggie said next.

“Well, I guess to lesbians a couple of months isn’t that long. I’m kinda surprised they haven’t U-Hauled yet.” Yeah, she was definitely drunker than she thought.

Kara’s shoulders dropped, and she felt like a ball of Kryptonite was in her stomach.
“A couple of months?” she repeated, voice small.

“You work in media; you really didn’t see the giant article about them?” Maggie didn’t know why she was still talking; she should be running away before her mouth got her into serious trouble.

“But that wasn’t real,” Winn said, trying to clarify things. He didn’t like how Kara’s eyes had glazed over, and she looked more in pain then the time she had a broken arm.

“It’s when Alex told me they were together,” Maggie said, her own voice small and hurt now. Neither Winn nor Kara had anything to say to that and seeing a chance to escape before things got worse, Maggie took it.

Winn turned his attention back to Kara, who still looked shell-shocked.

“A couple of months?” she whispered again in disbelief.

“Hey, I didn’t realize they were dating at all,” Winn tried to joke, hoping to lighten the situation. It wasn’t working. “Is it really that big a deal if their dating?”

His innocuous question snapped Kara’s attention to him, and he almost felt the physical presence of her gaze.

“I mean,” he fidgeted, “I get why the detective is upset, Alex is the one who got away. But why are you? Their both brilliant, badass women-loving-women; is it so bad that their dating?”

Kara didn’t have a response right away, she was too busy trying to sort through the mess that was her own mind and feelings. How could she explain to Winn why she was so upset, when she didn’t fully understand it herself?

“They didn’t tell me,” Kara finally settled on, but the answer felt hollow and false, even to her own ears.
“Kara, please,” Lena begged from the opposite side of Kara’s door. “I know you’re in there. Please, just talk to me.”

Kara yanked the door open, clearly startling Lena with the abruptness. She didn’t say anything, just stood there, leaning against the doorframe, staring Lena down. Her impassive face not revealing the turmoil and longing she was suddenly feeling from seeing Lena again.

“You opened the door,” Lena said unnecessarily.

“Well, after five minutes you made it pretty clear that you weren’t leaving,” Kara bit back, her tone so frosty that Lena actually flinched. Kara immediately felt bad and wanted to take it back. She wanted to say that she was confused and hurt and that she didn’t want to be angry anymore. But she couldn’t say or do anything except look at Lena coldly.

“I’ve been trying to talk to you for three days,” Lena said going for a joking tone to try and lighten the mood. “Breaking your door down was a last resort.”

“I didn’t want to talk to you. Or was me not answering your hundreds of messages not clear enough?”

Lena’s face fell, and she looked guilty.

“For the love of Rao, why can’t you stop hurting her?” Kara thought to herself, but still did nothing to take it back.

“I know you’re upset,” Lena started.

“Ya think?” Kara cut her off angrily.

“And you have every right to be,” she continued. “Just please, let me explain. I know I’ve been distant, and I’ve lied to you. And I’m sorry for blowing off our plans…”
“That’s what you think I’m angry about?” Kara cut her off again, voice raised but not quite yelling. “I don’t care that you canceled our plans.” Lie.

“I’m mad because you’re sleeping with my sister, and neither one of you had the decency to tell me!” Half-truth. All the anger, hurt and confusion she was feeling was threatening to boil over. She tried to close the door, hoping that it came off as an angry slam and not that she was trying to hide (which she was).

Lena caught the edge of the door, halting its movements (proof that Kara wasn’t trying very hard to close it).

“Wait a minute!” Lena demanded. “You think I’m sleeping with Alex?”

“Everyone likes to think I’m naïve, Lena, but I’m not. I practically caught you together in her shower!”

“Oh my god, Kara. No!” Lena insisted, finally starting to understand the problem. “Alex and I aren’t together. I couldn’t date Alex, not when I…”

She cut herself off; her feelings were her problem to deal with. Kara couldn’t know.

“I wouldn’t date your sister without making sure you were ok with it first,” Lena finished instead.

Kara’s certainty of her conclusions was starting to waver, but then she remembered Maggie, and she her eyes narrowed again. She couldn’t believe that Lena would straight up lie to her face.

“I talked to Maggie, Lena. Don’t lie to me like that,” she didn’t want to sound so hurt, but she did.

“What…. Maggie?” Lena asked, confusion making her shake her head. She pushed past it; whatever had led to that conversation could be clarified later. Right now she just needed to tell Kara the truth. All of the truth.
“I don’t know what she told you, but Maggie’s wrong Kara,” she said, pushing forward into the apartment. Kara let her come in unconsciously. A part of her was hoping that Lena could explain it all away, but she was still hesitant.

“Maggie thinks I’ve been dating Alex, because that’s what Alex told her, right after that stupid article about us was published,” she explained. “Alex said it without thinking, and because she wanted to make Maggie jealous. I told her it was a bad idea, but she was hurt, and she wanted to make Maggie hurt too.”

Kara frowned, thinking. That didn’t really sound like Alex, but she had never seen her sister like someone, and then have her heart broken, like that before.

“But, you two were in the shower together…” she started, voice quite as she tried to figure things out. Her head was telling her not to trust Lena, while her heart wanted to believe her completely.

“No, we weren’t in there together!” Lena insisted, her tone begging Kara to understand. She started to ramble. “Del invited Alex to this party, but Alex didn’t realize she was being asked out on a date, so she wanted me to come too to stop anything from happening. We went, and there was paint from the ceiling, and we got covered in it, so Alex said I could shower at her place ‘cause it was closer then mine. I had already finished and was waiting for pizza when you showed up. Alex rushed out of the shower because she has this thing where she doesn’t like me paying for everything.”

The story sounded just bizarre enough to be true. “You showered separately?”

“Yes!” Lena said emphatically, sensing that Kara was starting to believe her.

“So, there’s nothing between you and Alex?” she asked hopefully. Her heart was holding still, waiting for the answer.

“No! Alex is just my friend, nothing romantic or physical is going on between us!”

Kara couldn’t stop the relief from sagging her shoulders, and a happy smile blooming on her face.

“Ok,” she sighed out, suddenly feeling lighter then she had in days. Why did it matter to her so much that Lena wasn’t dating Alex?
Lena’s shoulders also sagged in relief, glad that Kara believed her and wasn’t as angry anymore. But she couldn’t let herself get too comfortable, there was still one big thing she had to tell her friend. Lena only hoped that because it was a different setting then what she had seen in her vision, the outcome would be different too.

“But I have been avoiding you,” Lena started, willing her voice to stay strong. “I’ve been lying to you about what I’ve been doing, and I am so sorry.”

Kara just nodded, keeping quite as she realized that Lena was going to tell her about her magic.

“But I do have a good reason for avoiding you. Its something kind of weird, and terrifying, and so many other things. I’ll understand if you don’t want anything to do with me after finding out.”

“That’s not going to happen,” Kara insisted, surprised to learn that was one of her friends fears.

Lena just shrugged in response, and Kara finally realized just how scared the other woman was. She took a step forward, placing her hand on Lena’s shoulder, rubbing her thumb back and forth over the muscle. Lena closed her eyes briefly, leaning into the contact slightly in relief. The action made Kara’s chest feel warm and tight with an emotion she didn’t recognize. It felt good.

“It’s gonna be ok, Lena. You’re not going to lose me,” she soothed, enjoying being close to Lena again. She hadn’t realized how much she had missed it until they had been distant.

Lena looked at her with wide eyes, wanting to believe her, but not quite doing so. Everyone she cared for left her eventually, why would Kara be any different? She closed her eyes, breathing in deeply to build her resolve and to banish the self-doubt. She opened them again, green eyes meeting blue. Not breaking eye contact, she said her spell.

“Clyster feran blostmian.”

Kara always thought it was fascinating, watching Lena’s eyes burn gold. Seeing it this close, Lena looking directly at her; it was beautiful. She was beautiful, breathtakingly so.

It took Lena opening her palm to break Kara’s gaze; she had forgotten for a moment that the CEO
was showing her magic. In her palm sat a red rose, opened in bloom and fragrant.

Kara smiled, reaching out and running her finger along the petal. It felt perfectly real, soft and a little warm from Lena’s hand. Her fingertip brushed against Lena’s palm, and Kara felt a bolt of electricity pass between them. It must have been leftover magic or something.

“It’s beautiful,” Kara said almost reverently.

Lena looked surprised by her words. “You’re not upset?”

“Why would I be upset?” Kara asked. “What you can do is so amazing.”

“I kept it from you, for weeks! I shut you out, lied to you, all because I you didn’t know what was going on. I wasn’t fair to you,” Lena insisted, not trusting that Kara wasn’t faking being fine with everything.

“You’re right, it wasn’t fair,” Kara agreed. “But that’s on me too; I already knew about your magic, and I didn’t let you know.”

Lena was being brave, and facing her fears, so Kara felt no excuse to keep hiding. Lena frowned at her words, confused and a little hurt.

“Alex told you?” she asked. It was the only way she could think of that Kara would know.

“No,” Kara assured her. “Alex didn’t tell me. You did.”

“No I didn’t,” Lena said, more confused now then ever.

“The night you called me,” Kara started explaining, nerves dancing in her stomach. “You asked for Supergirl. You sounded so upset and scared; so, I came as fast as I could, to make sure you were ok. And that’s when you told me.”

Kara was nervous, but happy that she was telling Lena. She realized that Lena was only the third
person she had personally been able to tell her secret. Winn had been before she had truly been Supergirl and telling Lucy had been a necessity. Everyone else had already known or been told by someone else.

She wasn’t telling her secret because she needed someone else to know, and to help her fight crime. She wasn’t telling her so that they could save anyone. Kara was telling her, because she wanted Lena to know. She wanted Lena to be in her life, fully and completely, holding nothing back.

“What?” Lena breathed out, not believing what she was hearing. Deciding to take a page out of Lena’s book, Kara pushed herself several feet into the air. Seeing was believing, after all.

“I’m Supergirl,” she said simply, a small nervous smile on her face.

Lena’s jaw dropped as she looked up at Kara, then down to the space between the floor and her feet. She repeated the movement, then the muscles in her jaw tightened, and her eyes grew steely.

“No.”

Kara dropped back to the floor, surprised and not understanding what Lena meant.

“What? What do you mean no?”

“You’re not Supergirl,” Lena stated, voice even and emotionless.

“I can show you more of what I can do?” Kara offered, thinking it was just a matter of getting more proof.

“NO!” Lena nearly shouted, startling Kara. “You can’t be Supergirl!”

Kara could feel the pressure and temperature in the room dropping. She didn’t easily feel the cold, but she was starting to feel it now.

“Supergirl knew what I was going through,” Lena continued, voice tight and breathing hard. “She
knew how scared I was; how alone I felt! She knew that I was terrified to tell you. If you’re Supergirl, then you let me feel that way for nothing!”

Kara flinched back; she hadn’t stopped to think how Lena would see it. She knew it was selfish, but she always tended to think about herself first when it came to her secret. Frost was beginning to gather on every surface in her apartment.

She opened her mouth, trying to think of something that she could say to defend herself, but Lena didn’t let her speak.

“You knew Kara!” she continued shouting, slamming her open hand down on the table. The flower that she had been holding shattered under her force; it had frozen along with everything else in the apartment.

“You knew everything I was going through! My magic, my mother; you knew that I had been ready to die, that I asked you to do it! And you said nothing! You did nothing, and you made me go through everything alone!”

“You had Alex,” Kara protested.

“I needed you!” She shouted, her voice breaking on the last word. “God, Kara; how do you not realize how much I need you?”

“If you need me so much, why did you cut me out?” Kara asked, her volume starting to match Lena’s.

“I was scared!”

“That’s not a good enough answer! You know me, Lena! You know how much I care about you! Why would you be scared to tell me?” Kara shouted back, leaning forward into Lena’s space. It was like everything she had been feeling was trying to escape her now, in angry, harsh words.

“Because I saw it Kara! I saw it,” she said again, her voice dropping down. Water was welling in her eyes. Seeing Lena close to tears killed all of Kara’s anger in a moment. She had done this. Lena was crying, Lena was upset, because of her. She felt sick.
“I can see the future in my dreams, and that first night when I stayed with Alex? I saw myself showing you magic, and you walked away from me. So I didn’t tell you, because I was afraid it would end with me losing you.”

“Lena,” Kara started softly, moving in closer again. She wanted to comfort her; to assure her that she would never leave her.

Lena took a step back, raising her hand to stop Kara.

“Maybe I didn’t try and stop you from leaving in my vision because I no longer cared if you left,” Lena said, and it felt like Kara couldn’t breath.

“Lena,” she tried again, her own voice breaking now. Lena backed up further away from her, then turned around and started walking away.

“Lena!” Kara called, rushing forward. She had the inexplicable feeling that if she let Lena leave, everything was over. It felt like she was losing Lena.

Lena turned back towards her, not saying anything but raising a single hand in a ‘stop’ gesture. She didn’t say anything, but her eyes still glowed and a force of energy hit Kara, stopping her from moving forward.

“I don’t want to see you, Kara,” Lena said, voice small, hurt and defeated. It tore into the pain in Kara’s chest, making it rip open. She cried out for Lena to wait, but the door shut in her face.

She stared at the white wood for several minutes, not wanting to believe what had just happened. Then she laid her head on the door, closing her eyes, tears starting to leak out from her closed eyelids.

She had messed up. She had really messed up, and hurt Lena, who might not want anything to do with her ever again.
The pain in her chest that Kara had felt when she found Lena and Alex together, and then again when she talked to Maggie, came back. But this time it was worse then ever. It felt like every breath she took was laced with something worse then Kryptonite, and that every beat it took tore her heart further apart.

She didn’t have a name for this pain before but know she did. Now, Kara knew what this was. Her heart was broken.

Chapter End Notes

Clyster feran blosstmian – Flower grow, bloom

Like I said, lots of angst. Some of you said in comments in the last chapter that they didn't like the angst, so I'm sorry that there is more here, as well as in the next chapter. Then things get back to normal, more or less. And I know that Lena isn't acting fair, and that she didn't actually tell Kara (as Supergirl) about her fears or worries, but she's upset and hurt.
Humans act weird and irrational when they've been hurt, and Lena still is human. And Kara lashing out/not talking/being irrational is also just flaws. People have flaws, and so I've added those in. Sorry if you don't like it, or like how they react, but I think that it's very human reactions. And I do think that Lena is acting more then justified in being hurt with learning Kara's secret. Katie McGrath even said that finding out Kara's secret is going to break Lena.
Anyways, hope you all enjoyed it enough anyways. New update next week as planned.
Kara checked her phone again, but the same screen stared back at her. No new messages. It had been three days since she heard from Lena, and Kara was trying her best to respect her wishes to not reach out. But it was hard, since all she wanted to do was to talk to Lena, to explain herself. Hell, she was sure even just seeing her from a distance would help to stop this horrible pain she carried with her.

She knew that she could easily use her powers, and listen in on Lena, or even to see her from afar, but she had hurt Lena enough already; she didn’t need to add stocking to her list of offences. She would make herself live with the pain of missing Lena until the other woman decided to let Kara back into her life. It hurt though; every beat of her heart seemed to cry out with missing Lena.

Heartbreak could happen with friends too, right?

“Hey, I don’t think phones are include in hero training,” Mon-El spoke up, breaking Kara out of her thoughts. She smiled apologetically at him, putting her phone back away.

They were in the training room, running through yet another ‘hero-situation-simulator’. It was a couple of days ago that the Daxamite had come up to her at the DEO, and told her that he wanted her to train him to be a hero. He said that he wanted to use his powers for good now, rather than just let them go to waste.

Kara wanted to believe that his motives were genuine, but she couldn’t help but have a little doubt. But she had felt guilty about yelling at him when she was drunk, and so agreed to help train him to try and make up for it.

“Oh, Kara said, refocusing on the task at hand. At least it was a distraction. “That last run was alright, but you got a little show-y. When you were trying to take that out with that jump-flying-punch thing,” she pointed to a cutout of a bad guy with a hole punched in it, “you let them get in the cross fire.” She gestured to a small huddled group of cutout civilians. They were riddled with holes.

He grinned what was obviously trying to be a charming and bashful smile. “At least it looked cool.”

“It’s not about looking cool,” Kara reprimanded, wiping the smile off his face. “It’s about doing things as quickly and efficiently as possible to limit collateral damage. You have to take this stuff seriously.”

“Relax, Kara. It’s just cardboard. Try and have some fun,” he tried to instruct.

“When you’re out in the field, it’s not cardboard. If you train badly now, you’ll perform badly out
there too,” she chided. He bristled with the reprimand. She still found it odd that a former palace guard didn’t know how to fight or even take constructive criticism.

“When I agreed to do this, it was under the condition that you would listen and do what I told you,” Kara reminded him. “If you don’t take this seriously, I won’t train you anymore.”

“Ok, ok,” he said, hands up in surrender and backing away. Body language clearly saying ‘You’re overreacting, but I’ll play along’.

“Just,” Kara sighed as she reset the simulator. “Run through it again. Try to do it right.”

Mon-El got started on another round, and she pulled out her phone again. Still no messages. She pulled up Lena’s contact picture; it was a candid shot of the CEO relaxed and laughing. She ran her thumb over the picture absentmindedly, imagining she could feel Lena’s skin.

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“Hey, thanks for coming,” James said over his shoulder as Kara stomped into his office. “There’s actually something I needed to talk to you about.”

“Yeah, me to,” she said, starting to gesture widely with her hands. “I’m losing my mind right now! After everything with Lena… and now Livewire is out there, just roaming the streets. I don’t know where she is or when she’ll strike, I just know she’s out there somewhere. And she’s going to hurt people.”

She came up and laid her hands on James’ desk. “Clark always made having a nemesis look like so much fun! But it’s stressful,” she lamented, making James chuckle lightly at her antics.

“The cities not defenseless, Kara,” James reminded her. “You’re not alone in this fight. You’ve got friends, you’ve got help. And as for this stuff with Lena Luthor, don’t worry about it so much. We’re all keeping an eye out on her.”

His words were meant to soothe and reassure, but they caused Kara to frown.

“Wait, what do you mean ‘keeping an eye on her’?” she asked.

“Well, Winn told me what was going on with her,” he said, not realizing what was making Kara so defensive. “I got to admit, knowing she has those kinds of abilities? It makes me scared and I’m worried too. But I talked to Clark right away, and he’s agreed to come by every so often to help watch her. You don’t have to worry about her yourself.”

“I’m not worried about Lena,” Kara clarified. “I’m worried for her!”

“But a Luthor with that kind of power,” he said, trailing off as if that made the point for him.

Kara sighed, closing her eyes and rubbing at her forehead. “I thought we had gotten past this whole judging Lena because of Lex thing, James.”

“Look, all I’m saying is that we need to watch her,” he protested. This wasn’t what he had wanted to talk to Kara about, and he wanted to get the conversation back on topic. “Luthors don’t have a very good track record, and even before this she had more power and money that anyone should have. Add magic into the mix? It’s better to be prepared.”

“Prepared for what? For her to make the slightest slip up so you can demonize her? For her to make a mistake, the kind that wouldn’t worry you if she were any other person on the planet?” Kara shot back, rising to the defense of the woman who was the cause of her heartbreak.
“That’s not what I meant,” James protested, surprised by Kara’s strong reaction.

“And what do you mean, more power and money then anyone should have?” Kara continued, finding that defending Lena was a nice outlet for her frustrations about Livewire, as well as the pain of missing the woman in question. “She’s the CEO of a company, not that much different from the position you’re in now, or the millions of other male executives. Is it too much power and influence for her because she’s a woman?”

“What!” James sputtered. “Of course not! But Kara, you’ve got to consider her family history…”

“Oh then you’re calling Clark in to keep a close eye on Winn too, right? After all, his father was a murderer. Or how about me? My father designed a genocidal bio-weapon, and that’s not even counting my mother; she was part of a council that let an entire planet die. And instead of evacuating, and saving millions of lives, she chose to save two people.”

“I’m just trying to help,” James protested weakly.

“You can help by not judging the woman that I… the woman whose one of my best friends,” if he noticed the slip, James didn’t say anything. “Judge people by their actions, and intentions, James, rather then a family that they can’t control. All Lena has done is try and help, and she’s done so too, or does saving the entire alien population not count? When Winn was passing on sensitive information to you, did he also mention that Lena asked me to kill her rather then let Morgana take control? Did you know that she’d rather die then risk hurting anyone?”

Just talking about what could have happened made Kara’s throat tighten and eyes burn. Even though she knew that it wasn’t going to happen, the thought of it still scared her.

“No, he didn’t mention that,” James said, voice small as he stared sightlessly out the window. “I didn’t know about that.”

“You’re a reporter, James. You know better then to jump to conclusions and make accusations without all the information,” Kara chided. “And you definitely shouldn’t have called Clark. You got him involved when he didn’t have to be, and you went over my head to do it. We’ve talked about you doing that.”

“I’m sorry, Kara,” he said, sounding sincere. “You’re right; I need to get over my prejudices against Lena. She’s not Lex, and I’ve been letting my experiences with him cloud my judgement. I’ll work on being better with Lena.”

“Thank you,” Kara said. “You’re an important part of my life, and so is Lena.” If she decides to let me back into her life. “She’s such an amazing person, and I wished that everyone could see her the same way that I did.” Lena may not ever let the reporter back into her life, but Kara would be damned before she ever stopped defending her.

“I’ll call Clark, tell him not to stop by. Unless you want his help dealing with Livewire?” he asked. Kara shook her head.

“No, I’ve captured Livewire twice already, I can do it again,” she said.

“And,” James started, feeling this was the perfect segway into telling Kara about Guardian. “It’s not like you’re the only hero in National City.”

“Yeah, you’re right,” Kara agreed, sinking down into a chair opposite of James. He sat too. “Alex, J’onn and the rest of the DEO has my back. And I guess there’s Mon-El too.”
James shifted his shoulders uncomfortable. She mentioned the frat boy and not Guardian?

“Mon-El?” He asked, his bad opinion and own jealousy of the man making his voice tight. “Right, the superhero kindergarten.” He said condescendingly.

“Yes, I’ve been training him,” Kara confirmed, laughing lightly at the phrase that Winn had come up with.

“And you’re sure that’s a good idea?” James asked, taking a sip of his drink.

“It’s not often that someone with superpowers just shows up,” Kara reasoned. Lena’s had just showed up, but she had made it very clear that hero-ing wasn’t going to be her path. Mon-El, with time and patience, might end up being good at it.

“That’s true,” James conceded. “But, there’s a lot more important things to being a hero then just powers.”

“Of course, yeah,” Kara started, but James continued talking.

“Like wanting to difference, or having a willingness to put yourself on the line for others. And I just think that Mon-El is the kind of guy who thinks about himself first.”

“He’s come a long ways,” Kara defended, while internally agreeing with James. But she hated talking badly about anyone, even someone she suspected was doing the whole ‘hero’ thing just to impress her. “He’s doing well with training.”

“Do you have something against Mon-El?” Kara asked, suddenly thinking that that could explain James’ attitude.

“No, I don’t,” he answered far to quickly and abruptly. “I think he’s a fun guy. He’s just not a hero.”

“And why do you get to decide that?” Kara questioned. He might not be wrong about Mon-El, but they had literally just finished a conversation about judging Lena. Why did James think that Kara would idly let him judge other people too? He looked away.

“Never mind, just forget it,” he said, shaking his head. There was an awkward silence between them for a beat.

“I’m sorry,” Kara spoke up. “You asked me here to tell me something, and I completely bulldozed over it. What’s up?”

“Oh it’s nothing, I just wanted to catch up,” James started, but Kara was soon distracted as one of the screen’s behind his head showed footage of Livewire attacking NCPD.

“I got to go,” they both said at the same time, but Kara was too focused to really register that James said it too.

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Kara was fuming as they all, James, Winn, Alex, Mon-El and the other agents, got back to the DEO. The others were walking behind her, silent. They had tried talking to her earlier, back at the warehouse after she had let Livewire go, but she had been to upset to listen to them.

She had been mad after the botched fight at the police station, when Mon-El had endangered
civilians to try and be her hero. Thinking that she was going to find out who Guardian was, but then realizing that the vigilante had disappeared, even after being hit by lightening, was equally frustrating.

But this! Finding out James was the Guardian after Winn had lied to the DEO so that he could be the first one to get at Livewire, and Mon-El crashing their efforts to try and impress her (or one up Guardian, Kara honestly didn’t know)? All that really made her mad.

Her friends, people she counted on and trusted, had all lied to her for weeks, over whatever crazy male-ego reasons they had. And it hurt that Alex had know what Winn and James had been doing, and yet hadn’t done anything to protect them.

J’onn met them in the main hall, the other agents quickly scattering. They didn’t want to be around in case Supergirl got angry at them too.

“What happened?” J’onn asked.

“What happened,” Kara started before Alex could, “Is that Agent Schott passed on classified information to James, a civilian, who is also acting as the vigilante Guardian. A fact which Alex knew, by the way.” J’onn shot Alex a surprised and disapproving look.

“That him and the ‘Other Superman’,”, she said with disgust and air quotes. “Decided that it was a good idea to try and take on Livewire, the copies of her, and the mad scientists making the copies, all by themselves. As you can imagine, they were promptly defeated and were close to being killed.”

“That’s not…” James started to interject, but Kara cut him off.

“See you I get,” she said, pointing at Mon-El. “It’s clear that you aren’t really trying to better yourself, or be a good person. You thought that if you said all the right things, and did all the right stuff, then I’d decide that I wanted to go out with you. So you going after Livewire was all about trying to impress me, the same when you risked those cops lives to ‘save’ me.”

“What I don’t understand is you, James,” Kara continued before Mon-El could respond, switching her attention to the man in question. “Why would you do something so dangerous and stupid?”

“I’m a hero too, Kara,” he said definitely.

“You’re a guy with a metal suit and shield! Which, FYI, still conducts electricity!”

“Hey I saved your life earlier!” Mon-El protested, still stuck thinking about himself. He never had to put in this much effort to sleep with someone on Daxam.

“I didn’t need saving, Mon-El!” Kara insisted, voice rising. Alex looked to J’onn, seeing if he was going to referee. The Martian looked content to stand back with his arms crossed, letting Kara blow off some steam. If she said or did anything that he thought was over the line, then he’d step in.

“Yeah, being thrown around by electricity hurt, but they didn’t have the power to actually kill me. The very human cops, on the other hand, it wouldn’t have taken much to kill them.”

“My job was to protect you!” Mon-El argued, looking around excepting to get back up.

“I don’t need you protecting me! The job is protecting people, innocent people from getting hurt,” Kara yelled. “It’s not about impressing someone, or making yourself feel important; it’s about them! We protect the people who can’t protect themselves! If you’re going to do this, you have to do it for the right reasons. Because you want to help people, not because you think it’ll impress me, or make
“Right, like your reasons are so pure,” Mon-El shot back. He wasn’t going to let some self-righteous Kryptonian woman talk to him like that. “I said it once, and I’ll say it again; the only reason you do any of this is for the glory! You want to be loved, and you love it how people look at you like you’re this wonderful, selfless hero!”

Everyone around them looked shocked, and then angry at what Mon-EL said. James, Winn, J’onn and Alex all started to talk at once, all ready to rip Mon-el a new one for what he just said.

“You know what?” Kara yelled above the noise, sick to death of Mon-El’s attitude, his actions and just generally everything about him. He thought he was entitled to act like a self-important prick, whose horrible behavior, actions and words were never going to effect him. It was beyond time to rid him of that flawed view point.

“I do like saving people. You and I are aliens on this world. But because we look like the All-American perfectly white image, we don’t deal with any of the crap others do. I have these amazing abilities, but I didn’t do anything to deserve them! They just happened because of my biology! Using them, saving people, and making even the smallest difference in this world is my way of earning these powers.”

Everyone was silent and staring at Kara as she yelled. It wasn’t often the hero raised her voice, let alone revealed personal truths at work.

“And yes, I do like being their hero. Being able to be there for people, and being able to make even the smallest difference in their lives? It makes me feel like I survived when everyone else died, for a fucking reason!”

Alex’s jaw dropped a little. She knew that Kara had always suffered from survivors guilt (as well as so many other things), but she hadn’t quite realized how much it still affected her. She thought back to all the years where she told Kara to hide who she was, what she could do, all because the world already had Superman.

It made her sick, but she had forgotten how much she must had contributed to Kara’s feelings of uselessness and pain. It was only after seeing how much happier, and alive Kara had been after creating Supergirl, that Alex realized how miserable her sister had been before. Just add that onto the pile of things that they needed to talk about, but somehow never did.

“I’m not working with you anymore, Mon-El, until you decide you have a better reason for doing this then trying to get me to sleep with you,” Kara finished, no longer yelling but her tone just as devastating.

He looked around at the assembled faces, as if to find an ally or even a sympathizer. When he met with blank or outright hostile faces instead, he huffed as if all this was beneath him, and stormed away.

“And you,” she said, turning her attention to James, still in his Guardian armor, Winn beside him. “You’re, what, a vigilante now? Being the acting CEO of a billion dollar company isn’t challenging enough for you?” James bristled.

“Hey, I want to make a difference too, and that’s what I’m doing,” He shot back.

“You’re also being completely stupid!” Kara countered, voice raising again. “You’re putting your life at risk!”
“Alex puts her life at risk everyday, I don’t see you yelling at her!” James yelled back, gesturing to the agent.

“That’s because Alex has years of training to know how to deal with the shit she does! And if things go wrong, she has backup ready to help her get home alive. Neither of which you have!”

“Hey!” Winn protested. He realized he shouldn’t have when Kara turned her glare on him.

“Oh you’re his backup? What are you going to do when he’s outnumbered 20 to 1 by criminals, and they all have semi-automatics? Or if he decides to tangle with an angry Dakari, and it flies him into the atmosphere? Or those thieves awhile back who brought a damn rocket launcher? What if they had decided to take target practice with you two instead of me?”

Winn didn’t answer.

“I’d figure it out,” James insisted. She turned back to him.

“No, you’d be dead! All it takes is one mistake, one tiny human mis-calculations and you’re gone! And I care about you two idiots too much to let you die.”

“Are you trying to forbid me for being Guardian?” James asked, crossing his arms across his chest.

“It wouldn’t do a damn thing, even if I tried,” Kara shot back. “For whatever reason, you too have gotten it into your heads to play vigilante hero, and I know I can’t stop you. But for the love of God, work with the DEO! Have backup ready in case something goes wrong. As angry as I am with you two right now, I would be devastated if you got yourself killed when it could have been prevented.”

“I can’t believe that you knew about this,” Kara said, finally turning to Alex. It was with her that she looked the most hurt. “You knew the risks they were taking, and you didn’t do anything to help protect them.”

“I don’t know what to say,” Alex admitted. “I don’t know why I didn’t.”

“I expected better from you,” Kara said. It stung more then any amount of yelling she could have done.

Kara shook her head; she didn’t want to talk anymore. She didn’t want to deal with any of this anymore. She turned her back on the people she thought were always honest with her, and flew out into the air.

J’onn turned to the three humans left standing. “I think we need to have a talk.”

**

Alex felt miserable. And nervous, and worried and guilty. She had been trained to keep secrets, to lie, but she was starting to realize how much doing so had hurt the people that she loved the most. That’s why she was here now, standing outside of Maggie Sawyer’s apartment, psyching herself up to finally knock on the door.

“Alex,” Maggie said when she answered the timid knocks, surprised to see her there. She was always happy to see the agent, but she wondered what brought on this visit.

“Hi, Maggie,” Alex said, a little breathless. She had never been that great at confessing.

“Do you want to come in?” Maggie asked, seeing how uncomfortable she seemed. Alex didn’t
answer verbally, and just nodded.

Maggie gestured for her to come into the apartment, closing the door behind them. Maggie was wishing that she had been wearing something better looking then a worn pair of basketball shorts and over-sized tee-shirt she used as pajamas.

“Look, there’s something I need to tell you,” Alex started, whirling around to face the woman who made her feel brave and terrified at the same time.

“Ok,” Maggie prompted when Alex didn’t continue.

“I’m not dating Lena,” Alex rushed out. Maggie instantly looked concerned, taking a step closer to offer comfort.

“Oh my God, what happened? The woman’s crazy if she dumped you,” Maggie insisted, hurt and angry on Alex’s behalf. She was trying to shut down the little voice in her head that was screaming that now was her chance to date Alex.

“No,” Alex said, shaking her head. “Lena and I didn’t break up. We were never dating in the first place.”

“I don’t understand.”

“Look, when I kissed you, and you told me you just wanted to be friends, I was really hurt,” Alex started to explain, heat making her cheeks red. “So when you brought up that stupid magazine article, I went along with it. And then I kept going on with the lie, because I wanted to hurt you back. I wanted to make you jealous.”

Maggie was silent, trying to comprehend what Alex was telling her. The agent took it as a sign that Maggie was angry and disgusted by her, so she kept rambling, trying to explain.

“I know it was stupid, and childish of me, but this is all still so new to me. Not just the fact that you’re a woman, but how strongly I feel. I’ve never felt this way with any one before, and it’s making me kinda crazy. I know it’s not a good excuse, and I’ll understand if you don’t want to be friends with me anymore.”

Things were silent between them for a moment. Alex had to fight the urge to keep talking. Now she just needed to wait for whatever Maggie decided to do.

“So what you’re saying is that you were never dating Lena Luthor,” Maggie clarified. “You just said you were to try and make me jealous?”

Alex nodded. “Lena said it was very high-school.”

“Well, I would admit she was right,” Maggie started. Alex looked at the floor, not being able to bare looking at Maggie as she chewed her out. “Lena would be more right if it hadn’t worked, though.”

Alex looked up sharply, meeting Maggie’s gaze. Hope blossomed in her chest, but she tried to fight it down in case she was misinterpreting what Maggie meant.

“What?” she asked breathlessly.

“I was jealous of you dating Luthor,” Maggie confessed, nervous herself now. What if Alex’s feelings had changed? “And I was hurt that you could move on from me so quickly while I stayed stuck on you.”
“You were?” Alex asked, biting her bottom lip. The movement caught all of Maggie’s attention.

“I was,” she confessed, still staring at Alex’s lips. “When Cyborg Superman shot me, it made me realize some things.”

“Things like what?” Alex’s voice was barely a whisper. She took a half-step towards Maggie, her gaze locked on the other woman. Maggie brought her attention away from Alex’s lips and back to her eyes. She took a step forward as well.

“That life’s too short, and I should trust my feelings. And trust other peoples feelings as well,” she started. “And we should kiss the girls we want to kiss.”

“Do you want to kiss me, Detective?” Alex asked, smile wide across her face, feeling a floating light in her chest. Maggie nodded. “Then what are you waiting for?”

Maggie smiled widely, her dimples coming out in full force. She reached across the small gap between their bodies, cupping Alex’s face in her hand. She brushed her thumb lightly against the corner of her mouth, before moving forward and pressing their lips together.

It was wonderful, exhilarating and magical, even better then their first. She could feel Alex’s smile, and it made her own even bigger. She moved her hands, wrapping her arms around Alex’s neck, while Alex moved her own hands to rest on the detectives hips.

They were together, finally, and nothing in the world would take away their happiness at this moment.

**

Kara had been out flying in the night air, patrolling the city to try and clear her anger and frustration when she got a text from Alex.

**Alex:** I know you’re mad at me right now, but I still want you to be the first one to know. I kissed Maggie! She kissed me back! We’re still kissing! She likes me too!!!!

Even though she was still upset with Alex, seeing the text made her smile. She wanted Alex to be happy; she more then deserved it. It was clear, even from the simple words, how insanely happy Alex was at the moment. Kara wanted that; she wanted to be that happy, and to be with the person who made her feel that way.

That’s why she found herself landing on the balcony of Lena’s apartment. Kara was hurting too much, and missed Lena too much to even try and deny herself from seeing the other woman. Even if Lena sent her away, she would still have gotten to see her for a moment. A single moment might have to be good enough to satisfy her, even though Kara knew that it never could.

The woman in question was sitting cross-legged on her living room floor, a candle burning in front of her and her eyes closed. Seeing Lena again made Kara breath in sharply, and the ache that insisted she touch and hold the CEO beat stronger in her chest.

She didn’t move, or make any sound, but she knew somehow that Lena was aware of her presence. After several quite moments of drinking in the sight of her, Kara saw Lena’s lips move, but she didn’t hear the spell that caused the balcony door to open.

She took a step inside, and Lena finally opened her eyes, gazing up at her from the floor. The pain that was still in her gaze made Kara want to beg on her knees for forgiveness.
“I’m sorry,” Kara apologized. “I know you didn’t want to see me, but I had a really bad day, and you are the only one I wanted to talk to you.”

Lena looked away, the muscles in her jaw working as she swallowed. Slowly, she stood, Kara taking in the whole movement carefully. After all, it may very well be the last time she got to see it. Lena crossed her arms, hugging them close to her body, even though she wasn’t cold.

“What do you want, Kara?” she asked, and Kara could have wept at hearing her voice again. It had felt like a lifetime since she had heard that wonderful sound.

“Please, let me explain,” Kara begged. It was a tense moment, but eventually Lena half-nodded, giving Kara permission to go ahead.

“I’m so sorry I lied to you,” she started. “There were hundreds of times I could have told you who I was, hundreds of times where I should have told you. But I didn’t, because I was scared.”

“That’s not a good enough answer,” Lena shot back the very words Kara had used against her, causing the hero to flinch.

“You’re right, it’s not. But it is the truth,” Kara said. Lena sighed, and seemed to hug herself tighter.

“I know. I see it all clearly now, and I feel like such a fool for not realizing sooner,” Lena confessed, making Kara frown. “And I do understand, I am a Luthor…”

“No, that has nothing to do with it!” Kara interrupted. “It may have been a reason when I was getting to know you at first, but it hasn’t been for such a long time.”

“Then why, Kara? How could you be so scared of telling me?” Her voice was small and hurt, and hearing it, knowing she was the cause, hurt Kara too. The emphasis she placed on ‘you’ made it seem as if Lena thought Kara was incapable of such fears.

“The same reason you didn’t tell me about your magic right away,” Kara explained, to which Lena looked puzzled. “I was scared of loosing you.”

“You acted differently with Supergirl then you did with just Kara Danvers,” she continued to explain, wringing her hands nervously. “With Supergirl you were formal, distant, and wary. Cold at times, even. When I was Supergirl, you’d flinch away from me, keep yourself at a distance. When I was being Kara, you were none of those things. You’re open, warm, funny and accepting. I was worried that when you knew that I was Supergirl, you’d stop seeing me as Kara.”

It wasn’t often that Kara let someone see her vulnerability, but with Lena it was easy. She wanted Lena to see all of her know, no matter how terrifying laying her soul bare. Feeling emboldened because Lena wasn’t kicking her out yet, Kara continued.

“And I know it’s selfish, but with you, I can just be me. Just a girl whose lost so much, but has to stay happy and positive all the time for everyone else. You saw through that mask so fast, and you didn’t expect me to be your personal ray of sunshine. With you I could be real and open, because you understood that about me. You’re the same as me, in that way. When I’m with you, I can just be Kara. Not Supergirl, the infallible but distant hero, or Kara Danvers, the haplessly sunny person. Just Kara.”

“I feel more like me when I’m with you then when I’m with anyone else, and the thought of losing that, or having that change at all; it terrifies me,” Kara confessed, feeling like her heart was out in the open for Lena decided what to do with it. It was quite, only the sounds of the city drifting in from the open door between them.
Finally, Lena swallowed heavily, and broke the silence. “You’re right, it was selfish.” Kara hung her head, ready for her to say that she never wanted to see her again. “But I do understand.”

Kara’s head shot up, feeling hope for the first time since Lena had left her apartment. Lena lifted a hand to stop whatever Kara was about to say.

“I understand.” she repeated. “But you still hurt me Kara, badly. And I know that I hurt you too, and I’m being such a hypocrite being mad at you about secrets when I’ve kept my own. And I’m trying to work on, to work through everything ugly I’ve been feeling; I just need more time.”

“Time to work on forgiving me, or time to decided if you want me in your life at all?” Kara couldn’t help but ask, even though it scared her. Lena shrugged helplessly.

“I don’t know,” she admitted, voice thick. Kara felt tears start to sting the back of her eyes. “I don’t want to lose you Kara, but what does it say about me if all the people I love the most always lie to me?”

“I swear to you Lena, I will never lie to you again,” Kara promised. “Ask me anything, and I’ll tell you.”

“Is Kara you’re real name?” Lena asked, the only thing she could think of right now. For some reason, it felt like everything hinged on the answer. If Lena didn’t even know this woman’s real name, could anything else she thought she knew be real?

“Yes, it is,” Kara said immediately. “Kara is my real name, but Danvers is my adopted one. I was born Kara Zor-El, a member of the House of El, one of the noble families of Krypton.”

Lena studied the alien in front of her; the woman who had lied to her since they met, the woman who had known her fears and kept her in the dark. The woman, who even after all of that, Lena still loved stronger then she had ever loved another. And she found that she still trusted that woman.

“Well, Kara Zor-El,” Lena started, testing out the alien name on her tongue. It rolled off smoothly. “I’ll hold you to that promise. I think when I’m ready to talk, I’ll have a lot of questions.”

Kara’s whole body sagged in relief, and a small smile grew shyly on her face. The terrible weight she had been carrying since Lena left her the other night finally lifted; she wasn’t going to lose Lena from her life.

With a subdued smile of her own, Lena subtly gestured for the door. Kara got the hint, and headed back onto the balcony. She stopped and turned back to face Lena before taking off.

“Can I text or call you later?” she asked.

“Maybe in a couple of days, Kara,” Lena said tiredly, leaning against the doorframe. A part of knew that if she didn’t keep some distance from Kara, right now and for a few days, she would just willingly sweep past this whole thing. But doing so wasn’t going to help either of them. Time and distance was needed to sort herself out first, before she could try to sort out her and Kara together.

Kara nodded; it wasn’t the answer she had wanted, but she would take it. She would take any hope Lena could give her. She took off into the night sky, her heart still heavy and hurting, but it wasn’t as bad as it had been. It felt like the cracks that had been in it were starting to heal.

She had been right, seeing and talking to Lena had helped get rid of so much of her pain. Things weren’t fixed between them, and there was still work to be done, but that was ok. When you loved someone, you were willing to do whatever it took.
Kara stopped in mid-air, taken aback by her own thoughts. She hadn’t consciously formed them, and because of that they resonated their truth through her whole mind, body and soul.

She turned in the air, to face back towards Lena’s apartment building. She was far enough away that she couldn’t see the other woman anymore, but she could still see the lights. Every jealousy she had felt, every hurt over Lena pulling away, the horrible extent of her heartbreak now all made sense.

“I’m in love with you, Lena Luthor,” Kara confessed to herself, the still night air around her the only thing to hear the words.

Chapter End Notes

A little less editing on this one, but I hope you still enjoyed it.
See ya next week!
Heroes Part I

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Lena closed the lid of her laptop and rubbed at her tired eyes. It was only early afternoon, but she was already exhausted. The last few days had not been easy on her, and she was feeling the wear of it more than ever now.

It had been a little over a week since Kara had stopped by her apartment; well, actually flown by. She would be lying if she said she had gotten her head around that fact completely. It still felt almost impossible that Kara and Supergirl were the same person, and always had been.

Seeing Kara fly to her balcony door, still in her suit, had been surreal. Lena still didn’t understand how she had never realized it before, because now it was all she could see. The familiar eyes she could get lost in, the stubborn crinkle of concentration, the way she smiled and believed in Lena when no one else did. The way that Kara had cradled Lena’s face in her hands, and the way she had held her while flying…

Lena shook her head. She had to stop thinking about that; it hadn’t meant anything like that to Kara, and she couldn’t start deluding herself that it had. Kara had just been acting like a good friend, a good hero. It didn’t matter that if remembering it now made Lena’s heart race, now that she knew the truth. It was embarrassing that she had thought Supergirl was attracted to her, and she was infinitely glad that she hadn’t said something to that effect to the hero.

Lena leaned back in her chair and sighed. Thinking about Kara, missing Kara, wasn’t doing anything to help improve her mood at all. While she hadn’t seen the other woman in person since her apartment, they had started talking again. It had taken Lena a few days, but she had finally felt ready enough to text her best friend.

She had sent out a simple ‘hi’, and the hello she got back had somehow conveyed Kara’s excitement that Lena reached out, and her caution of not pushing the CEO too much right away. It had been a fairly short conversation, and they hadn’t discussed anything serious, but it had been nice to reach out anyways. They had had a few other short text conversations in the last few days but hadn’t seen each other in person yet.

Lena’s heart ached to see Kara again, and it was for precisely the reason that she hadn’t yet. She hoped that keeping distance between them would allow her feelings to fade, along with the hurt she had felt at being lied to. Still, she couldn’t help but wonder sometimes if Kara missed her as much as she missed her.
And, as if all the emotional turmoil she was going through wasn’t enough, Lena was also swamped with work. L-Corp had several new projects they were starting to develop, as well as new tech about to hit the market. Add onto all that, there was the gala that board was insisting she throw, to celebrate her first year as CEO of the company. Lena didn’t want to have the party, or the hassle of planning a party, but she had been told repeatedly what a good idea it was.

She had been going over plans that she needed to approve when she had shut her computer down. She was a scientist, dammit, not a party-planner! She could spend hours looking over equations and algorithms, but half an hour of approving guests lists, appetizers and wine choices? She was surprised she didn’t have a raging headache.

Her phone chimed, grabbing her attention.

**Kara:** I know I should wait until you’re ready, but would it be alright if I came to see you? Snapper is driving me crazy, and I need someone to talk to.

-

Lena had barely finished reading when her phone chimed again.

**Kara:** Not that the only reason I want to see you is to vent! If you’re not ready to see me, or don’t want to deal with my crazy stuff, I complexly understand.

-

**Kara:** Completely, not complexly. Auto-correct!

-

Lena smiled, and laughed softly to herself. Her fingers hovered over the letters on her phone, but she hesitated. Was seeing Kara a good idea? And if she did agree to see her, what did that mean for Lena’s efforts to get over her?

**Lena:** I’m at the office.

-

As soon as she hit send, she started chiding herself internally. Why couldn’t she exercise self-control when it came to Kara? Probably because of the warm bubble of happiness she felt at the mere idea of seeing Kara again. Damn, but she had it bad.

Twenty minutes later, Jess called into her office, saying that Kara was there to see her. Feeling giddy,
and slightly nervous, Lena tided some papers on her desk that she could pretend she had been busy with, when really she hadn’t read a single word since telling Kara to stop by.

Kara entered the office, and upon seeing Lena stopped just inside the doorway, simply staring at the CEO. Kara couldn’t stop the large happy smile from growing on her face, and she was keenly aware of the way her heart sped up and her body warmed. How had she never realized that she was in love with this woman before?

“Kara,” Lena greeted gently, making the alien realize she should stop staring now.

“Hi, Lena,” Kara said, crossing the room. She got close enough to hug the CEO and had even started to raise her arms to do so, before stopping herself. She didn’t know if Lena would be ok hugging yet, even though they had gotten used to greeting each other that way before.

Lena smiled softly, recognizing what caused Kara’s hesitation, and appreciating it. She then walked around the edge of her desk, opening her arms in invitation. Kara eagerly walked into her embrace, holding onto Lena tightly. The time when she thought she would never get the chance to do this again had been too long.

Kara wanted to fist her hands in the expensive material of Lena’s shirt, wanted to pull her tight against her own body. She made herself settle for breathing in deeply, enjoying the way that Lena smelled. When they pulled back, Kara kept her arms around Lena for a moment longer than necessary. The thought crossed her mind that it would be so easy to lean in and kiss her right now. Her gaze dropped to Lena’s lips for half a second, and Kara made herself pull back completely. Lena had been the one she had complained to about friends developing unrequited feelings; there was no way she was going to put Lena through that discomfort or jeopardize their still healing relationship.

“So, you said that’s Snappper’s driving you crazy?” Lena said, moving to sit on the couch, gesturing for Kara to do the same.

“We don’t have to talk about me if you don’t want to,” Kara offered.

“Kara, please,” Lena insisted gently.

“Ok, um,” Kara started. “It started this morning; James was trying to push for a story about Guardian
to be published, and he was making it a point to push Snapper to publish it in front of me…”


“Right, you don’t know,” Kara said mainly to herself. “James is Guardian. Winn’s been helping him do it.”

“You didn’t know?” Lena asked once over her initial surprise. Kara shook her head. “I’m sorry,” she said, feeling guilty. First, she had lied to Kara, and then her other friends did so as well, but for much longer.

“Yeah, well,” Kara said, shrugging and trying dismiss all the complicated emotions that talking about it brought up. “I got really mad at him and Winn when I found out, and we haven’t really talked since then.”

“When did you find out?”

“The night I came to see you,” Kara confessed. “That’s why I was upset.”

“I thought you were still upset with me, which you had, and still have, every right to be,” Lena admitted.

“Lena, no,” Kara said, leaning forward slightly to emphasize her point. “I’m not upset with you, I haven’t been since the night I told you I was Supergirl. I’ve been upset with myself for hurting you.”

“I hurt you too, Kara,” Lena reminded. “Just because you hurt me too doesn’t automatically get me off the hook for lying to you.”

“You only hurt me because I didn’t know the whole truth, and I got…” Jealous. “Insecure, because you were acting close with Alex. I guess I just felt left out. I’m not letting you off the hook just because I did something worse; you’re off the hook because I jumped to conclusions and upset myself.”

Lena wasn’t convinced, but she recognized that there was no use arguing about it. Both were firmly
sticking to their guns when it came to their own guilt.

“Ok, so James was trying to use his publication to make himself look better…” Lena led, deciding to get the conversation back on track.

“Right,” Kara laughed. “So I was already upset, and this woman came in to talk to Snapper. Her daughter’s been missing for a couple of days, and she wanted our help to find her. Snapper pretty much blew it off the second she left his office. He refuses to do anything to try and find her!”

“I can see why that got you upset, but I’m guessing you didn’t let him stop you,” Lena said. She was rewarded with a wide grin.

“Not at all,” she replied. “I talked to Maggie, ‘cause she’s my only police contact, and I found out there have been dozens of disappearances lately, all of them healthy 20-somethings with.”

“It’s a pretty big city, people go missing a lot,” Lena reasoned.

“Yeah, but I looked at the files that Maggie got me, and all this missing people went to go have blood work done at this small little clinic in the east side.”

“So, you went and checked it out,” Lena said with a grin, knowing without a doubt that’s what Kara did.

“Yes I did,” Kara confirmed smiling. It felt so good to be talking to Lena like this again. “Mon-El tried to invite himself along, as if he hadn’t don’t anything wrong.”

Lena made a mental note to ask what he did later. While she knew he wasn’t a rival (because Kara rejected his kiss, not to mention that Kara didn’t like women), it was oddly satisfying to know that Kara wasn’t happy with him.

“Anyway, I ditched him and went to the clinic. They’re promoting this drug trial their doing, and the blood work was a chance for some quick cash to see if they met the requirements for the trial.”

“Are you thinking there’s a connection between the drug trial and the missing people?” Lena asked,
propping her elbow on the back of the couch and resting her head against her hand. It also made her shirt stretch across her chest a little tighter, and Kara lost her train of thought when she noticed.

“Right, yeah,” she said after a second, shaking her head to clear it. “My instincts say their involved, but I’ve hit a road-block with my investigation. To go any further, I’d need to have blood work done.”

“And you can’t because your blood isn’t human,” Lena realized, finishing for her. “You should get someone to go with you.”

“Who?” Kara asked. “I’m not talking to either James or Winn, and I’m still upset with Alex for knowing about Guardian and not telling me. Plus...”

“Plus, what?” Lena asked when Kara paused.

“Plus, even if I wasn’t upset with Alex, she’s so happy with her new girlfriend that I don’t want to drag her away,” she said with a smile. Lena’s eyes widened.

“Wait, girlfriend?” Kara nodded. “Don’t tell me that Alex and Maggie finally smartened up and got together?”

“Yup,” Kara said, popping the ‘p’. There was a brief moment where Lena didn’t react, and it was just long enough that Kara started to worry. What if Lena really did have feelings for Alex?

Just as she was about to start spiraling down a rabbit-hole of doubt and jealousy, Lena’s face broke into a huge smile.

“It’s about damn time!” Len cried out joyously. “Honestly watching them pine and long for each other was painful.”

Kara laughed. “I’m really happy for Alex. I’ve never seen her so happy before. But it does leave me with no backup for hero-ing.”

Lena shrugged and shook her head slightly.
“Hey, wait,” Kara said, an idea coming to her. “Why don’t you come with me?”

“What?” Lena asked, not sure in Kara was joking or not.

“Yeah, it would work great!” Kara continued, getting excited about the idea. “Even with your magic, your blood doesn’t look any different from other humans, so you’d be able to get more info from the clinic then I could.”

“Kara,” Lena interrupted, feeling the need to dampen her friends enthusiasm. “I’ve already said that I don’t plan on being a hero like that.”

“Right.” Now Kara remembered her saying that. Her shoulders slumped, feeling dejected. She knew that she and Lena made a good team and could only imagine how amazing they’d be together now that magic was involved.

“You wouldn’t really be hero-ing,” Kara tried. “Just helping me out with an investigative journalism piece.”

“Kara,” Lena said with exasperated fondness.

“I know,” she replied. “It’s just, these missing people are barely being looked for. I feel like I have to do something to find them.”

“Sorry, I’m not trying to guilt you into doing it,” Kara quickly explained when she noticed the frown on Lena’s face. “I’m just frustrated that I can’t do more myself.”

“Alex is busy with Maggie, and you’re mad at James and Winn,” Lena recapped, thinking to herself. “There are dozens of agents with the DEO, why don’t you take one of them?”

“I guess technically I could,” Kara said. “But I don’t really know any of the other agents very well. Alex has always been my go-between for the rest of the DEO.”
Lena was quite for a moment.

“Ok,” she said finally. Kara looked puzzled. “I’ll go with you to the clinic.”

“Really?” Kara asked, her whole face lighting up, making Lena smile and feel almost giddy that she caused it.

“Yeah. I mean, I’m not going to be putting on the spandex anytime soon and heading out into the night,” Lena joked. “But doing this small thing to help track down some missing people? I can’t just not do anything now that I know what’s going on.”

“You’re amazing,” Kara stated, causing Lena to blush and duck her head, missing Kara’s matching blush. She hadn’t meant to blurt it out, but it was what she was thinking.

“Uh, when will work with you to go to the clinic?” Kara asked, trying to distract from her slipup.

“Right now would be good for me. You?” she replied, standing from the couch. Kara scrambled to follow her.

“Now?” she repeated. “Are you sure? If you still have work to do, it can wait.”

“Nonsense,” Lena said, putting on her coat. “I think saving people is more important than deciding between crab cake or shrimp cocktails.”

“Well, that depends on how good the crab cakes are,” Kara joked, making Lena laugh.

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“Oh, it’s you again,” the man in the lab coat and glasses said when he recognized Kara. To Lena, he sounded nervous.

“Yes, hello again!” Kara replied over-cheerfully. “I felt so bad that I couldn’t give blood, because of my religious beliefs, so I brought a friend.”
For the first time, the man seemed to focus on Lena, and when he did his eyes widened behind his glasses.

“You’re Lena Luthor,” he gasped.

“Um,” Kara floundered; she hadn’t been prepared for Lena to be recognized, which in hindsight was a stupid mistake. She had just been so caught up in the fact that Lena was here with her.

“Yes, I am,” Lena replied confidently, moving forwards and offering the man her hand. “My friend here was telling me about your program, Dr…?”

“Smith. Dr. Smith,” the man replied,

“Yes, as I was saying, Dr. Smith,” Lena continued. “My friend told me about your program, and I decided I needed to come down and see it for myself. L-Corp is always on the lookout for positive local investments.”

“Of course, Ms. Luthor, it’s an honor to have you here,” Dr. Smith said, before raking his eyes up and down Lena’s body. Kara bristled, and had to clench her fist as the man looked back up with undisguised hunger.

Lena’s smile remained polite, yet cold. Anyone who didn’t know her well would think her unaffected by the man’s leering, but Kara could see the small twitches in her jaw. She wanted nothing more than to tear the man’s hand off for making Lena uncomfortable.

“If you’ll come with me, I’ll be happy to show you our setup,” he offered, gesturing to the door behind him. With an inclined nod, Lena started towards the open door, Kara quickly moving to walk beside her.

“Oh, I’m sorry,” Dr. Smith said, blocking Kara’s path. “I’m afraid I’ll have to ask you to stay here.”

“I’d like her to come with us, actually,” Lena said before Kara could object. “She may not be able to be tested, but she’s a very keen observer. I value her opinion.”
“Of course,” he said, though it was forced. Kara smiled sweetly at him, her version of a smirk.

Dr. Smith led them both through the facility, not saying a word. Lena glanced around, catching Kara’s eye. She raised an eyebrow, and Kara nodded. Both were feeling uneasy in this place. Neither of them might know a lot about medicine, but they did know that equipment was generally used. This place was almost bare.

“Here we are,” Dr. Smith said, ushering them into a cavernous back room. Looking around, all that was here was something large against the wall that was covered with a sheet.

“What exactly do you do here?” Kara questioned, keeping on the balls of her feet. She had a feeling that she needed to be ready to fight soon.

Dr. Smith ignored her, and instead gestured to Lena. “If you stand right here, we’ll have this over in short order.”

Lena did as he asked, certain that if anything were going to happen, she and Kara would be able to handle it. With another hungry smirk, Dr. Smith grabbed a handful of the sheet, pulling it off the object with a flourish.

The object underneath looked like a squat arch, the design clearly alien. There was a small pedestal near the left side, and Dr. Smith pressed a few spots on it gleefully. A simmering purple light filled the arch, looking somewhat like the event horizon of a wormhole from Stargate SG1.

As soon as the shimmering purple field appeared, two reptilian looking aliens burst from the shadows, one rushing towards Lena, the other towards Kara. Without hesitation, Kara threw her fist out, catching the charging alien in the chest. He fell back several feet but didn’t fall down. Kara rushed at him, throwing out punches and kicks to stop him.

The alien that had been rushing Lena didn’t even blink at their companion being beaten up but stayed heading towards Lena. She pushed her hand palm forward towards the alien, not needing to vocalize the spell that hit the alien, sending it flying into the air and back to the wall.

Lena stayed watching him for a moment, to make sure he wasn’t going to charge again, and that was her mistake. She had forgotten about Dr. Smith behind her. The man, when seeing his companions being beaten, had shed the holographic project and resumed his true alien form.
He then rushed at Lena, wrapping an arm around her shoulders and stomach, pining her arms to the side. He started dragging her back towards the arch, as she shouted and fought him.

Kara turned at Lena’s shouts, dread coiling in her stomach as she watched her being dragged away. She made to move towards the two of them, but the alien she had been fighting threw a punch that caught her in the jaw, sending her to the floor.

“Kara!” Lena yelled, fighting harder against the alien holding her. But he was too strong, and she couldn’t break free. Before she could say a spell to push him off her, he stepped back into the event horizon, pulling her with him.

Kara looked up in time to catch Lena’s eyes for a second before she disappeared.

“No!” she screamed. The other alien came at her again, and she swept her leg out, making him fall. Making use of her super speed, she caught him before he hit the floor, then threw him across the room to where the other alien was crumpled against the wall.

In a flash, she changed into her suit and pulled out her phone. She hit the emergency signal that Winn had programmed into it, which sent out a call for help and her location to the DEO. Dropping the phone with her discarded clothes, Kara charged through the portal without another thought.

When Lena had been pulled through what she was going to think of as a Stargate, she had been met with desert-like surroundings bathed in a red light. She instinctively looked to the sky and saw a red sun instead of a familiar yellow one. She was on another planet.

The alien who had been Dr. Smith continued to drag her away from the arch, but he had loosened his grip slightly as Lena had looked around his shock. Wasting no more time, Lena called a spell to her mind.

“Áhwylfan êower âræfnan.” At her words, the aliens grip around her chest and stomach ceased. It was hard to tell with an unfamiliar alien face, but Lena thought he looked shocked that his arms were no longer listening to him.

“Slépde,” she said then. The alien’s eyes rolled back in his head, his eyelids closing before slumping to the ground in a heap. The sound of crunching gravel alerted Lena to two more aliens charging towards her, these ones armed with small hand weapons. She readied herself to meet them.
Before she could do anything, Kara flew through the gate, her cape streaming behind her. She only flew a few feet from the portal before landing, running at super speed towards one of the aliens. It was obvious that neither alien was prepared to deal with someone with abilities, and they halted in their run, looking back and forth between Lena and Kara in the second it took for Kara to reach them.

She grabbed the first one’s weapon, pulling it from its fist, trying to crush it between her hands. It seemed to be of a particularly strong material, because it was taking more effort than it took for a normal gun. Needing the threat removed, Kara shot a quick burst of heat vision of the weapon. The beams from her eyes lasted only a few second before cutting off abruptly, but it was enough to destroy the gun.

Deciding that Kara was the bigger threat, the other alien raised its weapon, taking aim at Kara while she started trading blows back and forth with the first alien.

“Tôhrêran,” Lena shouted, aiming her hand towards the second alien, and his weapon exploded in his hands, the blast knocking him unconscious.

Kara was still fighting with the first alien, and Lena couldn’t get a clear shot to help. Stepping so that she was at an angle to the alien, Kara grabbed a hold of his collar, bending forward and throwing him over her shoulder. Once on the ground, Kara hit him in the face repeatedly until his body sagged in her grip.

“Lena,” she called out, crossing over to the other woman after letting go of the alien. “Are you alright?” She asked quickly as she looked her over for any injuries.

“I’m fine,” Lena said swallowing hard and nodding. She then looked properly at Kara, and gasped. “Kara, your hand.”

Frowning, Kara finally looked down. Her whole arm was shaking, and her hand was bleeding and bruised. Seeing her injuries made the adrenaline she had been running on vanish, and she realized that her hand felt like it was on fire. She could also feel the pain all over her body where the alien had hit her, including a very worrying sharpness in her chest.

She looked around, realizing for the first time that she and Lena were standing in red light. She had failed to notice any details when she came through the portal, she was too focused on rescuing Lena.
“It’s a red sun,” Kara said as she looked up at the sky. Seeing the star sent a strange mix of longing and fear through Kara’s system. She returned her focus to Lena, who was looking confused and worried.

“We need to go back,” Kara said worriedly, turning back to the portal to find that the purple light within it had vanished.

“Shit,” Lena swore softly. She hadn’t even realized that Stargate had turned off, she had been too absorbed in the fight.

She walked over to the pedestal, Kara limping behind her. She looked over the object, not seeing any obvious signs of how to turn it on. She continued to inspect it, and Kara walked over and leaned against the edge of the arch, holding a hand to her ribs and breathing heavily.

“I don’t think I can turn it back on,” Lena said eventually. “It looks like it needs something like a key, and I don’t have any of the tools I’d need to open it up to hotwire it.”

“Ok,” Kara said heavily. “Dr. Smith might have the key.”

“Right,” Lena said, turning to where the alien had collapsed after her spell. But he was no longer there. She looked over to where the other two had been laying, and they weren’t there either.

“Shit!” Lena swore loudly this time. There weren’t any footprints or drag marks leading away from where the aliens had been.

“If they have interstellar teleportation, they must have sort-distance ones as well,” Kara reasoned, her voice tight with the pain.

Lena turned back toward the hero, looking concerned. “Why aren’t you healing? How did you get so hurt in the first place?”

“It’s the red sun,” Kara explained through a grimace. “I get my powers from the radiation of a yellow sun, so I only had a bit of charge left when I came through. I burned through it pretty quickly.”
Lena nodded, storing the information away for something to ask about later.

“We’ve got to get away from the gate,” she started. “Dr. Smith and the other two will be alerting whoever else is here about our arrival. Reinforcements will be coming soon, and we can’t deal with large numbers right now.”

Kara nodded, pushing herself off the edge of the gate with a groan. She took a step then cried out from the searing pain in her chest.

Lena ran forward, catching the stumbling hero and sliding underneath her arm to help hold her up.

“My ribs are broken,” Kara explained through gritted teeth. Lena looked around.

“Ok, we need to get away from here, but once we’re somewhere safer, I can help you,” she said, shifting to help support more of Kara’s weight.

Setting her jaw, Kara nodded, and they started walking.

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They walked, painfully for Kara, until they were far enough away from the Stargate that they could no longer see it. Finding an especially rocky area, Lena had led them towards a space where two rocks formed a small depression. It was a safe a spot as any they could see, and Lena was too worried about creating more damage in Kara’s body to continue any further.

Helping Kara sit down, Lena took a moment to catch her breath. Trekking across an alien world with an injured superhero was not the easiest thing to do in formal business attire. She had considered ditching the heels but walking bare foot over sharp rocks didn’t seem like it would help them move any faster.

“Ok,” she said after getting her breath back. “I really hope this works for you.”

Kara looked at her quizzically; the other woman had yet to explain what she was going to try and do. She was about to ask Lena what she was going to do, but her words were replaced with a sharp
intact of air as Lena laid her hands on her chest. Kara really hoped that Lena thought her gasp and racing heart was a result of the pain, and not the result of the CEO’s touch. Even through her suit, Kara thought she could feel the softness of Lena’s hands.

“Ymbsêon,” Lena breathed out, praying that her powers would help the Kryptonian.

Kara now gasped for an entirely different reason. Starting where Lena was touching her, a warmth was spreading out into her chest. The heat targeted the pain, and Kara could feel the broken bones start to stitch together. The sensation was similar to laying under sun lamps, but much faster and gentler.

Concentrating on her task, Lena started moving her hands across Kara’s body. Her eyes were unfocused, and she wasn’t aware of how Kara was looking at her as one hand dragged down to the hero’s stomach from her chest. It was almost as if Lena could see the injuries Kara had sustained, and so knew where to move her hands to direct the healing energy.

Once done with Kara’s bruised internal organs, Lena let her hands flow back up the hero, before skimming down her arm. She held Kara’s hand in between her own, focusing the last of the magic on healing the fractures there.

She blinked, releasing the magic and her focus on Kara’s injuries. She looked up, meeting her friends gaze. Kara was staring at her intently, the look on her face something that Lena couldn’t fully identify.

Kara’s mouth was hanging open in a small ‘o’, her breaths deep and ragged, but mostly it was her eyes that were intense and dark as she looked into Lena’s own. Lena dropped her gaze, hoping the red light of the sun would do something to hide her blush.

“Wow,” Kara finally breathed out, fighting to get her emotions under control. She knew that she could never easily forget the feeling of Lena running her hands over her body.

“Um, did it work?” Lena asked shyly, letting go of Kara’s hands. She should have told Kara what she was going to do first. Now things were going to be weird between them.

“It really worked for me,” Kara said without thinking. Realizing what she said, she quickly continued. “I mean, it really worked. I don’t hurt at all anymore. What exactly did you do?”
“I healed you,” Lena said simply, still not meeting Kara’s gaze. “I didn’t know if my magic would work on you or not, but it’s a good thing that it can.”

“Yeah, a really good thing,” Kara agreed. Internally, she couldn’t help but think that even without powers, Lena’s touch would always feel magical to her.

“So, I guess we discovered what’s been happening to all the missing people,” Lena said, desperate to change the subject.

“Yeah,” Kara agreed, bringing her thoughts back to the matter at hand. “The question is whether or not they’re still here.”

“From the gate, I noticed a fortress in the distance,” Lena said. “I took us in the opposite direction of it, but if the missing people are here, that’s probably where they are.”

Kara nodded, agreeing with Lena’s logic. “Before coming through after you, I left a signal for the DEO at the clinic. Hopefully, they can figure out where we went, and maybe even how to turn the portal back on.”

“Even if they do,” Lena added, “the wormhole may only be one-directional. Unless we figure out a way to turn it on from our side, we might not be able to go back through it.”

“So even if re-enforcements come through, they might end up being stuck too?” Kara clarified, to which Lena nodded. “Ok, so our only real course of action is to go to the fortress, isn’t it?”

“Yeah,” Lena agreed. “Even if we can’t find a key for the gate there, I should be able to find some tools that will help me break into the pedestal.”

“And we can rescue the kidnapped people if their still there,” Kara continued. “Sounds dangerous and crazy. At least the aliens won’t be expecting us to march right up to their front door.”

Lena laughed.

Chapter End Notes
Sorry for the late update! Been travelling, and getting ready to move for school so things are a little weird for me right now. And, being off work, I'm getting far too caught up in using the internet all day. Part II is already written, but after that I am not ahead very much. So there may be further delays in updating, especially since I'm going to be starting grad school soon.

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