This story was written for a super special gal I know, but anyone is welcome to read it. The story stays mostly true to what's happened in the show from Season 2, Episode 11 and beforehand, and follows the developing relationship between Kara and Lena. As drama unfolds, Kara slowly comes to realize what Lena has meant to her all along. Supercorp.
Chapter 1

When I was a child, my planet Krypton was dying. I was sent to Earth to protect my cousin, but my pod got knocked off course and by the time I got here, my cousin had already grown up and become Superman. I hid who I really was until one day, when an accident forced me to reveal myself to the world. To most people, I'm a reporter at CatCo Wordwide Media. But in secret, I work with my adoptive sister for the DEO to protect my city from alien life and anyone else that means to cause it harm. I am Supergirl.

"Please tell me that isn't more Aldebaran Rum..."

Blue eyes rolled to the ceiling before settling onto her sister who was now seated on the bar stool to her right. Kara lifted her glass into the air, a good natured smile on her lips. "Don't worry, sis, I've been having nothing but club soda all night."

"Good." Alex's lips twisted to the side before settling into a grin. "As...amusing as drunk Kara was, I'm not sure I could take a repeat performance."

"Har har har. I don't think we'll have to worry about that happening anytime soon..." Kara took a sip of her drink before setting it back down on the counter. "So... what brings you here? Looking for a certain someone?" Kara glanced around the bar, scanning the crowd for Alex's girlfriend, Maggie.

"Maggie? No, she's waiting for me at her place, along with some vegan something or other she made for dinner."

"Lemme guess? You lost another bet?"

"Yup. I would tell you what it was, but..."

Kara held up a hand, a soft chuckle escaping her. "I have a feeling it hinges on something I either did or didn't do again, so it's probably for the best I don't know. But...if she's waiting for you, what are you doing here?"

Alex's shoulders shrugged. "Checking in on you. I haven't seen you around much this week at the DEO."

"Yeah..." Kara's gaze dropped, settling onto her glass. A finger traced the rim of it as she spoke. "I've just been busy. Chasing a lot of leads. The usual."

"Right..." Alex's eyes narrowed slightly as she regarded her sister, debating whether or not she should let that white lie slide or call her out on it. The latter won. "It doesn't have anything to do with the fact Mon-El has been around there a lot, does it? Or the fact he asked you out again?"

Kara looked over at her sister, surprise registering on her face. "How do you know about that?"

"Ha!" Alex suddenly looked smug. "I didn't until right now! Suspicions confirmed." The smugness on her face faded, giving way to the concern she felt over Kara's current state of mind. "I'm...guessing you turned him down again?"

Kara sighed, her eyes falling back to her drink. Suddenly Aldebaran Rum didn't sound like the worst idea in the Universe. "I did. He didn't take it well. I just..." Her eyes closed as she took a second to collect her thoughts. When she opened them, she caught Alex's gaze again before continuing. "I don't know what's wrong with me. Between Winn, James, Mon-El... I feel like I keep ending up in
the same situation over and over. I have these great guys, who I know I love and care about, but when they develop feelings for me…” Kara sighed again. "I find myself incapable of returning those feelings."

"Hey." Alex's tone was soft as gave her sister a small smile. Her hand lifted, resting on Kara's arm. "Don't ever beat yourself up over something like that. Feelings can't be forced. When you find the right person… You'll know. When the right person asks you out, you won't even have to stop to wonder whether or not it's the right thing. It's not something you can rush. No matter what planet you're from."

Kara returned Alex's smile with a small one of her own. "I guess you're right. It doesn't change the fact I feel bad, but… I know that I did the right thing with Mon-El. We're better off as friends."

"Of course I'm right." The hand at Kara's shoulder patted twice before dropping. "I am the older and wiser one amongst us." With a grin, Alex slid off the seat. "Time for me to go pay the piper. I'll see you tomorrow at the DEO?"

Kara nodded, chuckling at the thought of Alex having to make her way through an entirely vegan meal. "You will." Suddenly, she remembered something. "In the afternoon," she tacked on. "I almost forgot, I have a meeting at L-Corp tomorrow morning."

"Ah, with Lena? Be careful around that one…” Alex reached into her pocket, fishing for her keys and pulling them out. "See ya, sis."

"See ya."

~ooooooo~

On the ride up in the elevator, Kara's hands brushed out the crinkles that had formed in her skirt and blouse on the quick flight over to L-Corp. After she was confident her clothing looked presentable, she ran those same hands through her blonde hair, checking herself out in the shiny metallic surface of the elevator walls to make sure all of the strands were still in the smooth ponytail she had put them into that morning. There was something about visiting Lena that always made her self-conscious about whether or not she looked okay. Kara attributed it to the fact that both L-Corp and Lena were always well put together. In the short time they had known one another, Kara had never seen her with even a single hair out of place. Lena Luthor was the kind of woman that Kara associated with perfection.

It was that perfection that was on her mind when the elevator dinged, pulling her out of her current train of thought. Stepping out, Kara made her way straight for the door to Lena's office, only slowing down to give Lena's secretary Jess a small smile. The smile was met with an icy stare, but Kara didn't let it bother her. There was something about Lena's open-door policy for Kara that appeared to irk her secretary but there was nothing she could do about that. It had been Lena's idea; Kara hadn't asked for it and she definitely didn't mind it. It was fun getting to pop in whenever she wanted. This time, though, Lena knew she was coming.

Heading inside of the office, Kara paused to knock on the wall before fully stepping into view. As soon as Lena's eyes met hers, a full blown smile found its way onto Kara's lips. It was good to see her, as always.

Lena returned her smile with a matching one. Her eyes glanced down at the thin leather band on her wrist before looking back up at Kara. "Punctual as always, Miss Danvers."

"I aim to please, Miss Luthor." Kara tried to keep a straight face as she replied with the same air of
professionalism Lena had jokingly greeted her with, but was unable to do so. The smile she had upon first seeing Lena quickly returned.

Lena's arm swept out towards the chairs in front of her desk. "Have a seat, Kara. It's so nice to see you, even if it is business that brings you here instead of pleasure."

Chuckling, Kara lifted her hand and fidgeted with her glasses, adjusting them before making her way over to one of the chairs Lena had gestured towards. Reaching inside her purse and pulling out her notepad, she also grabbed a pen before setting her bag down by her feet. "I mean, I didn't come here for only business." Kara looked at Lena, her pad resting in her lap, un-opened. "Completely off the record, how have you been holding up since your mother was arrested?" Lena's lips pursed instead of providing a reply, prompting Kara to continue speaking. "I'm really not asking as a reporter, I'm asking as a…friend."

"Well…friend," Lena started, a sigh following up her words. Her shoulders relaxed as she settled back against her chair, her eyes remaining on Kara. "I've been better, if I'm being honest. I… I don't…" Another sigh escaped her, this one distinctly full of frustration. "I don't know why I'm not okay with everything. I mean, a Luthor doing something nefarious and going to jail? It's a tale as old as time at this point. It shouldn't bother me."

"But it does," Kara said, her voice warm and soft, full of the sympathy she felt for Lena in that moment. "It's okay that it does. Family is family. Even… when they do something completely disappointing." Kara's thoughts briefly drifted towards memories of her aunt Astra and the complicated relationship they had at the time of her death, but she quickly pulled herself back to the current conversation that was happening. This moment was about Lena. "It's okay to have mixed feelings about the entire thing. I'm sure you are incredibly tired of being let down by family by now."

"Tired isn't the word for it. Between Lex and my mother…" Lena drifted off. Kara waited for her to finish her thought, but instead noted a change in her expression. It appeared as if Lena was reigning herself in, striving to go back to that picture of perfection that she always appeared to be. "Oh well, how I feel will pass." Lena's hand waved in the air as if she was using it to physically bat away her emotions at the moment. "All I can do now is focus on making up for their sins. Which is why you're here, correct? You said that you wanted to talk about the charity gala I'm hosting in two weeks?"

Kara remained quiet for a moment, unsure of how to proceed. For a moment, it had seemed like Lena was going to confide in her. In a way, it bothered Kara that she had retreated from that. It wasn't that she was nosy, but more so that she wanted to be able to be there for Lena, if possible.

"That is why you're here, right?"

"Yes," Kara said with a nod, deciding to allow the issue to be tabled…for now. However, Kara being who she was, she wasn't willing to let the matter drop forever. "That is why I'm here, but…" To stall as she collected her thoughts, Kara took the time to open up her notepad. "I was also wondering something. Also off the record."

One of Lena's perfectly shaped brows arched. "What would you like to ask me?"

"How…do you feel about…potstickers?"

The emotional wall Lena had appeared to put up when their conversation grew to be serious flickered, fading away as amusement settled in instead. "Potstickers?"

"Yup." Kara nodded earnestly. "Potstickers."
"I…enjoy a good potsticker. What makes you ask?" Lena's head tilted, the amusement she was feeling reaching her eyes and causing them to glimmer.

"I was thinking that we could have some. At my place later." Kara shrugged, a nervous chuckle escaping her. The invite had already been extended and it was too late to change her mind or rescind it, so she forged ahead, her words coming out as a long rambling string. "I mean, with other things, of course. It's just that potstickers are my favorite and it's what I like to eat when I'm having a rough time. Or any time, really, doesn't have to be rough. I'd eat them for breakfast, lunch, and dinner every day if that was considered to be socially acceptable. But yeah, I was thinking you could come over and we could order a bunch of food and maybe watch a movie to take your mind off of everything and…"

"Kara."

Kara stopped mid-sentence, pulled out of her rambling diatribe by the sound of Lena's voice. Giving Lena a grateful smile for saving her from what was turning into a very embarrassing rant, she said one last thing. "How does that sound?"

"That sounds…" Lena paused in giving her response. Kara felt her breath catch as she waited to hear what the verdict was. Perhaps she had ruined things with her stupid rambling. "…great."

"Great?" Kara echoed, surprised at the fact she hadn't ruined anything.

"Great," Lena repeated, nodding. "I would love to. How's…seven? Does that work for you? I should be all done my work by then."

"That's perfect!" Kara exclaimed, her response verging on being an excited squeal. "I'll have Netflix cued up and the menu out. We can haggle over what exactly to get later as long as there are…"

"…potstickers," Lena finished for her, a warm smile gracing her lips.

"Exactly." Kara exhaled, relieved that her invitation had been accepted. Lena had once told her that she was her only real friend in the city and, as that person, Kara wanted nothing more than to lift her spirits.

"I'll have Jess add it to my calendar once you leave so nothing else gets scheduled last minute and I will be there. I'll even try to be as punctual as you." Lena winked. "Now, about that gala… Let's get down to business, Miss Danvers."

Kara could feel her cheeks warm at Lena's wink, but didn't stop to try and figure out why that was. Instead, she rested the tip of her pen against the paper in front of her. "Let's, Miss Luthor."
"Rao, why am I such a slob?" Kara groaned, utilizing her super speed as she dashed around her apartment, chucking loose articles of clothing into a laundry basket. It had taken her an entire hour to settle on the outfit she was currently wearing and it had turned her place into a fashion warzone. Discarded shirts, skirts, shoes, cardigans, and dresses littered every hallway.

It had been difficult deciding on what to wear, to say the least. The part of Kara that wanted to look well put together whenever she was in Lena's presence had to find a happy balance with the part of Kara that realized this was a casual outing taking place in her home. As much as she was tempted to, she couldn't whip out one of her best dresses for takeout and Netflix on the couch. Instead, she settled on a new pair of maroon pants that perfectly complimented the striped sweater she had picked up from Macy's the other day. Comfy, casual, and stylish all in one.

After taking care of the discarded clothing, Kara powered on, also vacuuming up her place and dusting. By the time she was done, every surface was so clean that they could eat their dinner off of it, if they so desired. Not that she would ever suggest such a thing to Lena Luthor.

Lena.

Thinking about the fact that within the hour Lena was going to be in her home caused a flurry of over-active butterflies to fill her stomach.

"You're being silly, Kara..." she told herself out loud, realizing she needed to reign in her nervousness. This was going to be the first time the two of them had gotten an opportunity to really hang out one on one. Sure, they had their little meetings in Lena's office and there was the time that Kara had attended one of Lena's parties, but none of those really counted. Even at the party, the two had barely gotten to spend any quality time together thanks to the intergalactic weapon wielding robbers that had decided to crash the event. Although they hadn't gotten to really spend time together that night, thinking about the party always put a smile on Kara's lips. Lena had been so brave. Kara might have been there that night as Supergirl, but it had really been Lena that had saved the day. That night, Lena had been her hero.

Kara caught herself standing over her sink, smiling like an idiot as she reflected on that night. Reminding herself she had no time to waste, she got back to work, washing the last few dishes. Once those were done, her apartment would officially be as clean as it was going to get.

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Kara's foot bobbed up and down nervously as she sat on her couch, waiting for seven o'clock to roll around. Every few seconds, she would check the time even though she was well aware that it didn't make it go by faster. It made Kara think of how Alex liked to tease her when they would cook something together saying, "a watched pot never boils," which always prompted Kara to then use her heat vision to make the water boil immediately. It was one of their inside jokes with one another.

Alex had asked Kara earlier at the DEO if she had any plans for the night, but Kara had skirted the truth. "Takeout and Netflix," she had responded, leaving out the fact that she wasn't going to be doing those things alone. It was because Alex had a bias against the Luthors. At least, that's what Kara told herself. The fact that Lena was coming over was a detail that she wasn't willing to share with other people at this point. It was Kara's own special little secret.

This time, when she glanced at her watch, she noticed that only seven minutes remained. Her foot
bobbed faster as a burst of excited energy flowed through her. Kara was really looking forward to getting some quality time with Lena.

Giving into her impatience, Kara employed her super hearing, wanting to see if she could pick up on the sounds of Lena making her way towards her apartment door. Even though there was still seven minutes left until she was supposed to be there, Kara would be very unsurprised to find that Lena had arrived early.

Except, she didn't hear footsteps when she focused her hearing. Instead, she heard an incredibly soft beeping.

Confused, Kara stood. A crinkle formed at the center of her forehead as she closed her eyes and focused in on the noise, trying to locate where it was coming from.

"What on Earth..." she whispered, switching to her x-ray vision. Looking in the direction of the noise, she focused in until she found the source. There was an unfamiliar rectangular figure located underneath her bed. Speeding over there, Kara got down to her knees and pulled up the dust ruffle that obstructed her view. A loud gasp escaped her as she realized what she was face to face with. A bomb.

Kara's first instinct was to reach for the device, but something stopped her. As soon as her hand touched the cool metal of the box, it caused her to wince and jerk her hand back away from it. A light green glow seemed to be emanating from the device. It was in that moment that Kara realized she was dealing with kryptonite.

"What do I do, what do I do..." she whispered to herself, catching sight of the small display fixated on the device. There was a timer and time was running out. There was less than five minutes for Kara to figure out a solution.

Realizing that wasn't enough time to call any of her friends for help, Kara quickly had to think of a different plan. Had this been an ordinary bomb, the easy answer would have been to take it and allow it to explode in the air. However, since it was full of her biggest weakness, Kara knew she'd never be able to take flight with the box in hand. There was really only one choice left.

Evacuate the building.

Wasting no time, Kara raced out of her apartment and sprinted down the hall. Stopping at a small red box, she quickly pried the lid open and reached inside, yanking on the handle labeled "pull in case of fire," causing a loud blaring alarm to erupt throughout the building.

Wanting to ensure that everyone heeded her warning and got out in time, she quickly switched over to her Supergirl outfit and began to usher people out of the building. Kara worked at helping everyone escape, warning them that a bomb was in the building in order to prompt even the most stubborn tenants to leave.

Just as Kara flew out with a family's forgotten kitten cradled in her arms, a loud boom could be heard above her. Quickly placing the kitten in its owner's arms, she shot up into the sky, punching the pieces of wall that were tumbling down towards the streets one by one until all that was left was harmless rubble.

Once that was taken care of, Kara flew back up and stopped right in front of the large gaping hole where her apartment had once been. Although she could hear the firetrucks making their way towards the building, she flew in close and used her ice breath to put out the flames before they could travel outwards and damage anyone else's possessions. Luckily, it didn't take too long to put out.
Realizing that the danger was now over, Kara remained in the air, floating a few yards away from what had previously been her apartment. It felt surreal, almost as if she was looking into someone else's place. "Rao…" she whispered, her head shaking as she tried to process what had just happened.

But Kara didn't have time for that. Even without employing her super hearing, she heard an all too familiar voice emanating from the ground.

"KARA!"

Looking down, Kara quickly spotted Lena. Long legs swung out of a sleek black limousine and Lena emerged, darting off into the opposite direction of everyone else, dashing towards the building while everyone else was running away from it.

"Lena," Kara whispered, quickly flying away from the sight of everyone else so that she could change back. Feet firmly on the ground, she headed in the direction of the front door of the building, adjusting her glasses as she ran.

As soon as she rounded the corner, she was met with the sight of one very angry Lena Luthor trying to fight her way through the wall of cops that now lined the front of the building.

"Let me go, I think someone I care about is in there! KARA!"

"Lena!" Kara yelled back, jogging over to where the flustered brunette suddenly ceased her attempts to push through the police.

"Oh my god, Kara," Lena blurted out, changing directions and running towards the blonde she had been so worried about. As soon as the two of them met, Lena wasted no time in throwing her arms around Kara, pulling her into a tight hug. "I was down the street when I heard the explosion… I… I looked up and saw it was right where your place is and I was so worried… I was so scared…"

Lena's arms squeezed tighter, eliminating whatever small semblance of space that still remained between their bodies.

"I'm okay, I'm okay," Kara assured her, hugging her back just as tightly. There was still a lot for Kara to process, but for now she was going to allow herself to stop and drink in the comfort that Lena's arms provided for her. Her head nestled in the crook of Lena's neck, inhaling her scent. Kara had caught whiffs of it before, but never had gotten to fully appreciate it before. Hints of fresh peonies, roses, and lotus hit her nose as Kara tried to identify each component of Lena's perfume, wanting to commit it to memory. This feeling of complete safety and security was something that Kara hadn't felt often throughout her life, so she wanted to appreciate every second of it.

When Lena moved to break from the hug, Kara reluctantly loosened her own grip. Much to her surprise, Lena didn't move away completely. Instead, she only pulled back enough to catch Kara's gaze. There were the traces of worried tears in Lena's light eyes and Kara felt this sudden, overwhelming urge to do something that would erase those signs of sadness.

Before Kara could figure out what that could possibly be, Lena interrupted her train of thought.

"Don't ever do that to me again," Lena chastised, her tone soft. "I don't want to have to imagine a world where you're no longer in it. I don't want to lose you."

Kara didn't get a chance to reply before Lena's arms were pulling her back in. Happy to be back in her arms, Kara simply returned the hug and whispered, "You won't ever lose me, I promise."

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"Alex, I swear I'm fine," Kara assured into the phone before looking over at Lena. 'I'm sorry,' she mouthed, looking apologetic. Lena waved a hand before mouthing, 'Don't worry about it.'

"No, really, I'm fine. My apartment…not so much."

"Are you on your way to the DEO? I have Winn here, looking into who possibly could have targeted you and J'onn is over at your place to collect whatever's left of that bomb."

"I…am not right now," Kara said, dropping Lena's gaze. "I'm… I'm with Lena right now, but I'll be over later."

There was a suddenly silence on the phone. Alex didn't say a word. All Kara could hear was the steady sound of her breathing.

Not wanting to potentially get into an argument about Lena with the woman in question sitting right beside her, Kara decided to tie up the conversation. "Alex, I'll text you when I'm on my way over, okay? I really am fine. Love you."

Before Alex could reply, Kara ended the call. Looking back over to Lena, she rested her phone down on her thigh before thinking better of it and moving it so that it rested face down on the end table beside her. There was a good chance some angry texts would be heading her way and Kara didn't want to risk Lena spotting any of them. It wasn't anyone's business who she decided to associate with and, after the night she had, she wasn't planning on leaving Lena's presence until she had to.

After the craziness had died down, Lena had asked Kara to come over to her place. Too exhausted and stressed to even think about any other course of action, Kara had accepted the invitation. She knew the DEO would be combing through her place right now and was perfectly satisfied with not having to be there to go over the carnage. Even though logically she knew that all of her possessions were replaceable for the most part, the whole ordeal still bothered her. There were so few places that Kara had called home over her lifetime and now one of those few places and been destroyed.

"I don't believe you're truly fine," Lena said, her tone very matter-of-fact.

Kara looked over at her and opened her mouth to protest. She tried to muster up the same lie she had given Alex just then over the phone, but found that she was unable to. There was something about Lena's gaze that made Kara feel as if lying would be fruitless. It was as if Lena could see right through her façade.

Lena's hand found Kara's, resting on top of it. "It's okay that you're not. What happened to you tonight…is devastating. Someone targeted you and violated your privacy. You have every right to be upset."

"They're just possessions," Kara said meekly, repeating her thought from earlier.

"But they were your possessions. In your house." Lena's fingers curled around the side of Kara's hand, solidifying the hold she had on her. "I understand, I do. Really."

"Has…something like this happened to you?"

Lena nodded solemnly. "After what Lex did…being a Luthor was no longer acceptable. So many people hated me all of a sudden, simply because of my last name. Certain individuals took it upon themselves to show me how much they hated me."

Concern found Kara's features as she listened intently. She had heard Lena refer to the aftermath of
her brother's decisions here and there but never before heard her really expand on that particular tragedy.

"I've been spit at, cursed at, my tires have been slashed… And to top it all off, when I was staying in Metropolis for a little while trying to clean up Lex's mess, the Luthor mansion was broken into." Lena stopped, taking a deep, calming breath before continuing. The hand wrapped around Kara's squeezed gently. "I was sleeping at the time. The men…they woke me up, taunting me and prodding me out of bed, demanding that I open the safe they had found in Lex's office. Thank god they didn't see me hit one of the panic buttons. I guess they didn't take the rumors about my brother seriously, but Lex truly was paranoid about his security. He had built in safety measures scattered throughout the entire house. Anyway, the police came…and Superman, actually. He beat them there, as usual, and chased off the robbers before anything awful happened. It was…odd, actually. Superman appeared to be sad to be there in Lex's office. Almost as if he was disappointed in my brother for what he'd done."

Kara remained silent, not wanting to interrupt Lena. Hearing her talking about the discrimination she faced for simply being a Luthor made Kara's heart hurt. Wanting to silently express her support, she simply put her free hand on top of Lena's.

"Nobody could possibly be more disappointed in Lex than me, but that's neither here nor there. What I'm saying is… I do get it, Kara. It's scary having someone break into your place. It's a violation and you don't have to bury your feelings about it. You're allowed to be upset. You're allowed to be angry. Everyone is entitled to their emotions. Too often the world tells you to feel a certain way, but I say the hell with that."

Lena gave Kara a small smile, squeezing her hand once more. With that smile, Kara got the feeling that story time was over.

"So…about those potstickers."

Lena's words confirmed the fact that she was done sharing. Kara was beginning to realize that the woman whose hand was currently nestled in her own was much like a fortress. Instead of being frustrated by the way Lena had just shut down on her, Kara felt honored that she had gotten a glimpse into the inner workings of her mind. Although patience wasn't one of her top traits, Kara felt as if she could work at being patient when it came to this growing bond between them. Lena was like a puzzle that Kara wanted nothing more than to solve.

"I am starving," Kara admitted, chuckling at the honesty that was backing that statement. Now that things had settled down, Kara's hunger had hit her full force. On cue, her stomach rumbled.

Kara smiled sheepishly at Lena who was now openly laughing. The sound was music to Kara's ears.

"Okay, we need to get you some food." Pulling her hand from Kara's, she stood, hands straightening out her skirt. Kara had to fight off the urge to pout now that Lena's hand was no longer in her grasp.

Lena walked off in the direction of the kitchen before stopping suddenly. Turning on her heel, she looked back at Kara.

"You're staying here tonight."

"What?" Kara said, surprised. "No, definitely not, I wouldn't want to impose on you. I can stay with… my sister or at a hotel or something."

"It wasn't up for debate, you're staying here. I'll have Cora make up the guest room for you."
"But…"

"How do you feel about lo mein? I'm thinking of getting that along with some vegetable fried rice."

Kara gave Lena a look, her head shaking. "I'm not going to win this one, am I?"

"I know the best little place around here, so I'm going to go place our order. You think about what movie you want to watch, the remote is on the coffee table. Netflix is built into the TV, it's one of those smart ones that everyone has been raving about."

Lena turned on her heel again to walk away towards the kitchen. Kara found herself sitting there, smiling. Anyone who underestimated Lena's kindness was a fool. It was so easy to see that the woman had one of the purest hearts around and Kara loved the fact that she was personally privy to that kindness.

"Lena?"

The brunette paused at the threshold of the kitchen, looking back at Kara over her shoulder.

"Thanks."

Lena smiled. "No need to thank me, Kara. Having you here will truly be my pleasure."
"Where have you been?"

Kara winced at her sister's tone. Halting her walk down to the main room of the DEO, she turned to face Alex. "Hey sis."

"Don't hey sis me." Alex stopped, cocking her hip and crossing her arms across her chest as she regarded her sister with an annoyed expression on her face. "Someone tried to kill you and then you just…up and disappear on us. I was worried about you."

"Alex, I told you that I was fine."

"Where did you even stay last night? I was up half the night, waiting for you to knock on my door. I thought you'd come over."

"I… I… You know…" Kara trailed off before mumbling the rest of her sentence. "…stayed with Lena."

"You stayed with Lena?!"

Kara winced again at her sister's tone. "Don't say it like that, Alex. Lena is a friend."

Exasperated, Alex threw her hands up in the air. "Lena is a Luthor, Kara. For all you know, she was partially responsible for what happened last night!"

"Take that back, Alex," Kara quickly retorted, her tone much harsher than usual. "I don't appreciate the way you and everyone else doesn't even bother to give her a chance. She was really there for me last night, I'll have you know."

Alex snorted, shaking her head.

"Also, I think staying with Lena was a fine idea. Didn't you have Maggie over last night?"

"Yes, but…"

"See, I would have been imposing!"

"You are my sister, Kara, you're never imposing! Maggie and I can survive a night apart, I will have you know."

"Barely," Kara said, deliberately making her tone as teasing as possible, wanting to break the ice that was currently between them. She offered up a small smile, hoping it would be returned.

Luckily, Alex smiled back. A sigh escaped her. "Fine, fine… I will trust your judgement on this although I have to do my sisterly duty and ask that you at least be careful around her."

"I'm always careful!"

Alex scoffed. "Anyway… To catch you up, we've been analyzing the bomb. Despite it being filled with kryptonite, there was nothing alien about it. Winn thinks it was manmade."

"I thought that all the kryptonite was given to my cousin. I was shocked when I realized it was in that bomb."
"We thought the same thing… Kara, I grilled J’onn after what happened and he promises me that all of the DEO’s kryptonite was given to Clark. I believe him."

Kara sighed, nodding. "I believe him, too, of course. So…trace the kryptonite and find the bad guy, essentially?"

"That’s what we’re thinking."

"Okay, well… I need to go make an appearance at CatCo today, so I’ll be back later. I’m planning on writing up a story for Snapper on the explosion, together with an inside scoop from the one and only Supergirl."

Alex grinned. It was amusing to her, the way both Kara and Clark utilized their other lives to gain an advantage at the workplace. The grin faded away as an idea hit her. "Hey Kara, write the story as if it was a gas explosion."

Kara's brow furrowed, exposing her confusion.

"If you pitch it as a gas explosion… Whoever did it may be upset they’re not getting any credit."

Realization dawned on Kara. "Then they might get a little sloppy to make sure they get credit next time."

"Bingo."

Kara lifted her hand, saluting Alex. "You got it. Kara Danvers, CatCo reporter extraordinaire will take care of it."

Alex rolled her eyes playfully. "Yeah, you do that… So, Kara… Should I make up the couch tonight for CatCo reporter extraordinaire or…?"

Kara felt a bit of warmth find her cheeks. Shaking her head, she reached up and tucked a loose strand of hair behind her ear. "No, I'm staying at Lena's again."

"But…"

Kara held up a hand. "I don't want to hear it, you said you would trust my judgement."

Alex sighed, but there was a hint of a good-natured smile on her lips. "Are you sure we're not related by blood? Because we are both equally as stubborn…"

Kara grinned. "We're most definitely sisters."

~ooooooo~

"Wait!"

Kara's hand shot out, stopping the elevator doors from closing. As soon as they opened back up, a huge rack of clothing pushed its way into the small space, forcing her back against the wall. Kara's hands pressed to the metal railing lining those four small walls as a short, red-haired woman maneuvered her way into the elevator along with the clothing. Clinging to the rack, the woman jutted out her lower lip and blew hard, blowing an errant piece of hair out of her eyes. "Top floor please."

"We're going to the same floor," Kara informed her, grateful that she wouldn't have to reach for another button. The buttons seemed very far away in that moment considering that if she moved even an inch, it was possible she’d be impaled in the eye with a hanger.
When the elevator finally reached the top floor and dinged, Kara was grateful to have the doors open back up. The space had been feeling way too claustrophobic for her liking.

The short redhead forced her way out of the elevator, practically tripping over the rack of clothes. Awkwardly chuckling at her own clumsiness, she took a second to again blow away the rogue curl that had made its way into her eyes before gripping the rack and yanking it forward, out of the elevator.

Kara followed behind, just slipping out as the doors closed. Heading towards the door to Lena's loft, she was surprised to find that the redhead was going in the same direction. Before either of them could reach the door, it opened, and a smiling Lena could be seen popping her head out.

Lena waved the stranger inside. "Come in, come in… The room you're heading to is just down the hall."

Kara walked in behind the woman she had never seen before and her parade of clothing, turning and thumbing over to the girl as Lena closed the door behind them.

"Doing some light shopping?" Kara asked, wondering if this was how the rich acquired clothing. Maybe that's why famous people weren't often spotted in department stores. Instead of them going to the clothes, the clothes came to them.

"Don't be silly, that's for you," Lena responded, smiling at Kara and heading off in the direction of the kitchen. "Water? You've been working all day, you must be parched."

Kara followed Lena to the kitchen, a stunned look on her face. "For…me? Those? All of those?"

Lena opened up the fridge pulling out two bottles of SmartWater. Handing one over to the surprised blonde, she nodded. "Yes, of course. You didn't think I was going to let you go without a wardrobe, did you?"

Kara's jaw dropped. She stood there with her mouth open as she tried to come up with a response.

"You'll catch flies that way," Lena teased, her fingers twisting at the cap, pulling it off the bottle and taking a sip.

Kara's mouth shut and she looked down at her own water before looking up to Lena. "I can't possibly accept all of that, it must have cost a fortune."

The hand not holding her water bottle waved lazily as Lena's head shook. "Don't worry about it, it's the least I could do."

"The least you could do? I'm sorry, but did I do something I don't know about? Because if anything, I'm the one who owes you for letting me stay here until I can find a new place…"

Lena shrugged, taking another sip of water before replying. Kara was struck by how fascinating of a creature Lena was. Even doing something as simple as taking a sip of water was done majestically. The way she moved made it hard for Kara to take her eyes off of her.

"You're wrong, you know." Lena paused and smiled at the confusion that appeared on Kara's face. "You've done more than you think." Setting her bottle down on the counter, Lena walked forward towards Kara and placed a hand on her shoulder. "You've made me feel welcome in National City and for that, I owe you immensely."

Before Kara could argue back that this gift was above and beyond anything that could possibly be
owed, Lena leaned in and kissed her cheek. A quiet gasp escaped Kara.

Maneuvering around her, Lena walked off towards where Kara's current bedroom was, leaving her to process the flurry of feelings that small gesture had stirred up inside of her. As an all too familiar heat flooded her cheeks, Kara lifted up a hand, fingers resting gently where Lena's lips had been. There had been a lot of blushing happening around Lena lately. There was something about that woman that made her feel a way that she couldn't quite put her finger on. Lena's lips had felt smooth and soft against her cheek. It reminded her of how comforting it felt the night before when they had embraced and later on when their hands had been stacked together.

Kara could hear Lena's faint voice echoing down the hall as her and the redhead discussed something. Turning towards the sound, she dropped her hand and stared in Lena's direction, wondering what it was about Lena that made her feel this way. She was going to have to figure it out and soon because it was beginning to drive her crazy. Kara wasn't used to being so out of touch with her own emotions.

~oooooooo~

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhh!"

Lena's piercing scream woke Kara up immediately. Without even giving it a second thought, she used her super speed to dash down the hall, bursting into Lena's room. Fingers curled into tight fists as Kara readied herself for a fight, but she found no one except Lena there.

"Lena? Are you okay?" Kara asked, using her x-ray vision to survey the darkened room for unwelcome visitors, finding nobody. Turning her attention back the brunette, she watched as Lena leaned forward and turned on one of the bedside lamps, adjusting the light until it was on the lowest setting. Kara's hands relaxed once she was certain only the two of them were in the loft.

"I'm okay, Kara, I'm so sorry," Lena assured her, embarrassment obvious on her delicate features even in the dim light of the lamp. Kara was suddenly very aware of the fact she wasn't wearing her glasses. Immediately deciding that she was not going to leave Lena until she knew what was going on, Kara decided to just hope that the dim lighting of the bedroom would be enough to mask the fact she was Supergirl.

"You can go back to bed, I'm fine," Lena said, running a hand through her mussed hair. "Really. I… I did not mean to wake you."

"You can't get rid of me that easily," Kara chided, her voice gentle as she made her way over to Lena's bed. Sitting down on the edge of it, she turned her body towards Lena. Wanting to provide her with the same degree of comfort that Lena had done for her the night before, she reached for one of her hands. "What's wrong? Did you have a bad dream?"

Lena nodded. "A nightmare is a more adequate descriptor, I think."

A crease of concern found its way to the center of Kara's brow. "What was it about?"

Lena sighed. Kara could tell she was wrestling with the decision to let her in or not. It was hard to sit there silently and not try to prompt her into speaking, but Kara reminded herself of her promise to be patient with Lena. That patience was then rewarded when Lena spoke.

"I may have downplayed that night those guys broke in. They were…very rough with me getting me to go with them to Lex's office."

The crease in Kara's forehead deepened. "They didn't…"
"No," Lena said quickly, her head shaking. "No, it never got that far, thanks to Superman. Who knows what could have happened if he hadn't been so quick to come? I was bruised and battered afterwards, but my dignity was still intact."

"I'm so sorry, Lena," Kara whispered, her hand squeezing Lena's gently.

"Don't be sorry, it was my own fault. I could have... should have just gone with them without putting up a fight, but I couldn't seem to stop myself. It went against everything I believe in to not try and stand up for myself."

Kara nodded, a sense of pride finding her. "I can promise you that you did nothing wrong."

Although it was disheartening hearing Lena talk about a night that had obviously left its mark on her, Kara couldn't help but be impressed by how tough Lena was. That kind of bravery was something that deserved to be appreciated.

"So...Yeah, that's what the nightmare was about. Hence, the screaming. I really am sorry for that."

Kara shook her head. "Don't be sorry. I'm sorry for dredging the whole thing up and making you think about it. You would have gotten a peaceful night of sleep if it wasn't for me.

Now it was Lena's turn to shake her head. "There's no need to apologize. I've woken up screaming in a cold sweat from that nightmare more times than I can count. It was in no way your fault. It's simply...something that happens from time to time. Every time I think I'm over it and okay...this nightmare decides to remind me that I'm still deeply unsettled by the entire thing."

"Not to steal your own words, but you know you have every right to be upset and are completely entitled to your emotions about this. What you went through... Well, anyone would have a tough time getting over that."

"I know you're right, but..." Lena trailed off, giving Kara a weak smile. "I fancy myself as braver than this, you know?"

"Hey, you're plenty brave," Kara assured. Without realizing what she was doing or putting any conscious thought into it, Kara lifted the hand of Lena's that she was holding and kissed the back of it. A shy smile found her lips when she realized what she had done.

"You know..." Lena's small smile grew as she looked into Kara's eyes. "I normally have the most difficult time getting back to sleep after one of these nightmares. But... with you here, I feel as if I could easily fall asleep. I feel...at ease."

"Why don't I stay then?" Much like kissing Lena's hand, Kara acted solely on instinct and without thought.

"I would love that," Lena told her before Kara could overthink or doubt her offer. Pulling her hand from Kara's, she patted the empty space next to her. "Climb in."

Crawling onto the bed, Kara made her way over to the spot next to Lena, who already had the covers pulled up for her. Sliding into them, she smiled, laying down and settling back against Lena's ample pillows. Kara watched as Lena reached for the light and turned it off, leaving them both in almost complete darkness. The light of the moon making its way through Lena's partially open curtains was enough for Kara to make out the other woman's features, which she found herself studying.

This time, when their hands joined underneath the covers, it was Lena who initiated it. With their eyes locked on one another and their fingers laced together, the two of them laid like that and
peacefully enjoyed each other's company until the inevitable pull of sleep claimed them both.
"Mmmm," Kara mumbled, her tongue brushing across her dry lips as the light of the sun pulled her from her slumber. Smacking her lips together, she slowly opened her eyes, wincing as her pupils adjusted to the lighting of the room.

However, Kara was quickly distracted from the woes of waking up by the sight of Lena Luthor's body curled up against her own. Over the course of the night, the two girls had made their way to one another, cuddling up close. Kara's arm was draped around Lena's body, her face still partially nestled against silky strands of deep chestnut hair.

Lifting herself up but being careful not to wake Lena, Kara propped herself up with her head on her hand, her elbow resting on a pillow. Looking down, she watched as Lena slept and couldn't help but smile. She looked so peaceful that way, as if she didn't have a care in the world. Kara hoped that all of her dreams had been sweet after such an awful nightmare.

Moving her hand from Lena's side, she reached up and brushed some of her hair from her face, wanting to see more of it. It was right then that Lena began to stir.

At first, Kara was excited to have Lena wake up, eager to start her day off with the woman she had slept beside all night long.

But then, panic set in.

Realizing that it would be very difficult to hide the fact she was Supergirl in broad daylight, Kara reluctantly moved to get out of the bed so she could go to her room and fetch her glasses.

"Where are you going so quickly?" Lena mumbled, sleep still saturating her tone. If you were to ask Kara, she'd say the question almost sounded like Lena was feeling a little grumpy. Perhaps she was not a morning person. Either that, or she was just as upset as Kara over the fact they were no longer cuddled up together in a warm, comfortable, king-sized bed.

"Oh, you know… Just have to… brush my teeth!" Kara settled on that excuse since it wasn't a lie. After all, even Kryptonians were not immune from morning breath.

Stumbling over her own feet, Kara hustled over to the door in a way that couldn't possibly be described as graceful. However, even though she was in a hurry, Kara couldn't help but stop and take one last look at Lena.

Pausing at the door, she glanced over to the resting brunette. Lena looked so beautiful like that, even still half-asleep. Their night spent together had done nothing to provide Kara with any clarity. If anything, she felt even more confused about her own emotions. Happy, but confused.

It was time to talk to the one person who had always been there for Kara during all of her moments of confusion growing up.

~ooooooo~

"Pizza delivery!"

Alex lowered the book she was reading and glanced over to her front door, a grin forming on her face. "I didn't order any pizza…"
Putting her book down, Alex got up off the couch and headed over to the door. When she opened it, she found her sister balancing a pizza box on one hand and holding a six pack of Alex's favorite beer in the other.

Holding up the items, Kara smiled at her sister. "I know, but that's what makes this so awesome. You can't top unexpected pizza as a surprise."

Alex stepped back to let Kara in and considered that statement. Remembering how Maggie had surprised her the other night, she grinned and said, "Sorry sis, but I'm going to have to disagree with that..." Alex closed the door and headed over to her kitchen to grab plates and napkins.

"Unexpected pizza is always a welcome surprise though, but judging by the fact it's partnered with my favorite beer leads me to believe that this pizza has a few strings attached..."

Kara chuckled at her sister's insight, flipping open the lid to the pizza box. When Alex walked over and handed her a plate, she tugged a slice of pizza loose and plopped it down on the plate before settling down onto the couch.

"You can see right through me, can't you?"

"Perks of knowing someone for 13 years." Alex shrugged, grabbing her own slice of pizza before taking a seat as well. "Okay, well... Spill. What's bothering you? Is it Mon-El?"

Kara's head shook. "No, no... Not Mon-El. Something... else."

"Are you worried about the bomber? I know we're short on leads, but I'm sure we'll be able to come up with something soon."

Kara shook her head again, swallowing the bite of pizza she had just took before speaking. "No, I know we'll figure that out. We always do. It's... just..." Kara trailed off, exhaling. She wasn't sure how to ask for help because she wasn't entirely sure what the right question was. "Alex, how did you figure out your feelings for Maggie?"

Alex froze, her slice of pizza mid-air as she looked over at her sister. Setting the slice back down on her plate, she looked at her sister curiously. "You mean... how did I figure out that I liked her as more than a friend?"

Kara nodded, figuring that was a good place to start. Alex had to have been confused about Maggie and Kara was definitely confused about Lena.

"Well... I didn't figure it out right away, that's for sure," Alex admitted, leaning forward and setting her plate down on the coffee table, right next to the pizza box. Kara did the same, setting hers down on the opposite side. "It wasn't really until Maggie called me out on it that I came to realize how I felt."

"So... if she hadn't called you out on it..."

"I mean, I'm sure I would have figured it out eventually. I think." Alex chuckled once, shrugging a single shoulder. "I don't know, I mean... I probably would have been in denial a lot longer. It's... not easy realizing that you've been looking at yourself and your own feelings in the complete wrong way for years. At first, you fight it because it's like... How could I have possibly missed that? Then you realize that you didn't really, truly miss it. You just... didn't allow yourself to see it."

Kara nodded, taking in what her sister was saying. Could she, deep down, know the answers to the questions she has about Lena?
"Is there somebody in your life you're confused about, Kara?"

Kara nodded again, but chose not to elaborate.

Alex waited for a moment to see if Kara expanded on that statement. "Is this somebody I know?"

"Maybe," Kara offered up, her gaze locked onto the pizza as if it were the most interesting pizza she had ever laid eyes on.

Alex stayed quiet for another long moment before saying anything else. "You know, when you're ready to talk about it... My door is always open to you." Alex knew to respect Kara's hesitancy and not to push. As curious as she was, it would have to wait. You couldn't rush somebody into talking about feelings before they were ready.

"I know. Thank you."

"But only because you frequently come with pizza..." Grinning, Alex reached forward and grabbed her plate again. "Want to watch this week's Scandal?"

Kara smiled at her sister and grabbed her pizza as well. "Yes, definitely."

Alex grabbed the remote and looked over at Kara as she stretched her arm out towards the television and dramatically made a show of pressing the button to turn it on. "It's handled."

Kara rolled her eyes and took a big bite of her pizza, settling back into the cushions of the couch, grateful to spend a relaxing, bomb-free night with her best friend.

~ooooooo~

It was late when Kara got back to Lena's suite. Being careful to move quietly, she headed down towards her room and ducked inside, getting changed into comfortable satin pajamas that Lena insisted she simply had to have.

Before getting settled into bed, Kara felt the urge to check and see if Lena was doing all right.

Heading out of her room, Kara quietly tiptoed down to where Lena's bedroom door was. Although it could be seen as a violation of privacy, she was more than tempted to use her x-ray vision to check in on the hopefully peacefully sleeping woman.

That plan wasn't necessary, though. Upon approaching Lena's door, Kara realized that it was cracked open. Not hearing or sensing any sort of danger or other presence, Kara stopped in her tracks to consider what the open door meant. Could it be an invitation? After all, Lena had said that having Kara there the night before had put her at ease.

Taking a step forward, Kara peeked into Lena's room and found the object of her concerns sleeping soundly. The sight brought an immediate smile to Kara's lips.

"Oh, why not?" Kara whispered to herself, taking it upon herself to move deeper into the room, pulling the door behind her. If she was indeed misconstruing what Lena's open door meant, she was sure that Lena would make that known. If that was the case, she would make sure not to make the same mistake twice.

Still being careful to move about quietly, Kara made her way over to the open side of the bed. Pulling the comforter up, she slid inside and paused for a second before scooting in close to Lena's warm, sleeping body.
Kara's arm slipped around Lena's waist as she closed her eyes and got comfortable. Just as she got settled, the woman whose body was pressed to hers stirred slightly.

As soon as Lena moved, Kara's eyes shot open, her breath hitching in her throat. It was very possible Lena was about to kick her out of the room, leading to one of the most embarrassing moments in Kara's life.

However, that wasn't the case. Instead of kicking her out, Lena's arm moved down, her hand resting on top of Kara's.

"You're home," Lena mumbled, still half asleep.

"Yup, I'm home," Kara whispered back, finding that she believed in the words as she said them. It was strange to Kara, but even after only a few days, Lena's place felt like more of a home to her than previous places she had stayed in the past.

"Now go back to sleep," she whispered, leaning up and giving into the urge to kiss the top of Lena's head. Kara's demand was unnecessary though, for Lena had already fallen back to sleep, feeling extremely content now that Kara was there.
Kara scoffed, feeling indignant. "What do you mean it's a weak story?!"

Snapper Carr didn't bother looking up from the pile of papers he was sifting through. "Did I stutter Danvers?"

Kara's arms crossed across her chest as she stared her boss down. "Well no, but I don't understand how you could possibl-"

Kara didn't get a chance to finish her sentence when Snapper cut in. "When you come back to me with a good idea, I'll green light it. For now…back to the drawing board."

Standing there, Kara tried to think of a good retort but wasn't able to come up with anything before Snapper's hand lifted and waved her away. "Shoo Danvers."

Kara's eyes opened wide at the command, bulging at the way Snapper had just dismissed her. Accepting the fact that this was a losing argument, she uncrossed her arms, huffed, and turned to leave, stalking off in the direction of Cat Grant's old office.

"Can't you fire Snapper?" Kara asked with a groan, plopping down in a seat directly across from her dear friend, James Olsen.

James looked up at Kara, clearly amused by the blonde's frustration. It wasn't often that Kara lost her cool, especially at work. "If he wasn't one of the best in the business… Maybe. But for now? We're all stuck with him."

Kara snorted, her arms crossing back against her chest now that she was seated. "Stuck is the right word, that man is insufferable."

"You know… I don't think he's as bad as you're making him out to be right now."

James immediately opened his mouth to protest but James continued on before she could get a word in edgewise.

"He…shooed you?" James asked, sitting back in his office chair. His elbows settled against the armrests as his fingertips touched, forming a tent. Looking over at Kara, he did his best not to laugh. "Oh, the horror."

"Yes, after telling me that my pitch was weak."

"The man does have some good instincts."

Kara immediately opened her mouth to protest but James continued on before she could get a word in edgewise.

"Not that I'm saying any of your pitches are ever weak, but… Maybe it just isn't the right story for right now? Just…" James leaned forward, his elbows moving up to the surface of his desk. "Give the man a chance, okay? I have a feeling that you two will make an excellent team once you guys find a rhythm."

Kara's frustration was quickly dissipating throughout her talk with James. He always seemed to be good at calming her down whenever she did get worked up over something. Giving him a smile, she relaxed her arms. "Look at you, being all gung-ho and positive."
"I learned it from Supergirl," he said, chuckling at the way Kara stuck her tongue out at his statement.

"You win this round, James. I…suppose I can work a little harder at getting along with Snapper. I will…go and uncover a story so amazing that it will knock even his pants off."

With that, Kara stood, straightening out her skirt as she turned to leave.

"Atta girl… Hey, Kara?"

Kara paused, looking back at James. "Yeah?"

James leaned in further, his voice lowering as he spoke. "Can you do me a favor? Off the record."

One of Kara's brows arched as she took a few steps forward, moving in closer to James. "Anything. What's up?"

James nodded in the direction of one of the senior staff members in charge of marketing. "Shelly has been on her phone non-stop for the last two weeks and I get the distinct feeling it has nothing to do with work. Now, every time I go over there, the call magically comes to an end. I've even confronted her about it a time or two and she swears it has to do with work. Normally, I'm not a micromanager, but… She also missed an important deadline this week and I can't have this going on if she's not going to be getting her work done."

"So, you want me to…?" Kara looked over in Shelly's direction, finding that the woman was indeed, on her cell phone. "Let you know if she's lying to you?"

"Oh, I'm confident she's lying to me," James said, his head shaking. "I just… I hate asking you, but I want to have some sort of context for what's going on before I decide what to do about it. If she's going through… let's say, a bad break-up, then I'm going to need her to suck it up when she's here. But if she has something more serious going on, like a family emergency… Then I'll be more willing to work around whatever this is."

Kara nodded, knowing that James wouldn't ask for her help unless it was important. "I got this."

Turning her head to the side, Kara focused her hearing, working to tune out the rest of the office chatter so that she could concentrate on what Shelly was saying. Except, as she tried to focus in on Shelly, her ears were met with a familiar sound. One she hoped she wouldn't hear again.

"No," Kara whispered, her eyes closing as she focused in harder on the sound. It was coming in the general vicinity of where all the writers worked, herself included.

"Kara?"

Turning to face the direction of where the sound was coming from, Kara opened her eyes and employed her x-ray vision. The first place she checked was her own desk. Right underneath the space where her monitor sat was a strange, unfamiliar box.

Turning to James quickly, Kara spoke with a sense of urgency. "I'm going to need Guardian. Now." James stood, looking confused. "There's another bomb and it's under my desk. If it's anything like the last one…"

"You can't touch it," James said, understanding dawning on him. "You get everyone out, I'll take care of the bomb," he told her, dashing out of the office to change into his suit. After a stray bullet had penetrated it, Winn had made some additional updates to Guardian's suit, making it even better.
Even if the bomb deployed before he was able to dispose of it, there was a good chance James would be able to walk away from the incident unharmed.

Kara ran out of the office, again going to the nearest fire alarm. "There's a bomb in the office!" she yelled, alerting everyone within earshot, prompting them all to quickly get up and sprint towards the exits. Out of the corner of her eye, she could see Guardian racing over towards where the bomb was seated.

Knowing that she couldn't be within range if it went off, Kara reluctantly left with the rest of the staff, helping to usher everyone down the stairs.

Once outside, Kara used her super hearing and x-ray vision to track Guardian's progress with the bomb. Luckily, it didn't take long for James to remove the device and make his way out of the building with it. Kara could see him hopping onto his motorcycle and racing out of the CatCo garage in the direction of the nearest body of water.

Wishing desperately that she knew how much time was left before the bomb exploded, Kara snuck away from her fellow co-workers and flew down to the bay James was headed towards.

Getting there just as a burst of water shot up into the air, Kara was more than a little relieved to find that James was standing on the dock, completely unharmed. Running up to him, she threw her arms around his neck, despite the fact it wasn't the most comfortable hug in the world since all of his gear was still on.

"I'm so sorry, thank you so much."

James pulled back after a moment and looked at Kara. All she could see was his eyes through the mask but that was enough for her to know he was deeply concerned.

"We need to figure out who's targeting you, Kara. And soon. I don't like all of these close calls. If I hadn't stopped you, you would have gone right back to your desk and…" James trailed off, not finishing the thought.

Kara's brow furrowed. "I know." It was incredibly disconcerting that this person, whoever they were, had no problems getting into places that should have been safe for Kara. Which made her realize something.

"I need to go," she blurted out, taking a few steps back from James, her head shaking as realization dawned on her. "Tell Alex I'm okay. There's something I have to take care of right now, but I'll be back."

"But…"

James protest fell on deaf ears. Kara was already in the sky by the time he spoke, making her way over to L-Corp.

~oooooooo~

As tempting as it was to head straight to Lena's balcony, Kara knew that she had to have this conversation with her as Kara, not Supergirl. Settling down on the ground, she quickly headed inside, making her way past security with ease before getting into the elevator that would take her straight to Lena.

This time, when Kara passed Jess, she didn't bother to stop for a hello. Pleasantries were the last thing on her mind in that moment. She needed to speak to Lena as soon as possible.
Bursting into her office, Kara found Lena on what presumably was a business call. It was tempting to ask her to hang up, but she knew that'd be crossing a line. Even though this conversation was one that Kara wanted to have immediately, she also needed to be respectful of the fact she was currently standing in Lena's place of business.

Lena seemed to recognize the urgency behind Kara's actions, though, and began to wrap up the call. Kara took the opportunity to scan Lena's office for any unwelcome devices. Even though it was unlikely the bomber would hide anything at L-Corp, Kara didn't want to take any chances.

"Kara, what's wrong?" Lena asked, bringing Kara back to that moment in time and why she was there in the first place.

"I need to talk to you. I... can't stay at your place anymore."

Lena maneuvered around her desk as Kara spoke, moving to approach her. "What? Why? Don't be ridiculous, Kara, you know you're more than welcome at my place."

Kara moved past Lena and picked up the remote she kept near the corner of the desk. Pointing to the flat screen TV Lena had bracketed to the wall, Kara turned it on and switched to the news.

'BOMB PLANTED AT CATCO MEDIA – GUARDIAN SAVES DAY' was the headline that was plastered across the screen.

Lena stared up at the news, her lips pursed. "Well, I guess they wanted to make sure you guys couldn't write anything off as a gas explosion this time, eh?"

Kara set the remote down, turning to look at Lena. "The bomber did what we expected them to do. They got...bolder, but... don't you see, Lena? This..." Kara gestured towards the news story playing out on the screen above them. "Is why I can't stay with you any longer."

"Again, Kara, don't be silly... You're not going anywhere."

"Lena," Kara said, her voice slightly more forceful this time. "There was a bomb under my bed and then one under my desk. It would not surprise me if the next thing the bomber did was figure out where I'm staying and plant one there."

Lena moved so she was standing in front of Kara. Her hands rested on Kara's shoulders as she looked her dead in the eyes, her gaze unmoving. "You are staying with me. When it comes to security, I somewhat take after my brother... Especially after what happened to me. Security is top-notch at my place. Trust me, nobody is getting in."

"Lena..."

Lena continued on, speaking over Kara as if she hadn't said anything at all. "If it makes you feel better, I can hire on additional guards. Order sweeps of my place. I can instruct them to specifically
look for bombs but, like I said, I highly doubt anyone will be getting into my place to begin with."

Lena paused, giving Kara a moment to take in everything that had just been said. The fight had left Kara's eyes, but her hesitancy to accept the situation was still there.

"I don't want to put you in danger," Kara said finally, her voice much softer than it had been earlier.

"And I want you with me so I can make sure you're safe," Lena replied.

Kara sighed, not at all convinced this was a good idea. "I am more concerned with your safety than mine. I really can't have you getting hurt, Lena."

"Why?" Lena asked, a small crease forming in her otherwise smooth forehead. "Why are you so concerned with my safety above your own?"

"I…" Kara started, trailing off when she realized she didn't know how to articulate her thoughts.

"Why are you so worried about me?" Lena pressed, not letting the subject drop.

"Because… because I never want anyone to get hurt. Especially not because of me."

Lena's head shook, showing she wasn't taking Kara's generic response as an answer. "Why are you so worried about me?" Lena repeated, her tone firm.

"Because…" Kara started off, squirming in place slightly as she tried to put her feelings into actual words. "Because…"

Finding herself completely unable to voice how she felt about Lena and why she was so concerned for her safety, Kara instead gave into those unidentified emotions. Stepping forward and taking Lena's face into her hands, she kissed her, acting on feelings that had been building up underneath the surface ever since that fateful day Clark and Kara had made their way to Lena's office, leading to their first ever meeting with one another.

Lena's lips were soft against her own and just as smooth as the time Lena had kissed her cheek. The butterflies in Kara's stomach that Lena always seemed to awaken were flitting around like crazy, fueled by the excitement Kara felt over acting on an impulse she had been harboring for a while now. A smile found her lips as they continued to move against Lena's. Kara found herself unwilling to end their kiss until she absolutely had to come up for air. Kara could feel Lena's hands making their way to her hips. She felt the way the other woman pulled her in, seemingly as eager as Kara to eliminate whatever space still lingered between their bodies.

Only when the need for oxygen became drastic did Kara pull her lips from Lena's. However, she didn't move away. Instead, her forehead rested against the other woman's and Kara allowed herself to bask in the intense feeling of satisfaction she experienced over kissing Lena. A chuckle of pure happiness escaped Kara as she worked at returning the breath that Lena had stolen from her.

"What?" Lena whispered, her breathing just as labored.

"I'm just happy," Kara admitted, not over-thinking her answer this time. No longer was she dwelling on thoughts of a bomber or her worries over sorting out her feelings. All Kara was doing in that moment was reflecting on the fact that never before had a kiss felt so right. So perfect. Standing right there, in Lena's office, with their foreheads pressed together, Kara was certain that she could spend a whole day kissing Lena and never tire of it. It wasn't until that moment that Kara realized why other people made such a big deal about kissing. When done with the right person, it was magical.
Lena smiled at Kara's reply. The happiness that Kara expressed was felt by both women. Keeping her voice at a whisper, Lena admitted, "I have been wanting to kiss you since the moment I first laid eyes on you."

Although Kara hadn't realized it at the time, she really had felt the same way. Before she could tell Lena that, the other woman's lips were back on hers. With a soft sigh of relief, Kara happily gave into the kiss, realizing that she was not going to be winning any arguments against Lena that night.
Chapter 6

Kara sat crossed legged on what she now referred to in her head as her side of the bed, watching Lena sleep. After their kiss in Lena's office, the two of them had decided to put aside their disagreement for the night, pick up some food, and head home for a relaxing evening in.

Although Kara was normally very ready to house some takeout, she barely made it halfway through her chicken tikka masala before throwing in the towel. It was almost as if she was too full of emotions to fit in anything else.

The thing that was most concerning to Kara was how easy it was to push aside her concerns about the bomber. Lena made it so hard to concentrate on her fears. Even when, logically, Kara knew the best thing to do would be to stay far away from her until everything was sorted out, emotionally she was simply not willing to do that. It was easy to give in to Lena's point of view when it was what she wanted to believe in herself. When Lena had insisted that they would be safe in her loft, Kara wanted to that to be true so badly.

Sitting there, listening to the soft, steady breathing of the woman that made her heart skip a beat, Kara wondered if she was truly doing the right thing by being there.

"I can practically hear you thinking from here," Lena suddenly said, surprising Kara.

Lena's voice came out in a somewhat sleepy murmur. Opening up one eye, she peeked up at the anxious blonde before closing it again. A lazy smile found her lips before dissipating in favor of a yawn instead. Lena's arms stretched out above her head, her hands resting against the dark wooden backboard for a moment before settling back down along her sides. With a yawn, she opened up both eyes to look up at Kara, her smile returning by the end of it.

Kara smiled back shyly, her hand reaching up to adjust the glasses she had remembered to bring with her the night before. Now that sleeping in Lena's bed was becoming somewhat routine, Kara was getting better at remembering to bring her glasses with her to keep on the bedside table for morning time.

When Kara's hand lowered, Lena reached out and grabbed it.

"Come here," Lena whispered, gently tugging on the blonde's arm.

Happily compiling, Kara leaned forward, using her free hand to keep her balance as she ducked her head down to Lena's, kissing her. The kiss was brief and sweet, but even in that short amount of time Kara could, yet again, feel all of her worries floating away, much like untethered balloons.

Pushing herself back up into a sitting position, she adjusted her glasses once more.

Lena was watching her as she fixed her frames. "Have you ever considered contacts?" she asked, her thumb tracing small circles against the back of Kara's hand as she continued to hold it.

Kara shook her head. "Nope. Not a fan of the idea. I once knew somebody who left their contacts in too long and had to have them surgically removed." Although that wasn't exactly why Kara wouldn't get contacts, the memory still made her wince.

Lena chuckled at Kara's reaction softly, amused. "Such a brave girl, but done in by a pair of contacts."
"Hey, I never said I was brave. But speaking of bravery…" Kara trailed off, her head tilting as she continued looking down at the brunette who was still sprawled out against a small mountain of pillows. Despite feeling entirely at ease at the moment, Kara wanted to make sure to address the elephant in the room before they got so far off topic that the task became harder. "Are you sure you want to stick to your guns about me staying here? Because you won't hurt my feelings if you ask me to go."

Lena sighed, a good natured smile still lingering on her lips. "There is literally nothing that could possibly come out of those oh, so kissable lips of yours that could make me change my mind. Give it up, Miss Danvers. You're staying and that's final."

Kara considered re-raising her concerns, but it was so damn hard to focus on what was bothering her when her mind was distracted by the small circles Lena was still tracing against her skin and the way her silky hair was splayed out across the pillows, framing her beautiful face perfectly. If that wasn't bad enough, Lena had just referred to Kara's lips as being kissable, giving her something else to currently obsess about that had absolutely nothing to do with the bomber.

As much as Kara felt the urge to protect those she loved, she often found it necessary to remind herself that everyone was allowed to make their own decisions in life. Everyone in her inner circle was an adult, fully capable of forming opinions and making choices. Just like the time she discovered that James was Guardian, Kara was going to have to try her best not to give into her over-protective side. If Lena was determined to have Kara stay, then that's what she was going to do.

"For the record…” Kara said finally after a moment of contemplation, "I am only agreeing to this because you're too cute to say no to."

Lena chuckled at the remark, her smile morphing into more of a grin. A lovely sparkle found her eyes and Kara was pleased with herself for being the one to put it there.

"You should be careful with what kind of information you share… I could very well take advantage of what you just told me."

Now Kara was grinning. "Oh, really? I have the distinct feeling that I wouldn't mind that."

"Hmmm, let's put it to the test then. Kiss me."

And kiss her, Kara did. As her lips found Lena's, she could feel the last of her worries float away.

~ooooooo~

"What are you doing standing around, staring into space?"

Kara's fingers ceased their typing, her head popping up over the top of her computer screen. "No, it can't be…” she whispered to herself as she waited to see if she heard more of that all too recognizable voice.

"I know I don't pay you to do that. Move along."

A wide grin formed on Kara's face. Immediately, she pushed her chair back to leave, almost slamming into Snapper with it.

"Do you mind?" Snapper's tone was monotone, as usual, but he sounded even more annoyed than normal.

Turning to face her entirely unamused boss, Kara offered up a small smile and started to take a few
tiny steps backwards, being careful not to run into anyone else this time. "Sorry, I just…" Pointing in the direction of the voice, she trailed off. "I'll be right back, promise."

"Don't hurry back," Snapper said dryly, his words falling on deaf ears as Kara headed for an entirely different part of CatCo.

Rounding the corner, Kara walked towards an office she used to spend a lot more time in, only to be met with the sight of a very familiar head of short blonde curls.

"I leave for a couple of months and you go and almost get my pride and joy blown up."

Kara could tell that James was startled by his surprise visitor by the way he shot up from his seat, looking flustered.

"Miss Grant, that was not my fault…"

Power-walking right past a cowering Eve Teschmacher, Kara resisted the urge to tackle hug Cat and instead came to a halt a few foot away.

"Honestly, James…"

Wanting to both say hi to Cat and to throw James a lifeline, Kara piped up. "Miss Grant!"

Cat turned around, Coach sunglasses in hand as she looked for the source of the friendly greeting. Spotting Kara, her icy cool glare gave way to a little bit of warmth.

"Ah, hello Kira. Finally somebody around here that doesn't make me want to fling myself off of the top of this building."

Kara couldn't help but grin at the mispronunciation of her name. For the longest time, she had wondered if Cat truly didn't care to get to know her well enough to say her name properly, but now knew that it was more of a playful nickname than anything. Cat Grant was the type of woman that expressed her feelings about others in a much different way than people were used to.

Unable to contain herself any longer, Kara stepped forward, hugging Cat. At first, the woman stiffened up slightly, but eventually she lifted her free hand and patted Kara twice on the back.

"Okay Kira, it's not like I came back from the dead or anything. It was just a trip to Europe."

Kara released her hold on Cat and took a step back, a smile still on her face. Although she wasn't going to admit it then, she had missed Cat. The office hadn't been the same without her there.

"Are you back for good?" Kara could have been mistaken, but it appeared that all of a sudden the office was very quiet, as if everyone was waiting with bated breath for Cat's answer to her question.

Cat shook her head once. "No."

Again, Kara could have been mistaken, but it sounded like a collective sigh of relief rippled through the office.

"I am back for the foreseeable future, though."

James and the rest of her coworkers may not have been overjoyed over that news, but Kara was pleased to hear that her mentor and friend would be sticking around, at least for a little while.

Cat's head sharply turned to the side, her eyes narrowing as she leveled her gaze at James. "I am here
to put some new provisions in place to ensure that CatCo is still standing by the time I leave."

James looked blankly at Cat, seemingly bewildered by the way that she appeared to blame him for the bomb that had been planted.

"You know, it was Kara that the bomber was specifically targeting…" James mumbled, eliciting an indignant look from Kara. Before she could chastise her friend for so carelessly throwing her under the bus, Cat stepped in.

"Yes, but as the temporary head of CatCo, security was your responsibility. Don't blame Kira." Cat moved as she spoke, making her way around to her desk. Pausing by the side of it and plopping her Prada bag down, she tilted her head and stared at James until he got the hint.

Quickly scooping up the report he had been pouring over prior to the interruption, James moved so that he was standing on the opposite side of the desk. Kara took a few steps forward, stopping next to him.

Dropping her sunglasses into her bag, Cat sat down in her chair, a relieved sigh escaping her lips as she settled into it. Closing her eyes for a few seconds, she seemed to be taking it all in. If you asked Kara, it appeared as if she was happy to be back. She knew that Catco would always hold a special place in Cat's heart.

When Cat opened her eyes back up, her expression quickly changed, any sign of the nostalgia she had just been feeling fading away. A brow arched as she regarded the two people standing in front of her. "Don't you both have something else to be doing right now than standing here, basking in my existence?"

"Yes, of course Miss Grant," they both said at the same time, turning around and suddenly scrambling to leave the office.

"So I guess I head back to my old desk?" James asked her as they walked out of the office, his voice low so that only Kara could hear him.

"I don't know, maybe you should ask someone who isn't attracting bombers to the office…" Kara teased, pausing once they were a few yards away from Cat's office to turn and look at James.

James chuckled. "Sorry about that. I don't know what it is about her, but she brings out a whole different side of me."

"Cat Grant brings out a whole different side of everybody, that's part of her charm." Kara shrugged, her thumbs hooking into the small pockets of her skirt as she looked up at her friend. "Are you… upset you won't be the boss anymore? Well, at least for now, while she's back."

James shook his head, not even taking a second to think about his answer. "Noooo, definitely not. I think I prefer being on the ground to being behind a desk anyway. Plus, now with my second job…" he trailed off, glancing from side to side to make sure nobody appeared to be listening in.

"Ah, that's right. It'll be easier to sneak off when everyone isn't looking for you every five minutes because they have a question."

"Exactly."

Kara opened her mouth to say something else, but their conversation was interrupted by a loud, booming voice emanating from Cat's office.
"Miss Teschmacher, where is my latte?! And, when it does appear, this time it better not be colder than the look I get from my ex-husband whenever he's confronted with how much more successful I am than him!"

Kara couldn't help but giggle, although she did cover her mouth in an attempt to stifle the noise. Looking over at James, she whispered through her fingers, "She's baaaaaack."

~ooooooo~

Kara pushed her way through the front doors of Catco, stepping outside into the crisp night air. With Cat back, mostly everyone had worked later than they usually did, Kara included.

Pausing outside of the threshold of the building, she looked up into the sky, pleased to see that her view of the moon wasn't obstructed by any pesky clouds. The celestial body in her sights was almost full and was surrounded by twinkling stars.

Even though sometimes it made her homesick, there were many occasions where Kara felt the need to pause and reflect on how amazing the Universe was.

The sound of heels clacking against the pavement pulled Kara from her thoughts, bringing them back to Earth.

"I thought I would find you here."

At the sound of Lena's voice, Kara couldn't help but smile. Turning towards her, she asked, "What are you doing here?"

Lena walked up to Kara, leaning in and giving her a quick kiss before responding. "Well…you see…" Reaching forward, Lena took both of Kara's hands in her own. "I was sitting at home, thinking about you, when I thought to myself… It's silly to sit around and miss somebody when you can just go and see them. So here I am."

Kara could feel herself blushing at Lena's explanation. "You missed me, huh?"

Lena nodded, doing her best to keep her facial expression serious. "Like crazy. And… I have something I wanted to show you."

Kara's head tilted slightly. "Show me?"

Lena nodded again. "Yes, show you." Dropping one of Kara's hands, Lena used the hand she was still holding to tug her in the direction she had come from. In the distance, Kara could see Lena's limousine.

"Do I get a hint?" Kara asked, a little surprised when they reached the limo and kept on walking.

Lena chuckled, glancing over at Kara. "Nope, but you don't need one. Your curiosity will be satisfied in a moment, I promise."

Kara didn't mind the suspense of it. In fact, she didn't really care where exactly Lena took them since they were together. She had the distinct feeling that they could both sit down and watch paint dry together and it would somehow still be insanely enjoyable.

Walking Kara down the rest of the street, Lena finally stopped a few feet from a small cart. The cart smelled strongly of different beverages. Shiny metal basins of various liquids lined the counter. Kara could make out hints of both coffee and tea.
"So, the other day I was at a late business meeting and one of the men there was sipping at the most delicious smelling drink. I, of course, had to be forward and ask him what he was drinking and where he had gotten it from. The man told me about this little cart that only comes out at nighttime and he swore that they have the best apple cider in the whole state."

"Ooooh," Kara exclaimed, smiling at what Lena had just revealed. "I love apple cider. My cousin Clark was adopted and the family that took him in lives on a farm, so I have ample experience with really good cider. My Aunt Martha always makes a huge batch of it for me whenever I tag along during one of Clark's visits."

"Perfect," Lena replied, grinning. "Have you ever had it steamed?"

"Steamed? I can't say I have."

"Well, then let's change that."

Lena closed the gap between them and the cart, not dropping Kara's hand until she went to reach into her pocket to pull out a crisp ten dollar bill. Handing it to the gentleman who was running the cart, she said, "Two steamed apple ciders, please, and keep the change."

Within a few moments, the two women had their drinks and were making their way over to a nearby bench. Taking a seat, they scooted in close to one another. There was only a slight chill in the air, but between the warmth being close to Lena provided and the hot drink currently cradled in her hands, Kara had no complaints. The hand of Lena's not holding onto her drink looped its way around Kara's waist, settling there.

"Your head seemed to be in the clouds when I first walked up to you," Lena remarked. "Anything on your mind?"

Kara shrugged a single shoulder. "Nothing major. I was simply…appreciating the sky." A lofty sigh escaped her as she looked back up at the stars. "I've always loved star-gazing, you know? Ever since I was a kid." Kara looked over at Lena, the only thing more beautiful than the night sky. "How about you?"

Lena nodded. "I used to sneak up onto the roof of the Luthor mansion and sit there for hours, trying to find different constellations. I had a book full of diagrams and everything, for reference. As a kid, for a while I was convinced that I was going to grow up to be an astronaut and get to be amongst the stars one day."

"See, now that sounds like it was a wonderful goal." Kara smiled, letting go of her drink with one hand so that she could tuck her hair behind her ear. "Do you have a favorite constellation?"

"I sure do." Before elaborating, Lena looked up into the sky. Moving the arm that was wrapped around Kara, she shifted over only enough so that she could point up at the stars. Thinking better of it, she lowered her hand and grabbed Kara's instead, lifting it up so that she could guide it to the stars she was going to reference.

Slowly moving their hands, she traced a pattern of stars. "This is Leo, the lion." Lena glanced over at Kara. "Just like me."

Kara's eyes followed the stars Lena had them point at before looking over at her. Their hands dropped, fingers lacing together. Kara was smiling, reflecting on the fact that she had just learned another tidbit about Lena.

"Ah, of course you're a Leo," Kara remarked. "They're brave, passionate, and warm-hearted. You
"You flatter me, Miss Danvers." Lena leaned in, kissing Kara. This time her lips lingered, the kiss soft and sweet. When it ended, Kara already found herself wanting more.

Moving to go in for another kiss, she suddenly remembered the drink in her hand. Lena had a way of making the rest of the world melt away whenever they were together.

"We should probably try this…" Kara laughed, holding up her cup.

Lena nodded. "I think it's time. It's cooled off a little, so our tongues are likely to be intact afterwards."

Great. Now Kara found herself thinking about Lena's tongue instead of the apple cider currently in her hand. 'Rein yourself in, Danvers…' she thought, forcing herself to focus on her drink instead.

"Okay, wanna take our first sips at the same time?" Kara asked, her voice endearingly eager now that she had collected her thoughts again.

Lena chuckled at the blonde's question. "Sounds good to me. Should we count down?"

"Yes," Kara replied, nodding. "Okay, so… I'll count back from five and then we're good to go. 5… 4… 3… 2… 1…"

The two women took a sip at the same time, both of them humming softly at how amazing it tasted. Kara had never had such delicious apple cider in her life, not even at the Kent farm.

"I like it, it's very sweet," Kara gushed, verbally giving the drink her stamp of approval.

"Just like you," Lena replied, a smile on her lips as she lifted her cup for another sip.

Kara blushed before looking back up at the stars, grateful to be able to appreciate such a beautiful night with Lena.
"What's love got to do with it, got to do with it?"

Kara had always enjoyed singing in the shower, ever since she was a kid. The little shower speaker that Lena had professionally affixed to the shower wall made all the difference, giving Kara the backup she needed to properly hold her daily mini-concerts. Not only that, but Lena's shower was nice and spacious, providing her with amazing acoustics.

"What's love but a second hand emotion?"

Kara reached for the shampoo as she sung, pressing down on the lid so that the spout opened up. After squirting some of the floral scented liquid in her hand, she placed the bottle back down and began to rub her hands together.

"What's love got to do with it, got to do with it?"

Kara ran her fingers through her hair, working the shampoo through her damp tresses. Small suds quickly began to form as she worked at distributing them evenly throughout her hair while enjoying the way it smelled. Kara had never heard of the brand of hair products Lena stocked her bathroom with, but they were heavenly.

"Who needs a heart if a heart can be broken?"

Kara's hands lowered, one wrapping around an imaginary microphone as she belted out that particular lyric, fully engrossed in the song.

It was at that moment her ears picked up a small chuckle, ripping her out of her reverie and swiftly bringing her back to the present.

A small gasp left her lips as she focused her hearing. Kara could tell that Lena was standing right outside of the shower. The song continued playing as Kara's cheeks turned bright red, embarrassment settling in as she realized that Lena had been privy to her private concert.

"Don't stop on my account," Lena said, another chuckle lacing its way through her words as she spoke.

Kara reached up and turned the volume down on the shower speaker before working up the courage to see what Lena was in there for.

Pulling the luxurious emerald green curtain aside slightly, Kara peeked her head out. She was quite a sight, with her sudsy hair sitting atop her head in a haphazardly formed bun held there purely by shampoo that she hadn't had the chance to rinse out yet.

Lena, on the other hand, was the epitome of perfection even though it wasn't even seven o'clock in the morning yet. Standing there in her steel gray satin pajamas, she had one arm resting across her body, her hand holding onto her elbow, propping that arm up. In her other hand was a toothbrush, leading Kara to wonder how long exactly Lena had been there.

A sheepish smile found Kara's lips as she looked at the woman in front of her, who was clearly very amused.

Curiosity getting the best of her, Kara asked, "Soooo… how long have you been standing there?"
Lena's shoulders shrugged. A grin was on her lips. "Not too long. Definitely not long enough. You have a beautiful voice."

Kara wasn't sure how it was possible, but she was certain she felt her cheeks get even redder. Between the heat from the shower and the way Lena made her feel, Kara wouldn't find it surprising if she were to pass out at any moment. Apparently Kryptonite wasn't the only thing that made her weak in the knees.

"I'll let you get back to it in a second, but… I have a question for you."

Kara's brow furrowed. She wondered what Lena could possibly have to ask her. "Yes?"

Lena's hand tipped forward slightly, the toothbrush pointing in Kara's direction. "Can you get me a meeting with Supergirl today?"

Kara blinked, surprised at the request. It wasn't the first time Lena had reached out to her for such a thing, but it didn't stop her from wondering what could have prompted the inquiry.

Taking a second to consider Lena's request, Kara quickly came to the realization that anything Lena wanted, she would make happen, regardless of the reasoning behind it.

Kara nodded. "I should be able to make that happen, but…probably not until later on in the day, if that's okay with you." Kara had a shift to get through at CatCo and since she was unsure how long this chat with Lena was going to take, she didn't want to head over there until she was obligation free.

"That's perfect, anytime works for me." Lena's head tilted, some of the hair tucked behind her ear coming loose and brushing against her cheek. It looked so soft and silky. Kara just wanted to touch it and was suddenly very disappointed that she was currently a wet, soapy mess.

That thought didn't last too long though. How she felt was preempted by the look Lena suddenly leveled at her. Although a grin still lingered on the brunette's lips, there was a look to her eyes that caught Kara off guard.

"I know that Supergirl has a very busy schedule and I am certainly okay with her fitting me in as she can."

There it was again. That feeling that Lena could see into her soul. But there was no way she could have known that Kara was indeed Supergirl. After all, she had been very careful to conceal that fact.

"Okay, I'll let her know," Kara promised, feeling slightly guilty as she made the assurance. There was a part of her that hated keeping anything from Lena but that part was at war with the voice in Kara's head that sounded distinctly like her sister Alex, warning her that she had to start being more careful with who she told about her other identity.

It wasn't so much that thought that kept Kara from telling Lena, but more so not wanting to put undue stress on her. If Lena knew what she did in her free time, then it would probably cause her to worry. Also, that knowledge could potentially put Lena at risk, which is the absolute last thing Kara wanted. It was better for all parties involved if that particular fact remained a secret. For now, at least.

"Thank you."

Lena's arms lowered. Reaching forward, she slipped her toothbrush back into its holder before walking over towards Kara.
Kara squirmed slightly, suddenly nervous. What was Lena doing? Was she about to get in? That idea was equally exhilarating and nerve-wracking. They hadn't even been out to a proper dinner yet and they were about to share a shower?

Except, they weren't. Lena stopped right in front of Kara, reaching up to cup one of her damp, warm cheeks. Leaning in, she kissed her.

After pulling her lips from Kara's, Lena whispered, "You're the best."

Leaving the blonde in a kiss-induced haze, Lena walked away, pausing at the threshold of the bathroom before exiting to turn and tell her, "You know, you could probably give Beyoncé a run for her money."

With a wink, Lena exited, leaving Kara with a goofy grin on her face.

Suddenly remembering that her hair was still full of shampoo, Kara ducked back under the flow of the water, wanting to finish up before it became cold.

~oooooooo~

"Kira!"

Kara's head snapped towards the sound of the voice, her eyes settling onto Cat Grant standing several feet away.

Unsure that she had heard Cat correctly, Kara pointed to herself and mouthed the word, "Me?"

Cat huffed. "Is there another Kira working here that I am unaware of? Chop chop." Her hands clapped together with each 'chop' before she turned on her heel, heading down back towards her office.

Kara hurried to get up from her desk and follow Cat, almost tripping over her own feet as she stumbled to catch up.

Hands brushing at her skirt, Kara smoothed it out as she walked into Cat's office right on the other woman's heels. There was a slight grumbling coming from Cat as they moved, which Kara's ears were able to pick up on easily.

"Have to go around, fetching my own employees, all because Yale has a horrendous vetting process and decided that Miss Teschmacher deserved to graduate."

Taking a deep, calming breath, Cat walked around her desk and lowered into her seat. Waving for Kara to sit as well, she pulled open a drawer to her right and pulled out a manila folder.

"Come on, sit Kira, there's something I need to discuss with you."

Sitting down into a seat across from the head of CatCo, Kara reached up and fidgeted with her glasses, adjusting them. Whatever this was, it didn't appear to be good.

Cat slid the folder across the expanse of her desk before sitting back. Her hands rested against the desk, fingers lacing together as she watched Kara stare at the folder.

"Go on, Kira, open it."

Completely baffled as to what the folder's contents could possibly be, Kara reached forward, sliding it the rest of the way before lifting it open.
A deep crease settled into Kara's forehead as she took in the sight before her. At the top of a stack of photographs was a picture of her and Lena from the previous night, sitting down on a bench with their apple cider. Picking the photos up, she began to sift through them one by one, watching the slow progression of one of the kisses they had shared that night. Kara's head was shaking as disbelief settled in.

Looking up, she locked eyes with a serious looking Cat Grant.

"How is this even possible?" Kara asked, her voice hardly above a whisper.

"It's 2017, Kara," she replied, using Kara's proper name for once. "There are cameras everywhere, all the time. With smartphones nowadays, everyone fancies themselves to be a paparazzo." Cat sighed, a hint of sympathy sneaking its way onto her otherwise calm, cool, and collected expression. "I would love to tell you who exactly snapped these, but they weren't ballsy enough to attach their name to the email I received first thing this morning."

Kara's head was still shaking as she struggled to process what this meant. Regardless, it felt like a complete invasion of her privacy.

"They… I…" Kara paused, taking a second to collect her thoughts. "We're just…" The word 'friends' got stuck in her throat. It felt like a lie, calling them friends. Kara wasn't sure what she and Lena were exactly, but what was happening between them didn't feel like friendship.

Even though she had no intentions of finishing that sentence, Cat Grant held a hand up.

"Do not even try and lie to me, Kira. No one has successfully lied to me since at least 2005."

Kara thought back to the time her and J'onn had worked together to convince Cat that she wasn't Supergirl, but she wasn't about to use that as a way to disprove Cat's statement.

"Now, I don't care that you two are dating, but…"

"We're not dating," Kara quickly corrected, hit by a sort of sadness over that fact. They really weren't dating or were anything official. Although it was disappointing to admit to that, Kara had felt it necessary to correct Cat. It felt wrong to claim to be Lena's girlfriend when she hadn't yet officially received that honor.

Cat's eyes rolled dramatically. "Riiight. Do you think I was born yesterday?"

Kara opened her mouth to proclaim she was being honest, but Cat held her hand up again, silencing her.

"Look, if you really aren't dating, you should be." Gesturing toward the photographs in Kara's hand, she continued. "I've only ever seen that dopey looking smile on your face before on Free Donut Day at the office. It's clear how you feel about her. Plus, the world would only benefit from two strong, independent women such as yourselves joining forces."

Kara looked at Cat, thoroughly surprised by her reaction. "You…don't care that she's a Luthor?"

Cat snorted. "Kira dear, it's not the fact that she's a Luthor that scares most people. It's the fact that she's a woman who isn't afraid to speak her mind and has brilliant instincts and ideas. That is what frightens people. It has nothing to do with her last name."

Kara remained quiet, considering that statement. Cat had a way of putting things into perspective for her. Although she knew that the concerns that Alex had about Lena had nothing to do with her
gender, it was altogether possible that was a factor for other people.

Almost as if she could hear Kara's inner monologue, Cat continued. "Trust me, if Lex had a brother instead of a sister, nobody would bat an eye at the dealings of L-Corp."

Kara nodded, looking down at the photographs. Although she was certain to get flak from her friends and family over who she was associating with, deep down Kara didn't mind if the world knew her and Lena were getting close. However, she couldn't help but wonder if Lena would be bothered.

"I'm not going to publish them," Cat said suddenly, shifting gears.

"No?" Kara asked, genuinely surprised. "But…aren't you worried about getting scooped?"

Cat's head shook. "I find it to be decidedly uncouth to publish gossipy photos of one of my favorite reporters. I'm not doing anything with these other than deleting the attachment once we're done here. I simply wanted you to be aware of these because, while I am not publishing them, it's very possible that somebody else will."

Kara nodded, setting the photographs back down and closing up the folder. She moved to slide it back to Cat, but the woman shook her head again.

"You keep those. I'm guessing they're your first photographs as a couple."

Kara sighed, a small smile settling onto her lips.

Cat reached over and grabbed her glasses, putting them on. Taking out a pen, she slid a stack of papers towards herself and began to look them over. Halfway down the first page, she seemed to suddenly realize that Kara was still there. Looking up at her, she said simply, "Aren't we done here?"

"Yes," Kara said quickly, moving to stand. "Thank you for everything, Miss Grant." She grabbed the folder filled with photographs and went to leave the office, only stopping momentarily at the sound of Cat's voice.

"You know, life is short. If you want the girl, go get the girl."

~ooooooo~

On the flight over to L-Corp, Kara found herself replaying her earlier conversation with Cat Grant over and over. In particular, she found herself focusing on Cat's parting words to her.

"If you want the girl, go get the girl."

It sounded so easy when put that way and yet, the idea of asking Lena out officially made Kara more nervous than she ever remembered being before. Even facing Myriad had been less intimidating than the idea of asking out Lena Luthor.

But she didn't have to worry about that at the moment. Right now she wasn't Kara Danvers, the burgeoning CatCo reporter who was harboring the biggest crush on the girl whose bed she was currently sharing at night. Right now she was Supergirl, hero of National City.

Gently landing on the balcony she knew was attached to Lena's office, Kara was unsurprised to find that the glass doors were open.

Heading inside, she found the object of her affection currently seated on the couch, appearing to be
deep in thought.

When she spotted Supergirl, a smile found Lena's lips.

"You came."

Kara nodded. "Of course. Kara Danvers told me you wanted to see me?"

Lena's hand slid out to the side, patting the space on the couch next to her. "Come and sit, I won't take up too much of your time. Promise."

Kara hesitated before joining Lena. The closer she got to her, the more exposed she felt. Since she was trying to keep her identity from Lena, it felt safer to stay further away.

But she couldn't seem to say no to Lena.

Walking forward, Kara took the seat adjacent to Lena, leaving more space in between them than she would have normally.

Looking over at Lena she asked, "Is everything okay?"

Lena nodded. "It is. I simply have a…favor to ask of you. One that I hope you aren't hesitant to help me out with."

Kara remained silent. Concern found her bright blue eyes as she waited to hear what Lena wanted to ask of her.

"I wanted to ask you to speak to Kara about something for me…" Lena trailed off, one leg crossing over the other as she shifted so that she was angled more towards Kara.

"Okay, so, as you know Kara Danvers is a brave woman. Not only that, but she's so…caring and compassionate. Always worried about those around her, but never worried about herself. You see, I need her to worry about herself sometimes."

Kara remained still, trying to keep a straight face even though on the inside she was melting.

"Kara's worried about me, but I'm not. I'm worried about her. I'm doing everything I can to ensure she's safe with me when we're together, but… Unfortunately, I can't always have her with me, as much as I would like to."

'Do not blush, do not blush…' Kara chanted in her head, hoping her face wasn't giving away how she was feeling at that moment.

Lena's hand reached out, settling on Kara's knee. Kara felt her breath catch in her throat.

"I figured that, while I'm sure she would listen to me, that…perhaps she would especially listen to you, with you being Supergirl and all."

Their eyes met and Kara swore for a second that Lena knew exactly who she was.

The feeling passed and Lena's hand moved, allowing Kara to breathe again.

"I can definitely pass along that message," she assured Lena, nodding and moving to stand. If she didn't get out of there soon, Kara was certain that she was going to accidentally blow her cover.

Lena stood as well.
Kara couldn't help herself. Standing there across from Lena, her protective side was screaming to be heard. "You know that it's very important that you stay safe, too, right?"

A slight grin found Lena's lips. "With all of the people you have to worry about, I'm surprised Supergirl has the time to worry about me."

"Oh, well… I… I care about all the residents of National City, yourself included. Plus…I have it on good authority that Kara would be devastated if anything happened to you."

The grin remained on Lena's lips, but she remained silent. Kara again told herself that it was time to get out of there.

"I…should get going."

"Yeah," Lena said simply, her gaze remaining locked onto Kara's as she spoke. "All of those residents of National City are counting on you to keep them safe."

Kara nodded, but before she turned to leave, one of her mantras from the day popped into her head.

"If you want the girl, go get the girl."

Before she could stop and think about what she was doing, a statement tumbled from her lips.

"By the way, Kara told me she has something to ask you later."

Shit.

Lena's brows lifted almost imperceptibly, the grin on her lips spreading as she mulled over what Supergirl had just proclaimed.

"Oh, really? I'll be sure to ask her what that is."

Before she could put her foot any farther into her mouth, Kara gave Lena a small wave and ducked out onto the balcony, flying off into the night sky.

"What did you just do Kara?" she murmured, so distracted by her own actions that she almost flew head first into a passing pigeon.

It was too late to take it back now. The most pressing question she had for Lena was going to have to be asked that night.
Chapter 8

Kara paced back and forth in front of the door to Lena's place, wondering how many times she could make the trip before visible signs of wear and tear appeared on the floor beneath her feet.

Kara wasn't locked out or anything of the sort. Oh no. It was her nerves keeping her from heading inside.

"By the way, Kara told me she has something to ask you later," Kara muttered, quietly mocking her own words to Lena earlier from when she had appeared before her as Supergirl.

"Ughhhhh what was I thinking?" she groaned softly. However, the answer was simple: Kara hadn't been thinking. Stating that she had something to ask Lena later had been one of those moments in Kara's life where she acted purely on instinct without weighing out what the potential consequences of her actions could be.

The impulse to bail on the entire thing and come up with another question for Lena was tempting, but no matter how many trips Kara made back and forth she couldn't seem to talk herself into that idea. It would be dishonest to try and play the entire thing off as something simple like, "Would you mind if we watched The Crown tonight instead of Grey's Anatomy? I've been dying to try it."

First of all, she was sure that Lena wouldn't fall for any sort of lame bait and switch. Secondly, Kara didn't want to squander the perfect opportunity to ask Lena out. As nerve-wracking as it was, it was absolutely something that Kara wanted to do.

Kara paused her movements directly in front of the door, staring at it. Switching to her x-ray vision, she peered inside, curious as to what Lena was up to. Perhaps, if she was busy, their conversation could wait another night?

Except she didn't seem busy.

It didn't take long for Kara to spot Lena's figure on the couch. Her legs were curled up underneath her and a book was poised in her hand.

"Rao, why is this so hard?" Kara murmured, her hands beginning to toy with the key she was holding as she tried to gear up for what she was about to do.

Reminding herself that this wasn't the first time she was a step away from potentially going on a date, she tried to talk herself off of the ledge. Except, that thought wasn't exactly comforting because Kara knew better. Kara knew this was different.

Not only was she typically the one who was asked out, but never before had she felt so strongly about another person.

It wasn't too long ago that Kara had convinced herself that she had feelings for James, but now she realized that she had been simply projecting his feelings towards her at the time. Had she met Lena before she had met James, no confusion would have ever existed. The so-called romantic feelings she had felt towards James paled in comparison to how Lena Luthor made her feel with a single glance.

Even if she had been uncertain about her feelings for Lena in the first place, the first time they had kissed had wiped all of that away. Kara remembered that kiss vividly. That one and every subsequent one filled her with such an alluring sense of warmth and comfort, along with a few other
emotions that were much newer to Kara. The day that she had given in and kissed Lena was the day Kara's world had rotated on its axis and she doubted it would ever return to what she had previously considered to be normal.

Which was what brought her to this moment in time, standing in front of Lena's front door, desperately trying to work up the courage to head in there and ask her out.

"If you want the girl, go get the girl."

With Cat's words ringing through her head one last time, Kara took a deep breath and pressed the key she had been clinging to for the last half hour into the lock, turning it. Kara heard the mechanism disengage and turned the knob, finding that the door opened easily after that.

Making a mental note to chastise Lena later for not locking the top lock as well, she headed inside.

"I'm home," she called out, the word feeling right as it left her lips.

"I'm in the living room," Lena called back. Although Kara had already known that fact, hearing Lena's voice immediately brought back all of the nerves she had been feeling a moment ago. Oh well. It was too late to turn back now.

Kara entered the living room just as Lena was setting her book down. Kara's eyes scanned the title as it made its way to the closest end table. 'Pride and Prejudice.' It had been a while since Kara had read that book but she distinctly remembered it being taught in school as a prime example of a classic love story. Perhaps Lena was a bit of a romantic?

Looking back over to Lena, Kara tried to reign her wondering thoughts in, bringing them back to the moment at hand. Instead of fantasizing about how much of a romantic Lena was, she wanted to find out for herself.

Except…maybe it could wait. Kara suddenly found herself wondering if Lena had forgotten all about her parting words as Supergirl.

"So…" Lena started as Kara made her way to the other side of the couch. Sliding her bright yellow messenger bag off of her shoulder, she sat it down on the ground before taking a seat. "A little birdie told me that you had something to ask me?"

Kara could immediately feel heat flooding her cheeks. It didn't look like she was going to be lucky enough to have another day to calm herself down before walking right into this. It was time to jump into the deep end.

Kara tried to take a subtle deep breath through her nose. Releasing it slowly through her mouth, she then made herself smile despite her nerves and said, "A little birdie told me that you had something to ask me?"

Lena chuckled. "Your instincts are spot on. It must be the reporter inside of you."

Kara could immediately feel heat flooding her cheeks. It didn't look like she was going to be lucky enough to have another day to calm herself down before walking right into this. It was time to jump into the deep end.

Kara tried to take a subtle deep breath through her nose. Releasing it slowly through her mouth, she then made herself smile despite her nerves and said, "Why do I have the feeling this little birdie goes by the name Supergirl?"

Lena chuckled. "Your instincts are spot on. It must be the reporter inside of you."

Kara nodded, stalling. Her fingers pulled at the seam of her skirt.

Lena waited for a moment as they both sat in silence before prodding further. "So… Help me out here. I've been so, so curious since she left my office. What do you have to ask me that's so important that Supergirl thought to mention it?"

Kara could feel her cheeks reddening more and found herself wishing that blushing was something Kryptonians did not do.
"Well… I… You see… I…” Kara trailed off, her fingers still toying with her skirt as she fumbled around for the right words. "I…have something… I want to ask you."

The corners of Lena's mouth twitched upwards slightly, giving away the fact that she was trying to suppress a smile.

"Okay, so I think we have properly established that you would like to ask me something. What you would like to ask me is…?"

Kara's eyes dropped to her hands as she tried to tell herself to spit it out. It was going to be just like ripping off a bandage.

Lena's hands moved across the small space between them, capturing Kara's fidgeting ones and stilling them.

As soon as she had that contact with Lena, Kara felt a small wave of comfort sweep over her. It was almost as if that act alone was providing her with the courage she needed to continue.

Kara took one last deep breath. Looking up, she locked eyes with Lena only to find that, while she had been looking down, Lena's teeth had sunk into her bottom lip. It was so attractive to Kara that the sight alone almost made her completely lose her train of thought. Promising herself that she would spend her night kissing those very lips if this went successfully, Kara forged ahead.

"I wanted to ask if…you'd be interested in maybe going on a date with me?"

This time Lena's lips wasted no time spreading into a smile.

"Kara Danvers, I would love nothing more than to go on a date with you."

Kara beamed, a burst of both relief and excitement flooding through her as she took a second to process the fact that Lena had just agreed to go on a date with her. All of the worries and fears she had seemed like a distant memory as she was overcome with the feeling of pure happiness.

"When were you thinking of us going on said date?"

Lena's question quickly brought Kara back down to Earth, pulling her from Cloud 9. The excited look on her face faltered as Kara realized her folly.

"Crap," she exclaimed out loud, shaking her head at herself. An embarrassed chuckle escaped Kara as she admitted, "I… I was so worried about asking you out, I didn't think through any of the details."

Lena started to laugh good-naturedly. Kara could feel the vibrations of her laughter traveling through the couch cushions.

"Oh Kara," she murmured, still chuckling as she spoke. "You are simply the cutest."

Before Kara could say anything in response, Lena leaned in and kissed her. One of Lena's hands let go of Kara's, cupping her cheek instead and pulling her in.

The kiss started off sweet, as most of theirs did, but it grew to be more passionate with every ticking second.

For Kara, she was caught up in the feeling of elation she had over Lena agreeing to go out with her. The fact that she hadn't hammered out any of the details didn't matter when Lena's lips were on hers.
They especially didn't matter when Lena's teeth found Kara's bottom lip, tugging on it playfully before continuing the kiss.

Their bodies migrated towards one another as they kissed, Lena somewhat moving over Kara as their kiss heated up. Kara leaned back against the arm rest as Lena's hand found that part of the couch as well, pressing against the empty space next to Kara's body.

How long their kiss continued, Kara didn't know. But when Lena's lips pulled from hers, she found herself to be entirely breathless. Lena's body was still positioned somewhat on top of hers. Their eyes met as they both took a second to catch their breath.

"You tell me when our date is and I will be there. Any time, any place." Lena leaned in and pressed another kiss to Kara's lips. She kept this one brief before also whispering, "But don't keep me waiting too long. Patience isn't my best virtue."

With that, Lena closed the space between their lips again, and the two girls found themselves with their lips locked until it was time for dinner. If it wasn't for Kara's voracious appetite and her grumbling stomach, she wasn't sure that either of them would have managed to leave the couch that night.

~oooooooo~

Kara sat at Winn's desk at the DEO, her hands pulling at a colorful slinky that he normally kept near his monitor. Winn had left after their mandatory debriefing session, off to help James with something that he promised had nothing to do with Guardian.

Taking Winn's word for it, Kara had stayed behind, wanting to talk to Alex. If she was going to be going on a date with Lena Luthor, hopefully soon, she wanted to be the one to tell her sister about it. Kara didn't think it was fair to let Alex find out through the media.

Kara had checked online that morning, looking for any trace of the pictures Cat Grant had given to her. So far, nothing. Nada. Zip. It didn't mean that they weren't coming, though.

In addition to searching for the pictures online, Kara also showed them to Lena that morning. She had intended to the night before but she had ended up too distracted to remember.

Lena hadn't been phased by them, though. After stating that she was used to her life being in the spotlight, she had asked Kara if she was okay with the photos. Lena always seemed to be more concerned with Kara than herself which made for an interesting dynamic since Kara had opposite concerns. To her, Lena was the top priority.

By the end of their discussion, both girls had come to the agreement that they weren't going to let the photos bother them. If they came out, so be it. There were sure to be more generated after they went on their date…whenever that would be.

Kara's hands had just come back together, closing up the slinky, when a piece of paper was slapped down onto the desk she was seated at.

Looking up, Kara found herself staring into the eyes of her sister. Alex didn't appear to be too happy, but other than that Kara couldn't pick up on how she was feeling. Few people were better at putting on a poker face than Alex Danvers.

"What's that?" Kara asked, setting down the slinky and reaching out for the paper, turning it over. Squarely in the center was one of those pictures Kara currently had tucked into a manila folder on an end table by Lena's bed.
"Oh…" Kara said softly.

"Oh is right," Alex said, her tone steely. Turning around, she leaned against the desk, half sitting on its surface. "You don't seem too surprised."

Kara reached up as if she were going to adjust her glasses before remembering that she wasn't wearing them. Instead, she tucked a loose strand of hair behind her ear.

"Cat showed them to me yesterday." Kara glanced back up at Alex, looking apologetic. "I was going to tell you today, I promise. That's why I've been waiting around here."

Alex sighed and Kara couldn't tell if she believed her.

"Really, I swear I was going to tell you."

Alex's lips twisted to the side as she took a moment to think through her reply. "Kara, were you going to tell me because you wanted to keep me updated on important moments in your life? Or because you knew this photo was out there in the ether?"

Kara frowned slightly. "Well… If I'm being honest, it was mostly because of this photo. Among others. By the way, where did you get this?"

Alex's arms crossed against her chest. "Our online surveillance team dug it up. They run a program tracking mentions of you and your alter ego online in an attempt to stay ahead of any potential attacks. To my knowledge, they captured it from an email. I don't think it has been sourced to any media outlets yet, but I'm sure it's a matter of time. Especially if Cat was given it."

"Cat promised she wouldn't publish anything about us, but you're right, I'm sure it'll be out there soon." Kara's head tilted as she continued looking up at her big sister. "Are you mad at me? Upset? What's going on through that mind of yours?"

Alex stalled, uncrossing her arms and crossing them again the opposite way before answering. "I'm upset that you felt you couldn't come to me with this when it first started happening."

Kara felt the urge to look down, but she kept eye contact with Alex. "It really hasn't been going on long… Whatever it is."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

Kara sighed. "Well…because I know how you feel about Lena Luthor. She doesn't exactly give you the warm and fuzzies."

Alex shrugged. "I may not be her biggest fan, but I'm your biggest fan. Plus, if you remember, I promised to trust your judgement when it comes to her and I'm the type of gal that likes to try and keep her promises."

Kara nodded, considering that. "I was just worried how you would react. I… really like her, Alex. A lot."

Alex finally cracked a bit of a smile at her sister's words. Uncrossing her arms, she lowered them, her palms pressing against the edge of the desk.

"Should I start singing Kara and Lena sitting in a tree, K-I-S-S-I-N-G?"

Kara reached forward, playfully nudging her sister.
"Too soon?" Alex asked, a small chuckle tacking itself to the end of her question. "Look Kara, I... have my concerns about Lena Luthor, sure, but... I don't want us to stop telling each other things, okay? That's not who we are."

Kara's head shook. "It's not. If you are really okay with hearing about it...I have no problems coming to you." A small smile found Kara's lips. "I have missed confiding in my big sis."

"Well, you listened to me gush about Maggie countless times, so the least I can do is repay the favor. Besides... I'm sure the idea of you dating Lena will... grow on me. Eventually." Alex paused, her head tilting. "You guys are dating, right?"

"About that..." Kara's smile grew to be slightly sheepish. "I maybe sorta kinda asked her out on a date last night?"

"Oh, yeah?" Alex asked, her smile turning into more of a grin. "Where are you taking her?"

"Uh...well... that's the thing." Kara chuckled, shrugging a single shoulder. "I also maybe sorta kinda forgot to think of any of the details of the date before asking her? So really, what I did last night was give her an IOU for a date."

Alex couldn't help but laugh.

"Not my smoothest moment," Kara admitted, laughing as well.

"Well, I'm done here. So, what do you say we go get lunch and brainstorm date ideas? I'm thinking you're going to need something good if you're going to impress Lena Luthor."

Kara nodded, grateful for her sister's offer. "I really like that idea. You're going to have to share your dating secrets with me. Teach me what you know."

Alex snorted. "I'm hardly an expert. But I guess, in this particular case, I do have somewhat more experience." Alex pushed herself off from the desk, standing up straight. "Ready to go, young grasshopper?"

Kara grinned, rolling her eyes. "Definitely."
Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

A/N: Hey guys! I appreciate everyone who has left feedback! Just wanted to pop in to say for those of you who are concerned over whether or not Lena has known all along that Kara is Supergirl, your questions will definitely get answered in due time! All I'll say is that Lena Luthor is definitely no fool. ;) For now, it's time for these two to get their date on. Hope you enjoy! Also, hope you don't mind the double update today, I was in a writing mood!

Kara lounged on Alex's couch as her sister went on a late night mission for potstickers. Their lunch had turned into an all-day sister hang-out sesh, which was desperately needed by both girls. They had taken the opportunity to get caught up on each other's burgeoning relationships. Also, as promised, Alex had helped her hash out where exactly she should take Lena out on their first date. The two sisters had conflicting ideas, but in the end one of Alex's suggestions won out.

Kara had texted Lena earlier in the day to let her know she wasn't sure what time she would be home to make sure she wouldn't worry, if that was something she even did. The two of them hadn't been living together for too long, but it felt right to keep Lena updated when she knew she was going to be home late, especially with the current threat looming over their heads. The bomber hadn't made an appearance since the incident at CatCo, but Kara hadn't forgotten about them. Not in the slightest.

With a pillow cradled in between herself and her phone, Kara stared down at that same text thread now, trying to figure out how to best phrase her next message.

Would you perhaps like to join me at Le Marché Frais tomorrow for dinner at 8?

Kara read it over, her head shaking. Too formal. Delete.

Le Marché Frais. Tomorrow. 8:00. Be there.

Much too forward. Backspace, backspace, backspace.

So, for our date, I was thinking we could check out that new French restaurant in town, Le Marché Frais? I made us reservations for tomorrow at 8:00.

Much better. Kara read it over, figuring it sounded natural enough and covered all the main points. After adding a smiley face emoji to the end of it, Kara hit send, squealing and tossing her phone across the couch once it was sent. Her feet kicked in the air as she cradled the pillow tight to her chest. Even though she had already done the difficult part of asking Lena to go out on a date with her in the first place, it was still a little nerve-wracking actually sending the official invite. It was also exciting.

Kara was only able to wait about a minute before setting down the pillow and leaning across the couch, retrieving her phone which was sinking its way down into the couch cushions. Hoping that there was a reply, she eagerly pushed the home button, illuminating the screen. Contained in a small bubble was Lena's text back.
Sounds great! We'll take the limo. I figure we should arrive at our first date in style.

Kara beamed, swiping her finger across the screen to open up the message strand as a whole. Blue eyes happily danced over Lena's acquiescence to her proposal a few more times as she basked in the excitement she felt over currently having solid plans.

By the time Alex returned, she opened the door to find her sister happily staring at the screen of her phone, seemingly unfazed by the fact that potstickers were now in her general vicinity. A chuckle left Alex's lips.

"I'm guessing she's on board with the plan?"

Kara nodded, finally looking up from her phone. Turning the screen around, she held it up in her sister's direction.

"Yup! See?"

Alex leaned in as she sat their food down on the coffee table, squinting a little as her eyes swept the screen.

"Somehow, I'm not at all surprised that an emoji made its way to the end of your text…"

Kara grinned, setting her phone down to scoot forward and begin opening the bag of food. "I am who I am."

~ooooooo~

Kara stood by the front door of Lena's building, waiting for her to emerge. Figuring that it would take some of the magic out of their night if they both got ready for it in the same space, Kara had made use of her sister's apartment instead. Alex was spending the night at Maggie's, anyway, so Kara had been free to blast the little pre-date playlist she had put together that morning. She had taken her time getting ready, wanting everything to be perfect.

The dress she had chosen for their first date was one of Kara's favorites. It was this pretty cream color and was adorned with small pink rosebuds outlined in a thin, subtle gold that complimented her blonde locks, which were currently down. The sleeves made their way down slightly past her elbows and the neckline was deep enough to reveal the curves her best Victoria's Secret bra only managed to accentuate. Kara felt confident in that dress, which was why she had opted to wear that versus going out to buy something new. It was perfect with the weather, too. Spring appeared to be encroaching on winter early this year, allowing for floral prints to be in season ahead of time.

When Lena made her way through the revolving doors of the building, Kara could have sworn that her heart skipped a beat. Lena was wearing a simple black dress but it was extraordinary on her. The fabric hugged her every curve as if tailor made to fit her body. Her hair gleamed in the moonlight and ended in silky curls that framed a face that Kara suddenly wanted to kiss so badly. Lena looked so amazing that Kara almost wanted to take her back inside and keep her all to herself for the night.

"You're beautiful," Kara murmured before realizing that she had accidentally skipped over any hellos. Lena didn't seem to mind though.

"You don't look too shabby yourself." Lena walked right over, leaning in and kissing Kara. The faint snap of a camera could be heard in the far distance, but Kara was too preoccupied to care. Standing there, kissing Lena, she almost forgot that they had somewhere they needed to be in a few minutes.

Lena ended the kiss first, reaching for Kara's hand. "Come on, our carriage awaits," she said, gently
guiding the blonde in the direction of the waiting limousine. The two women stepped inside, choosing to sit right next to one another so that they could hold hands throughout the short drive to the restaurant.

Too excited to speak, Kara simply rested her head on Lena's shoulder and held her hand, already trying to commit every moment of their night to memory. Kara had been on several dates throughout the years. Some with guys she had known well, some with complete strangers off of the internet. Regardless, the result had been the same. Kara left every date feeling lackluster about the entire situation. It had been something that she had blamed herself for, telling herself that her standards for the night had been too high.

Being with Lena quickly made Kara realize that she had been wrong to blame herself for the failed dates. It wasn't that her standards were too high, it had been that the person she was with was all wrong. Her date with Lena hadn't officially even begun yet and already she was completely enamored. The person you were with really made all the difference.

With that thought in mind, Kara lifted her head up and pressed a kiss to Lena's cheek.

"What did I do to earn that?" Lena asked, glancing over at Kara. A pleased smile was on her lips.

"Just for being here," Kara explained, her shoulders shrugging as she returned Lena's smile.

Before she could be asked to expand on that thought, their limousine came to a stop.

"We're here," Lena announced, leaning in and pressing a quick kiss to Kara's lips before the door opened and the two of them were helped out of the car.

The line leading into Le Marché Frais was long and winded around the building. Kara was incredibly grateful that she had thought to make reservations.

"How on earth did you manage to get us a table here?" Lena murmured as the two girls made their way to the front door. "Last I heard, the waiting list for this place was at least three months long."

Kara reached to open the door for them both, but was beaten to it by man dressed in what she guessed was a suit that came straight from France.

"Do you two have a reservation? If not…" The man thumbed in the direction of the line. "You know, they'll send you back my way if you aren't really on there."

"We're on the list, promise," she assured, trying not to let the man's caustic demeanor ruffle her feathers. Reaching for Lena's hand, they walked around him once he stepped aside.

Kara lowered her voice to answer Lena's question from before as they made their way over to the front desk. "When I was Miss Grant's assistant, I would make all of her reservations so I have some…pull in the city, I guess you could say. Although this place is new, the owner also runs one of Miss Grant's all-time favorite places to eat, so once I dropped my name…a table suddenly cleared up."

Lena grinned at Kara's explanation. The two of them stopped at the front desk before being told someone would be with them in a moment. Lena took the opportunity to lean in, her voice a whisper,
"Little did I know that I was going on a date with somebody with connections." Lena winked in her direction, causing Kara to blush just as a hostess walked up to them.

"Name?" The girl flipped open a large book before looking up at them both. Recognition seemed to find her eyes. "Oh wait, never mind, I'll just look for Luthor…"

"It's actually under Danvers," Kara piped up, unsurprised that Lena had been recognized.

The girl gave Kara the same skeptical look the doorman had before running her finger down the page, scanning for Kara's last name.

Suddenly, her finger stopped its path down the page, tapping twice against the book. "Ah, it's right here. Reservation for two under Danvers." The girl looked over, waiving another woman over. "This is Camille, she'll be taking you to your table. Enjoy your meal."

The woman who Kara now knew to be Camille was an older woman with a scowl etched into her features. When she walked over and directed them to follow her, the order came out as slightly gruff.

Kara and Lena exchanged a look, both clearly trying to keep a straight face as they followed Camille to a small booth located right by the windows. Sliding into opposite sides of the table, the two of them got comfortable. Camille dropped their menus on the table. They were heavy and the leather they were bound in made a smacking noise when they hit the shiny wood surface of the table, causing Kara to jump slightly.

"Enjoy your meal," Camille said, repeating the words from the hostess, but in a much gruffer voice. The waitress stalked off and the two women seated at the table exchanged another look, the both of them giggling this time.

"Well, that was interesting…" Lena remarked, reaching for the menus and handing Kara one of them.

"They were all so certain I was making up my reservations!" Kara kept her voice at a whisper so that only Lena could hear. Judging by Camille's already cheerful demeanor, Kara didn't want to risk any of the staff overhearing her.

Lena chuckled, her voice matching Kara's when she replied. "I swear, that man was chomping at the bit to escort us to the back of the line. That's what they get for underestimating Kara Danvers."

There was a bit of nuance in Lena's tone that left Kara wondering if she had picked up on it correctly when Camille returned. Two glasses of water were set down in front of them, almost as forcefully as the menus had been. A bit of liquid sloshed over the side, trickling down and pooling onto the table. Camille stared at them, acting as if she didn't notice.

"Drinks?"

Kara stared back at Camille and blinked, unsure what to even ask for. The place seemed so fancy that soda was probably a no-go and she hadn't gotten any time to even peek at the menu to see what adult beverages they offered.

Lena jumped in, seeming to have picked up on Kara's hesitance. "We'll take two glasses of moscato."

Camille walked away without another word and Kara mouthed, "Thank you." Reaching for her napkin, she unraveled it and set her utensils down before trying to sop up the little bit of water that had escaped their glasses.
"I hope moscato is all right," Lena said, unraveling her napkin as well. Seeing that Kara had already gotten to all the water, she instead shook the fabric out and placed it on her lap. "I wasn't sure what kind of wine you drink, but... You strike me as someone who prefers it to be sweet."

Kara smiled, tickled by how accurate Lena's deduction had been. "You are correct. I like my wines nice and sweet. How about you?"

Lena shrugged a little "When it comes to wine, I don't really discriminate, but I do tend more towards the dry reds."

Kara's nose briefly crinkled at the thought. She had tried dry wines before but never made it past more than a few sips. "What made you get moscato tonight, then?"

Lena chuckled, leaning in and lowering her voice again. "I'm not sure I trust our waitress with anything that could stain..."

"Ooooh," Kara said, nodding. "You make a good point."

Lena leaned back and grabbed her menu, opening it up. Kara followed her lead. When her eyes hit the pages, they widened in surprise. Every dish on the menu was written entirely in French, none of which she was able to understand. Other than taking a few Spanish classes in high school and dabbling a little in the DuoLingo app on her phone, Kara wasn't really familiar with languages other than English and Kryptonian.

Biting down on her lower lip, Kara scanned the menu a few times, hoping at least one item would jump out at her. Thanks to old reruns of Dexter's Laboratory on Cartoon Network, she did know that fromage meant cheese so she tried looking just for that.

Coming up empty-handed, Kara finally looked up only to find that a very amused looking Lena had her eyes on her. Smiling bashfully, Kara set down the menu and reached for her water. "So, you caught me... I have no idea what to order," she admitted, taking a sip.

"How about I order for you?" Lena suggested. "If you don't mind, that is."

Kara's head shook as she set her water down. "No, of course I don't mind! Please. You'd be saving me from ending up with a possibly identifiable animal on my plate. Just...no frog." Kara wasn't even sure what the French word for frog was, but she remembered that it was considered to be a delicacy in France.

"No frog," Lena promised, smiling as she reached for Kara's menu, closing it and placing it on top of her own. Just as she did that, Camille returned with their wine. This time, when she sat it down, the wine at least remained in the glass.

"What will you have?"

By now, the girls were used to Camille's gruffness and Lena didn't hesitate before placing two orders for something called Coquilles Saint-Jacques. Without any follow-up questions, their waitress grabbed their menus, almost knocking over Lena's glass of wine in the process, and left.

"That was a close call," Lena murmured as her hand steadied her wobbling glass.

Kara found herself wondering if Lena was enjoying herself, but was too shy to simply come out and ask. The restaurant wasn't nearly as romantic as what had been described to her previously and things weren't going exactly as Kara had pictured when she and Alex had concocted the idea. She also found herself wanting to apologize for the service they had been receiving so far, as if it was her
"Maybe Camille is…new? It takes some time to get the hang of things, you know?"

Lena smiled, her hand reaching out and grasping one of Kara's. "You always see the best in people, don't you?"

Kara shrugged a little. The hand that Lena wasn't holding adjusted her glasses. There was something about the way Lena complimented her that always made her feel special, regardless of what the remark was. "I try to. I think that everybody deserves the benefit of the doubt."

"Which is why you gave me a chance," Lena said simply.

Kara's head shook, not agreeing with that particular observation.

"I wouldn't say that I gave you a chance," she explained, after a moment of thought. "To say I gave you a chance kind of implies that you had done something wrong in the first place, which isn't the case. When I first met you, I never once stopped and wondered… Should I even be talking to a Luthor? That wasn't a concern of mine. Instead… I may have been a little distracted by the way your red lipstick not only matched your shirt, but made your lips look ah-mazing." Kara ducked her head slightly, suddenly a little shy over her confession.

Lena, however, smiled warmly at Kara's words. "I didn't realize you were paying such close attention."

"I always pay attention to beautiful things," Kara admitted, trying to keep her shyness at bay in favor of honesty.

Lena leaned in over her side of the table and Kara followed suit. Their lips met just as somebody loudly cleared their throat. Pulling apart, the two of them looked over to find Camille precariously balancing a tray containing two plates on her hand. Kara was suddenly nervous that the tray would topple and food would go everywhere. As the older woman reached for their food, Kara braced herself, preparing to reach out and catch anything that happened to go flying.

"Didn't mean to interrupt your smooching… Although you two do realize that this is a public place and all?" The voice Camille used to chastise them reminded Kara of a disappointed parent. "Our runner disappeared on us halfway through the dinner shift tonight so here I am with your food…"

Letting go of Lena's hand to make way for their plates, she grabbed her balled up napkin and spread it out on her lap, so ready for whatever food was about to be bestowed upon them. Kara had skipped lunch earlier due to nerves over her impending date and was now starving.

When Camille set her dinner down in front of her, Kara could feel her heart drop. Seated at the center of a rather large plate were two shells that had what Kara believed to be a scallop in each one. Other than that, there was nothing on the plate other than several carefully placed dots of something that was bright green and a single piece of garnish.

"Enjoy your meal," Camille said, repeating what appeared to be the restaurant's motto. "Try to get through it without too much canoodling, okay?" With that, the waitress walked off, leaving a very disappointed Kara behind.

Spotting that Lena was already reaching for her fork, Kara did the same figuring that, if this was all she was going to be getting to eat, then she might as well make the most of it. Poking the fork into the side of the scallop, she pried off a piece and held it up, examining it.
Again, when she looked up at Lena, she found her looking quite amused.

"Is everything okay with your meal?"

"Are you enjoying yourself tonight?"

Their questions came at the same time, causing both of them to laugh.

"You first," Lena prompted.

"Are you enjoying yourself tonight?" Kara asked again, her laughter dying down. Although she had tabled that question earlier, because of who she was as a person, she couldn't help but ask.

"Of course I am," Lena insisted, setting her fork down. "I'm with you, aren't I? How could I not enjoy myself?"

"Well… I wasn't sure if this place… was meeting your expectations," Kara explained, knowing that it definitely wasn't meeting her own expectations.

Lena reached back out for Kara's hand, taking it. As always, Kara instantly felt soothed by the contact. "I had no expectations for the night other than having a great time with you, which is exactly what I'm doing. I didn't come here tonight for this restaurant, I came here tonight for you."

Kara smiled, squeezing Lena's hand gently. "What was your question for me?"

Lena chuckled once, glancing down at Kara's plate before looking back up into her eyes. "I asked if everything was okay with your meal, but I have a feeling I know the answer…"

"Yeah… it's just… not what I expected, I guess," Kara admitted with a laugh, knowing her face had given her away earlier. "It's…tiny."

Lena laughed at Kara's observation, nodding. "It is tiny. Most restaurants like this aren't known for their portion size. It's more about the quality of the food than anything."

"Ah, I see," Kara said. "I always booked places like this for Miss Grant to go to but I can't say I knew exactly what they were like. This is…different."

"I was surprised you picked this place, to be honest," Lena admitted, her head tilting as she kept her gaze on Kara's.

"Really?"

"Really." Lena nodded. "This…didn't strike me as being your cup of tea, which… I think we've established that it isn't."

Kara looked away, glancing at the other patrons in the restaurant before making eye contact with Lena again. "I wanted to impress you," she admitted after stalling. "I thought this was the kind of place you'd want to go to tonight." More accurately, Alex thought it was the kind of place that Lena would want to go to, but Kara wasn't about to admit that she had her sister help with the planning.

"Oh, Kara," Lena said, her thumb brushing across the back of Kara's hand in small strokes. "You never have to worry about impressing me. There's nowhere on this entire planet that we could go where I couldn't enjoy myself with you. This? Lena used her free hand to gesture towards the restaurant as a whole. "Is not necessary to impress me. You impress me and that's all that matters."

Kara resisted the urge to fidget with her glasses, internally cursing herself for not going with the first
place she had thought of for their date. "Next time… I will take you where I really want to take you, I promise."

"Next time?" Lena asked, a brow lifting with her question.

Kara felt her heart clench and was suddenly wondering if her reaction meant that she didn't want there to be a next time.

"Why wait for next time? The night is still young. We haven't even eaten anything yet." Lena gestured to their practically untouched Coquilles Saint-Jacques. "When you first tried to plan out tonight, I'm assuming you had somewhere else in mind?"

Lena's remark came off as a question so Kara nodded in response.

"Would we still be able to go to said place?"

Kara paused, considering that. She would have to text Winn to ask for a favor, but she was fairly confident she could make it happen. "Yeah, I think so."

"Then take me there."

"Really?" Kara asked, suddenly excited over the prospect of a do-over for their night.

"Really."

With that, Lena let go of Kara's hand and reached into the small clutch that she had brought along with her to the restaurant. Pulling out two hundred dollar bills, she sat them down on the table and then started to slide herself out of the booth.

"Lena, no…" Kara protested, since she had fully intended on paying for dinner herself.

Lena's head shook and she reached a hand out for Kara to join her. "Since this was catered specifically to me, I'm paying, but you can cover whatever happens next." Kara again opened her mouth to protest, but Lena cut her off. "No arguments." She wiggled her fingers at Kara, waiting for her to take her hand.

With a smile and sigh, Kara pushed herself off of the booth and laced her fingers through Lena's. "You're impossible."

"Not impossible," Lena said, maneuvering past several passing patrons to get to the exit. "Just too cute to say no to." Lena ended her sentence with a wink.

With that, the two girls happily exited Le Marché Frais, eager to embark on their second adventure for the night.
Climbing into the limousine after Lena, Kara immediately took out her cell phone and pulled up her text messages, looking for the name Winn Schott. Finding it, she clicked on it, preparing to type a new message. Just as she went to type the first word, she realized that there was a set of gorgeous eyes peeking over her shoulder.

Looking over at Lena, Kara tilted the screen away from her view. "Stay in your lane," she ordered playfully, eliciting a soft gasp from the other woman.

Lena played along though, and scooted away from Kara, settling back against the leather of the long U-shaped seat. Her arms crossed against her chest as she watched the blonde type away at her phone. Although she tried her best to look pouty, Lena's glimmering eyes gave her away.

SOS Winn! Is your cousin still gainfully employed? If so, does your offer from a year ago still stand?

Within seconds, Kara saw bubbles, signaling that a response would be coming her way any second.

Lol yes and yes. I'm wondering how this could possibly be an emergency, though…

Kara chuckled as she typed out her response.

I'll explain everything next time I see you! Promise! Any chance you can make the magic happen in… let's say the next twenty minutes?

Winn's response was quick, alleviating the worries Kara had about salvaging their date. Not that it was going badly by any means, but Kara suspected that what she had in mind would go over so much better than the restaurant had.

That is a tall order, but since you asked me nicely… I'll make it happen! You better tell me allllll about it tomorrow!

Kara felt an overwhelming urge to fist pump, but managed to resist.

Will do! I owe you BIG!

Ending her text in a stream of emojis meant to convey the current gratitude she felt, Kara tucked her phone away in her purse and looked over at her playfully sulking date.

Before heading over to do something about that pout of Lena's, Kara moved to the front of the limousine, right where the partition was separating them from the driver and knocked. The divider lowered and Kara leaned forward, whispering something in the driver's ear.

"Of course Ma'am, it would be my pleasure."

"Thank you so much!" Kara replied, heading back over to Lena as the partition closed again.

"Hey now, don't give me that look…" Kara chastised as Lena jutted her lower lip out more, deepening her pout.

"Don't I even get a hint as to where we're going?" Lena asked, batting her eyes at the blonde innocently. "A teensy tiny itty bitty little hint?"
"Nope," Kara said quickly, wanting to answer before she at all felt herself giving into any of Lena's clearly underhanded tactics. "You didn't give me a hint the other night, so fair is fair." Kara grinned at Lena, trying her best to look confident over what she was saying so that Lena would back down. Really, she knew that if Lena pressed things, she'd tell her anything that she wanted to know, but Kara was hoping it wouldn't get to that.

Lena's pout was persistent, so Kara scooted in farther, eliminating the space between them. Reaching up, she cupped Lena's cheek in her hand and brushed her thumb across the pouting lip.

"I think I can make this go away…"

"Oh?"

Kara nodded, leaning in and kissing Lena. Pulling back, she looked for any lingering traces of the pout. "Better?"

"Hmmm…" Lena trailed off, mulling it over. "Not yet. Try it again."

Kara grinned, kissing her again. This time, she lingered there for a little while before pulling back. "How about now?"

"Well…" Lena looked away as she appeared to be considering the question. Her eyes settled back on Kara's. "Better try it again."

Kara happily obliged, leaning in and kissing Lena. This time, though, she didn't pull back. Instead, she deepened the kiss, her tongue prying open the lips that had been pouting and making its way inside. A soft noise bordering on a moan escaped Lena, only encouraging Kara to continue with the kiss. As it heated up, the two girls began to pull at one another, coming closer together. Faintly, Kara heard a thud, which she guessed was one of their purses hitting the ground. She didn't dwell on the thought long, since she had more important things to worry about.

Any time either one of them stopped to take a breath, they would waste no time diving back in. After a few moments, Kara could feel one of Lena's hands traveling up her side before it stopped its movements, wrapping around one of those Victoria's Secret cups that Kara had paid top dollar for. Lena's fingers squeezed gently and this time, it was Kara's turn to make a noise.

Kara's hands began to roam as well, but unfortunately she was unable to make it to where she wanted to before they were interrupted.

The car door opened and the two girls stopped kissing, not moving away from one another though. Lena looked over at her driver and held up a hand, her index finger extending into the air. "One moment," she mouthed.

Kara glanced over just in time to see Lena's driver Charles chuckling to himself as he closed the door back up.

"I didn't even feel the car stop!" Kara admitted, looking back over to Lena.

Lena smiled and shook her head. "Me neither." Reaching up, Lena brushed her thumb across Kara's lips. "You have some of my lipstick on you," she remarked, sounding pleased with herself.

Kara looked down at Lena's lips and resisted the urge to kiss them again. She knew that, if she started back up with that again, there was a chance they wouldn't make it to what she had planned.

"And you have some of my lip gloss on you," she commented back, her gaze lifting to meet Lena's.
"I can see the subtle hint of sparkle."

"I can live with a little sparkle." Lena grinned with her remark, all traces of her so-called pout from before completely gone.

Kara moved from Lena and realized that both of their purses had made it to the floor. Picking them up, she handed Lena's over to her and asked, "Are you ready for this?"

Lena nodded solemnly, taking her bag and pulling the thin silver chain over her shoulder. "Even though I don't know what this is exactly, I can guarantee you that I am so ready."

Kara chuckled and shifted down to the door, pressing it open. Charles, who had been patiently wanting outside, opened it the rest of the way and helped escort both women out of the vehicle.

Kara's hands trailed across dozens of tiny rosebuds, flattening out the wrinkles that had made their way into her dress while she had been otherwise occupied.

Lena, on the other hand, was standing still, looking up at the building they had just arrived at.

"No way..." she whispered before looking over at Kara. "Okay, so at first I thought you getting us into Le Marché Frais was miraculous, but somehow you have managed to top yourself."

Kara smiled, pleased with Lena's reaction. "That's what you get for underestimating Kara Danvers," she teased, echoing Lena's words from earlier before looking up at the building herself.

The National City Aquarium had always been one of Kara's favorite places to visit growing up and still was to this day.

Back when Winn was harboring a crush on her, once she told him that detail about herself, he had been quick to brag that he had a cousin that was a manager for the property and could get him in after hours. Kara had promised a year ago that she would one day take him up on that offer and now here she was, cashing it in. Before, when Winn had liked her, Kara would have felt guilty doing such a thing. Luckily, the slate between them had been cleared some time ago and, after a short period of not speaking, the two of them had been able to happily exist as nothing more than friends. Kara even had her suspicions that Winn was seeing somebody new, but was waiting for him to come to her about it. After all, she was harboring her own secret.

Looking over at Lena, Kara reached out and took her hand. "Come on, I have so much to show you!"

Kara guided Lena to the front door. The fingers of her free hand wrapped around the bar of the door handle and she took a breath before pulling. When the door opened up easily and no alarms went off, Kara breathed a sigh of relief. She really did owe Winn big time.

Heading inside with Lena, Kara knew exactly where she was going and what exhibits she wanted to take her to. But before she could progress any father, the two girls were met by a large, balding man.

"I'm guessing you're Kara?"

Kara nodded, knowing this had to be Winn's cousin. If only she could remember his name... Her memory failing her, she instead searched his jacket, looking for a nametag. Even though he was there in off hours, Kara was hoping that old habits die hard. After all, he was wearing what she recognized to the National City Aquarium's customary uniform.

Kara's search was rewarded when her eyes settled onto a tiny golden rectangular placard that
displayed the words Steven Schott.

"You must be Steven," Kara remarked, as if she had known that all along.

"I prefer Steve," he said, reaching out to shake Kara's hand.

Kara reached out for it before suddenly stopping. There was a light coating of what appeared to be powered sugar all over his fingers.

Steve seemed to spot the powdered sugar at the same time. Chuckling bashfully, he pulled his hand away and brushed it against his jacket. "Sorry, I made a Dunkin' stop before coming here. Powdered jelly donuts are my favorite."

"Never apologize for donuts!" Kara insisted, meaning every word. This time when Steve stuck his hand out, Kara took it, giving it a firm shake.

"You know, I have plenty extra if you ladies would like some. They're always giving their donuts away in droves at this time of night."

Kara's face lit up immediately. Even though she fully planned on getting herself and Lena a proper dinner that night after exploring the aquarium, donuts sounded like a perfect way to tide them over. After all, Kara was still starving and, while she knew where all the vending machines were by heart, nothing that was contained inside of them could compare to the taste of a donut.

"Really? You wouldn't mind sharing?"

"Of course not. Any preferences?"

"Hmmm I'm feeling something chocolate, if possible. How about you, Lena?" Kara looked over at Lena, practically bouncing on her heels over the excitement she felt considering that they were mere moments away from having one of her favorite foods.

"I'll have what she's having," Lena said, nodding over in Kara's direction.

"Okay. Chocolate it is. You ladies wait here and I'll be right back."

It didn't take long for Steve to return with two chocolate frosted donuts, one in each hand. He had even been kind enough to wrap each one in a napkin so it was easier to hand off.

"Thank you soooo much," Kara exclaimed, tapping into the self-control that was needed not to inhale the sugary, doughy treat right that second. The mere smell of it was making her mouth water.

"Don't mention it. All right, so here's the deal... You ladies are free to roam about as you wish. I've already gone ahead and lit the building for you. If you need help, there are speakers located at different spots all throughout the building. There's practically one on each wall. Just holler if you need me. I'll be in the control room, keeping an eye on things and catching up on some of my shows. The only thing I ask of you two is to make sure you don't leave anything behind. The cleaning crews have already been through here for the night and I wouldn't want to get them into any trouble."

Kara nodded at his instructions, listening carefully. She had every intention of being very respectful of any guidelines he set forth. It was so kind of him to take time out of his night just to open up the place for them.

"Okay, got it. Thanks again."
Steve nodded. "No need to thank me. The televisions are nicer here anyway." He shrugged before turning and walking away, leaving Kara and Lena alone with their donuts.

Unable to wait any longer, Kara sunk her teeth into the donut, taking a nice big bite. "Mmmmm," she hummed, her eyes rolling back and her lids closing. If it wasn't for the sound of Lena's laughter, she probably would have savored the moment a little longer.

Opening up her eyes, she looked over at a laughing Lena.

"You definitely seemed as if you were having a religious experience for a moment there."

"It sure felt like it," Kara admitted, only a little self-conscious over Lena's observation. If they were going to be continuing with this whole dating thing, chances were Lena was going to get to witness a lot more of her love connection with food, so it was better that she got used to it now.

"I plan on giving you one of those one of these days," Lena remarked, taking a small bite of her donut before walking off down the corridor leading to the aquarium. Kara quickly caught up to her, wondering if Lena had meant that she planned on giving her a donut or a religious experience. Either one was fine with Kara.

As they made their way down a long hallway, the walls transformed from being your typical, everyday walls to ones made entirely of glass. Hundreds of different brightly colored fish occupied the water on the other side, swimming around in various patterns.

The two girls snacked on their donuts, pausing at various spots to stare up at the sea creatures in awe.

At one spot in particular, Kara spotted a very familiar looking fish. Pointing to it, she smiled. "I'm sure it's not the same exact fish from when I was a kid, but… When I was little, I found a fish that looked exactly like that one and I named it Dory." Lowering her hand, Kara picked a piece of donut off and popped it into her mouth.

"Because of its coloring?"

Kara nodded, her mouth still filled with donut. Swallowing, she said, "Yup. I was a huge Finding Nemo fan as a kid." Looking over to Lena, she continued. "Well, still am. All Disney movies, really."

"I've never seen it," Lena mused softly, looking back up at the fish Kara had pointed out.

"What?!" Kara exclaimed, almost dropping the rest of her donut. "You've never seen it?"

"My family wasn't really a Disney movie watching family," Lena said, her voice still softer than usual. "I can't say I've seen any of them. I mean, I'm familiar with certain references, of course, but I've never seen a Disney movie from start to finish."

Kara nodded, suddenly somewhat sad. It seemed like a small thing, but to her it wasn't. Kara had the distinct feeling that there was a lot more missing from Lena's childhood than Disney movies.

"Well," she said finally, her eyes on Lena instead of the fish. "We're going to have to change that, aren't we? You're going to have to give me time to think of what one we should start with, though." Kara leaned in, gently nudging Lena with her elbow. A small smile graced her lips as she said, "I've never taken someone's Disney virginity before."

Just as Kara wanted, she was able to get a smile out of Lena. In fact, it was more of a grin.
"I'm looking forward to it," Lena said, finally making eye contact.

The two girls continued their way down the long, winding hallway, finishing off their donuts before reaching the end of it. Kara collected both of their napkins, folding them up carefully and tucking them into the small outside pocket of her purse, sticking to her promise to not leave anything behind.

Now that their hands were free, Kara reached for Lena and led her the rest of the way down the fish-filled hall, reaching the main room of the aquarium.

Considering that she knew the aquarium like the back of her hand, Kara was able to easily and efficiently guide Lena to each of the different exhibits. Lena was a great sport, listening intently to all of the descriptions and stories that Kara provided her as they moved from creature to creature.

They visited the amphibian exhibit, where Kara told Lena a tale of when she was 14 and a frog escaped, landing right on her head. "Now I have an irrational fear of frogs," she explained, peering over and looking at them in their casing without getting too close.

They also made their way down to the invertebrate exhibit, where you could actually play with the little critters that lived there. As they got closer, they realized that Steve had been kind enough to open the exhibit up for them. The two spent some time picking up the various crabs, snails, and sea stars, teasing one another with the creatures while still being careful to handle it carefully. After washing their hands in a nearby sink, the two of them laced their fingers back together and spent some time examining the jellyfish enclosure which was part of the exhibit. It was amazing, watching the flowy way jellyfish moved. Kara found herself totally enraptured.

After checking out a couple of the larger fish exhibits out, Kara finally led Lena down the last corridor that branched out from the main room. A big smile was on her face as they made their way down a short hallway. "This is one of my favorite exhibits," she explained, hoping Lena would end up impressed as well.

Taking a few more steps forward, Kara and Lena entered the mammal exhibit. Directly across from them was a glass wall with a whole host of small, brown, furry creatures swimming about and playing inside.

Much to Kara's surprise and delight, Lena immediately lit up. "Are these otters?" she asked, not seeming to need an answer to her questions before moving forward, pulling Kara along with her. Lena walked them right up to the enclosure, placing her free hand gently against the glass. There they stood, silently watching the otters for a few moments. Well, Lena was watching the otters. Kara instead snuck glances here and there at Lena, enjoying the almost kidlike expression of joy on her face. It was a look she had never seen on Lena before, but she loved it. Every look was a good look on Lena.

"Otters are my favorite animal," Lena finally said, glancing over at Kara. "They've been my favorite for a very long time, too."

"You have great taste."

"One of the things we would do as a family was go to different aquariums when I was growing up and I would always cross my fingers and hope they had otters," Lena explained, her eyes moving back to the display. They seemed to stop on a group of otters that were lounging together on a nearby rock. "My brother always preferred the snakes. Not surprising, huh?" Her eyes remained on the otters, a smile lingering on her lips. "My parents always stuck with Lex so, while they all checked out the reptiles, I would sneak off and watch the otters. I could watch them play for hours
and never get bored.”

Kara listened raptly, trying to picture a little Lena spending her day watching otters play.

"I know so many random facts about otters, too, it's ridiculous. For instance, did you know that they'll hold hands to ensure the ones they love don't float away while they're sleeping?"

Kara's head shook and she couldn't help but smile. "I didn't know that, but that is absolutely adorable." The hand that was holding Lena's squeezed gently. "You know… watching the otters is one thing, but this aquarium lets you do more than watch them."

Lena looked over at Kara, a crinkle of confusion settling in the center of her brow. "How so?"

Kara's head nodded over to a series of small holes in the wall. A group of otters was playing nearby. "Here, you can hold their hand if you're lucky."

Lena's face lit up again and Kara let go of her hand before waving her over. "Go, go… Go get your hand held by an otter."

"You don't have to tell me twice." Lena headed right over to that part of the display, examining the holes Kara had directed her towards. Just as she was checking one out, an otter seemed to spot her. Moving right over to the hole, the otter slid its hand through until it peeked out the other side. Lena looked over to Kara, brimming with excitement.

"Go ahead," Kara prompted, thoroughly enjoying every second of this.

Lena's hand slowly reached forward, moving towards the otter's hand. Just as their hands touched, the otter's tiny fingers appeared to grasp onto the side of Lena's. A gasp left her lips.

"Kara, get over here," she said, her voice an urgent whisper.

Walking over to Lena, Kara moved behind her. Her chin rested on Lena's shoulder and her arms wrapped around her waist.

"I'm holding hands with an otter," Lena whispered. Even in her peripheral, Kara could tell that she was smiling brightly.

"That you are."

"I know back at the sea horses we were talking about leaving soon to get dinner, but could we stay a little while longer?"

Kara nodded against her shoulder. "We can stay as long as you'd like."

Turning her head to the side, Kara leaned up and pressed a kiss to Lena's cheek. There the two girls remained until Lena was ready to go. It was the most perfect date that Kara could ever remember having, by far, and already she couldn't wait to go on another one.
Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

A/N: So, while the story will still continue to be told from Kara's POV, I felt like it was time for you to get a peek into Lena's head. This chapter is told from Lena's POV! Also, thank you for all the nice comments on the last chapter! Now, I'll warn you that this chapter is not as fluff-filled as their first date, but I can also promise you there's plenty more fluff to come as their story progresses. :)

Lena was lounging in her office chair at L-Corp, swiveling from side to side slightly. Her arms were crossed against her chest and she had the pen she was supposed to be writing with held up to her mouth, the cap of it resting against her lower lip.

Lena was supposed to be working, but she wasn't sure how she was possibly going to manage to concentrate on her company's monthly data reports when a certain honey blonde occupied her every thought.

The date she had gone on with Kara the night before had been replaying in her mind over and over since they had parted ways that morning. Lena had been on plenty of dates in her lifetime, but none that made her feel as good as going on one with Kara had. There was a certain innocence and genuineness about Kara that appealed to Lena greatly. Having grown up surrounded by liars and backstabbers, it was a rare thing for Lena to find someone in her inner circle that didn't fit that mold at all.

In Lena's eyes, Kara was a precious gem. It brought out a protective side in Lena that she was somewhat unfamiliar with, despite the fact she knew that Kara didn't necessarily need any sort of protection. All Lena wanted to do was keep Kara safe to the best of her abilities.

Before Lena could convince herself to rally and get some work done, Jess burst into her office, looking quite flustered.

"Have you read this?!"

Lena opened her mouth to ask what Jess was referring to but before she could get the words out, the item in question was unceremoniously tossed on her desk.

Setting her pen down, Lena grabbed onto the edge of her desk and used it as leverage to pull her chair in close. As she picked up what appeared to be a magazine, Lena considered chastising Jess for storming into her office like an emotional whirlwind as opposed to the staunch professional she was supposed to be until she flipped the booklet over and saw what all the fuss was about.

"Ah, they decided to go with one of last night's pictures as the cover page. Good choice." Lena's remark was accompanied with a grin as she found herself paying closer attention to the blonde in the photograph than herself. The floral dress that Lena had insisted make its way into Kara's closet when she was helping her restock after the bombing photographed amazingly on her.

"I like our outfits in this more than the ones featured in the last photographs that were taken of us, so I'm fine with this being our debut shot," Lena said, setting the gossip magazine down and looking up
"You knew about this?" Jess asked incredulously after a moment of contemplative silence.

Lena nodded. "I did. Kara warned me that this was going to be happening any day now, so I knew it was coming."

Jess snorted. "Of course Kara Danvers…a reporter… knew this was coming. I knew associating with a CatCo employee wasn't going to be a great idea."

Lena's eyes flashed with annoyance. Although she was well aware that jealousy was partially to blame for her secretary's skewed view of Kara, Lena didn't appreciate the negative commentary about the girl she was quickly growing very fond of.

"Notice how this gossip rag has no ties to CatCo before you go bad-mouthing Kara," Lena said, her tone level. "It is because of her ties to CatCo that we even knew it would be coming at all. Also…" Lena leaned her arms against the desk as she maintained eye contact with Jess. "I don't recall asking for your opinion on the matter."

Jess seemed to have a rebuttal on the tip of her tongue when she thought better of it. Instead, she remained quiet.

"Anything else pressing you feel that I should be aware of?" Lena asked, ready for solitude again. This interruption hadn't been worth pulling her out of her memories of the night before.

"No, that was it." Jess reached for the magazine but Lena held up a hand.

"If you don't mind, I'll be keeping this."

The secretary's head shook. "Of course I don't mind. Keep it, it's yours."

Before Jess could turn to leave, a loud chime began to go off. Lena immediately recognized the melody to be that of God Bless America.

A single brow lifted as Lena looked at Jess. "Feeling especially patriotic?" she asked as the secretary scrambled to pull her iPhone from the pocket of her dress, silencing the chime.

"No, not particularly," Jess said, shaking her head.

Lena continued looking in her secretary's direction, expecting her to continue with some sort of explanation. Jess managed to get the hint.

"It's my Supergirl app," she finally admitted.

"Your…what?" Lena asked, her head tilting. She had never heard of such a thing.

"My Supergirl app," Jess repeated before adding to the description. "It chimes whenever there's a reported Supergirl sighting. It lets you know where she was spotted, what crisis she took care of… And so on and so forth." As Jess explained what the application was her tone got increasingly bubblier. It was a stark contrast from the voice she had used when speaking of Kara only a moment ago.

"A Supergirl app…" Lena mused, fascinated by the concept. "I'm guessing you're a fan?"

"The biggest," Jess admitted, chuckling. "I think she is the coolest thing to happen to National City in a long while. Heck, the coolest thing to happen in the US, really. Everyone is always… Superman
this, Superman that. But now we have our very own female superhero and she's local! How cool is
that?"

The irony that Jess hated Kara and loved Supergirl was not lost on Lena. Trying not to give away
how amusing this entire situation actually was, she simply said, "Very cool."

"You should download it if you're interested. I know you and Supergirl have chatted before, so I'm
guessing you may be somewhat invested in her comings and goings around town." Jess shrugged.
"Anyway, I'll be at my desk if you need me. I'm almost done with that report you asked me to
prepare."

Lena nodded. "Good. I hope to have that on my desk by end of business day tomorrow at the latest.
The merger with Candelario, Inc. is set to go forward any day now and I want to be well versed on
their production numbers prior to the final sit-down."

"Absolutely. I'll have it to you by morning."

"Good girl."

As Jess walked out of the Lena's office, Lena picked the magazine back up and settled back into her
office chair to take a better look at it.

The alliteration 'LUTHOR LOVING AT LONG LAST?' was printed above their heads in large,
eye-catching letters. Underneath their feet was another teaser, engineered to make the reader want to
dive in and read whatever article was contained within. That one read, "It's been a long time since
Lady Luthor courted anybody! Turn to page 16 to read all about her hot, new flame!"

As tempting as it was to turn to page 16 right that moment and check out whatever so-called details
the magazine was able to gather about her "hot, new flame," Lena wanted to take care of something
else first.

Setting the magazine down, she instead picked up her phone. Opening the app store, she began to
type in the word 'Supergirl.' She only needed to get to the R before the application she was searching
for popped up. With a few taps, Lena had the app purchased and downloading to her phone. If there
was a way to track Supergirl and monitor her safety, then Lena was all for that.

As soon as the application launched, Lena examined her screen and clicked on the small button
boasting, 'See who Supergirl saved now!' Clicking the button led her to a short video clip of
Supergirl pulling a man from a burning building. Lena couldn't help but feel a sense of pride as she
watched Kara at work. As soon as the video came to an end, Lena immediately clicked on the button
that led her to an entire playlist of similar videos.

"That's my girl," she murmured softly, a smile on her lips as she got even more comfortable in her
chair, her eyes remaining on the heroic blonde occupying her screen. No more work would get done
by Lena Luthor that day.

~ooooooo~

When the elevator doors opened, Lena found herself to be grateful that there was only a short walk
in between her and a destination where she could take her heels off. They were brand new
Louboutins and breaking them in had been a necessary evil that she had decided to conquer that day
and get it over with.

Keys already in hand, Lena went straight to her door, sliding the key into the top lock. She was so
intent on getting inside so that she could get comfortable that she almost missed the small type written
note that was wedged into the crack of her door.

"What is that?" Lena murmured, leaving her key in the lock as she reached down and pulled out the note.

'When you play with fire, you're bound to get burned. Or perhaps blown up? Be careful who you associate with. xoxo"

Lena's eyes scanned the warning message twice. Although most people would have felt unsettled by such a note, that wasn't the first emotion to hit her. Instead, anger took its hold on the brunette. How dare someone try threatening her away from Kara. If there was one thing Lena had taken away from growing up in the Luthor household, it was the mantra Take No Shit.

Reaching back up for the temporarily forgotten key, Lena wrenched it to the side unlocking the top lock. Pulling the key out, Lena quickly unlocked the bottom lock as well before pushing her way inside. The task of doing away with her shoes as soon as humanly possible had been forgotten in favor of a more pressing need.

Reaching into her bag, she traded her keys for her phone before tossing the whole pocketbook onto the couch. Unlocking the device, Lena held down the home button until Siri popped up, prompting her to voice her command.

"Call Derek Jones," Lena said. The current anger she felt colored her tone, making her voice much harsher than usual. Within two rings she was connected.

"Derek? It's Lena. I'm going to need you to up surveillance on my place."

"Anything for you," a husky voice crooned on the other end of the line.

Lena ignored the blatant undertones to his response and continued. "I'm going to need those sweeps of my place performed more regularly and I want some sort of hidden camera set up to monitor the front door."

"Consider it done. Anything else?"

"Not now but I'm sure you'll be hearing from me soon." Lena heaved a sigh wondering how long she had before something else popped up.

"Looking forward to it, babe."

Lena hung up without a goodbye, too frustrated to deal with Derek's pet names. He was lucky he was the best in the business.

Lena's long legs took her back and forth as she paced the length of the coffee table, seething. It was infuriating to know that someone had been right outside her door without her having any way to figure out who it was. Lena cursed herself for not having security cameras installed as soon as she invited Kara to move in with her. One of the perks of renting such a luxurious loft was the privacy that the hotel provided her with by not electronically monitoring her particular floor, but right now it didn't feel like much of a benefit. She had thought that the guards checking in on her place like clockwork would be enough of a defensive maneuver, but apparently not. It had done nothing to keep Kara's tormentor away. All she could do now was hope that the sweeps she was shelling out good money for would actually manage to catch any explosive devices planted at her place, if things ever got that far.

"It had to be the damn article," she murmured to herself after spending a moment trying to figure out
how the bomber had known to leave her a note. However, Lena did also realize in that moment that perhaps the bomber had no clue that Kara was staying with her currently. Sure, they would know that the two had been on a date from the photographs that were circling around town, but perhaps that was all they knew. After all, the note had warned her to be careful about who she associated with, not who she lived with.

Before Lena could think the problem through anymore, there was a familiar laugh that reached her ears, coming from the other side of her front door.

As Kara stepped inside, her phone pressed to her ear, Lena surreptitiously tucked the threatening note into her bra before the blonde could spot it.

"Okay, okay, Winn, I'll ask her! Promise. Okay… I'm hanging up now… Bye!"

Kara chuckled, shaking her head as she tucked her phone into her work bag. "Winn was just begging me to get the inside scoop of your knowledge of Black Body Field Generators. He's been thoroughly impressed with you since that night you saved everybody at your party."

"I had some help from Supergirl," Lena remarked, already feeling the flame of anger that had been building in her gut begin to quell. Kara had this relaxing effect on her. Even being near her instantly made Lena feel better.

"Pffft," Kara replied, blue eyes rolling playfully as she moved in towards Lena, setting her messenger bag down next to the coffee table. "Supergirl was kinda getting her butt handed to her that night. Saving everyone was all you."

Lena remained quiet, the corners of her lips curving up into a small smile. It would forever be amusing to her, the way Kara talked about Supergirl as if she was a whole other person. Lena wondered when, or if, Kara would ever come clean to her about her alter ego. All in due time, though. Lena hated when people forced her to talk about things before she was ready so she certainly wasn't going to do that to Kara. For now, she would play along.

When Kara moved in towards her, Lena leaned in, happy to accept the welcoming kiss the blonde provided her with. Any last traces of anger that she had been harboring seemed to disappear as soon as their lips met. It was amazing the effect Kara had on her. Lena couldn't remember ever meeting another person before that could make her feel equally passionate and at ease at the same time. Kara was far from ordinary.

"I missed you today," Kara admitted, her voice soft and her lips still close to Lena's even after the kiss ended.

"Oh?" Lena asked, pleased to hear that they had both been in the same boat.

Kara nodded. "I hardly got anything done today because all I could think about was you and our date last night."

At the mention of their date, Lena immediately broke out into a smile. It had been one of the best nights of her life, if not the best, but she wasn't ready to admit that to Kara yet. Although she definitely felt comfortable with Kara, Lena wasn't the type to allow herself to be vulnerable quickly. This was something she knew about herself and wasn't willing to change. Lena saw nothing wrong with taking her time to let someone in. Too many times in the past she had let another in too early and suffered the consequences of doing so.

"I feel as if you and I had similar days," Lena remarked, keeping her admission simple. It was
enough to elicit a smile out of Kara though.

Now that Lena was back to feeling somewhat calm, suddenly her aching feet were back at the forefront of her mind. Leaning down, she pulled one heel off and then the other, casting them aside.

"Oh god, that feels much better. My feet were killing me."

Kara looked at Lena, amusement dancing across her features. "Then why did you keep them on when you got here, silly? Have you been home long?"

Lena's head shook. "No, I got here almost right before you did." It was a little white lie but Lena wasn't about to admit that she had spent the better part of a half hour fuming prior to Kara getting there. There was no way she was telling Kara about the note. All it would do was worry her. Also, Lena was positive that Kara would pack up and leave if she had even an inkling that the bomber had contacted her. Lena refused to let that happen, both for selfish and unselfish reasons. The bottom line was that, to Lena, any risk was worth taking if it meant that she got to have Kara in her life.

"Have you had dinner yet?" The blonde asked, bending down and taking her own shoes off as she asked her question.

Lena's head shook. "I haven't. Jess asked if she could order me dinner earlier but I declined because I wanted to wait and have it with you."

Kara smiled and Lena immediately felt this sense of warmth fill her. Making Kara smile was such a rewarding feeling. Lena found herself wanting to do just that for many days to come.

"You didn't have to do that…" Kara said, her voice taking on a bit of shyness that Lena picked up on. "…but I'm glad that you did," she finished, causing Lena to chuckle.

Taking a step forward, Lena reached up and brushed her fingers across the line of Kara's cheekbone before tucking a loose tendril of hair behind her ear. "Why don't you go change into something comfortable and I'll be right behind you? I want to go see if I can dig out some other takeout menus that I remember getting when I first moved in here. Then, while we eat, I'll tell you all that you…or I guess Winn…want to know about Black Body Field Generators."

Kara nodded. "Okay, sounds good. If you can't find them, we could always use Yelp to track something down if you're in the mood for something different."

As she spoke, Kara's eyes made their way down to Lena's lips before quickly moving back to her eyes. Lena hadn't missed the look though and was happy to act on an urge they were clearly both experiencing. Leaning in, she gently cupped Kara's cheek and kissed her before saying, "That sounds perfect."

Lena reluctantly dropped her hand, letting the blonde go. Kara scooped up her heels and her work bag before heading off to the bedroom.

The takeout menus that Lena had referred to were most likely sitting in a drawer in the kitchen but before she could go looking for them, she had something else to take care of.

Heading into the spare room that she had converted into her home office when she had first moved in, Lena closed the door behind her and headed straight for the shredder. Reaching into her bra, she extracted the small note that she had been careful to keep hidden from Kara. One last flash of anger hit her as she pressed the note into the shredder's opening, pushing on the cardstock until she felt the teeth grab it. Within seconds the shredder had consumed the note, leaving Lena's secret protected.
Kara was none the wiser.
"I am sooo full," Kara announced, eliciting a chuckle from Lena.

Both girls were seated on the floor with the remnants of their meals, or in Kara's case her empty plate, on the coffee table. It had been Kara's idea to eat their takeout in the living room just like that first night she had slept over. It had only taken a little bit of cajoling on her part to get Lena to agree.

"I think I could get used to this whole… eating out in the living room thing," Lena admitted.

Kara looked over at the brunette, her hands settling onto her full stomach as she leaned back into the throw pillows she and Lena had pulled down from the couch earlier. A grin found her lips.

"See, it's not so bad," she remarked, her voice only a tiny bit smug. "Dining rooms are great and all, but sometimes you just wanna watch some quality television while eating."

Lena nodded, clearly humoring Kara. The blonde took advantage of the other woman's silence and continued.

"I mean, is it just me or do potstickers almost taste better when eaten while watching some quality TV?"

"You know…" Lena's expression became serious. "You may be onto something… Perhaps I should have some of the scientists in my employ at L-Corp begin looking into the correlation between where you eat something and how delicious it is."

Kara had to bite down on her lower lip to keep from laughing. She greatly appreciated the way Lena was playing along with her shenanigans. Nodding, she finally released her lip to say, "You may have to dedicate an entire department to that research."

Lena nodded, acting as if she were taking Kara's suggestion seriously. "That's not a bad idea. I'll name it after you. I'll call it…" As she continued, Lena lifted her hand and moved it in an arc, as if she were gesturing to imaginary letters in the air. "The Danvers Department of Food Investigations."

Now Kara couldn't help but laugh. Lowering her hands from her stomach to the ground, she pushed herself up from her spot against the couch and leaned in towards Lena. "I love it," she said, kissing her. Before moving away, she brushed her nose against Lena's gently, giving her an eskimo kiss as well.

As Kara returned to her spot against the couch, she could have sworn that Lena's cheeks were looking rosier than they had a moment ago. It almost appeared as if she had made her blush a little.

"If that really becomes a department, I call dibs on the position of Head Taste Tester. I'll quit my job and everything, that's how dedicated I am to the execution of this idea."

Lena suddenly had that look on her face again. The one that Kara had yet to pinpoint what exactly it meant.

"Isn't your job too important to quit?" Lena asked, her tone giving Kara pause. This was one of those moments when Kara had to stop and remind herself that she was being overly paranoid. Of course there weren't any undertones to Lena's question because of course she didn't know about Kara's other occupation as National City's own personal hero.
"Nah. Plus, I'm pretty sure Snapper would be quite relieved if I gave my two weeks notice," Kara remarked while reaching for one of the pillows that she wasn't resting on and pulling it into her arms. Her fingers began to toy with the tassel on the corner of it. "Do you want to watch something else?" Kara asked, purposefully changing the topic.

Lena's shoulders lifted up into a delicate shrug. "I'm good either way if there's something you want to watch. But first..." Lena pushed herself up off of the ground and walked away, piquing Kara's interest. Since she didn't beckon for her to follow, Kara remained seated on the ground and waited for Lena to return. When she did come back, she had her pocketbook in hand.

Kara watched as Lena sat back down next to her, reaching into her bag and pulling out a magazine.

"Have you seen this beauty?" the brunette asked, holding it up so that Kara could see the cover. Recognition dawned on Kara immediately.

"Hey, that's us!" Kara exclaimed, sitting up and pushing the pillow out of her lap, reaching for the magazine instead. Her blue eyes were wide as she took in the photograph and the surrounding slogans.

"Luthor Loving?" Kara remarked, a chuckle lacing itself into her voice as she looked back up at Lena briefly before examining the cover again. It was a good picture of them, she had to admit. The magazine itself was one of those offbeat gossip rags that rarely got the details right, which explained why nobody at CatCo had been buzzing about the news earlier when she was at work. Chances were that they hadn't even seen it yet but the reporter in Kara knew that this wasn't going to be the last time she saw that picture in print. A picture was worth a thousand words and, while the article contained inside was probably full of misinformation, there was nothing inaccurate about the photograph itself.

Kara's eyes scanned the sentence at the bottom of the picture proclaiming that it had been quite some time since Lena had dated anybody.

Looking back up at Lena, she asked, "Has it really been a while?" Immediately, the intrusiveness of her question dawned on her. "You don't have to answer that," she tacked on quickly, shaking her head. "I'm so sorry, sometimes my mouth does its own thing before my brain shuts it down." Kara looked as apologetic as she felt.

Lena reached out and rested her fingertips against Kara's forearm which calmed her down instantly. "Don't apologize, Kara, you're allowed to ask me questions. If there's ever anything I don't want to answer, I'll tell you." Kara smiled a little, appreciative of the fact that Lena didn't seem to mind her impulsive prying.

Lena's hand dropped to her lap. "To answer your question... Yes, it's been a while since any 'Luthor Loving' has occurred." The corners of Lena's lips curled upwards slightly. She appeared to be amused by the magazine's alliteration. The hint of a grin disappeared though and she shrugged a single shoulder. "What can I say? I'm choosy, but I deserve to be. Everyone deserves to be picky when it comes to dating."

Kara nodded, agreeing with the statement. She certainly had been choosy herself.

"Don't get me wrong, when I was younger I tried the casual dating scene, but quickly realized it wasn't for me. I didn't have the patience to deal with people I didn't truly want to be around. Plus... being a Luthor kind of complicated things."

"How so?" Kara again asked her question without really thinking it through and almost rescinded it
before reminding herself that Lena told her if she didn't want to answer something, she wouldn't.

"Well..." Lena trailed off and appeared to be choosing her words carefully. "Being a Luthor has a certain prestige associated with it. A lot of people associate my family's name with our wealth. In turn, a lot of people saw nothing but moneybags when they looked at me. A lot of people wanted my money, not me."

Kara frowned, not liking that explanation. Lena was so much more than a dollar sign. Not once had she ever considered Lena's wealth when determining how she felt about her as a person.

Suddenly the small distance between them felt completely unacceptable to Kara. Setting the magazine down on the coffee table next to an empty potstickers container, she pressed her hands to the floor and lifted herself up so she could shift over and sit closer to Lena. The brunette moved as well, accommodating Kara. Both girls sat with their backs to the couch and their thighs touching. Kara looped her arm under Lena's and laced their fingers together.

Once Kara was content with their new seating arrangement, she looked over at Lena and said, "I'm so sorry you were ever made to feel that way."

Lena's shoulders shrugged. "It is what it is. I learned some valuable lessons growing up, so I don't regret anything that's happened. Bad experiences in life are unavoidable so what really matters is what you take away from them."

Kara nodded. "If it's any consolation, I would like you just as much even if you only had a penny to your name."

Lena's grin was instantaneous. "Oh? So...what you're saying is...you like me?"

Kara could feel a bit of warmth flooding her cheeks. She hadn't necessary meant for that to be the takeaway of her statement, but it was too late to do anything about it now.

"I do," Kara said finally, admitting to it with a chuckle. "A lot."

That sparkle that Kara loved so much found Lena's eyes, bringing them to life. Instead of saying anything, Lena let her actions speak for her and rewarded Kara for her admission with a kiss.

"So..." Kara said, opening her eyes back up to look at the beautiful face she adored so much. "How would you feel about some ice cream?"

"Ice cream?" Lena asked, sounding surprised. "Didn't you just say you were full?"

"Pffft... That was so twenty minutes ago." Kara's hand waved as if she were brushing off Lena's comment.

"You, my dear, are a bottomless pit," Lena teased, her hand squeezing at Kara's as she ducked her head to press a kiss to the blonde's cheek.


"Yeah, yeah... One more kiss and you can have all the ice cream you want."

Kara didn't even pretend to hesitate.

"Deal!"

~oooooooo~
As gracefully as she could without sacrificing speed, Kara hustled over to Snapper's desk. Since the printer in their section had blown a fuse that morning, she had to go all the way across the office in order to print out the culmination of her most recent assignment. Knowing that Snapper was impatiently waiting on her article, Kara wanted to get it on his desk sooner rather than later.

Rounding the corner, she headed straight for his office without slowing down. The momentum nearly carried her all the way right into his desk. Her arms flailed as she attempted to regain control of her body. Kara only managed to stop herself mere seconds from literally crashing into it, earning an unamused look from her boss.

An embarrassed chuckle escaped her as she held up her story for Snapper to see. "I finished the article you requested!"

Snapper's expression didn't change. "Would you like a cookie for that, Danvers?"

"Sure, if it's oatmeal chocolate chip, they're my favorite," she jested before quickly realizing the error of her ways.

Snapper blinked once, showing absolutely no signs of having found her statement to be humorous.

Kara cleared her throat and handed over her work.

Snapper snatched the paper from her hand, holding it up. "You do know that deadlines aren't suggestions, right?"

Kara's brow furrowed as she glanced down at her watch. It was 4:05pm. The deadline had been 4:00pm.

"It's…only five minutes," she offered up, lowering her arm. The glare Snapper leveled at her made Kara feel like a solid five years had just been shaved off of her lifespan. If looks could kill.

"Five minutes in the journalism world is an eternity. Do you think that the greats got to where they are by being five minutes past their deadlines?"

Kara opened her mouth to respond but Snapper beat her to the punch.

"No!" he said, slamming her paper down on his desk as he answered his own question. Kara jumped at the sudden movement. "Keep this up and all you'll end up writing about is fluff like whether or not Tarek and Christina are getting back together."

"As much as I love watching Flip or Flop and am sad to see it come to an end like their marriage, Tarek deserves better."

Snapper gave her another one of those looks. Kara thought for half a second that she saw actual steam coming out of his ears.

"I'll do better with the deadlines," she promised hurriedly, wanting the conversation to get to a point where she could exit stage left.

"Yeah, yeah…" Snapper said, picking up his glasses from the surface of his desk and placing them on his face. At first the frames landed crookedly and Kara had to bite the inside of her cheek to keep from laughing at the sight. Luckily for her, Snapper had them adjusted within seconds. "I'll believe it when I see it. When you come back in tomorrow, maybe try pretending that you're a real journalist for once?" With that, Snapper picked up Kara's article and started to read it over.
"Tomorrow?" Kara asked, confused. "I have a couple hours in my shift left today, so wouldn't you technically want me to start now?"

Snapper glanced up at Kara over the top of his glasses, saying nothing.

"I'm going to walk away now…"

Snapper continued to stare at her as she took a few steps backward. When Kara reached the threshold of his office, she turned on her heel and briskly walked away.

Instead of heading back to her desk, she made her way over to the water cooler. James walked up, coffee mug in hand, just as Kara had finished filling a cup up with water.

"Snapper troubles?"

"How could you tell?" Kara asked, lifting her cup to her lips and taking a sip. As she lowered it, she realized that James was waiting to use the water cooler as well. "Sorry," she murmured, shuffling over to the side.

Before James stepped in, he reached up with his empty hand and pointed to the center of her forehead. "You get a crease right here whenever he's managed to ruffle your feathers. You should be careful with that or else you may end up prematurely needing Botox…"

Kara rolled her eyes. "Very funny. I hate to break it to you but…” Before finishing her statement, Kara leaned in towards James, her voice dropping to a whisper. "Kryptonians don't ever prematurely wrinkle. Plus, how exactly would they use that needle on me?"

James considered her statement. "Fair enough." Dipping his mug under the hot water faucet, he began to fill it up, allowing the water to saturate a tea bag that was resting inside.

"Well, I'm going to go to my desk and pretend to be a real journalist."

James looked up at Kara clearly puzzled.

Kara chuckled ruefully, holding up her hand. "Don't ask."

Finishing off her water, she tossed her empty plastic cup into the recycling bin before heading back over to her desk.

Just as her backside hit the seat, Cat Grant sauntered up.

"Kira!" she chirped cheerfully, catching the blonde's attention.

When Kara looked up, she immediately noticed the large grin on Cat's lips. She looked like the cat that ate the canary. It was slightly unsettling. Few things made Cat Grant this happy, especially while she was at work.

"Miss Grant…” Kara started off, surprised by this little visit. Normally, if Cat wanted to speak to her, she would just have Eve fetch her. Or if Eve was off on a latte run, Cat would just use her signature shriek to get Kara up and moving. "To what do I owe this pleasure?"

"Oh, I just wanted to stop by and see how things were going for you."

Okay, now Kara was even more unsettled. Briefly, she wondered if body snatchers were real. Anything was possible. Perhaps this was simply a Martian playing some sort of shape-shifting trick on her.
"Things are good with me…" Kara said slowly. "How are they with you?"

Cat snorted, her eyes rolling at Kara's question. "Same old, same old. But I didn't come over here to talk about me, I came over to talk about you."

Cat looked at her expectantly, but Kara didn't know what to say. This was getting weirder and weirder by the second.

After a moment of awkward silence, the grin on Cat's face dissipated. She huffed, clearly frustrated by Kara's lack of a response.

"Miss Grant…?"

"I can tell you're going to make me drag this out of you. Fine. Persistence is my forte."

Kara couldn't help but wonder if she would have been better off staying in Snapper's office.

"So, how are things with you and Lena going?"

"Ohhhhh," Kara said suddenly, realization dawning on her. Cat had to have seen the magazine and was simply being nosy about Kara's love life. Suddenly, everything made a lot more sense.

"They're going… great," Kara said simply, not really wanting to provide more details. Lena was still a topic she felt funny discussing at times. What they had going on currently felt so magical that Kara almost felt as if she'd jinx the entire thing by speaking of it out loud.

Cat huffed again. "Kira, I know you know how to respond with more than monosyllabic meaningless jargon…"

Just as Cat took a breath, clearly gearing up to say more, Eve Teschmacher scurried over, looking frazzled. Cutting Cat off completely, the anxious assistant began to speak, her words coming out in one long, rambling string.

"Perry-White-is-on-the-phone-and-he-really-needs-to-talk-to-you-badly-but-he's-also-mad-because-I-may-have-hung-up-on-him-twice-beforehand-because-I-couldn't-hear-him-well-and-I-thought-he-was-a-telemarketer-because-his-name-kind-sounds-like-that-popular-shoe-brand-you-know-what-I-mean-I-think-they're-called-Sperrys-oh-my-goodness-Miss-Grant-I-am-so-sorry!" Eve winced as she appeared to be physically bracing herself for Cat's reaction.

Much to Cat's credit and to Kara's surprise, she managed to keep her cool and calmly said, "Tell him I will be there in a moment."

Eve heaved a sigh of relief. That relief also manifested itself on her lips by way of a small smile.

"Miss Teschmacher?"

Eve had already started to leave but froze in place at the sound of Cat's voice. Slowly, she turned back around, her movements betraying her reluctance.

"As much as I would sometimes love to hang up on Perry White myself since he can be such a pretentious blowhard… Hang up on Mr. White again and you'll be lucky to get a job in this town mowing lawns."

Eve let out a small squeak before rushing off. Kara almost felt bad for her but her sympathy was lessoned by the relief she felt over the interruption.
Cat pointed a finger at her. Hazel eyes narrowed. "Don't think you're off the hook, we will chat more about this tomorrow."

There it was again, the word tomorrow. Everyone was acting like Kara wasn't going to be around for the rest of the day.

"Enjoy your evening, Kira. I expect to hear all about it."

"My…evening?" By the time Kara had gotten the words out, Cat was already gone. Damn that woman moved fast.

"Is there something I don't know about?" she asked, speaking to dead air as her back plunked against the cushion of her office chair. In the corner of her eye, she spotted the face of her phone lighting up.

Swiveling her chair a few inches to the right, Kara leaned forward to see who had messaged her. The screen darkened too quickly, though, so she had to press the home button.

Lena Luthor's name was featured at the top of the text, bringing about an immediate smile from Kara.

Picking up her phone, she swiped open her message strand with Lena without reading the little preview first.

**Meet me on the roof.**

The message was as confusing as it was brief. The…roof? Didn't Lena realize that she was still at work? Surely she couldn't mean the roof of CatCo.

Or did she?

**The...roof? Of CatCo?**

Bubbles appeared instantly.

**No, of the Empire State Building.**

Well, considering that was across the country, Kara figured that wasn't a serious answer. Before she could call Lena out on it, more bubbles appeared.

**Yes, of CatCo. Don't leave me waiting. xo**

Unsure of what exactly was going on, Kara stood and slipped her phone into the pocket of her work pants. After all, there was only one way to find out what Lena was up to.

Heading over to the public elevator, she pressed the button to go up and waited patiently for the doors to open. Stepping inside, she rode the machine up to the top, finding herself to be that strange combination of excited and anxious by the time the elevator dinged, letting her know she had reached her destination. If Lena was here at her job, it had to be important.

The elevator doors opened and Kara's jaw dropped. A hand flew up to her mouth as she stood there, stunned.

Kara was so shell-shocked that she waited too long to exit the elevator. The doors shut and she had to press the button to open them back up.

This time, she made sure to step forward promptly, exiting onto the roof. On either side of her feet
was a long line of breathtaking, brightly colored flowers. There was everything from daisies to lilies to plumerias and the entire display had bunches of baby's breath scattered throughout.

In between the flowers was a red carpet that led all the way to Lena Luthor standing in front of one of L-Corp's many helicopters, looking especially gorgeous in a form-fitting jade colored dress that brought out her eyes.

"What is all this?" Kara asked, loud enough that her voice carried down to Lena. Kara hadn't moved from her spot at the beginning of the carpeted, flower-lined path. She was still taking it all in.

Lena's head tilted and her hair brushed across her shoulder as she spread her arms.

"This is the beginning of our second date."
Kara stood across from Lena, still taking it all in. The flowers, the helicopter, the girl.

The prospect of going on their second date was a most welcome surprise. As the shock slowly began to fade, excitement crept into its place. A huge smile broke out on Kara's face and her hands clasped together. A squeal escaped her when she went to speak.

"I can't believe you did all of this for me!"

"Believe it," Lena said, her arms lowering to her sides. "Now… Are you going to continue to stand all the way over there? Or are you going to come and join me? Because I really want to kiss you right now."

Kara wasn't sure how, but she felt the smile on her face spread further. She was mildly concerned that she was looking like some odd approximation of the Cheshire cat as she made her way over to Lena, practically skipping her way down the carpeted path.

Having learned her lesson earlier when she had nearly collided with Snapper's desk, Kara slowed herself down as she approached Lena. Once she got there, her hands wasted no time in reaching up to cup her cheeks and pull her in for a kiss.

Afterwards, Kara stared into the eyes of the woman who always seemed to make her day. The smile that had formed earlier found its way to her lips again and she wasn't sure if it would ever go away. "You are amazing," Kara whispered.

"You don't even know where I'm taking you yet," Lena remarked, her own smile forming.

Kara shook her head. Her hands dropped from Lena's cheeks, sliding down the elegant curve of her neck before resting on her shoulders.

"It doesn't matter," Kara insisted, her head shaking slightly with her words. "I would go anywhere in the world with you."

In response to her words, Lena leaned in and kissed her. Kara's hands moved again, this time relocating to the brunette's hips so she could pull her in close while they kissed. Lena's lips were so distracting that Kara nearly forgot that they were standing on the roof of CatCo with a helicopter behind them. Kissing Lena was one of Kara's favorite things to do.

When Lena ended the kiss and glanced over her own shoulder, Kara's eyes followed along, looking over to where the other woman was and remembering where exactly they were at the moment.

"We have somewhere to get to," Lena reminded gently, looking back at Kara.

Kara nodded, releasing her hold on Lena and taking a small step back so she wouldn't be tempted to
kiss her again. Proximity was a dangerous thing when it came to a woman as alluring and beautiful as Lena Luthor.

Kara felt Lena take her hand and happily obliged, following her when the brunette started to walk towards the steps leading into the helicopter.

"So…what's with the red carpet?" Kara asked, her curiosity starting to get the best of her.

"You'll see," Lena said simply as they reached the stairs.

Suddenly a man popped his head out of the entrance, startling Kara. It was a good thing she had decent control of her fight or flight instinct or else jump scares such as the one that just happened might prompt unnecessary reveals of her other identity. Kara hadn't realized anyone was with them but of course there had to be. After all, somebody needed to fly the helicopter and it certainly wasn't going to be her. The only thing Kara knew how to fly was herself.

"Ready to board?" the man asked, his hand sticking out. Lena took his hand and began to head inside, which prompted Kara to follow her. The two girls got situated, taking their seats in the row behind the pilot and strapping themselves in. Just as Kara heard the 'click' of her seatbelt, something dawned on her, prompting her to gasp.

"I didn't tell anyone at work that I was leaving!" she announced. Kara was used to popping in and out of CatCo for various missions both as a reporter and as Supergirl, but with Snapper breathing down her neck as of late, she had made sure to at least keep him somewhat informed of her comings and goings whenever possible. Her hand reached to undo the belt, but Lena stopped her.

"I already cleared it with Cat earlier, who promised she'd tell Snapper. She said it wasn't a problem and to keep you for as long as I'd like."

Kara immediately relaxed. Suddenly, the various moments of her day that had struck her as being odd made a lot more sense. Her bosses had been acting like she wasn't going to be around the rest of the day for a reason. No wonder Cat had insisted that she wanted to hear all about her evening. Apparently, the head of CatCo knew more about what was planned for her night than she did.

Prompted by the pilot, who was starting up the helicopter, both girls reached for their headphones and situated them on their head. Kara adjusted the microphone so that it was by her lips. That way, she and Lena would still be able to communicate with each other over the loud whooshing of the overhead blades.

As Lena adjusted her microphone as well, Kara noticed something had changed in her expression. Lena almost seemed uncomfortable with what was about to happen.

"Are you okay?" she asked, concerned. Kara distinctly remembered how Lena's last ride in a helicopter had gone. Drones had attacked the Luthor vehicle, leading to an appearance from both Superman and Supergirl. Kara herself had been the one to pull Lena back down to safety that day. If she was nervous about flying in one again, it was completely understandable.

"I don't like flying," Lena admitted, squeezing Kara's hand back. "Never have, but… It's an easy way to get around quickly." Kara had to agree with that, since there were many times she preferred flying to any other type of travel. It was quick and efficient.

"It's one of the safest ways to fly," Kara offered up, earning a look from Lena. "Well… when drones don't get added to the mix," she tacked on, having a good idea where the brunette's thoughts had
gone.

"You heard about that, eh?"

*Crap.*

Was it reported on? It was, right? Every attack on Lena that week had been published in print. Or at least, that's what Kara was banking on.

Kara nodded. "Scary stuff."

"Not with Supergirl around."

Kara felt the urge to smile and reminded herself that she wasn't supposed to be personally pleased with that statement. The way Lena spoke of Supergirl was always so nice, though. It made Kara feel special.

"Brace yourself, girls, we're going to be taking off any moment," the pilot directed, his voice routing its way through their headphones.

Keeping her hand laced with Lena's, Kara settled back into her seat. Although she was sure she'd want to look out at the scenery once they got up into the air, for now she was too busy looking over at her favorite sight: Lena.

~ooooooo~

Kara greatly enjoyed the helicopter ride. She had utilized the time they were up in the air by using some of it to gaze out the window and try to figure out where they were headed and the rest of it to ensure Lena was doing okay. At times, the brunette appeared to be slightly queasy, but she seemed to reign herself back in after a reassurance or two from Kara.

The California coast had looked so pretty underneath of them. Kara rarely got the chance to fly and do nothing but take in the scenery. Also, the helicopter flew at a pace slower than she did, making it even easier to appreciate the sights.

By the time they landed, Lena seemed all too eager to get out of the helicopter. Kara happily obliged, making quick work of the belt around her waist. Only releasing Lena's hand so that she could pull off her headphones, Kara hooked them where they belonged and turned to open up the door for them both. Heading out first, she turned around and helped Lena out as well.

The blades of the helicopter were still coming to a stop and it blew around their hair. Kara was grateful that hers was tied up into a ponytail, but Lena wasn't so lucky. Her loose hair flew up and ended up in disarray as they made their way away from the helicopter.

By the time they had ended up on the rim of the small tarmac, Lena's hair was a mess. A beautiful mess. Kara looked up at her and couldn't help but giggle.

Lena's eyes narrowed playfully and her hands shot up, immediately figuring out what was so amusing.

"You would think my hairspray would do its job…" Lena murmured, patting at her head. Kara was still giggling.

"Here let me help…" she said after a moment, reaching up to assist. Kara's fingers brushed through Lena's silky smooth hair. The familiar scent of the shampoo they now both used reached her nose.
There was the fleeting urge to pull Lena in close, burying herself into that scent and the woman who wore it, but Kara managed to maintain her self-control. After a moment, Lena's hair was back to a state of normalcy.

"Perfect," Kara announced, grinning at the brunette.

"I feel like perfect may be a bit of an exaggeration... but as long as you think so," Lena said, her hand patting at her head one last time, as if she were looking for any stray hairs.

"You're always perfect to me," Kara explained, leaning in for a quick kiss.

"Flatterer," Lena mumbled as Kara pulled away. There was a distinct smile on her lips, though.

"So... we're in Los Angeles aren't we?" Kara said, having paid attention on their ride. One whole helicopter trip in and Kara was still none the wiser as to what was on the schedule for the night.

"I can neither confirm nor deny that..." Lena shrugged and Kara briefly considered trying out a pout for information, much like Lena had during their first date. Before that plan could come to fruition, Kara realized something.

"I feel like I am underdressed for whatever it is we are going to do..." she stated, using the opportunity to take another good look at Lena. Kara's eyes swept up and down the length of her dress before glancing down at her own outfit.

"I have everything covered," Lena assured, just as the pilot walked up to them.

"Don't forget this!" the man said, handing over a black garment bag.

Lena held it up after thanking him, a grin on her lips. "This... is for you," she said, handing it over.

Kara took it from carefully, not wanting to mess up whatever outfit was contained within.

"Now... I have a few details for you, if you'd like them."

Kara looked up at Lena, a single brow lifting. "Um, of course! Lay it on me."

Lena laughed at Kara's eagerness. "Don't get too excited, I'm not giving you much..."

Kara's eyes rolled, but there was a good-natured smile on her lips.

"Okay, so... I rented out a room here for the night. I was thinking we would head there first so that you could change. The main event isn't until... later tonight, but I wanted to take you out for food first so you don't get hangry on me."

"Hey!" Kara gasped, doing her best to look indignant. "I do not get hangry!"

"Sure you don't, babe."

Kara probably would have had another retort, had Lena not caught her completely off guard with that last word. Kara could have sworn she had just called her *babe*. Either that or she was completely imagining things.

"Anyway... first, I'm taking you out to dinner and then I have a little surprise for you."

Kara was really trying to pay attention to Lena, but she was so distracted now. Surprise? Is that what she just said? Kara still had the word 'babe' playing over and over again in her mind. There was a
part of her that briefly considered asking Lena if she had actually called her that, but Kara quickly vetoed the idea. If Lena really had called her babe, then she was going to play it cool. Or at least as cool as Kara Danvers could be when the girl she liked had just called her by a pet name.

"Is that okay?" Lena asked after a moment of silence. Luckily, the question managed to pull Kara out of her own thoughts.

Kara nodded. "Of course, that sounds great."

"Perfect. Okay, let's go get you undressed…"

Kara held the bag up. "You mean dressed, right?"

The corners of Lena's lips quirked upwards. "Of course."

~ooooooo~

Dinner had been delicious. No, not delicious. Heavenly. It had been heavenly.

Kara was never one to actively crave steak, but after the filet mignon she had that night she felt as if it would be all she wanted for a while. The garlic herb butter infused meat had been the best thing she had eaten… Ever, possibly. The entire meal had given her a whole new appreciation of food, which wasn't an easy thing to do since she already had the utmost reverence for all things edible. Well, except for olives. Those were gross.

"Dinner was really so good," Kara announced as both her and Lena made their way down the block in an Uber.

Lena chuckled. "Was it? This is only the third time you've said that, so I'm not sure how much you mean it…"

Kara smiled sheepishly, earning herself a kiss from Lena. The brunette's hand was resting against her thigh, on top of the oh, so comfortable yellow material that her dress was made out. The dress that Lena had made her change into earlier fit Kara like a glove, of course. Not only that, but it was exactly something she would have picked out for herself. Lena hadn't known her too terribly long, but already had a great sense for her likes and dislikes. It made Kara feel appreciated and as if Lena paid attention to her.

"It really was amazing," Kara murmured one last time, still smiling as she rested her hand on top of Lena's.

"Looks like we're going to have to come back here then. Hopefully you enjoy the rest of the night just as much."

"I have no doubt that I will."

The car came to a stop and the driver let them know that their destination had been reached, which was news to Kara who still had zero information about where they had been heading. Lena was all hush-hush when discussing things with the Uber driver. It had taken every single drop of self-control Kara had not to use her super hearing to eavesdrop. Luckily, her conscience had won out and Lena's surprise remained intact.

As Lena opened up the door for them to get out, Kara found herself leaning around her to try and get a glimpse of what she was about to walk into. All she managed to spot before having to get out of the car herself was a long line of people wrapped around a stout brick building.
"Come on," Lena urged, waving her hand for Kara to get out.

"Okay, okay, I'm coming..." Kara said, pushing herself out of the car. Lena was chuckling at her.

"I guess patience isn't either of our strong suits?" the brunette remarked, eliciting another sheepish smile from Kara. Lena ducked her head and kissed Kara's cheek. "Ready?"

"So ready," Kara insisted, linking her arm with Lena's as they moved down towards the line. Kara went to head to the back of it, but Lena used their linked arms to tug her in the opposite direction.

"Oh, we don't have to wait in line."

Kara raised a brow, but remained quiet, moving with Lena to the head of the line. Of course wherever this was, Lena would be able to get them in.

A bouncer guarded the front door of the nondescript little building. Kara examined the surroundings of the doorframe, looking for any sign of where they were. Unfortunately, there was absolutely nothing indicating what would be inside.

When the two girls made it to the front door, neither one of them had to say a word before the red rope blocking their way was unhooked and they were waved inside.

"Enjoy your night, Miss Luthor," the bouncer said as they stepped inside.

"Frequent visitor?" Kara asked in a whisper as they walked down a fairly dark hallway.

"Eh, I've attended a few of these events," Lena replied simply, not giving Kara more details.

The blonde was antsy as they continued down the hallway, eager to finally have all of her questions answered.

Except, they got to the end of the hallway and it did nothing to answer her questions. If anything, now she had more of them.

At the end of the hall was a tall, almost ominous looking wooden door with no handle. There was a small slot in the center of it, though, which snapped open as they stood there.

"Passphrase?"

Kara's brow furrowed, her head tilting as she looked at the slot. It was tempting to use her x-ray vision on the door, but again she kept herself in check.

"Immigrants, we get the job done."

Kara immediately recognized the line from *Hamilton*, which was currently one of her favorite soundtracks. Lin-Manuel Miranda was a genius.

Instead of the guy saying anything back, the slot in the door slammed shut. The door opened and they were both allowed inside.

Kara moved so that she was now holding onto Lena's arm. Her blue eyes were wide and excited as they made their way down another hallway. As they moved down this one, the sound of music hit her ears, immediately perking her up. Kara recognized the song right away. *The Phantom of the Opera* had been one of the very first musicals that she had ever fallen in love with.

"Where are we?" Kara whispered to Lena as they stepped into the room, clearly having reached the
main event. There were multiple large round tables set up around the room, surrounded by patrons in various stages of drinking and laughing. Waiters maneuvered their way around the tables, precariously balancing impossibly full trays of drinks as they made their rounds. At the head of the room was a stage, currently occupied by a woman and man belting out their duet to the adoring crowd.

"Have you ever heard of a traveling night club?"

Kara nodded. She had indeed. Personally, she only had experience with traveling fight clubs, though, but this seemed a lot nicer.

"Welcome to the Calico Cat Nightclub. It was actually started by the one and only…"

"…Cat Grant!" Kara exclaimed, finishing Lena's sentence as she spotted a poster in the corner with Miss Grant's face on it. "She's never mentioned this to me!"

"I'm not surprised," Lena whispered back, guiding Kara towards a table near the front. "I've heard she's very tight-lipped about it."

When they reached a table right by the stage, Kara spotted two placards with their names on it. Lena reached for the seat in front of Kara's name and pulled it out, gesturing for her to sit.

"Thank you," Kara said with a smile, releasing her hold on Lena and taking her seat. Lena took her seat as well, waiving the waiter over as she did so.

"We'll take two of whatever you're serving," Lena said with a grin. The man returned her smile and reached onto his tray, pulling down two glasses and setting them in front of the girls. The drinks were bright and blue, much like Kara's eyes as they swept her surroundings, taking it all in.

At the same time, the two girls reached for their glasses and took a sip. The cocktail that had been placed before them was delicious. They were very fruity and you could hardly tell that there was alcohol in them at all, which was fine with Kara since she didn't reap the benefits of traditional alcohol anyway.

Just as they sat their drinks down, the current song came to a close. The room erupted in applause and Kara was happy to join in. This was already proving to be a cool experience and it had only just begun.

The duo on the stage took one last bow before walking off, only to be replaced by a man who announced the next singer, causing the blonde to Kara's right to squeal in excitement.

"That's my girl!" the woman announced, beaming proudly as everyone watched a clearly confident brunette stride up to the microphone, readying herself for whatever song the live band behind her was going to start playing. It was so cute watching what Kara assumed was the singer's girlfriend cheer and clap. It was obvious that she was completely enamored.

The music keyed up and again Kara immediately recognized the song. As the brunette on stage launched into a breathtaking rendition of Defying Gravity, Kara leaned in and whispered to Lena.

"This is so awesome," she told her, reaching out and taking Lena's hand. It was hard to be around her without maintaining at least some contact.

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"This is so awesome," she told her, reaching out and taking Lena's hand. It was hard to be around her without maintaining at least some contact.

Lena leaned in towards Kara, her lips stopping right by her ear. "I thought you'd like it," she whispered back, her breath warm against Kara's skin. "You always seem to loop back to show tunes when you're in the shower, so I had an inkling that you were fond of them."
Kara chuckled. "I gave myself away, huh?" Pulling her eyes from the singer, she looked over to Lena. "How often do you listen to me sing in the shower?"

"Not often enough," Lena replied with a grin and wink before both girls returned their attention back to the stage.

When the song ended, the singer's girlfriend shot up and launched into a standing ovation. Kara followed suit, prompting Lena to do the same. Glancing down at the girl's placard, Kara took note of her name before reaching over and tapping her shoulder to get her attention.

"Quinn, your girlfriend was amazing!" Kara half-yelled, raising her voice to overcome the roar of applause.

"Wife!" Quinn corrected proudly, pausing her applause only momentarily to show off her ring. "But thank you! Rachel's my superstar."

"You're a lucky girl!"

Once the applause died down, everyone took their seats and the announcer came back out to reveal who the next singer would be.

"Singing a tune from the hit musical *Hamilton*, next up we have… Kara Danvers!"

The room again broke out into applause with everyone clapping except for the girl whose name had just been announced.

Kara looked over at Lena, confused, only to find that she was clapping as well.

"Go on!" Lena said, nodding towards the stage.

"Lena!" Kara exclaimed, her head shaking. "I can't sing in front of all of these people! I don't have anything prepared!"

"You know all of the songs by heart!" Lena retorted.

Kara glanced over at the stage before looking back to Lena. As she considered it, she found that she didn't actually hate the idea. Singing had always had a special place in her heart and the last time she had an audience for it was back when she was in school.

Almost as if Lena could tell she was wavering, she continued with her encouragement. "Come on, you got this Kara!"

Kara broke down into a smile, her acquiescence showing on her face. After all, when would she get another chance to do something like this?

"Kara, Kara, Kara!" Lena began to chant. The patrons surrounding them joined in, egging Kara on.

Standing, Kara was met with a round of cheers as she made her way onto the stage. No wonder Lena had rolled out the red carpet for her earlier. This felt an awful lot like a debut.

As she moved towards the mic, the band leader stopped her. "We were told you'd want to do *Hamilton*, but what song did you want to sing?" Kara took a second to consider this, her gaze wandering over to Lena. As soon as she made eye contact with the beaming brunette, she knew exactly what song she was going to sing.

"Helpless," she told the band leader, who in turn told her it was a good choice.
Walking over to the microphone, Kara stood in front of it, nervously adjusting her glasses.

As soon as the music cued up, though, all of Kara's nervousness faded away, leaving her excited to perform.

The lyrics came to her as easily as they did in the shower and Kara made her way through the song without missing a beat. Even though she did try to look around every once in a while, her eyes always seemed to make their way back to Lena.

"Look into your eyes and the sky's the limit, I'm helpless!"

And helpless, she was. Nobody had ever made Kara feel the way Lena did.

"Down for the count, and I'm drownin' in 'em, I'm helpless!"

Every time Kara hit the chorus, she couldn't help but focus her full attention on the woman the words made her think of. Standing there, it felt as if she was singing just for Lena. Whenever their eyes met, the rest of the room would seem to melt away.

When the song came to an end, the entire room burst into cheers and applause. This time, the standing ovation was led by none other than Lena.

"Get her a meeting with Lin-Manuel!" someone called from the back of the room, making Kara blush.

"Take a bow!" Lena yelled, her voice carrying over the sounds of the rest of the audience.

Kara obliged, taking an overly exaggerated bow before exiting the stage.

Making a beeline for Lena, the excited blonde threw her arms around the other woman's neck, practically tackle hugging her. Luckily, they both managed to keep their balance.

Pulling back, Kara instead went in for a kiss, kissing Lena almost as if nobody else was around. There was more tongue involved than would probably be deemed appropriate for a public display of affection, but neither girl seemed to care. When the kiss ended, Kara realized that a new singer was taking the stage and that they were some of the last people standing.

The two of them took their seats, but sat angled towards each other. Kara grabbed Lena's hands, on an adrenaline high. "That was amazing!" she exclaimed.

"You were incredible!" Lena exclaimed back, gushing a little.

Kara squeezed at Lena's hands. "Thank you sooooo much for signing me up to sing, that was a once in a life time experience."

"It was truly my pleasure, I could listen to you sing all day long."

Kara beamed, leaning in for one last kiss before the two of them turned their attention back to the stage.

The girl that Kara knew to be Quinn tapped on her shoulder to get her attention, much like she had done earlier. "Hey, that was great! Even Rachel admitted to it." The blonde grinned over to her wife before nudging her gently with an elbow.

"Yeah, that was pretty good… You have some star potential," the singer begrudgingly admitted only after the prodding from her wife. Quinn rewarded Rachel with a kiss for her kind comment. The
couple joined hands and peered back up at the current act, leaving Kara to process how wonderful her night had been thus far.

Kara brimmed with happiness for the remainder of the date, basking in all of the wonderful emotions Lena had stirred up in her. However, as much as she was enjoying the music and the ambiance, she couldn't wait to head back to the hotel room and spend the rest of her night with Lena in her arms. It would be the perfect ending to their perfect date.
Chapter 14

Although both girls had indulged in numerous little blue cocktails throughout the course of the night, that wasn’t at all what was giving Kara the buzz she had as they made their way to the hotel’s elevator. It wasn’t alcohol that was pumping through her Kryptonian veins, but sheer happiness. She had heard people use the phrase “high on life” before, but didn’t fully understand what exactly that meant until right now.

"What floor were we again?" Kara asked as the two girls stepped into the spacious elevator, pleased to find that they had it all to themselves.

By way of an answer, Lena’s arms wrapped around Kara’s waist, her lips settling against the skin of the crook of her neck. "26," the brunette murmured, her lips kissing at the skin they had found.

The sensation of Lena’s lips at her neck caused Kara’s eyelids to flutter closed briefly.

"Right, 26..." she mumbled back, her eyes searching the rectangular circuit board for that number. Finally locating it after what felt like a solid minute of searching, Kara reached for the button just as Lena’s hands found her waist and attempted to spin her around. Quickly jabbing at the button, Kara gave into Lena’s repositioning and turned around to face her.

As soon as the two girls were eye to eye, Lena stepped forward, her lips descending on Kara’s. As they kissed, Lena took two more steps forward, subsequently pushing the blonde back against the elevator wall. Kara let out a noise akin to a soft moan as she felt the railing of the elevator pressing against her low back.

Kara could feel Lena’s tongue attempting to maneuver its way into her mouth and wasted no time parting her lips, providing her with easy access. Their kiss tasted of fresh berries and liquor.

The elevator dinged and somewhere in the recesses of her mind, Kara registered the noise. Except her brain was too overwhelmed with all sorts of pleasurable stimuli to make the connection between the elevator making that noise and them having reached their destination. Luckily, Lena still had her wits about her. Pulling from the blonde and using her teeth to tug at her bottom lip along the way, she took Kara’s hand and led her from the elevator. Kara happily followed along, eager to get back to what they had just been doing.

The two girls were somewhat giddy by the time they reached their room, both excited over the prospect of fitting in some alone time. As Lena reached into her purse and pulled out their keycard, Kara’s eyes were tracing the delicate line of her neck, already mapping out where her mouth was going to explore as soon as they were alone.

Within seconds the two girls were in the room. Neither of them bothered to turn on any of the lights. The curtains were open, allowing enough moonlight in that they would be able to navigate their way around even though it was unfamiliar terrain.

Sliding the chain link strap of her purse down her shoulder, Lena rid herself of her bag, tossing it into a corner of the room before approaching Kara again. This time, when their lips met, the kiss immediately deepened. Their tongues tangled as their bodies closed the gap between them.

Kara felt the urge to press Lena up against whatever solid surface they were closest to, much like what had been done to her in the elevator, but refrained. As much as every trace of rational thought was currently leaving her mind, there was still a small, nagging voice in the back of her head that
was whispering, warning her to be careful with Lena. This was a lesson that Kara had learned the hard way many years back and still struggled with from time to time. Every now and again she slipped up and gave someone a hug that was much too energetic, but for the most part she did all right.

Except Lena was different. With Lena, Kara felt emotions stirred up deep inside of her that were equal parts exhilarating and unfamiliar. Kara would have to be constantly vigilant to ensure that she didn't let her passion get the best of her when it came to Lena Luthor.

For now, Kara did her best to push away any errant worries that had crept their way into her mind, which was easy to do with Lena's tongue brushing against hers.

Their kiss came to an end and, to Kara's surprise, Lena took a couple small steps backwards and created some unwanted distance between them. Pausing, she leaned down and pulled off her heels one at a time, chucking them in the same general direction as her purse.

Taking the opportunity to do the same, Kara also rid herself of her shoes and moved to close the gap between them, not at all finished with Lena yet. Reaching for her, she cupped Lena's cheeks and pulled her in for another kiss.

Kara's lips moved against Lena's as her hands dropped to her hips, slowly walking forward until she felt the other woman stop. Pushing gently, she sat Lena down on the bed before climbing up onto it as well. Kara's legs straddled Lena's, her knees pressing into the mattress as she settled down onto her lap, not breaking away from their kiss as she moved.

It wasn't until she was situated that Kara pulled away, leaning back a little so that she could look into Lena's eyes as they opened.

"I had such a wonderful time tonight," Kara whispered, her voice huskier than usual.

Lena's hand reached up and cupped Kara's cheek, thumb brushing at the skin there. "I always have a wonderful time when I'm with you," she replied, her voice a low whisper as well.

Feeling that words were becoming superfluous in the moment, Kara instead relied on action. Leaning back in, she closed her eyes and pressed her lips to Lena's. Except she didn't leave them there. This time, she began to leave a trail of kisses that traveled over to the defined line of Lena's jaw, following it until she reached her ear. Kara's teeth grasped at the lobe before pulling gently, eliciting a soft noise from the woman underneath of her.

Releasing her ear, she dipped her lips down to the sensitive skin just below it and pressed a kiss there before kissing her way down to Lena's neck. The scent of her perfume was especially strong right there but Kara didn't mind. Every single thing about Lena was intoxicating to Kara, from the way she kissed to the way she smelled to the way her skin felt against her lips.

One of the hands that was still lingering down by Lena's waist traveled upwards, exploring the curve of her body. With her lips pressing soft kisses to her neck, Kara's hand curled itself around one of Lena's breasts. It was so different touching a woman. There was so much more to touch. To explore. The men that Kara had dated in the past had all been carbon copies of the same solid planes and sharp angles. As she sat there in Lena's lap, she found that she didn't miss that at all.

The hand at Lena's chest squeezed gently, evoking a sharp inhale of breath from the brunette. Kara could feel that there was no bra in between the silky smooth material of Lena's dress and her skin. The temptation was there to see what it would feel like to explore the curves of her body without the barrier of clothing between them, but Kara didn't want to be too forward. This was, after all, only
As her tongue brushed against the skin of Lena's neck, Kara could feel a hand wrap around hers, pressing. Kara complied with the nonverbal command and squeezed again, massaging at the skin gently. Against her palm, she could feel Lena's skin hardening underneath her dress, which only encouraged Kara to apply a little extra pressure.

Pulling her lips from Lena's skin, she leaned back to get a look into Lena's eyes only to find that the Luthor's eyes were closed. Her teeth had sunken into her ruby red bottom lip and there was this expression on her face that Kara thoroughly enjoyed. With her eyes still closed, Lena reached for Kara's other hand, grabbing onto it and pulling it from her waist. Kara's eyes remained on Lena's beautiful face as she felt her free hand being wrapped around Lena's other breast. Biting down on her own lip, Kara caressed Lena's chest, happily giving in to what the other woman seemed to want from her.

Lena hummed in delight as Kara worked, her eyelids fluttering open after a moment. A grin immediately captured her lips as the two girls made eye contact.

"You have a lovely touch," Lena remarked, her words a soft murmur.

Kara could feel herself flush at Lena's words and was very suddenly grateful for the dim lighting.

A "thanks" was on the tip of Kara's tongue right when Lena leaned in, kissing her. The hands that were on top of hers moved, Lena's palms slowly grazing against the bare skin of Kara's forearms. Goosebumps were left in the wake of Lena's touch, which felt almost electric to the blonde.

Latching onto Kara's waist, Lena ended the kiss and leaned back, pulling the other girl with her. Releasing her hold on Lena's chest, Kara's hands pressed to the mattress as she body lowered over Lena's. She could feel the woman underneath of her shifting, pushing herself further back onto the bed. Kara's eyes opened so that she could take stock of Lena's new location. Crawling forward, she moved so that she was hovering back on top of Lena.

Just as she repositioned herself, their positions changed once more. Lena's hands found her waist again and pushed this time, indicating that she wished to roll them over. Moving onto her back, Kara flattened her body out and watched as Lena straddled her. The hem of her dress hiked itself up as her legs spread, exposing thighs that Kara instantly felt the desire to touch. Without a second thought, the blonde acted on that impulse, her palms tentatively resting against alabaster skin that was even smoother than she had first imagined. Every part of Lena that she touched left Kara wanting to touch more.

Lena, on the other hand, was much more confident in her movements. Her fingers hooked into the straps of Kara's dress, tugging them down her shoulders so that they rested against her biceps instead. Dipping her head, Lena pressed her lips to the skin of Kara's now fully exposed shoulder. As her mouth moved down closer to Kara's neck, soft lips were replaced by teeth. Simultaneously, Lena shifted, getting situated. One of the hands that was pressed to the comforter slid upwards, allowing Lena to shift her weight onto her forearm. Lena's rested her other hand flat against Kara's taut stomach. Excited butterflies burst into a flurry of activity underneath Lena's palm, causing the Kryptonian to let out a small moan. Her hand didn't linger long, though. Within seconds, it was sliding forward, making its way up Kara's torso.

As Lena's hand reached her chest, her mouth latched onto Kara's skin, suckling. Every single move she made left Kara reflecting on how amazing it felt. A hand lifted, resting gently against the back of Lena's head, encouraging the brunette to remain there, against her neck. The thoughts in Kara's head swirled as she tried to commit the different sensations to memory.
Neither girl would get much sleep that night.

~ooooooo~

'Food. I smell...food.'

This was the first conscious thought Kara had in the morning. Well, after she thought of Lena, that is. For a while now, Lena Luthor had been her first and last thought every single day.

Responding to the siren call of what seemed to be some sort of delicious smelling breakfast item, Kara's eyes fluttered open only to find the same face that had been featured throughout her dreams staring down at her.

"Good morning, sleepy head," the brunette said, a grin gracing her lips.

"Good morning," Kara mumbled back, the traces of sleep still saturating her tone. The peacefulness of her morning didn't last long, though. As the realization dawned on her that she was missing one very important item, panic set in.

Suddenly feeling much more awake, Kara's hand shot out towards the hotel's bedside table. She seemed to remember placing her glasses there when her and Lena had finally settled in for the night. Except, when her fingers grazed the surface, they found nothing. Kara's head rolled against the pillow as she tried to see if she could spot her missing eyewear. The longer Lena saw her without her glasses, the better chance she had at realizing that she was Supergirl.

Before alarm bells started ringing in Kara's head, the item in question was suddenly being dangled in front of her face.

"Missing something?" Lena asked, her voice playful.

Kara immediately rolled back so that she was facing Lena and reached for the glasses, practically shoving them onto her face.

"Thanks!" Kara chirped, her nervousness fading into relief as she pushed herself up into a sitting position. "I...definitely need them in the mornings."

"Oh, I've picked up on that..." Lena said, nodding slowly along with her words.

Before Kara could manage to dig her hole any deeper, the brunette saved her from herself, leaning in and pressing a good morning kiss to her lips.

"Are you hungry?" Lena asked, settling back down on her side of the bed.

"Yes!" Kara exclaimed before realizing that she probably came off a little too excited over the prospect of food. "I mean... Yeah, sure, I could go for some food."

Lena laughed at Kara's attempt at a cover-up, causing the blonde to smile at the lovely noise.

"Well, if you're sure you could stand to eat something... I did order us some breakfast. And before you fuss over what time it is..." At the mention of the time, Kara's eyes darted over to the nearby alarm clock.

"Ohmygoodness, it's almost noon!" Kara remarked, cutting Lena off. "I should be at work by now!"

"...you should recall that Miss Grant said I could keep you for as long as I liked," Lena finished, clearly trying to mask her amusement over the blonde's current state of disarray. "I will get you back
to CatCo in a few hours, promise. But first, we are going to eat breakfast in bed."

Kara watched as Lena leaned over towards a nearby cart that room service must have been rolled in at some point before she had woken up. Typically, Kara was one to rise with the sun, but the events of the night before had left her tired. Kara wasn't even entirely sure what time the two of them had managed to keep their hands off of each other long enough to change into the pajamas that Lena had surreptitiously packed for them when planning the entire event. Even once they changed and slipped under the covers, they continued to make out until yawning commenced. Once it became clear that it was time for bed, the two reluctantly called it quits and curled up next to one another. The last thing Kara remembered before drifting off was pulling Lena in close.

Lena pulled one of the trays off of the cart, swiveling at the waist so that she could set the tray of food down where the legs would be firmly situated against the bed and the food would hover above Kara's lap. The temptation was there to just yank off the silver dome cover to see what breakfast Lena had ordered for them both, but Kara managed to reign that desire in long enough for the other woman to get her tray to her lap as well.

"Hopefully what I picked out is okay," Lena said, nodding for Kara to go ahead and take a look.

Kara's fingers clamped onto the small black knob at the top of the lid and pulled, revealing what was contained within.

"Mm, waffles!" Kara exclaimed as she examined the fluffy, delicious looking Belgium waffles that were before her. There was what smelled and looked like a light coating of both cinnamon and powdered sugar on the top. A thin chocolate glaze zig-zagged its way across the food and the plate, adding to the dish's decorative appeal. There was some sort of topping that was resting in the crooks of the waffles that Kara couldn't identify off the bat.

"I love waffles," Kara assured, looking over to the woman that had ordered them with a big smile on her face. "What kind are these?"

"They're called tiramisu waffles," Lena explained, sounding pleased. "They sounded super yummy, so I figured they were worth a try. Also..." The brunette pointed to the glass on Kara's tray. It was filled with an opaque, citrusy smelling liquid that Kara assumed to be orange juice. "I got us some mimosas."

"Oooh, I enjoy a good mimosa," Kara said, a smile still on her face as she reached for her bundle of silverware, unwrapping it.

"Hmmm..." Lena hummed, suddenly reaching out and brushing Kara's hair back, moving it off of her shoulder. Her fingers reached out and grazed the skin of Kara's neck, right by the collar of her night shirt. "Thought you would have had a mark here or something."

Kara blushed, her mind immediately recalling the memory of Lena's mouth at her neck the night prior. Of course there was no sort of proof there on Kara's skin. After all, Kryptonians didn't bruise. But Lena didn't know that's what she was.

"Yeah..." Kara started, setting down her fork and reaching up for the spot Lena's fingers had just been, self-consciously covering it up. "What can I say? I have very tough skin."

Lena remained quiet, looking over at Kara with what appeared to be an expectant expression on her face. It seemed as if Lena was waiting for her to say more, but there wasn't anything else that Kara could really say. She wasn't ready to pull Lena into that world and expose her to the dangers that came along with knowing she was Supergirl.
Instead, Kara pulled her hair back over her shoulder and picked her fork back up. Using the knife in her other hand to assist in cutting off a piece of waffle, Kara took a bite.

"Mmmmm." Kara looked to Lena, who was still watching her carefully, and attempted a small smile. "This is really good. You have impeccable taste."

Lena didn't respond right away. The Luthor's gaze was piercing as she seemed to be figuring out whether to accept the change in topic or not. Kara could sense that something was bothering her and wondered if Lena had any accurate suspicions floating around in that head of hers.

Luckily, Lena's gaze softened.

"Of course I do," Lena's lips curled up into a slight grin as she reached for her own silverware, unwrapping it. "That's why I like you."

Kara smiled. "So… you like me?" she teased, much like Lena had done to her earlier in the week.

The brunette's grin spread as she pretended to ponder her answer to the question.

"Hey!" Kara exclaimed, her lower lip jutting out and forming a small pout.

Lena chuckled and leaned in, before careful not to disturb either of their trays as she pressed a kiss to Kara's pouting lip. "I like you a whole damn lot, Kara Danvers," she whispered with their faces a mere inch apart. Lena's breath was warm against Kara's lips. If it wasn't for the breakfast surrounding them, Kara would have been tempted to pull her in close and continue kissing her.

Lena sat back down and the two girls proceeded to work on their waffles, chatting in between bites and intermittently expressing how delicious they thought the food was.

Although the conversation came easily to the two of them, a nagging sense of guilt plagued Kara as they spoke. Keeping her secret from Lena was already proving to be a very difficult feat, despite the reasoning behind her actions. It felt wrong hiding such a monumental fact from someone that had rapidly become an incredibly important part of Kara's inner circle. Lena was the person she had been spending the most time with as of late and yet she was the person who knew the least about Kara's true identity and history.

What made matters worse is that, more and more frequently instances were coming up where Kara found herself having to creatively bend the truth. Whether it was a white lie or not, it was still a form of dishonesty. Being open and honest with one another was an important tenet of a building a successful relationship and right now, it was the only thing Kara felt that they were lacking.

It was getting much harder to repress her guilt over hiding the truth from Lena. It was a large part of the reason why Kara hadn't pushed things further physically after their date at the music club. As much as she had found herself wanting to do more with Lena, it felt wrong to even attempt to sleep with her with such a ginormous secret existing between them. To Kara, sleeping with another person really meant something. She could count the number of people that she had gone all the way with on one hand. However, she hadn't been Supergirl back when she had those relationships. Sure, she hadn't ever told anyone she had dated about her Kryptonian heritage, but that had been because she had made a conscious choice not to embrace that part of herself. Things were different now, though. Not only that but Lena was different. In the short time they spent thus far exploring their connection, Kara already felt so much more than she had in all of her other relationships combined. It was equally exhilarating and terrifying, especially with the secret she was harboring.

As she sat there Kara began to seriously question whether she was making the right decision when it
came to keeping her identity from Lena. After all, wasn't she already putting her in danger by even associating with her at all? Even if Lena didn't know she was Supergirl, it was clear that someone else did. Someone dangerous.

Perhaps telling Lena her secret could be a good thing. Also, it would give Lena the opportunity to change her mind early on into their blossoming relationship, as opposed to later on once they were even more attached to one another. Maybe Lena wouldn't want to date Supergirl. Maybe she wouldn't want to take on that risk or deal with the stressors that came along with caring about somebody who was constantly charging headfirst into danger. Regardless, the more Kara thought about it, the more she came to realize that it really wasn't her decision to make. It was Lena's.

Before she did anything rash, though, Kara wanted to talk it out with the one person in her life that had always been there to provide her with an attentive ear and loving advice. Even though she was sure it wasn't going to be the easiest conversation given Alex's views on Kara sharing her identity with anyone, let alone a Luthor, it was time to reach out to her sister.
Kara wasn't typically nervous walking through a place as familiar as the DEO, but today she was. Concentrating on the soft tapping her red boots made as she walked down into the main well of the office, she tried to keep herself from obsessing over the task at hand. Kara tried to remind herself that speaking to Alex shouldn't be so daunting. After all, it was something she had done for the majority of her life as a whole and the entirety of her life on Earth.

Making her way down to the control room, Kara glanced around, curious if Alex was within range. In the far corner she spotted J'onn J'onzz chatting with a DEO agent whose face Kara couldn't see but who couldn't be Alex due to being too short and stout. Scanning the room, she spotted a handful of various agents and only one other that she knew on both a personal and professional level: Winn Schott.

Smiling, she found herself relieved that she wasn't going to have to immediately try and talk to her sister. Instead, Kara made her way over to her friend, welcoming the temporary reprieve from her worries.

"What's up?" Kara asked cheerfully, catching a glimpse of what the computer technician had been working on right before he scrambled to minimize his browser.

Pretending as if he hadn't just been caught in the act of frittering away company time, Winn calmly and coolly spun his chair around to face Kara. His hands formed finger guns, which he pointed up towards the sky as he grinned and leaned back. "The ceiling."

Kara's eyes narrowed. "Winn…" Kara's hands balled up into fists before resting against her hips. "How many times do I have to tell you that joke is horrible?"

"And how many times do I have to tell you that the joke is glorious?"

Kara's eyes rolled in a dramatic arc, but there was a small trace of a smile on her lips. Winn's goofy personality was one of the things she always liked most about him, bad jokes and all.

"I'm going to stop asking you that question…" she remarked, her stance relaxing. "Instead I'll stick to… how's it going?"

Winn's face dropped and he looked crestfallen. A hand moved right to his heart, clutching his shirt there. "You'd do that to me?"

Kara nodded. "Absolutely."

"Ouch, Danvers, I thought we were better friends than that." Winn's hand dropped from his chest and his wounded façade faded away as quickly as it had appeared. "So, what brings you by? Other than truth, justice, and the American way, I mean. You look like you have something brewing in that mind of yours."

Winn knew her too well.

Kara's shoulders shrugged and she moved, resting against his desk. "You got me. I'm here not only for work, but I need to talk to Alex… Which I know I could do later when we're all technically off the clock, but I don't think I could wait that long now that the idea is in my head. Plus, it has to do with me as Supergirl, which kinda makes it official business…" Kara trailed off, realizing that her nerves were manifesting themselves as rambling.
"Could this have to do with a certain CEO?" Winn asked, a brow lifting as he regarded Kara.

Another point for Winn Schott.

Kara's lips pursed as she considered answering his question. She wasn't always the best at lying and didn't feel up to even attempting it, but also didn't want to fully get into things with Winn before she had tested the waters with Alex.

"Yes," she said finally, deciding on truthfulness. "It has to do with Lena."

"You're thinking about telling her you're Supergirl, aren't you?"

Winn had now successfully scored another point in this conversation, completing a perfect hat trick.

"I… am…" Kara said tentatively, tensing up without even realizing it as she waited for her friend's response. She was already bracing herself for a barrage of reasons as to why this was a horrible idea.

Winn's shoulders shrugged. "I think it's a good idea," he said simply, reaching for a small ball he had situated by his keyboard.

Kara's brow furrowed as surprise set in. She blinked a few times, unsure she had heard her friend right.

"You…do? You think it's a good idea?" she asked, incredulous.

"I do!" Winn assured, his eyes remaining on Kara's as he rolled the small ball in between his palms. His shoulders shrugged again. "I mean, let's recap a little since you don't seem to believe me here… Stop me at any point if I'm wrong. So, you are Lena are living together. You've been on a handful of dates. One of those dates was at the aquarium and when you told me about it, you smiled so much I was a little concerned your face would crack in half…" Kara snorted at Winn's description, not necessarily agreeing that she had been that obvious about her feelings, but he continued on regardless. "The fact that you're dating means that you're getting closer. The fact that you're living together probably makes this a hard secret to keep in the first place. Also… you're Kara Danvers and, knowing you, you're probably starting to feel a little scummy about keeping this from Lena even though you know your heart's in the right place. Does that about sum it up?"

Kara tried to keep a straight face as she reflected on how Winn had managed to hit the nail on the head. A sigh escaped her as her lips settled into a small smile. "If I still kept a diary, I would ask you if you were reading it."

Winn chuckled, his hands stilling. The fingers of one hand curled around the ball he had been toying around with and lowered it so that it was resting against his leg. "Kara, after deciding to be Supergirl, one of the very first things you did was have me meet you on the roof so that you could tell me all about it. You don't like keeping secrets from the people you love and that's perfectly fine. Secrets… well, they make the world a lonelier place."

Kara couldn't help herself. Pushing herself off the desk, she leaned down and wrapped her arms around Winn, giving him a hug "Thank you," she whispered, so grateful for the support he had provided her with. Suddenly, Kara wasn't as nervous about discussing everything with Alex.

"Alex!" Winn called out over her shoulder, startling Kara. Standing up straight, she looked over in the direction her sister was coming from.

"What's up guys?" Alex called out as she approached.
Winn's free hand formed a finger gun and began to point up towards the ceiling. His mouth opened and Kara just knew what was going to come out of it. Using her boot, she made sure to very gently kick his shin and lowered her voice to a murmur only Winn would hear. "Use the joke and I'm telling her you were playing The Sims all morning."

Winn's hand dropped to his lap. "You win this one, Danvers…” he whispered back before brightly saying, "Not much! How did the mission go?"

Kara looked over to her sister in surprise. "You were on a mission? I didn't hear anything about it."

Alex's waved her hand. "It was a civilian mission. Maggie asked me for help with something minor, but it really wasn't big enough to call in the troops." Alex stopped at the other side of Winn as he spun his chair so that he could see both sisters.

Just as Kara went to speak, she caught a glimpse of something smudged against Alex's jaw. Pointing to the same spot on herself, she said, "You sure it wasn't anything intense? You got a little something right here."

Alex's cheeks flushed slightly. The fingers of her one hand clamped down, pulling the sleeve of her shirt up her palm before lifting her arm and rubbing at the residue on her skin. "Yeah, I'm fine. That's not… Well, it's not mission related," she explained, her voice rueful.

"Ohhhhh," Kara said with a grin as realization dawned on her.

"You know, speaking of that…" Winn started off, earning himself a look from Kara. "I think Kara has something she wants to talk to you about. The conference room should be free."

Kara wanted to be mad at Winn for transitioning over the conversation like that without her permission, but she wasn't. She knew he was only trying to make sure she didn't chicken out. Also, it meant that the two girls would be able to try and get their conversation in before anything happened at the DEO that required their immediate attention.

"Is he right?" Alex asked, her thin brows lifting. "Do you have something to talk to me about?"

Kara nodded. "I do, if you don't mind."

"Of course not." Alex nodded once in the direction of the conference room. "Let's go, sis."

Kara made her way around Winn's chair, catching him pulling back up The Sims in her peripheral vision as she rounded his desk. Giving him a look, she found that he had his attention on her. "Good luck," Winn mouthed, providing her with a thumbs up as she headed off with her sister.

Alex held the conference room door open for her and they both headed inside. Not wanting to awkwardly stand around for the entirety of the conversation, Kara took a seat at the head of the table. Alex did the same, sitting directly to her left.

"So…don't leave me in suspense, Kara. What did you want to talk about?"

Kara took a deep breath. So she wouldn't be tempted to fidget with anything, she instead laced her fingers together. Here went nothing.

"You know that Lena and I are dating, right?"

Alex nodded slowly. "Yes…"
"And you know that we're living together, right?" Kara added this question with Winn's points still fresh in her mind. The way that he had broken the situation down had made a lot of sense and Kara wanted to try and replicate that.

Another slow nod. "Yes..."

"Well... I... You see... I..." Kara trailed off and closed her eyes, drawing in a deep breath and attempting to muster up whatever confidence she could. As intimidating as Alex could be sometimes, she was still her sister and her opinion was still important to Kara.

"I really like her, Alex, which... I know you know. We keep getting closer, which has been... wonderful. And... well, it's getting increasingly difficult to keep things from her since we live together and all. To be honest, I don't even want to be keeping secrets from her regardless of that, so... I want... I want to tell her about me. Well, about... Supergirl."

Alex had remained quiet the entire time and continued to do so. Although her face didn't give anything away, Kara could tell that she was carefully considering her reaction. It was tempting to continue on, but Kara knew that she had to give Alex the opportunity to respond before piling on any more facts. The wait was excruciating, though.

"Kara," Alex finally said after what felt like forever. "I don't know what to say because... I know it's your right to tell who you want to tell about your secret, but at the same time it impacts all of us. I don't know if I trust her."

"Why?" Kara asked pointedly, genuinely wanting to know. "Why don't you trust her? Because she's a Luthor?"

Alex sighed, leaning back into her chair. Her arms crossed against her chest. "Kara, I would be lying if I said that it isn't a deciding factor for me. Between Lex, Lionel, and now Lillian... Luthors have not been good news."

"That isn't fair," Kara insisted, her head shaking. "You can't judge a person based off of the sins of their family. Look at me. Look at what the people in my family have done. It could be argued that my parents are directly responsible for the end of Krypton. Does that mean I shouldn't be trusted?"

"No, of course not," Alex said, uncrossing her arms and leaning forward. Her hands reached for Kara's and untwined them so that she could hold them. "Lex almost destroyed Clark. You know that. I would hate to see Lena almost destroy you, too."

"She's not like that," Kara said, her voice a plea for Alex to listen and pay attention to what she was saying. "I know it in my heart, Alex. Lena would never betray me."

Alex's brow furrowed. Her tongue pressed against her teeth causing a small "tsk" sound. She looked at Kara with what appeared to be sympathy on her face. "Honey..." Alex started off, her gaze locking onto her sister's eyes after briefly dropping to the table. "Your big heart is part of why you are so dang loveable but it also blinds you to some harmful truths sometimes. I'm worried this is one of those times."

"Alex..." Kara said, her voice a whisper. "Please trust me on this. You can't possibly expect me to spend all of this time getting to know her and care about her, only to never tell her who I really am. Besides, nearly everybody else in my life knows. You know, James knows, Winn knows... heck, even Maggie knows. When you were keeping me a secret from Maggie, didn't it feel wrong?"

Alex's lips pursed and Kara knew her point had landed with her sister. Instead of making her actually
"I want to let Lena in. I just know she will keep my secret as if it's her own. She's done nothing but help both me and Supergirl. There's no reason that would stop once she knows that we're one and the same person."

Alex sighed, her hands squeezing at her sister's gently. Her expression softened and Kara felt a pang of hope.

"Trust issues aside, are you sure you're willing to put this on her? Kara... I know I am speaking for everybody when I say that getting to know you has brought me so much joy in life, but it also has its consequences. Knowing Supergirl isn't the safest thing in the world."

"Yes, but..." Kara trailed off, her head tilting as she continued to look at her sister. "Isn't she unsafe either way? Even without knowing I'm Supergirl, being around me is dangerous. Shouldn't she get to know the full story? Shouldn't she be made aware of what exactly she's getting into? Dating a Kryptonian superhero can't be everyone's cup of tea."

Alex shook her head. "Probably not. Not everybody is Lois Lane."

"Exactly," Kara said in agreement even though the thought of Lena walking away from her filled her with sadness. But it really was Lena's choice to make and Kara knew that she'd have to respect whatever that choice was.

Alex sighed again, this time heavier than before. There was this look on her face that Kara immediately recognized. It was one she had seen so many times before. It was the same expression that had been on Alex's face when Kara was 13 and begged her sister for another one of the delicious discs that she had learned humans called cookies, even though their parents had made them promise they wouldn't have more than one after dinner. It was also the same expression that had been on Alex's face whenever Kara had managed to talk her into a late night flight, back when they were both much younger and flying was incredibly off-limits. That look meant that Alex Danvers had broken and was giving in.

"Kara... I can't believe I'm saying this, but..." Alex trailed off. It appeared as if she were wrestling with her own words. "If you feel that telling Lena is what you need to do, then you have my full support."

"I do?!" Kara asked, excitement latching itself to her tone as she perked up.

"You...do, but don't get too excited yet," Alex warned.

Kara deflated slightly. Of course it wouldn't be that easy. Nothing ever was, especially when it came to debating with Alex.

"You have my support but there's a caveat. If you're going to be telling Lena, then... I want to get to know her better."

"So...you mean I have to wait? Because I don't know how much longer-"

Alex released one of Kara's hands so that she could hold her hand up, cutting the Kryptonian off.

"I'm not saying you have to wait because I know you and waiting is not your strong suit when something is eating away at you. Clearly, for you to come to me with this, it's already really been bothering you."
Kara nodded in agreement. Alex wasn't off base at all.

"You can go ahead and tell her whenever you feel is right, but I want us to all hang out at some point in the very near future. Maybe… maybe we could even go on a double date or something."

Kara's nose scrunched up at the thought.

"Well, thanks sis," Alex said with a chuckle, catching her sister's reaction.

"No, no!" Kara said, her head shaking. "I'm not opposed to the idea of a double date with you. I'm just… Well… I'm not sure Maggie is Lena's biggest fan and I'm not entirely sure I want to expose her to the both of you at the same time."

Alex laughed, considering what Kara said. "That's fair. Maggie and I haven't really discussed Lena in depth or anything, but your instincts may be right. We'll play it by ear, then."

"Okay, that's fine with me," Kara said eagerly, relieved that she had Alex's stamp of approval. In her eyes, this condition wasn't even a bad thing. After all, it would be great if Lena and Alex got to know one each other. It would be even better if they grew to like one another. The ultimate plan, if things continued to progress nicely, was to integrate Lena in all aspects of her life which absolutely included her friends and family. This would just be the first step towards that.

"Okay, then. It's settled. And Kara?"

"Yes, Alex?"

Alex's free hand moved back to Kara's so that she was grasping both of them. "If Lena ever does anything to hurt you, there's no telling what I will do to her."

"I wouldn't expect anything less from my protective older sister," Kara said, a small smile on her face. "But I truly don't think it'll come to that. I think Lena will surprise you. In a good way."

"We'll see, won't we?" Alex allowed for one more sigh before releasing her sister's hands. "I guess we should get out of here and get some work done, hmm? Especially since I'm sure you'll be eager to get out of here later…"

Kara smiled, tucking a strand of hair behind her ear. Now that she had Alex's support, she did plan on telling Lena about her true identity as soon as possible. It was the only thing that felt right.

"Am I that obvious?" Kara asked as both girls stood.

"You're an open book, Kara, but that's part of your charm," Alex teased, making her way towards the door before stopping suddenly and turning towards her sister. To Kara's surprise, Alex stepped forward and pulled the Kryptonian into a hug. "I know I come off too strong sometimes, but it's only because I love you, sis."

Kara smiled and hugged her sister back, feeling so grateful for Alex in that moment.

"I love you, too."

~ooooooo~

As Kara stepped out of the elevator, she felt floaty. Not because she had any drinks tailored towards aliens, but because there was this weight that had been lifted from her shoulders. Tonight was the night she was going to tell Lena about her secret and everything would be out on the table.
Practically skipping over to the front door, she luckily spotted a package right by the threshold before she managed to trip over it. Bending down, she picked up the somewhat large box and scanned its surface for the address label before realizing that it had been sent to Lena. It was about the size of a large clothing box but had more heft than Kara was anticipating when she had grabbed it. Knowing Lena, it was probably something glamorous and exported. The girl definitely had a soft spot for a great online sale.

With some careful maneuvering, Kara was able to both juggle the package and unlock the front door, heading inside. She used her foot to close the door behind her and made a mental note to return to lock up.

"Lena! Are you home?" Kara called out, walking down towards the kitchen and setting the box on the counter.

"Lena?" she called out once more before becoming confident that she was alone. Heading back to the front door, Kara locked it before going to the bedroom to get changed.

Walking inside the room her and Lena had been sharing, Kara used her one foot to nudge off the heel of her shoe before repeating the action on the other foot.

Instead of immediately getting changed as she had first planned, Kara moved to the head of the bed and turned around, falling backwards onto the mattress, her eyes closing as she fell.

Resting her hands at her stomach, her fingers laced together and she breathed in and out deeply. A smile settled onto her lips after the breath. Although it was somewhat nerve-wracking to mentally prepare for revealing herself to Lena, it also felt as if it was way past due. It was time to take this next step towards emotional intimacy. It would either go really well and Kara would feel a million times better afterwards or the opposite would happen and she would know that they weren't meant to be. Kara didn't know why but she didn't fear the second option as much as she thought she would. As she laid there on the bed they shared, Kara felt this weird sense of calm come over her. There was not a single shred of doubt in her mind that this was the right thing to do.

Kara's ears picked up the noises of a soft scuffling, much like feet making their way towards the bedroom. The smile on her lips spread.

"Lena?" Kara called out again, her eyes remaining closed as she did so. The sounds of movement got slightly louder, indicating that the other woman was moving in closer to her. Kara's stomach did excited flip-flops over the prospect of Lena being home.

Except it wasn't Lena.

Kara called for the Luthor one more time before opening up her eyes. A garbled scream made its way out of the Kryptonian's throat just as suffocating vines violently latched onto her body. Kara tried to struggle against them, but they were much too strong, much too fast. The more she fought, the more of a hold the vines got on her. The only thing she managed to do was roll herself to the ground right as the vicious plant affixed itself to her chest, rapidly wiping away any traces of consciousness.

Unable to resist any longer, Kara Danvers fell into a deep sleep, once again falling victim to a Black Mercy.
Chapter 16

Kara's eyes opened slowly, closing back up as soon as sunlight hit them. A hand lifted, resting against her throat which was scratchy. It felt as if she hadn't had a drop to drink in weeks.

A soft groan escaped her as Kara tried to open back up her eyes again, this time persisting through the strain the light put on them. Blinking a few times, she let her pupils get adjusted before pressing herself up in bed.

Something felt wrong. Very wrong. Except…nothing appeared to be off. Looking around, she was on the same bed as she remembered sleeping in plenty of times before. The comforter wasn't unfamiliar, either. Neither was most of the furniture that was set up around the room. The only thing that bothered Kara after her survey was that the room felt larger than she remembered it to be. It was as if there was suddenly more space and there were a handful of items that she had never seen before.

Pulling the blanket from her, the Kryptonian shifted herself to the side of the bed, swinging her legs over. Waiting at the ground by her feet were her slippers, which Kara had worn in over time. Slipping into them, she stood up, only to find that she needed to sit back down for a moment. Standing up had made her head spin which was an incredibly unfamiliar and uncomfortable sensation for her. Closing her eyes, she took a deep breath and tried to get her bearings.

"I need to find Lena," Kara whispered to herself, forcing herself to open her eyes back up and attempting to stand again. Everything still felt unsteady to her, but she took a cautious step forward and was pleased to find that nothing bad happened when she did. Managing to keep herself upright, Kara headed out of the bedroom.

The hallway that she stepped into felt different to her for some reason. It appeared as if there were more doors lining its sides and also it looked longer than she was used to. A crease settled into the center of her brow as Kara made her way down it anyway, keeping a hand to the wall as she did so. At the end of it was a staircase, which was a surprising development for the blonde.

"What on Earth?" Kara murmured, finding that she had no choice but to head down it. There was an odd duality to her feelings at the moment. Part of Kara felt unsettled, but the rest of her felt incredibly calm. She couldn't seem to pinpoint whether she had any reason to be alarmed or not.

Carefully making her way down the long, winding staircase, Kara stepped out into a foyer that was completely unfamiliar to her.

"Lena?" Kara called out as panic began to set in. Where was she? What was going on? This wasn't Lena's apartment and yet, it looked and felt so much like something the Luthor would have put together.

"In the kitchen," a wonderfully familiar voice called back.

"Oh thank Rao," Kara whispered, her feet quickly carrying her in the direction the voice had come from considering she wasn't entirely sure where this so-called kitchen was.

Moving through the threshold, Kara breathed a sigh of relief as soon as her eyes settled onto Lena. The brunette was seated at a stool by the kitchen island, sipping at a mug of what smelled like coffee. As soon as Lena spotted Kara, though, she set her drink down and stood up.

"Oh, babe, I expected you to sleep much longer," Lena cooed, stepping in towards Kara.
The confused Kryptonian didn’t hesitate to step forward, wrapping her arms around the most familiar thing to her in that entire room.

"What's going on?" Kara whispered, her eyes closing as she buried her head in the crook of Lena's neck.

Lena's hand traveled up and down her back soothingly. "J'onn said you were probably going to be disoriented for a while, but it should go away in time."

"J'onn?" Kara asked, moving out of Lena's hold just enough to look into her eyes. "You know who he is?"

Concern found Lena's features as she nodded in response. "Of course. We've known each other for years now, babe, you know that."

'Babe.' There the word was again. Lena was using it so freely, not that Kara minded. It was just different.

"I don’t… I don't remember that," Kara admitted, her brow scrunching up as she strained to recall what Lena was speaking of. If Lena knew who J'onn was, then she had to know all about the DEO. After all, she hadn't referred to him as Hank Henshaw, which is the name most people knew him by.

"It should all come back to you eventually, but you have to give it time. I don't even know if you should be up and about right now. Come sit." Lena grasped her hand, pulling her to the stools. When she gestured for her to take a seat, Kara did as Lena wished, grateful for the sudden stability the stool provided her.

"If you know about J'onn, then... do you know about me too?" Kara asked suddenly, realizing that the two facts went hand in hand.

Lena frowned. "That you're Supergirl?" she asked, her concern showing in her tone now. "Of course I do, babe. You told me ages ago."

"I…did?" Kara asked haltingly, not able to recall that exact memory. She remembered making the decision to tell Lena, but not the actual follow through. Suddenly, Kara felt as if a headache was coming on. Lifting a hand, she pressed two fingers to her temples.

"Oh, honey, are you getting another headache? Hold on, let me get you something for that... J'onn and Alex promised it would work, even on you." Lena stood and headed over to her purse, which was resting on the countertop. Kara's fingers continued to massage at the side of her head until a glint of metal was spotted on her hand.

Kara immediately lowered her hand, taking stock of the piece of jewelry that was resting snugly on her left ring finger. A small gasp left her lips as she looked over to Lena only to find what appeared to be a wedding band on her hand as well.

"We're married?!" Kara whispered to herself incredulously. As happy as that realization made her, it also caused a wave of guilt to crash over her. How could she have forgotten what had to have been the happiest day of her life? How could she possibly not remember that she was Lena Luthor's wife?

Kara tried desperately to access those memories, but every time she tried she was met with a wall that she couldn't seem to climb over. A groan of frustration escaped her as everything in her mind started to get cloudy and fuzzy again. The harder she tried to remember, the more her head ached.
“Shhh, it’s okay,” Lena soothed, rounding the island with two small pills in one hand and a glass of water in the other. As soon as Lena handed the items over, Kara took the medication wanting nothing more than to feel better. Everything felt so wrong. Except Lena. Lena could never feel wrong.

Kara set the glass of water down and made the decision to keep some of her confusion to herself. There had been a look of pain in Lena’s eyes when Kara had asked if she knew the truth about her alter ego and Kara absolutely hated being the one to put it there. It seemed as if her memories would return eventually and for now, Kara was simply going to do her best to play along. There was no need to worry her wife any more than she already was.

“I could kill Lex…” Lena murmured angrily, taking the seat across from Kara again. “Leave it to him to send somebody to wreak havoc on my life, even from jail. Trying to kill me all those years back wasn’t enough. Oh, no. He finds out I married you and has a conniption. Ironic how he has such an issue with aliens and yet has no problem employing one when it’s convenient to him.”

Kara listened intently, trying to pick up on context clues. From what she could gather, Lex Luthor was behind whatever attack had left these holes in her memory. It also sounded as if he had used an otherworldly creature to carry out his plan, which explained why Kara was still suffering from some side effects. Of course an alien was behind this amnesia. What else could cause a Kryptonian to suffer from such a thing? It made perfect sense.

Lena sighed, reaching out and cupping Kara’s face in her hands. "I'm sorry, I'm sure you don't want to talk about my treacherous brother. I'm just… Not as good at hiding my anger as you are. I'm so mad he had the nerve to come after the love of my life."

Kara felt herself melting on the inside at Lena’s description of her. As bad as her head felt, her heart suddenly felt a million times better. When Lena leaned in and kissed her, Kara happily returned the kiss and was pleased to find that it felt exactly as she remembered. Apparently nothing could wipe away that memory.

Lena settled back onto her stool, her hands dropping from Kara’s face. "As much as I want to keep kissing you, Alura should be up any moment and I know she’s been dying to see you."

Kara found herself once again confused, but didn’t ask any questions. Alura was her mother's name and, from what she could remember, her mother had died many years ago when Krypton exploded. What if that memory was a false one, though? After all, Lena had said the name clearly and Kara was certain she hadn’t heard her wrong.

"Are you hungry?" Lena asked, her voice hopeful. "I know your appetite probably isn't what it normally is, but I had Cora make us breakfast…"

Lena seemed nervous that Kara wouldn't want to eat, so the blonde immediately jumped in to ease those fears.

"I could definitely go for some breakfast," Kara assured, providing Lena with a small smile. "Attack or not, breakfast is still the most important meal of the day."

"Good," Lena said, her lips settling into a grin. It was the first one Kara had managed to get out of her that day and she hoped the trend would continue. "I had her whip some bacon and waffles."

"My favorite," Kara said just as the tiny pitter patter of feet could be heard in the distance.

"Alura, darling, come here," Lena encouraged, slipping down from her stool and bending at the
knees as she extended her arms. A tiny little girl with short brown ringlets ran into the embrace, accepting it happily. Kara couldn't see the girl's face at first, but she spotted that her fingers were curled around the foot of a small stuffed animal. Kara's head tilted so that she could get a better look and quickly realized that it was an otter.

Kara stared at the pair of them as they hugged, searching the confines of her mind, looking for information about who the little girl could possibly be. Alura wasn't a name she had heard used on Earth before, which left Kara wondering if the two of them were both tied to Krypton. Except that was impossible, wasn't it? Wasn't she the last daughter of Krypton? Had there been another pod sent out that day that Kara wasn't aware of?

Lena stood up with the girl still in her arms. "Okay, pumpkin, don't you have someone else to say good morning to?"

Alura shifted in Lena's arms, looking over to Kara with a big smile on her tiny face. Kara could feel her breath catch in her throat as she took in the girl's all too familiar porcelain features. It was clear as day that this girl hadn't come from Krypton, but had come from Lena Luthor. The eyes were a dead giveaway. This had to be Lena's daughter.

"Mommy, I'm so glad you're home again," the little girl said, her voice infused with joy as she regarded her mother.

'Oh Rao… This is our daughter,' Kara thought to herself, praying that her face didn't give away the fact this was the first time she could remember ever meeting the girl.

Before Kara could fully process this new information, Alura squirmed more in Lena's arms and reached out for her while being very careful not to drop her otter.

Not knowing what else to do, Kara took the girl into her arms, pulling her into her lap. As soon as Alura was situated, the Kryptonian felt this odd sense of calm wash over her. The longer she sat there with Lena and now with their daughter, the better she felt. Perhaps this was what healing felt like.

Alura held up her stuffed animal for both of her mothers to see. "Otter and I were promised some waffles if we got out of bed, so I was wondering if that was true." The mini Luthor looked from Kara to Lena, giving her best serious glance.

"Its name is Otter?" Kara mouthed to Lena over the little girl's head. Lena nodded, clearly trying to fight back a small smile at Kara's amusement. "I like it," Kara added silently before reaching for the otter's tiny paw.

"Well, I have good news for you and Otter," Kara started off, getting Alura's attention. Light eyes that matched Lena's stared up at her, full of excitement. "Your mom just finished telling me that there are waffles and bacon waiting for us… I'm assuming out in the dining room?" Kara looked over at Lena for confirmation and was greeted with a nod.

"Yes!" the little girl exclaimed. The hand that wasn't holding onto her otter did a small fist pump, making both women laugh.

"She has your appreciation for food, that's for sure," Lena remarked, still laughing. "Lately, hamburgers have been her most recent obsession. She requests them all the time."

Kara continued to laugh, her heart felt full as she held her daughter in her arms and sat across from her wife. Even though she didn't have the memories to go along with her life right now, everything
felt perfect and that was enough for Kara. The rest would come in time, she was sure.

~oooooooo~

"Everyone should be over in a few minutes, so Cora is going to take Alura out to the mall once she gets her chance to say hello to everyone," Lena explained as Kara sat on the edge of the bed and watched her put in pearl earrings that matched the necklace currently situated around her neck. Kara loved watching Lena doing anything, even what other people would consider to be mundane. She moved with such grace that Kara always found that she couldn't take her eyes off of her. "I was going to have Cora and Charles take her out earlier, but of course the little ham wants to say hello to everyone, which I wasn't going to deprive her of. I still feel somewhat guilty not having her here for our first family dinner since your recovery, but... I know everyone is dying to get to see how you're doing and I didn't want to everyone to feel as if they had to walk on eggshells while talking to you with Alura around. We, of course, didn't tell her everything when you were sick to protect her."

Kara nodded. Lena's explanation made sense. A lot of Kara's other life consisted of things she wouldn't feel comfortable having a child know about, much less her own daughter.

"I think she'll be okay, though. I called a bunch of mothers from her school, so she'll have some of her friends meet her there."

It wasn't like Lena to ramble on nervously. That was way more of Kara's thing. It was a sure sign that the woman was feeling guilty, which Kara wanted to assuage.

Pushing herself up and off the bed, she moved over to Lena and wrapped her arms around her waist. Kara's chin rested on Lena's shoulder so that both women were looking into the vanity mirror the brunette had been using to get ready.

"Baby, it's okay," Kara assured, trying the pet name out. After all, they were married. It felt good to use a term of endearment with Lena. "I'm sure Alura is going to have a great time tonight. Plus, when she gets back we could always read her a story."

Lena sighed, her lips relaxing into a smile. "You're always the voice of reason in this household."

Kara snorted softly. "Hey now. I may not have all my memories, but I know enough to know there's no way that is the case." Kara's head tilted, her lips pressing a kiss to Lena's neck. "You can't fool me, Mrs. Luthor."

"Now, now... None of that." Lena laughed, resting her hands on Kara's arms. "I won't have you calling me by anything but my new, wonderful, married name. You know it's Mrs. Danvers now."

Kara's first instinct was to be surprised over the moniker. When she first realized that they had married, Kara had assumed that Lena had either kept the name Luthor due to its prestige or had compromised and hyphenated their two names. Except, when she thought about it more, it wasn't nearly as surprising. Being a Luthor wasn't anything that Lena had ever seemed to be proud of. In fact, it always felt like it was an identity that she tried to run away from.

"My apologies, Mrs. Danvers," Kara murmured against Lena's skin before pressing another kiss there.

Lena's eyes closed, a smile still lingering on her lips. "I missed this, babe. I missed you. So much." Her eyes opened back up and found Kara's in the reflection of the mirror. "The time you were in a coma was, hands down, the worst time of my life."

"Hey..." Kara whispered, loosening her hold just enough so that she could turn Lena around. "I'm
so sorry you had to go through that, but I'm here now. I promise to be more careful in the future. I never meant to leave you guys, even momentarily."

"I know," Lena assured, reaching up and tucking a loose curl behind Kara's ear before playing with Kara's glasses. "I like that you still wear these around me even though you don't need to."

Kara smiled. "Old habits, I suppose," she said, shrugging a single shoulder. "Which... reminds me. Does... does Alura know about me?"

A hint of sadness found Lena's features but it disappeared as quickly as it came. So quick that Kara almost felt as if she was imagining it. "No, babe, not yet. We decided she was too young for such a secret only because you can't trust that a kid won't go around telling everyone. It's in their nature as children to want to share."

Kara nodded. "Does it... bother you that I don't remember everything?" she asked, not wanting to ignore the look of sadness she had spotted.

Lena's brow furrowed and her lips pursed. Kara could tell she was choosing her words carefully. "It does bother me, but not in the way that you might think. Kara, I'm not upset with you, you have to understand that. Not even a little bit. I'm... I'm just a little sad that Lex managed to put you through this. I feel somewhat responsible since he's my brother and all."

"You can't blame yourself, Lena," Kara assured. Lena's gaze dropped slightly but Kara waited until they made their way back to hers. "What Lex does is on him and only him. This is in no way your fault."

Lena remained silent, but her expression softened. "I love you, Kara."

Although these words had probably been uttered a dozen times before, to Kara they were brand new. All of a sudden she was filled with an amazing feeling of warmth and comfort. The more time that passed by, the better Kara felt about her current situation. Without overthinking things, Kara did what felt natural.

"I love you, too, Lena."

~ooooooo~

Kara and Lena waved, watching as their friends dispersed and made their way to their various cars. Dinner had been what Kara considered to be an incredible success. Nearly everybody in life that she held dear had managed to make it, which Kara greatly appreciated. The Kryptonian had been thrilled to find out that Alex and Maggie were engaged and that J'onn and M'gann had been reunited. In addition to the two pairings, Winn, James, and Miss Grant had been able to make it out. Kara did her best to hide her initial surprise over Cat being included in the gang, considering the lengths her and J'onn had gone to in the past to hide her identity as Supergirl. Kara didn't mind it, though. It had been so nice to have her there along with everyone else. Cat Grant always managed to add a little something to every event she attended.

"I had such an amazing night," Kara said to Lena, reaching out and looping her arm around the other woman's waist. "No, wait... A perfect night. I've had a perfect night."

Lena smiled, giving one final wave to Alex and Maggie as they drove off last. Once their car was out of sight, she turned to the blonde. "Me, too." Leaning in, she pressed a kiss to Kara's lips before the both of them headed inside.

"It was so great having everybody together," Kara remarked, her arm moving from Lena's waist as
she opted to take her hand instead while they headed down towards the living room to wait for Alura to get back home.

"I know everybody missed you like crazy," Lena told the blonde as they sat down on the couch. The former Luthor turned, angling her body towards Kara. "Nobody missed you as much as I did, though," she said, her voice lowering. Lena leaned in as she spoke, closing the gap between them. "That would just be impossible." As her sentence ended, her lips found Kara's, kissing her.

Kara's eyelids slid shut, giving into the kiss. After the day she had, it felt so nice to fret about absolutely nothing as she did one of the things that came most naturally to her – kissing Lena. It didn't take long for their lips to find a comfortable rhythm. Although she was still lacking the memories of their married life together, Kara hadn't at all forgotten what this felt like.

Parting her lips, the Kryptonian brushed her tongue against Lena's, seeking entry which was immediately granted. Their kiss deepened and everything heated up between them rapidly. Before Kara even realized they were moving, she was on her back against the couch cushions with Lena straddling her. Although she couldn't see it happening, she could feel the buttons of her blouse being undone one by one. Cool air hit her newly exposed skin as Lena pushed the flaps of her shirt open, resting her palms against her sides. Kara shuddered slightly underneath her touch. Any sort of skin on skin contact with Lena always left her wanting more.

Their tongues continued to tangle as Lena's hands roamed downwards and began to work at unfastening Kara's pants. The sound of her zipper being tugged down reached her ears, causing a flash of heat to flood her system. Within seconds, one of Lena's palms was reaching into Kara's newly opened pants, cupping the skin in between her legs and rubbing her fingers against the material of her panties. This was new.

Kara hummed softly into their kiss, feeling her body responding to Lena's touch. Her hips lifted right as the kiss came to an end.

Lena's breath was warm against her lips as she whispered, "I have been waiting to do this for weeks..."

Lena's hand slowly shifted, moving up towards the band of Kara's panties. Simultaneously, realization set in for the blonde.

'CRAP!' Kara thought, her eyes snapping open. 'Ohmygod, ohmygod, ohmygod,' was the only thought racing through her mind as Lena's fingers traveled upwards so that she could slip her hand inside of the band. Of course Lena was acting more brazenly than Kara was used to. After all, they were married and had to have been intimate with one another plenty of times before.

Except Kara couldn't remember it. As far as she was concerned, she had still never been with a woman before, nonetheless one as perfect as Lena freaking Luthor.

'What do I do?!' Kara thought to herself, completely panicking as she was running out of time to make a decision. Did she roll with it and hope Lena didn't pick up on her inexperience? Did she stop it and explain what was wrong? Kara was absolutely and completely torn. It didn't help that both her heart and her body were loudly advocating for the first option. It was only her brain that kept her from diving in headfirst.

"Lena..." Kara breathed out, still uncertain as to what she was going to do. It was so tempting to just give in.

All of a sudden the doorbell rang, giving Kara the reprieve she needed from making a decision.
“Damn it…” Lena groaned, her lips settling into what seemed to be a legitimate pout as she looked down at Kara. "You know, I love our daughter with all of my heart, but I swear that girl has the worst timing…”

Kara felt a sigh coming on as Lena did her pants back up, but she wasn’t sure if it was born out of relief or frustration. The excitement over what they had almost done was still coursing through her veins, leaving her feeling somewhat frazzled as she scrambled to button her blouse back up so that she would be presentable for Alura.

"We’re coming!” Kara called out towards the door as both girls pushed themselves off the couch, standing and fixing their hair as they made their way down the hall.

"Oh no, we’re not…” Lena grumbled to herself so softly that Kara probably wouldn’t have picked up on it if not for her advanced hearing.

Before they could reach the door, it pushed open. A tiny bundle of pure energy came sprinting into the house. Kara bent down when she realized what was happening and Alura ran straight into her arms. Scooping her daughter up, she spun them in a circle and Alura shrieked in delight. Lowering the girl to her chest, Kara gave her a warm hug before setting her down on the ground. Behind her, an apologetic Cora made her way into the house.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Danvers… I told her not to press the bell and that I would be right there, but... you know Alura," the older woman said with a chuckle.

Lena nodded as she bent down to give Alura a hug herself. "Our little one has a mind of her own, that's for sure," she said with a grin.

Cora nodded and bent down to help the girl out of her coat. "Well, I hope we didn't interrupt anything."

Lena glanced over at Kara with a trace of a smirk on her lips. "No, definitely not."

~ooooooo~

Lena had asked Kara if she wanted to help tuck Alura into bed and the Kryptonian didn't hesitate to jump at the offer. It had been jarring at first to learn that she had a daughter, but the more time she spent with her little family, the more right it felt. Kara's worries had been disappearing fairly quickly as the day went on, leaving her feeling much more content than she had that morning.

Alura and Lena were already settled on the little girl's bed, but they had left a space for Kara who was currently sifting through the various titles contained on the bookshelf.

"What would you like us to read to you?" she asked, glancing over. The first thing Alura had done when they had tucked her in was request a bedtime story, which had prompted Lena to lean over and whisper into Kara's ear how much they both had missed this at night.

"You pick, Mommy!" Alura eagerly encouraged, giving Kara a small thumbs up.

Kara chuckled, turning her attention back to the books.

"Okay, little one…” she said, her fingers latching onto the top corner of a book so that she could guide it from its spot. Once it was free, Kara grabbed it and headed over to the bed, sliding into the spot her loved ones had left open for her.

"Can I hold it and turn the pages?" Alura asked, prompting a nod from Kara.
"Of course!" the blonde said, passing the storybook over. While the little girl intently flipped to the first page, Kara looped her arm around Alura's shoulders. As soon as she did that, Lena grasped onto her hand, lacing their fingers together and pulling it up to her lips for a soft kiss. Kara looked over to her wife with a smile.

"Ready guys?"

Both girls nodded and Kara leaned in, her eyes settling onto the first words.

"If you give a mouse a cookie, he's going to ask for a glass of milk…"

Kara launched into the story with her family listening intently, reacting at all of the appropriate moments.

As Kara sat there surrounded by her wife and daughter, everything about her life felt perfect. It was easily the happiest she had ever been.
Chapter 17

Chapter Notes

A/N: Since Kara is a little indisposed at the moment, it's time for another POV switch! Back to Lena Luthor. Also, just wanted to thank everyone for reading and reviewing!

Lena was exhausted as she trudged towards her front door. Tired feet practically dragged across the floor. It was late. Dreadfully late. The merger with Candelario Inc. was proving to be quite aggravating. Not because of the CEO that she was currently exchanging emails and playing phone tag with all day. That woman was perfectly pleasant and surprisingly competent. It was all of the messy red tape and bylaws that had been giving Lena a headache.

After staring at reports for so long that all the numbers and words had begun to bleed together, Lena had decided to call it quits and go home. Earlier in the evening, after realizing that it was going to be a long night, Lena had shot a text over to Kara but never got one in return. Hours had passed since she had sent the text and it was surprising that Kara hadn't responded yet. The cheerful blonde was normally quick to fire back a reply, except for when she was off doing her part to save the world, which was understandable. Lena figured that engaging in fisticuffs and texting at the same time wasn't a highly recommended practice.

Except Lena's Supergirl app hadn't notified her of any recent appearances of her favorite superhero. It wasn't all that strange, though. Despite there being an entire city tracking the comings and goings of National City's golden girl, there had to be plenty of times that Kara had to take care of things under the radar.

Tired hands went to slip her key into the front door, only managing to miss the alignment of the lock at first. Sleepiness made Lena unnaturally clumsy. All she wanted was to get inside and see if Kara was there. Thoughts of cuddling up with her had been on Lena's mind all day long, making it even harder to focus on work.

Puffing out her cheeks in frustration, Lena attempted again, this time gaining entrance.

As soon as she took one step into her place, Lena knew something was amiss. She didn't know how to explain the change in atmosphere, but her gut was warning her that something was wrong. The hair at the nape of her neck stood on end and a chill rippled down her spine.

Reaching into her purse, Lena's fingers searched until they brushed along the butt of her gun. The temptation to pull it out was there, but Lena didn't want to go barreling down the hallway, guns ablazing, on the off chance she happened to be wrong and all that was waiting for her was an adorable blonde reporter. Kara would think she was some sort of madwoman if she came whipping down the hallway, gun in hand for no reason other than she felt that she needed it. Just the knowledge that it was there brought her at least a semblance of comfort.

Drawing in a deep breath through barely parted lips, Lena rolled her shoulders back, bracing herself for... Well, she didn't know what exactly. Trying to keep her footfalls soft in case she had an unwelcome visitor, Lena made her way down the main hall, heading towards the living room.

Kara's name was on the tip of her tongue, but she swallowed it back, not wanting to announce her
As she made her way through her loft, Lena couldn't seem to find anything that confirmed her suspicions. Nothing at all.

Until she reached the kitchen.

Perched on the counter was a large cardboard box that hadn't been there when she had left that morning. That wasn't what was odd about it, though. What caused goosebumps to prickle her flesh was the way the box was opened. The cardboard had been torn to near shreds in some parts and a large, unsightly gaping hole was at the top of it. There was no way this was Kara's doing.

Lena spotted the corner of an address label and took a few hesitant steps towards the box, her hand reaching back into her purse and curling around her gun. This time, she actually pulled it from her bag, brandishing it. If Kara happened upon her in this state, Lena would simply have to explain.

After using the nose of her gun to nudge a piece of cardboard over, light traveled across the mangled white label, but she was still able to make out the name of the addressee. A deep line of concern etched itself into the center of her brow once she realized that whatever had been contained in that box was meant for her. A sinking feeling in the pit of her stomach warned Lena that this was likely a follow up to the warning note she had received.

Turning around, Lena proceed to scope out the rest of her place. Not a single trace of tiredness remained as she crept down the hallway leading to her bedroom silently praying that she wouldn't come across anything she wasn't going to be able to handle herself.

In the distance, Lena could see that the door of her bedroom was cracked open and that the light was on. Again, she felt the temptation to call out for the woman that had occupied so many of her thoughts throughout the day, but she refrained. Lena hoped to hell that they had simply forgotten to turn the light off that morning and that Kara wasn't in there. She didn't know what exactly was going on, but she knew that something was wrong and she didn't want Kara being dragged into it regardless of the fact she was more capable of taking care of herself than most.

A hand reached out, pressing to the wall as she blindly searched for the light switch. Although the light could potentially give her away to anything that was waiting for her, Lena didn't want to risk accidentally shooting Kara if she did happen to be in the house, despite knowing that it wouldn't actually harm her. Shooting the girl you were currently courting had to be a practice that was frowned upon. Lena was never one to be twitchy around a gun, but this situation had her riled up enough that she wanted to take additional precautions. The unknown was killing her.

The tips of Lena's fingers grazed across a smooth metal plate and she knew she had found what she was looking for. With a flick she illuminated the hall only to find something that set her even more on edge.

In the distance, right across the threshold of her door was a large plant that she didn't recognize and had definitely never seen before. From her vantage point, Lena could tell that it was assembled of oversized green leaves. There was some sort of substance coating them that glistened under the overhead light. Taking a better look at the hallway now that it was lit, she realized that there was a whole trail of that substance creating a pathway that led straight to her bedroom. A feeling of dread began to overtake her as she took a few careful steps towards her room, entirely unsure of what she was going to find when she looked inside.

What Lena did see in her bedroom was sight that she wasn't ready for. As soon as her eyes settled onto Kara's body on the ground, a scream bubbled up from deep inside of her, getting caught in her present.
throat which now felt as if it were closing. The gun tumbled from her fingers, landing on the ground with a thud at almost the exact same time as Lena's knees. The strap of her purse slid down her shoulder, her bag landing right next to her and toppling over, spilling some of its contents. The large plantlike creature constraining Kara's chest was wiggling around precariously, warning that it was still alive and that it wasn't something to be messed with. Lena instinctively reached for Kara, but froze with her hands hovering mere inches from the thick vines that were tangled around her limp figure. They were shaking as she sat there, entirely unsure as to what she could do to help Kara.

"Think Lena, damn it, think..." she coaxed herself, speaking out loud in the vain hope that actually hearing the encouragement would assist in kicking her into gear. Warm tears burned the corners of her eyes, threatening to escape as she sat there feeling helpless. The idea to call somebody popped into her mind, but Lena had no idea who to actually call. 9-1-1 seemed wildly unequipped with dealing with something of this caliber and besides, Lena would never put Kara's secret at risk like that. Not unless it was her absolute last resort.

"Alex!" Lena exclaimed as the idea came to her. Alex Danvers was not only Kara's sister but was, from Lena could gather from their first ever interaction, well equipped in dealing with emergencies. Also, Alex knew of Kara's secret and would have hopefully have some idea of what to do.

Turning at the waist, desperate fingers reached for her fallen bag, pulling it towards her chest as her eyes scanned the items on the floor to ensure that her phone wasn't among them. Reaching into her bag, she searched around aimlessly, coming up with nothing. Lena could feel her patience evaporating as she continued to fail to locate her phone. Jerking her hand from the purse, she grasped onto both sides and turned it upside down, shaking everything out onto the floor. A flash of white thudded against the ground and Lena recognized her phone case immediately. Tossing her bag to the side, she snatched the phone from the ground and unlocked it, heading right for her list of contacts.

A groan of frustration ripped from Lena's mouth as soon as she realized her folly. Of course Alex Danvers wasn't listed in her contacts. After all, it's not as if they knew each other on a personal level.

"Damn it!" Lena yelled out through gritted teeth, tossing her phone away and lowering her head into her hands. Right before her forehead hit the palms of her hands, her eyes managed to spot Kara's phone peeking out from her pocket. That phone would definitely have Alex's information inside of it. There were two vines that were dangerously close to the desired object, but Lena didn't care. Without fear or hesitation, she reached forward and carefully plucked the device from the fallen Kryptonian's pocket before pulling it close to her chest. Scrambling backwards so that she could make the call safely out of the reach of whatever thing was currently wrapped around Kara, Lena whispered a declaration of her gratitude over knowing Kara's passcode as she punched it into the device.

Heading straight for the contacts list, she found Alex's name and tapped the small phone icon which she knew would initiate a call.

Lena held the phone up to her ear and drew in a shaky breath.

"Please pick up, please pick up, please pick up..." she mumbled as the phone seemed to ring once, twice, a dozen times.

Finally, after what felt to Lena like 100 rings, Alex picked up.

"What's up, sis?"
"Who is this?" the voice on the other end of the line demanded angrily. "What are you doing with my sister's phone?

"It's Lena Luthor," Lena said quickly. Worried eyes remained on Kara as she spoke. "Kara needs your help, something's wrong."

"What? What's wrong? What happened? Where are you?" Alex's questions came in rapid fire succession and Lena could tell that she was suddenly in motion, scrambling to leave wherever she was. Lena's ears picked up on the faint noise of another woman's voice inquiring what was going on.

"I don't know what happened..." Lena trailed off as images of the warning note popped into her mind. A sense of guilt loomed overhead like a massive black cloud. Was this her fault? Could she have prevented it by being open about the threat? These were questions she didn't have time to fret about currently. "We're both at my place right now. I came home and found her on the floor trapped by some sort of... God, this is going to sound nuts, but it looks like some sort of gigantic plant."

"Shit," Alex murmured on the other end, anger apparent in her tone. Lena could hear the slam of a door in the background. "I think I know exactly what that is," she explained. "Lena, listen, whatever you do I need you to promise me that you won't try to touch it or remove it from Kara. You could kill her if you do."

Tears that hadn't seemed to disappear stung more viciously at the corners of her eyes. A single one escaped, creating a salty streak down the skin of her cheek at even the thought of something being fatal to Kara. It was so easy to forget sometimes that she wasn't impervious to all threats and that she too could be killed. Just because it was a harder feat to accomplish didn't mean it was impossible.

"Lena!" Alex barked into the phone, snapping Lena out of the state of shock she had been falling into.

"I promise," Lena choked out, her free hand lifting to brush at the tear on her face. Now wasn't the time for tears. Besides, she was a Luthor and Luthors were taught to never, ever cry. Tears accomplished nothing.

"I need to hang up to call a medical evacuation team for Kara. Look, I understand if you want to leave, there's not much you can do for her any-"

"I'm not leaving Kara," Lena said abruptly, cutting Alex off.

There was a beat of silence on the other line followed by a curt sigh. "Fine. I'll be there as soon as possible. Remember, do not try to do anything."

Alex hung up the call before Lena could respond, which was just fine with the brunette who was still slightly offended at the implication that she would actually walk away and leave Kara alone in this state.

Setting her phone down on the ground, Lena cautiously scooted closer to Kara. While she had promised not to touch whatever it was that had the Kryptonian incapacitated, she hadn't said anything about not touching Kara. The palm of Lena's hand rested to the crown of Kara's head, brushing gently at the soft, silky hair there. Kara's eyes were closed and there was this peaceful expression on her face which had Lena hoping that she wasn't in any sort of pain. Seeing her in this condition made Lena's heart physically ache in her chest.

Alex couldn't get there soon enough.

~000000~
Lena heard Alex before she saw her. Approaching footsteps were getting louder with every passing second.

"Oh God, Kara."

Lena's hand pulled back from Kara's head as she reluctantly moved away, making room for Alex. After all, she was her sister and Lena wanted to be respectful of that.

Alex took Lena's place on the ground, simultaneously reaching for what appeared to be an oversized walkie talkie.

"I'm with the subject. What's your ETA?" Alex's voice was surprisingly steady considering the circumstances, but Lena could still hear the strain in it. It was subtle, but it was there.

"Three minutes."

"Make it two," Alex snapped into the device before hooking it back into her belt.

Considering that a hoard of people were going to be traipsing through her place any second, Lena pushed herself up into a standing position, not wanting to be in the way of whatever team was coming to assist Kara.

Alex's hand settled against the same spot Lena's had been mere seconds ago.

"I'm so sorry this has happened to you again," the Kryptonian's sister whispered. Her words surprised Lena. Again? This had already happened before? As disheartening as it was to hear that this wasn't the first time Kara had been attacked by such a dreadful looking creature, it was also encouraging because clearly she had managed to survive the first assault.

"Where are you going to be taking Kara?" Lena probed, her voice purposefully soft. It felt wrong to interrupt Alex's moment with her sister, but Lena needed to know the game plan before Kara was whisked away without another word.

"That's classified," Alex brusquely stated, pushing herself up into a standing position as well. The voice she used with Lena starkly contrasted the gentle tone she had used with Kara. Alex's body angled itself towards Lena and the two women found themselves standing toe to toe.

"You can't possibly think I'm staying here?" Lena asked, her question more rhetorical than anything.

"Like I said," Alex started off, her tone becoming icier with every word. "It's classified information that doesn't concern you."

"The hell it doesn't," Lena shot back, all traces of pleasantries absent from her voice. "Anything having to do with Kara concerns me."

Alex snorted. "I wouldn't go that far. Let it go, Lena. Kara's going to somewhere where she'll be taken care of and that's all you're getting out of me."

Lena's eyes flashed, narrowing. She could tell that she was staring daggers at Alex but she did nothing to curb it. The frustrated Luthor drew in a slow breath through her nose, reminding herself that Alex had to be just as upset as her, if not more, and that civility at a time like this shouldn't be expected.

"Is it classified because she's Supergirl?" Lena asked pointedly. A groomed brow lifted with her question.
Surprise skittered across Alex's expression before she could regain control of it.

"She told you already?" Alex asked, her brow scrunching up as she worked to process this new information. "She had literally just made the decision when I last saw her and if you truly found her like this when you got home, I don't understand how you could possibly know that."

Lena blinked, dumbfounded. Kara was going to tell her that she was Supergirl? Despite the harrowing nature of their current situation, that news made Lena's heart swell with joy. Lena understood the complexities of that decision and was more than a little pleased that Kara had ultimately chosen to reveal herself. It somehow made it even more special that the Kryptonian had considered this to be important enough to share with Alex.

"I… I already knew," Lena admitted, pulling herself out of her brief moment of reverie. Now was not the time to rejoice in anything. Not with Kara suffering at their feet.

"You… what?!" Alex sputtered out, clearly flabbergasted. "You knew?!!"

Lena nodded, still somewhat in a daze over this revelation.

"I've known for a while now," Lena offered up by way of an explanation. "I've been waiting for Kara to come clean for weeks now. I figured it was her decision what to tell me and when to do it, so I didn't want to force her hand."

Alex's arms folded against her chest, her eyes narrowing into slits as she appeared to be mulling this over. Lena waited patiently for her to say something. Time was ticking by so slowly. Why wasn't anybody else here by now?

"So, you knew… but you didn't tell anybody? Even Kara?"

Lena nodded again, still keeping quiet.

"I… Well… Ugh," Alex groaned, her words coming haltingly as she seemed to struggle to latch onto what she actually wanted to say. Lowering her arms, she relaxed her defensive stance. Her eyes closed and her lips pursed, humming in concentration.

"Please don't take her away from me," Lena whispered, allowing her defenses to crumble as well. Anger and a firm stance was getting her nowhere with Alex, so she figured it was time to try raw honesty. "I can't sit around here waiting to see how she is, it'll drive me mad. I know we don't know each other well at all, but I promise you that I care about your sister so much. More than I can possibly put into words."

Alex's eyes opened, finding Lena's. There was a softness in her gaze that hadn't existed before and that gave Lena hope. Her mouth opened up to say something, but as soon as she did so, the medical evacuation team arrived. Lena had been so consumed by their conversation that she hadn't heard them coming.

"Step aside, ma'am," a gruff voice instructed. Lena immediately did as he asked, making way as several trained professionals descended on Kara.

Alex had moved aside as well and was standing to her left. As they moved Kara over to some type of gurney, the Luthor looked over with pleading eyes. If they truly took Kara from her and left her behind, Lena wasn't sure how she was going to be able to cope with that.

"You can come," Alex said finally, so quietly that Lena half-thought she had imagined it. "I'm going to get so much shit for this, but you can come. You better not make me regret this."
Lena heaved a sigh of relief, releasing a breath that she hadn't even realized she was holding. Gratitude flooded her system, washing away some of the crippling anxiety she had felt over the prospect of not being about to accompany Kara.

"I won't, I promise."

~oooooooo~

Lena's feet carried her as quickly as they would allow as she raced besides Alex and Kara's rolling gurney. They were headed into what Alex had referred to on the way there as the DEO. Lena wasn't sure what the letters stood for nor was she concerned with finding out at the moment. Currently, her only focus was Kara Danvers.

They headed straight for a room that had a large sign on it bearing the word 'Isolation' in bold, red lettering. Alex headed in along with Kara and Lena followed on her heels.

"What is she doing here?" an angry voice barked out. Lena didn't move from Kara's side other than to turn her neck so that she could look in the direction of the voice. A large, foreboding man stood at the threshold of the door, hands balled up into fists that rested against his hips. He was glaring in their direction.

"It's okay… Hank, she already knows," Alex said, hesitating when she spoke his name. The hesitation hadn't been lost on Lena, but she had better things to worry about other than whether or not something was being kept from her about this man's identity. Unless it directly impacted Kara's course of treatment, she didn't have it in her to be bothered.

"Knowing about Supergirl does not immediately grant one access to the DEO," Hank warned, eyeing Lena suspiciously. The way he looked at her was unsettling. Lena swore it felt as if he was trying to peer into her mind and gauge her intentions. Shifting her weight from one heel to the other, she did her best not to break eye contact with the man who very clearly did not want her there.

"Hank…" Alex sighed, sounding as exasperated as Lena felt. "I don't really want to debate this with you. I'm just going to need you to trust me like you did with Winn and James, okay? Kara… Kara would want her here."

Lena appreciated Alex's admission. In a different situation, it would have caused her to smile. It felt nice to hear someone that knew Kara so well confirm that she would want her around.

The man that Lena assumed was Alex's boss relaxed his stance. His arms shifted, moving so that they were now crossed against his chest instead.

"How is she doing?" he asked, surrender clear in his tone. Behind Hank another gurney appeared, which he stepped aside to allow it to be wheeled in. Following that was a large machine, one that Lena had never seen before, not even online.

Alex's gaze dropped, settling on Kara's face. A hint of pain crept its way onto her concerned visage.

"I don't know," she admitted, clearly trying to keep her tone level. Lena felt the urge to reach out and hold Alex's hand in an attempt to comfort her, but refrained. There was a high probability that it wouldn't be appreciated. "I can't tell, but she looks peaceful. This damn thing probably has her back on Krypton."

Back on Krypton? What did that even mean? Lena's brow furrowed in confusion but she remained silent, biting back her questions. For now.
"Are you sure you're up for this?" Hank asked, walking over to where they were and rounding Kara's gurney so that he was standing at the head of it. His gaze settled on Alex's expectantly.

A single nod was given in response.

"I am," Alex assured, straightening up. "I'm going in."
"I'm sorry," Lena blurted out, unable to keep quiet any longer. "Going in? What does that even mean? What is this thing?" she asked, gesturing to the massive plant.

Alex's attention had already shifted as she walked over to the empty gurney and perched herself on the edge of it before swinging her legs up.

Lena looked over to Hank for an answer, staring at him. Light eyes implored for an answer.

Hank stared back for a solid moment before finally breaking.

"It's called a Black Mercy," he started off as Lena listened intently, ready to absorb whatever information he provided her with. "It attaches itself to a host… in this case, Kara… and it puts them into a nearly vegetative state while providing them with their perfect dream world while they're unconscious. It then feeds off of whatever happiness that world conjures up until the host… expires."

"Dies," Lena corrected, not in the mood to mince words. "You mean until the host dies."

Hank nodded grimly and Lena felt her heart clench in her chest.

"But she's survived this before?"

Hank shot Alex a dirty look who in turn responded with wide eyes and a shrug.

"I heard Alex apologize for it happening to Kara again," Lena explained, wanting to move this conversation along. She had to know what the chances were of freeing Kara and having her come out of this unscathed.

Alex looped the conversation back to Lena's earlier question, seeing as she had been pulled into the discussion again. "You heard me correctly. This did happen to Kara once before and we were able to save her. That's what this…" Alex gestured to the machine that was being set up behind her. "…is for."

"And what does this do?" Lena's eyes scanned the machine, wishing she had a better understanding of it and how it operated. It felt as if she were flying blind through this entire thing, clinging to whatever little bits of information that she could glean.

"It enables me to get inside of my sister's head," Alex explained, her gaze drifting back to the woman she was speaking of. "You see, to get her out of this state and have the Black Mercy release its hold on her, we need to convince her to reject the fantasy. Kara is the only person that can end this."

Lena nodded. Another question was on the tip of her tongue, but before she could get it out, Winn came bursting into the room.
"Is Kara okay?!" he exclaimed, hurrying over to Kara's side. Winn paused and looked over to Lena, his brows raising. Lena was grateful when he decided against questioning her presence.

"She's about the same as last time," Alex explained, her head nodding towards the machine Kara was being hooked up to that appeared to be tracking her vitals. "We're lucky we held onto the technology."

"Oh, the DEO would never give back something as good as this," Winn remarked before glancing over at Lena as if he just remembered that she was there.

Lena held her hands up in mock surrender. "Just pretend I'm not here," she insisted, not wanting them to curb themselves simply because she was in the room.

Hank snorted but said nothing.

"Let's get this show on the road," Alex prompted, her hands grasping onto a contraption that looked a lot like a pair of modified headphones. Lifting it up, she nestled it securely onto her head before laying down flat. There was a black visor across her face, blocking her eyes. A series of lights decorated the device, flashing as the machine behind them all whirred loudly.

"Are you ready?" Hank asked, stepping forward and sliding his hand into Alex's for support. Lena was surprised at the gesture and realized that there must be more layers to their relationship than that of a simple boss and employee. No wonder Alex had the clout to get permission for Lena to stay; the two appeared to be friends.

"Ready."

~oooooooo~

Alex's eyes snapped open, gasping loudly as she clamored to sit up. Her palms pressed to the mattress she had woken up on and pushed herself from it, her feet landing on the floor. The room, although mostly unfamiliar, was a room that Alex recognized. It was the same place that she had Kara evacuated from earlier. Some of the furniture was different but Alex was sure it was Lena's bedroom.

"What the hell?" Alex murmured, disoriented. She had fully expected to be waking up on Krypton again. After all, Krypton was the part of Kara's life that she missed the most. It had been where the majority of her childhood had played out and where her family had lived.

Taking a step forward, she moved towards the door, wanting to scope out the rest of the place. Was it really as simple as being in Lena's apartment? Was that Kara's newest happy fantasy?

"I'll be back in a minute!"

The familiarity of the voice froze Alex in her tracks. Within seconds, Kara was pushing the door open and stepping inside.

"Alex?" Kara asked, confusion thick in her tone. "What are you doing back here?"

"Wait, you know who I am?" Alex asked, her eyes widening as she pointed to her own chest.

Kara regarded her sister with a strange expression on her face. "Um, yes? Is this some sort of joke where I'm missing the punchline?"

Alex stood there, shell-shocked. The last time she had been in this situation, Kara didn't have a
single clue who she was until Alex had pleaded with her to remember.

"Is this... some sort of prank that I foiled?" The corners of Kara's lips curled into a small smile as her hands rested against her hips. "Hate to break it to you, sis, but you're going to have to be smoother than this next time if you're going to get me."

Alex's head shook as she reigned her thoughts in. She couldn't have Kara writing this off as nothing more than a silly prank.

"No, Kara, you're in danger," Alex said, taking a few steps and closing the gap between them. Her hands reached out for Kara's arms and pulled them forward. Her palms slid down Kara's forearms before grasping onto her hands.

"Danger?" Kara asked, her smile disappearing instantly. "What danger? Alex, both Lena and Alura are here, so if something is going on, we need to get them to safety now."

"Alura?" Alex's brow furrowed. Was this some strange combination of Kara's current life and her old one? "Your mother is here?"

Kara shook her head and pulled her hands from Alex's, taking a step back from her sister. "That's not funny, Alex. You know I'm talking about my daughter."

Alex's head was throbbing, but she wasn't sure if it was a side effect of being inside Kara's dream world or from trying to understand what was going on here. Kara had a daughter? With Lena? Alex had recognized the signs that Kara was becoming attached to Lena, but hadn't actually stopped to consider how deep her sister's feelings ran for the Luthor. In order for a life with Lena Luthor to be the Black Mercy's creation, then Kara had to care for the woman far more than Alex had realized. The only thing that didn't surprise Alex was that Kara's idea of a perfect life involved being surrounded by family. It was no secret that the Kryptonian had always struggled with feeling out of place ever since she came to Earth. The Danvers family had done their best to make Kara feel loved and included, but there always seemed to be something that was missing. Alex knew that Kara's greatest desire in life was to be surrounded by people she loved and felt connected to.

Alex had never admitted to it, but the last time Kara had become prey for a Black Mercy, it had hurt her feelings a little to find out that her sister's heart was still so linked to Krypton. It bothered her for many reasons, none of which she felt comfortable vocalizing to Kara, who had no control over her heart's desires. Although, of course, Alex sympathized with the fact that Kara's home planet had been destroyed and that she could never be reunited with her birth family, another part of her had been deeply offended that she had no place in Kara's perfect world. Alex couldn't picture her life without Kara and had assumed that she felt the same. Logically, she knew she couldn't take offense over the Black Mercy sensing that Kara missed Krypton and exploiting that, but it didn't stop her from wishing that her sister had a different concept of paradise.

This time was different, though. Clearly Alex was a part of Kara's new concept of a perfect life, which was made evident by the way she had recognized her right away. It should have brought Alex a sense of comfort, but she was much too concerned with Kara's safety to spend any time reflecting on what that meant.

"They're not real," Alex blurted out, pushing through the pounding ache that was forming at her temples. Kara took another step back from her, but she persisted. "Kara, you need to listen to me. You're under the influence of a Black Mercy right now and this entire world..." Alex gestured to their surroundings. "It's fake, but there's a whole world full of people waiting for you to come out of this and-"
"Keep your voice down," Kara chastised, her voice coming out in a hiss that was much harsher than her usual tone. "I don't know what you're trying to pull here, Alex, but I will not have you sneaking in here, spouting off such crazy sounding stories with my wife and daughter right down the hall. I don't know what a..." Kara trailed off, a deep crease etching itself into the center of her forehead. She appeared to be wrestling with her own thoughts. "Black Mercy or whatever you said is, but I am over this conversation."

Alex stifled a groan of frustration. It was obvious that Kara had been in the dream world long enough for the Black Mercy to begin to eat away at the memories that would assist her in convincing her sister to reject the fantasy.

"Kara, you need to listen to me!" Alex demanded, taking a step forward right as Lena Luthor emerged down the hall.

"What is going on here?" Lena asked as she approached, her voice lingering just above a whisper. "We could hear you guys from the bedroom. Alura wanted to say hi, but I told her to stay put. What are you doing back here, Alex?"

Alex ignored the fake Lena and went to reach for her sister's hands again, wanting to ground Kara. The Kryptonian was too fast for her, though, and stepped out of reach.

"Kara, I need you to believe me, this isn't real. None of it's real. This is all-"

"Stop this," Lena ordered, stepping in between the two sisters and cutting Alex off. Her eyes seemed to darken as she glared at Alex, incensed. "You're drinking again, aren't you?"

"What?!" Alex exclaimed at the accusation, her head shaking. She didn't have time for these games. "Get out of my way, Lena," she commanded, her arm reaching across her body so that she could grab the fake Luthor's shoulder and forcefully move her. Before she could do so, strong fingers latched around her wrist, jerking it away.

"Lena, go back in with Alura and stay there." Kara's voice was low, but serious. Alex had heard that tone before. It was the one she used whenever her mind was made up. Alex attempted to pull her wrist free but Kara's hold tightened as she struggled.

Lena turned towards Kara, her voice sickly sweet as she addressed the blonde. "Babe, be careful... I don't know how much you remember, but Alex isn't herself when she's drinking. She needs help. We're going to have to let Maggie know."

Kara nodded slowly, her eyes locked onto Lena's. Alex could tell that she was eating up every word that came from the fake Luthor's mouth and it was making her stomach churn.

"Kara, don't listen to her!" Alex pleaded, feeling her chances at saving Kara slipping through her fingers. Kara didn't even spare her a glance. Lena leaned in and sealed the deal with a quick kiss before disappearing back into what was supposedly Alura's room.

"Kara... Kara, please, you have to hear me out," Alex said, begging her sister to listen. Kara didn't breathe a word though. Instead, she began to walk down the hallway, tugging Alex along with her. Alex tried to resist at first, but knew that her efforts would be futile. Since they weren't on Krypton, Kara had all of her powers at her disposal. Although she knew her sister would never actually hurt her, she had no doubt that Kara would do whatever she could to remove Alex from her home without actually crossing that line.

Alex practically tripped down the stairs as Kara pulled her down them. Her hand grasped at the
As they descended so that she could maintain her balance.

"Kara, I'm not drunk," Alex insisted, finally addressing the accusation Lena had made against her. She hadn't wanted to humor it, but considering Kara's blind belief, it seemed like she had to. "Smell my breath! Make me walk a straight line! I'll say the Alphabet backwards, anything." Alex's tone grew more and more desperate as they trekked towards the front door.

It wasn't until they actually got to the door that Kara turned around to face Alex. The Kryptonian's blue eyes were filled with tears. Pain saturated her expression, pulling at Alex's heartstrings.

"Get. Out," Kara said calmly, doing her best to keep her voice level as she spoke.

"Kara... please listen!"

Alex's plea fell on deaf ears. Kara had already turned around and was opening up the door.

"You need help, Alex, okay?" Kara explained. The pain that was reflected on her face managed to seep its way into her tone. "And I will be there to give it to you, but not here. Not now. Not with my family here."

Kara's hand gripped Alex's arm, yanking her towards the front door.

"KARA NO!" was the scream that left Alex's lips as she was forcefully shoved through the threshold.

~ooooooo~

"KARA NO!" was the scream that left Alex's lips as she jolted upright, ripping the contraption from her head.

Lena blinked, looking from Alex to Kara and then back to Alex. Prior to Alex waking up, both of their vitals had been going haywire.

Now that she was out of Kara's head, the Kryptonian's heart rate slowed dramatically, her body calming. It had been writhing around like crazy only seconds ago. The erratic beeping of the machine that had alerted everyone of the distress Kara was in still seemed to be echoing through Lena's head, despite the fact that the noise had ceased.

Alex sprung from her place on the gurney, moving about the room almost like a feral animal. Instinctively, Lena took a step backwards as the conscious Danvers sister looked around with wide, wild eyes.

"Did you pull me out of there?!" Alex asked, her voice verging on a shriek. "I wasn't done! I didn't save her! I didn't even fucking come close!"

"We didn't pull you out," Winn insisted, quickly chiming in. His hands were situated around a long, paper report that had printed out from the machine that had been used to get inside of Kara's head. "We almost did because your vitals were getting out of control, but ultimately it was Kara that kicked you out of her own mind." Winn sounded apologetic, even though it wasn't his fault. There was also a hint of horror that snuck its way into his voice, unsettling Lena. This didn't appear to be good news. Not in the slightest.

"I need to go back in," Alex insisted, lunging for the device she had been wearing only a moment ago. Hank stepped in her way and their bodies nearly collided. Strong hands latched onto Alex's shoulders, holding the brunette in place as she fought against his hold with reckless abandon.
"You can't," Hank told her, his tone stern. "Alex, it will kill you."

Alex continued to struggle against Hank's hold, the two of them bickering back and forth about what to do next. Lena had been paying attention at first, but now everything in her mind was getting fuzzy, making it difficult to concentrate on what was happening around her. It was her understanding that this machine was their only hope at saving Kara. Lena couldn't wrap her mind around the concept of Kara not being rescued. That simply wasn't an option. Lena wouldn't allow it.

Stumbling forward and being mindful of the vines, Lena placed her hand to Kara's head and leaned in to whisper in her ear. "You can't leave me, Kara. You just can't." In the background, Lena heard the machine hooked up to Kara beep a little faster. Had she heard her? That was impossible… right?

With Alex and Hank still arguing in the center of the room, Lena left Kara's side and briskly walked over to Winn who was staring at the report in his hand with a blank expression on his face. His lips were moving as if he were muttering to himself, trying to figure something out, but Lena couldn't discern what he was saying.

"Winn," Lena whispered, her voice urgent. Winn continued on as if he hadn't heard her. This time, when Lena spoke to him, she tugged at his arm.

"Winn!"

The technician's head shot up and he looked startled. Lena could see that the same tears she had spent the last few seconds blinking away existed in his own eyes. Everyone was acting like this was a lost cause.

"Winn, I need you to listen to me very carefully," Lena whispered, her lips close to his ear so that nobody in the room would be privy to their conversation. "I am going to do something to save Kara and I need your help."

Winn looked over to her questioningly, but remained quiet.

Lena's gaze met his. "You'll know what to do, but I need you to promise me that you'll actually follow through on it."

Winn continued to stare at her, remaining quiet. The hand Lena had wrapped around his arm tightened.

"Promise me," Lena demanded, her tone sharp and unrelenting. "This is her only chance."

Winn blinked a couple of times, his brow furrowing. Lena was seconds away from reaming him out when he finally nodded.

"Do what you have to do."

Lena nodded once in response, releasing her hold.

Turning back to survey the scene in the room, Lena realized that Kara's vitals were slowing down. It was obvious that she was losing the battle against the Black Mercy. Alex had stopped screaming at Hank and was now wrapped up in his arms, crying against his shoulder.

With a steely determination making its way to her eyes, Lena rolled her shoulders back and headed straight for the gurney that was now empty. Pushing herself up and onto its surface, she snatched the device that would link her to the machine and laid backwards, ramming it onto her head before anyone could stop her.
"NOW!" she screamed out.

Winn dropped the report in his hand and lunged for the lever on the machine, tugging it downwards and sending Lena off into Kara’s consciousness.

~ooooooo~

Kara's breath was shaky as she closed her front door, turning around and pressing her back to it. Sliding down, she took a seat on the ground. Fingers pulled at her glasses, tugging them from her face and setting them down next to her. The tears that had welled up in her eyes during the altercation with her sister spilled over, trailing down her cheeks. It had nearly broken her heart pushing Alex out the door like that, but it had been necessary. The stuff coming out of her mouth had been so bizarre that Lena's explanation was the only thing that made sense. Kara couldn't help but wonder when Alex's drinking problem had begun, but it pained her that she couldn't remember its development. She hoped like hell that she had been able to be there for Alex, like she planned on doing going forward. Kara was going to have to speak about this more with Lena first so that she could fill in the blanks before determining what the best course of action would be.

"You can't leave me, Kara. You just can't."

The voice that suddenly rung through her head sounded a lot like an echo of Lena's and it seemed to come out of nowhere. It had clearly come from the confines of her mind versus an outside source. Kara wondered it was simply her fears over what Alex must think of her right now manifesting itself. Maybe it was just an approximation of her sister's voice. That kinda made sense.

Sniffling softly, she brushed at her tears just as anxious feet came scurrying down the stairs, distracting her from her previous thoughts.

"Kara!" Lena called out, breathless and heading straight for her.

Looking up at her wife, Kara's vision blurred. A muffled sob bubbled out from the back of her throat just as the other woman approached her, tossing her arms around her neck. Kara returned the embrace, her tears flowing freely now that her main source of comfort had arrived. Burying her head into the crook of Lena's neck, she sobbed. Her wife's hand rubbed a few small circles at her back.

"I... I... kicked... I... kicked Alex out," Kara said, her words coming out in a stilted fashion in between sobs. Lena's arms squeezed once more around her body before releasing. Kara almost protested when Lena pulled back.

The Luthor's hands found her cheeks, cupping them and pulling her head up so that they were looking into one another's eyes.

"I know," Lena said, her voice surprisingly urgent. "Kara, I need you to listen to me. Everything Alex said to you? It's true."

Kara blinked several times in surprise. The sadness she felt was forcefully replaced by pure confusion. What was going on here?

"Kara, I don't know how to explain it all to you, but I can tell you that there is something called a Black Mercy that's hurting you and everyone at the DEO told me that you are the only one who can save yourself here. You have to will yourself to wake up... You have to come back to us. You have to come back to me."

Lena's voice was full of concern, but Kara didn't know how to take it. Pulling her head back, she
jerked it out of Lena's hands. Taking a better look at the woman now that the tears were clearing from her eyes, Kara took stock of her outfit. It was a much different one than she had been wearing mere moments ago.

Before she could even begin to work out what was happening, more footfalls could be heard on the steps. Worried that it was Alura, she looked over Lena's shoulder only to find herself staring at yet another Lena Luthor. This was the one she recognized and had been reading a bedtime story with to their daughter prior to the night taking a most unwelcome turn.

Warning bells rang in Kara's head as her hands pushed to the ground. She scooted her body over to the side until she was able to move away from whoever this person was and push herself up into a standing position.

"You're not Lena," she announced, her head shaking as she pointed a finger accusingly.

"No, she's not!" the faraway Lena called out to her, hurrying to get down to where Kara was.

Kara's head moved back and forth from the two women as a sharp pain danced across her temples. Her hands flew up to the sides of her head as she willed the pain away long enough to peer over her glasses to use her x-ray vision. This newer, unfamiliar Lena had a regular skeletal system and appeared to be normal. However, in the corner of her eyes, Kara caught a flash of something that made her heart sink. Shifting her sights over to the woman whom she believed to be her wife, Kara found that her skeleton wasn't one that she recognized. The bones didn't appear to be solid, as they should have been. Instead, they were nothing but outlines. It was nothing Kara had ever seen before.

"Oh Rao..." Kara murmured, the pain in her head intensifying. Her eyes slammed shut, ending the examination, leaving her completely baffled as to what she was supposed to think, what she was supposed to do.

The floor beneath Kara's feet began to shake, jostling everything around her. Kara could hear picture frames becoming dislodged and tumbling to the ground. The shattering of glass was piercing, causing her to wince. All of a sudden, the loud whistling of wind could be heard whipping across the outside of her home, rattling all the gutters and shutters. Everything seemed to be going to hell all at once.

"Kara!" Lena's voice called out above the sounds of everything else. The blonde forced herself to open up her eyes only to find both versions of Lena in various stages of pain. The one she had determined to be an imposter had a snarl on her face and was on her knees, trying to fight through whatever inner turmoil she was experiencing in an attempt to stand up.

Kara felt the urge to drop to the ground as well as the pain that had begun in her head starting to ripple down her body, setting her nerve endings on fire. A small yelp slipped past her lips as she turned her attention to the woman she had determined was the real Lena.

"You have to make the decision to leave!" Lena practically screamed, struggling to ensure her words were heard over the increasing sounds of wind and destruction that were swirling around them. A stream of blood was trickling from the brunet's nose as she too fell down to her knees. Giving into the pain she felt, Kara followed suit. A scream of anguish tickled at the back of her throat, begging to be released, but she wanted to concentrate on what Lena was saying.

"You need to choose to come back to us! Kara, please come back!"

The thought of turning her back on this wonderful life and her beautiful family made Kara's heart worse than any other part of her body at the moment. But it wasn't real, was it? Hadn't that been
proven by the fact that there were currently two Lena Luthors before her?

"Kara, I promise you that you can build a life better than this!" Lena shrieked, clearly fighting though whatever pain she was feeling herself. "I swear you can have all of this and more if you just come back to us!"

Kara couldn't take it any longer. The walls around her began to physically crumble as all of the commotion around her became too much to handle. Covering up her ears, the Kryptonian let out all of her pain and frustration with a single scream.

It was at that moment she made her final decision.

~ooooooo~

Lena woke up with a start, her lungs burning from what felt like a lack of oxygen. Desperate hands pulled at the device on her head, removing it and setting it aside as she pushed herself upright into a sitting position. Feeling moisture tickle the top of her lip, she reached up and brushed at the spot, only to find a thick red liquid coating the pads of her fingertips.

"Kara," she breathed out, looking up at a circle of eyes staring at her. All Lena saw was concern and sadness in their expressions, not anger.

Lena pushed herself off the gurney, needing to get to Kara. Lena's feet hit the ground and her knees almost immediately buckled. If it wasn't for Alex's quick hands, Lena would have crumpled to the ground.

"Hey, watch yourself," Alex warned gently. Lena look up at the woman who had saved her from falling to the floor and saw that her eyes were red, puffy, and filled with fresh tears.

"Kara," Lena cried out again, almost as if her brain had short-circuited and that was all she could say at the moment. Gathering up every last bit of strength she had, Lena pulled herself from Alex's hold and took a few wobbly steps forward. Her hands latched on to the side of the gurney Kara was laying on as her eyes searched the blonde's face, looking for any signs of life. It was then that Lena realized that the room was eerily quiet, drawing her attention to the machine that had been tracking Kara's vitals. It wasn't beeping and the line it displayed had bottomed out.

"Kara," Lena choked out once more, tears trickling down her face as she struggled to process what this meant. The room was beginning to spin and she wished that the floor would open up and swallow her whole, saving her from this moment.

Before grief could completely overwhelm her, the Kryptonian that was the source of her sadness drew in a large, loud inhale, her eyes shooting open. The vines that had been strangling her body released their hold and the plant moved, gliding down onto the ground.

As soon as the plant hit the ground, Lena shot forward, wrapping Kara up into her arms and pulling her in tight. This time, when she said Kara's name, there was joy infused with her tone.

Kara returned her hug, her chest shaking underneath Lena's hold. Lena could tell that she was crying and began to rub at her back, wanting to soothe her. It was such a relief to feel the lungs underneath of her palm expanding and contracting. For a second, Lena had thought that her world was going to no longer contain Kara Danvers and it was the scariest thing she had ever experienced. Nothing she had felt before compared to the sadness that had overtaken her then.

Once the crying had quieted down, Lena reluctantly released her hold on Kara, remembering that there was an entire room of people that had to be just as eager to welcome the Kryptonian back.
"I... I'm so sorry, guys," Kara whispered, her head shaking. Alex stepped forward, clearly impatient to get near her sister. Lena stepped aside slightly, but kept a hand at the swell of Kara's back, watching as the sisters joined hands. "Oh, Alex, you tried to save me and I didn't listen."

"It's okay," Alex assured, her eyes glistening as she stared at her sister. "You came out of it eventually and that's all that matters." Alex's gaze pulled from Kara's and she looked over at Lena, causing the Luthor to tense up. Was she about to get lectured for going into Kara's mind without permission?

"Lena saved you and we all owe her our thanks," Alex said, her words allowing Lena to relax. She could feel her cheeks warming at the words of gratitude. It wasn't often that she found herself in the position of receiving thanks instead of criticism.

Kara had a different reaction than Lena. A small smile blossomed on her face, the first one since she had woken up. "I told you she was wonderful," Kara stated, looking up and over at Lena. The Luthor's cheeks turned a deeper shade of crimson.

"Oh, Lena... Your nose," Kara stated, her voice dropping to a worried whisper. Lena lifted a hand and waved, it, brushing the comment off.

"Don't worry, I'm fine. It's only a nosebleed. It'll clean right up."

"Guys, can we help her out with that?" Kara asked, glancing around the room before extracting one of her hands from Alex's hold and reaching for Lena's free hand.

"I've got it!" Winn called out before dashing out of the room, eager to help.

Kara looked at Alex and then Lena, a tiny smile returning to her lips. Lena found herself stuck staring at Kara adoringly. It was such a relief to have her back. A part of her wanted to steal Kara away from National City and take her far away, where she could keep her safe and sound.

"Did you mean what you said?" Kara asked Lena, her voice soft and serious. The question pulled Lena from her thoughts of running away and brought her back to the present.

Lena returned Kara's smile, wanting to assuage any fears she had. Lena had only gotten to see a glimpse of Kara's idea of paradise, but it had been enough to know that she had been included. That alone made her heart swell. It was incredible how much she cared for Kara already, especially considering how long it normally took for her to let people into her heart.

"Absolutely," she assured, leaning in and pressing a kiss to the side of Kara's head. "I know, personally, that I am so excited to see where life takes us and I'm sure everyone else in this room feels the same."

Lena lifted her head, looking up at Hank and then Alex. Almost as if on cue, Winn stepped back into the room, medical kit in hand.

Kara's eyes followed the path of Lena's, looking around at the people she loved most in the world. The hands holding onto Alex's and Lena's squeezed.

"Everything is going to be okay," the blonde stated, almost as if she was trying to convince herself. "It sure is," Lena assured, pressing another kiss to the side of Kara's head. "We're all going to make sure of that."
Kara couldn't remember ever being this tired.

Every limb in her body felt as heavy as a sack of bricks and her energy level was practically nonexistent. Even walking proved to be an effort and had required the assistance of her friends when she stepped off of the gurney.

This was way worse than the first time she had come out from a Black Mercy fantasy land. When they had all discussed it and how drained she felt, Alex postulated that it was perhaps because it gotten closer to killing her this time. Kara agreed that theory was solid, especially after her friends filled her in on how they thought that they had lost her, but she also felt that it had a lot to do with her current mental state. The first time she had been afflicted by a Black Mercy, Kara had come out of it full of rage. This time, she felt more empty than anything.

When the Black Mercy had manipulated her into believing that she was on Krypton, Kara had to suffer the loss of her hometown and family once more. The only saving grace was that it was a familiar loss. She had already spent so much of her life coming to terms with the fact that they were gone. It was still a difficult feat, but a manageable one.

Now Kara was stuck mourning the loss of a child that never existed. Thoughts of little Alura plagued her as Alex assisted her into the back of a car that was to take her and Lena to a nearby hotel until everyone could figure out what the best course of action was when it came to dealing with the continuing attacks.

Sliding further into the vehicle, Kara allowed her body to rest against the door. When Lena didn't immediately get in after her, Kara glanced over and found her deep in conversation with Alex. The two appeared to be discussing something of importance, but Kara didn't have the energy to snoop. Figuring that her sister and Lena would fill her in whenever they saw fit, Kara closed her eyes and rolled her head, resting the side of it against the window. The glass felt cool against her skin.

When Lena did eventually get into the car, the brunette wasted no time reaching for the defeated Kryptonian.

"Come here, sweetheart," Lena whispered, using the one of the terms of endearment Kara had been hearing all day long. The moment was bittersweet. There was a hint of disheartening nostalgia that hit her, but at the same time it was also comforting to know that this was actually Lena Luthor calling her that and there was nothing fake about it.

Tapping into the bit of energy that was left in her reserves, Kara pushed herself off the door and instead leaned against Lena. The blonde's head dropped to the Luthor's lap, her legs lifting up onto the length of the seat so that she was spread out as much as she could be in the back of the car. Lena's fingers gently brushed through her hair.

"Everything is going to be okay," Lena whispered, seeming to sense how much Kara needed the words of comfort.

When the car started to move, Kara nodded against her knee and closed her eyes, focusing in on the feel of Lena's fingers until it managed to lull her to sleep.

~oooooooo~

When Kara woke up, warm and swaddled in what was a very comfortable blanket, she found that
her final memories from prior to falling asleep were hazy and choppy. Keeping her eyes closed, she tried to recall whatever she could.

Vaguely, Kara remembered Lena gently shaking her awake when they had reached the hotel. She also remembered how Lena had looped her arm around her waist to assist her into the building and then up to their room. Kara was sure that words were traded back and forth between them in the interim, but what exactly was said escaped her. What she most vividly remembered was the feeling of safety and security that had enveloped her when Lena had tucked her into bed, sliding in right next to her and pulling her in close. Falling back asleep had been easy with Lena's arms around her.

Kara could tell even through her closed lids that the room was mostly dark. The sun had been making its way up into the sky when they had arrived at the hotel which meant one of two things. Either it was daytime still and the curtains were diligently keeping the rays of the sun out or Kara had managed to sleep through the entire day. Both scenarios were plausible.

A tiny yawn escaped the blonde as she rolled onto her back, finally opening up her eyes. She could see no outline of sunlight framing the windows, which answered her question. The only source of light at that moment appeared to be a lamp a few feet away from the bed.

"Kara?"

Rolling her head to the side, Kara found herself staring into concerned, lovely, familiar eyes.

"Don't look so glum, chum," Kara teased gently, reaching out for Lena's hand and joining their fingers together. Her comment managed to elicit a smile from the Luthor.

"How are you feeling?"

Kara hummed in consideration, unsure of how to answer that exactly. Eyelids closed for a moment as she tried to regroup her thoughts and make sense of them.

"Weird," she admitted finally, opening her eyes back up so that she could look at Lena. "I've never done any drugs, but I imagine this is how one feels coming out of an acid trip."

"It's probably worse," Lena remarked, causing Kara to lift a questioning brow. The brunette smiled coyly and shrugged. "I did some experimenting in college. I was quite the rebel in my prime."

Kara scoffed as a small smile graced her own lips. "You aren't anywhere near past your prime."

Lena chuckled, her head shaking. "Even when you're feeling 100%, your flattering skills are on point," she stated, leaning in and pressing a brief kiss to Kara's lips.

"It's only me being honest," the blonde murmured in rebuttal. The fingers of Lena's free hand reached out, brushing the skin of her cheek. The movement caused Kara to realize what was missing from her face. Reaching up, the pads of her fingertips touched where her glasses should have been resting and a flash of panic hit her before she remembered that there was probably no longer a need to continue with the act in front of Lena. They hadn't discussed it yet, but Kara had to assume that Lena knew exactly who she was considering the events of the prior night and the time she had spent becoming acquainted with the DEO.

"We have a lot to talk about, don't we Supergirl?" Lena commented, arching a brow in Kara's direction, while giving her another one of those looks that made her feel as if she could read her mind. Kara wasn't surprised that Lena had figured out where her thoughts had drifted off to; not much seemed to get past her.
"We do," Kara admitted sheepishly, her gaze diverting from Lena's.

Lena's fingers found the base of her chin and lifted it, causing their eyes to meet again.

"Hey, you know I'm not upset with you… right?" Lena asked, immediately picking up on the Kryptonian's discomfort.

Kara frowned slightly, feeling unsure, but didn't drop her gaze.

"I mean… I would understand if you were upset," Kara admitted, her brow furrowing. "I never meant for you to find out that way, Lena. I… I know you probably won't believe me in a hundred thousand years, but I swear to you that I was going to tell you who I really was. Last night, actually…" Kara trailed off, knowing that her cause was probably a fruitless one. How convenient did it sound to say that she intended to tell Lena? There was no way that she'd believe her.

"I know," Lena said, nodding, catching Kara completely by surprise. "Alex mentioned it when everything was going down." A hint of a smile settled onto the brunette's lips. "I'm honored that you were going to tell me."

"Wait…" Kara blinked, trying to absorb this new information. Her mind still felt a bit fuzzy which was making that feat even harder than it should have been. "You know that I was going to tell you? You believe me then?"

Lena nodded again. "Kara, I probably would have believed you even without Alex chiming in. You've given me no reason to distrust you."

"You mean other than hiding that I'm Supergirl?" Kara asked, her voice borderline sarcastic but not quite getting there since she didn't mean for her question to come off that way. Kara was nervous that Lena was going to be leery of trusting her after learning how big of a secret she had been harboring.

"That wasn't dishonesty."

Lena's statement caused Kara's brow to knit together even more in contemplation.

"Kara, you were more than entitled to keep that secret for as long as you wanted to. I don't consider your actions as being dishonest or a betrayal or anything of the sort." The hand holding onto Kara's squeezed. Lena's gaze was so intense as she spoke, Kara found that she was unable to do anything other than get lost in it as she hung onto to every word that was being spoken. "You already carry the weight of the world on your shoulders, so I don't also want you to carry guilt over something you shouldn't feel bad about. Your identity as Supergirl… that's bigger than any expectation of trust that we've been building here. Your priority must always be the people of National City. That's something I not only recognize, but respect. I know that every time you tell someone your secret you're taking a huge risk, so I don't at all blame you for waiting. I'm truly honored that you were planning to tell me at all."

Kara felt a sigh escape her. It was such a relief to hear that she hadn't broken Lena's trust. Not only that, but Kara could practically feel Lena carving out a bigger space in her heart as she spoke. The understanding that Lena awarded her with was both unexpected and refreshing. It was sometimes hard for Kara to wrap her mind around the fact that she had managed to cross paths with someone as wonderful as Lena Luthor. This was one of those moments.

"I didn't only do it for my safety and to keep my secret intact," Kara stated, using her one hand to push herself up into a sitting position. Her joints protested the movement, having been in the same spot for too long.
"I know," Lena stated simply.

Kara eyed her suspiciously. "How do you know this time?"

"Because I know you," Lena answered, a chuckle lacing its way through her tone. "You rarely ever do anything for selfish reasons, so I'm assuming that you also kept your secret from me to protect me. Am I… off base?" Lena angled her head slightly, a perfectly groomed brow lifting.

Kara shook her head, a smile dancing on her lips. "Nope," she said, popping the 'p' in the word. "You aren't at all. I was worried about pulling you into the hectic side of my life, but… apparently, it found you anyway."

Lena grew quiet at Kara's remark, her lips pursing.

"Kara…" Lena started off, looking at her seriously. "There's something I need to tell you. Well, two things, actually."

Kara sat up a little straighter.

"What is it?"

Lena drew in a slow breath, seemingly gearing herself up. "First of all, in the interest of full disclosure… I have known for a while now that you're Supergirl."

Kara's eyes widened, looking at Lena in complete shock. Her jaw dropped.

"You have?!" she asked, stunned by that news.

Lena nodded. "I have. I figured it out pretty early on and wanted to wait for you to tell me."

"How did you know?!" Kara asked, still taken aback by the news. All this time she had thought she was doing so well at hiding her secret. So much for that.

"Oh Kara," Lena said softly. The hand not laced with Kara's reached up, cupping the blonde's cheek. The pad of Lena's thumb brushed against her skin and Kara could feel a blush bloom on her face. "Glasses or not, I could never fail to recognize those gorgeous eyes of yours. As soon as I looked into Supergirl's eyes… I knew it was you. They took my breath away, just like the very first time you came into my office. There were other signs, of course, but that's really what gave you away."

Okay, now Kara's cheeks were burning. Her blush had morphed into a full on flush and she swore she could feel it trailing down her neck and pooling at her chest.

"I… Well… I… had no idea," Kara sputtered out, hardly able to string together a comprehensible sentence after Lena's compliment. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"It wasn't my place to push the issue. Like I said, I greatly respect the duty you have taken upon yourself and I am so amazed by you and the work you do. I figured that… If you wanted to tell me, you would. I didn't mind waiting," Lena shrugged. "I think it would have been unfair for me to put you on the spot like that and force you to include me in that part of your life."

Kara was, once again, taken by surprise by Lena. The way she took Kara's feelings into consideration was surprising, but wonderful. And attractive. Very attractive.

"Lena, you are simply amazing," Kara gushed. She was fully prepared to elaborate on her statement
when the woman she was speaking about held out a hand, cutting her off.

"Before you get ahead of yourself, I need to tell you my second confession."

Kara fell silent, respecting Lena's wish.

Lena drew in another deep breath before starting, but this one was longer, extending the pause in their conversation. Kara could sense her reluctance to continue on. The hand wrapped around hers squeezed gently, wanting to nonverbally communicate that she was there and wasn't going anywhere, no matter what was said.

"That Black Mercy… You do realize it was meant for me, right? I saw the package on the kitchen counter that it came out of. Did you see who it was addressed to?"

Kara's brow immediately furrowed, her mind flashing back to before the Black Mercy got a hold of her. Her memories of that time were a little fuzzy as well, but she could still picture them in her mind. Kara did remember picking up a package meant for Lena that had been left by the door.

"Did it come from that box?" she asked quietly, a sense of horror overcoming her.

Lena nodded slowly.

"Oh Rao, and I'm the one who brought it in the house! Lena, I'm so sorry. I...didn't even think twice about it." Kara shook her head, pulling her hand from Lena's. It didn't feel right to hold her hand as tidal waves of guilt crashed into her. "I'm so glad you weren't home, I don't know what I would have done if it had gotten you instead of me, you probably would have d-" Kara couldn't get the last word of her sentence out. Her throat seemed to close around it.

Lena sat there silently, her eyes focused on Kara's. She appeared to be waiting on something. After a moment of quiet contemplation, it hit her.

"Wait, but it was addressed to you!" Kara exclaimed, her eyes widening. "Someone is after you too? Oh no, it's because of me, isn't it?"

"Kara," Lena said, her voice firm. "Please don't beat yourself up, this… isn't your fault."

"But of course it's my-"

"Kara," Lena said once more, her eyes imploring Kara to stop and let her finish speaking.

The blonde quieted down, ducking her head slightly but not averting her gaze.

"I knew I was in danger. A threatening note had been left for me not too long ago. They weren't very… specific, but it was pretty clear that whoever has been after you probably saw the pictures of us together." Lena sighed, a frown marring her otherwise beautiful face. "I...shredded the note when I found it. I purposefully kept it from you, which makes this all my fault."

Kara's lips pursed together as the blonde took this all in. There was no anger over Lena's revelation but a sense of sadness that came from it. It made her heart heavy to know that Lena had been threatened and hadn't come to her with it.

"Why didn't you tell me?" Kara asked softly, her eyes beseeching for an answer. "Why wouldn't you come to me with that… Especially since you've known all along that I'm Supergirl?"

Lena's calm demeanor seemed to be fracturing with every passing second. Along with the frown that
was lingering on her lips, Kara could see hints of shame coloring her expression. Normally, Lena was the picture of poised perfection, but this conversation seemed to be getting to her.

"I…" Lena trailed off, squirming a little as she appeared to be reaching for the right words. It was odd to see her at all nervous. "I... got caught up in my emotions, really. You see, Kara… I am an incredibly independent woman. Always have been, ever since I was a child. As a Luthor, I needed to be. As you're aware, Luthors aren't well known for their coddling or emotional support." Lena drew in a steadying breath and this time Kara reached for her hand again, wanting to comfort her. She hated seeing Lena look so distressed. "I have always taken care of myself and I have also tried to take care of anybody that I've ever cared for. Supergirl or not, you are not excluded from that. I… I saw the note and knew if you saw it that you would distance yourself solely for my sake and I didn't want that. I like having you close, where I can see with my own eyes that you're safe. I was so angry that somebody was trying to wedge us apart with threats that I just… acted. I am not the type to respond to threats, but… in hindsight, I feel that I should have come to you with this. What happened to you is all my fault and I am so sorry."

Kara could hear Lena's voice becoming more and more unsteady as she spoke, ultimately cracking on the word 'sorry.' It was strange seeing her in such obvious agony and Kara didn't like it one bit.

"Lena, this isn't your fault," Kara said, letting go of the brunette's hand only so that she could maneuver herself up and onto her knees which she then used to move herself forward so that she could wrap the Luthor up into a hug. Lena only hesitated for a few seconds before returning the embrace.

Resting her head on Lena's shoulder, Kara spoke to her in a whisper. "I'm not upset or mad," she started off, her arms tightening their hold marginally. "I'm really not. Do I wish you had come to me? Of course, but… I completely see why you did what you did and you're right… I probably would have found another place to stay, which would have been a mistake."

"How do you figure?" Lena asked, her voice thick with emotion.

Kara pulled back enough to look into Lena's eyes. Her hands moved to the brunette's shoulders.

"Lena, if I had left, we both know it wouldn't have guaranteed your safety. Clearly the person we're dealing with is not mentally stable. Just knowing you were in my life was enough for you to become a target and I don't think it would have stopped the attack."

Lena's eyes were glistening with the threat of tears, which pulled on Kara's heartstrings. All she wanted was to keep her from crying.

"You would have been safe if you hadn't been at my place last night," Lena stated, her tone resolute but sad.

Kara's head shook. The fingers at Lena's shoulders squeezed gently and she looked deep into the Luthor's eyes. When she spoke, her voice was gentle but the seriousness of her words was unquestionable.

"Lena, don't you see? I would deal with one hundred Black Mercys before I would ever allow you to feel once second of pain."

Lena's hands lifted, resting on Kara's arms as she leaned in, kissing her. Kara's eyes closed, surrendering herself to Lena's lips for the moment. Their conversation had been so emotionally charged that the temporary reprieve from it was nice. Lena's lips were even nicer.
When Lena pulled back, her eyes were still glistening, but she didn't appear to be quite as stressed.

"I'm so sorry I kept that from you, Kara."

"Hey, we were both keeping things from each other, okay?" Kara reached up and tucked a loose tendril of hair behind Lena's ear. The Luthor blinked, clearly trying to regain the sense of serenity that she normally presented herself with.

"Kara, I can't promise that it won't happen again," Lena admitted, a sense of raw honesty in her voice. "Keeping things from you, I mean. Not necessarily something of this nature, however... You have to understand that I'm not used to being open with others or allowing myself to be vulnerable, but..." Lena trailed off and suddenly looked a little shy. The expression was so fleeting that Kara half-wondered if her eyes were playing tricks on her. "You make me want to try to be a different person. I feel... safe with you. So, I can't promise to be perfect, but I can promise to try."

"Baby," Kara whispered, finally getting to try the word out with Lena in real life. It felt even more right than it had in the midst of the Black Mercy's fantasy world. "You are perfect to me, just as you are, okay? Never think that I want you to change. I like you, Lena Luthor, for you. Of course I want you to feel comfortable confiding in me, but I also want you to do what feels right." Kara paused, letting those words sink in a little before continuing. "My only request is that...when it comes to matters of safety that we try to be better at keeping each in the loop, myself included. I also can't promise that, if it came down to it and the situation called for it, that I wouldn't distance myself to keep you safe, but I can assure you that it will not be my first course of action and that I will try not to ever make that decision alone. I want us to be... a team, I guess."

Lena smiled her first smile in what felt like far too long to Kara.

"A... team," she mused, seeming to roll the word around her tongue much like a fine wine, trying it out. Nodding once, Lena added, "I like that."

"Then that's what we'll do," Kara said, returning her smile. "Now come on..."

Letting go of Lena's shoulders, Kara shifted again, this time laying back against the bed once more. Her arm extended and she nodded towards the empty space. "I think this night could benefit from some cuddling."

Lena's smile spread and the expression filled Kara's heart with joy. There didn't appear to be any more tears in her eyes when the Luthor moved into Kara's hold, as requested. Lena snuggled right up to Kara's side, resting her head on the Kryptonian's chest. Kara's arm curled around her body securely.

"So... " Lena started off while Kara absent-mindedly stroked her fingers up and down the length of her arm. "We were together in your dream world, weren't we?" Her tone was gentle and a little curious.

"We were," Kara responded, her head nodding even though Lena couldn't see it. "We were together and we were happy." Kara left her explanation at that, not wanting to dive deeper into it. It would have felt odd having to explain to Lena that her brain had conjured up a world where they were not only together, but were married and had a child. It was far too early to even dip a toe into that kind of conversation. Kara made a mental note to speak to Alex later and make sure she never mentioned Alura or anything of the sort to Lena.

"We are happy," Lena whispered, pulling Kara out of her train of thought.
Kara couldn't help but beam and blush at Lena's remark. It was definitely how Kara felt about their burgeoning relationship, but it was nice to hear that Lena felt the same.

"So…" Kara started off, mimicking how Lena had started her question. "You aren't upset you've been going on dates with Supergirl?"

Lena snorted, somehow managing to make the noise come off as dignified. Lena Luthor was nothing if not classy.

"Upset? No way. I think it's positively wonderful that you're Supergirl. Plus…” Lena trailed off, snuggling in a little closer to Kara before finishing her sentence. "It's definitely hot."

Kara felt the flush creeping back down her neck and was grateful Lena couldn't see her in that moment.

It was right then that Kara truly came to realize that there was no point in being sad about the fantasy the Black Mercy had provided her with. Not when she literally had her arms around one of the most wonderful additions to her life.

Leaning in and pressing a kiss to Lena's head, Kara made a silent vow to herself to stop dwelling on how her future would turn out and be content with the present. Everything would fall into place the way it was supposed to. It always did eventually.
Kara felt odd walking through the front door of Lena's loft. It was a motion that she had completed plenty of times before, but this time felt...different. The Kryptonian could feel her entire body tensing up as she stepped through the threshold, grateful to find that no packages had been left on the doorstep that day.

Prior to returning, her and Lena had talked through their options, hashing out all of the potential issues before making the decision to stay put. They both had agreed that they weren't willing to let anybody scare them off and that, by remaining in the same place and simply being more careful, they had a better chance of catching the responsible party in the act. At least, if they remained put, they wouldn't risk being lulled into a false sense of security. Besides, even if they did move, chances were that they would be found again in no time. Supergirl and Lena Luthor weren't exactly the two most low profile people living in National City.

Kara was surprised to find when she stepped inside of the loft that it was still mostly darkened. The only lights that appeared to be on were the few that were ran on a timer, designed that way as an attempt to deter potential intruders. The irony was not lost on Kara.

It was fairly late and Kara had expected Lena to be home. Even more than expecting it, she had wanted it. The most recent attack had left Kara feeling shaken and unnaturally paranoid. It hadn't been a pleasant experience and, while she had decided to put it behind her, it still wasn't completely forgotten. Images of her life with Lena and Alura had plagued her dreams for the last couple of nights, waking her up every few hours like clockwork. Every time it happened, Kara would simply pull Lena in closer and concentrate on the steady sound of her breathing until she managed to fall back asleep. It reminded her of all the nights when she had been living alone and would run a fan in the background for white noise, except it was even more effective. There was something inherently comforting about listening to a person you cared for resting peacefully.

Perhaps Lena had stayed at work late. If that was the case, Kara couldn't blame her. If she was being honest with herself, she had done the same thing. Ever since she had managed to regain her strength, Kara had been putting in extra time both as a reporter and as Supergirl. The distraction was nice and it seemed to help with getting back into the groove of things. If there wasn't Lena to come home to, Kara would probably find herself working through most nights.

Lena was proving to be her tether, though. Kara had never really been the type to rely on another person outside of her sister for security, but she found that, as time passed, she was leaning more and more on Lena. The two of them were developing a natural rhythm with one another that left Kara frequently experiencing all types of warm and fuzzy feelings. Her interactions with Lena always ended up being some of her favorite parts of her day. There never seemed to be a time where she wasn't looking forward to seeing her.

Finding that she was thirsty, Kara headed straight for the kitchen, flipping on various lights as she
made her way through the loft.

As Kara stepped through the threshold of the room, her eyes immediately settled on a large bouquet of scarlet roses and cerulean violets situated on the counter. Excitement bubbled up in the blonde as she walked over to the display before remembering that she really needed to be more cautious, in general. An unexpected package had almost done her in, so what was to say that these flowers would be any better?

Setting her bag down on one of the stools buffering the kitchen island, Kara walked over to the flowers cautiously. Tipping her head down, she peered over her glasses and scanned them, looking for anything that appeared to be out of the ordinary. All her scan revealed, though, was a card nestled near the top of the bouquet.

Kara's fingers reached for the small card, flipping it open so she could read what was contained within. The neat, elegant, cursive scrawl that decorated its insides was one that Kara recognized immediately - Lena had definitely written this message.

*Roses are red, violets are blue...*

*The same colors of Supergirl, which is you.*

*I know that your secret is a difficult one to tell...*

*But the reveal is necessary to get to know you well.*

*I'm so honored that you felt as if I should know...*

*And even more excited to watch our relationship grow.*

*I know that recent events have gotten you a little down...*

*But I must admit that I hate to see that beautiful face of yours frown.*

*Give me a chance to cheer you up and you'll see...*

*How wonderful life can truly be.*

*Meet me on the roof of the first place we met...*

*There's something I need to ask you that I haven't yet.*

*L.*

By the end of Lena's note, Kara found that she was smiling. The excitement that she first felt upon seeing the flowers had returned tenfold. Setting the card down on the countertop, she leaned in and closed her eyes, inhaling deeply before doing anything else. The smile on her lips grew as she allowed herself a moment to appreciate their sweet, fresh scent. If it wasn't for the anxious butterflies flitting around her stomach, begging her to go to Lena, she probably would have stayed another moment or two to admire their beauty. Instead, Kara dashed off into the closest bathroom to take a peek at herself in the mirror to ensure she looked all right before heading out of the loft to go and find Lena.

~ooooooo~

Kara flew over to Lena's rooftop, not bothering to change out of her work clothes. It was nice to no longer have that boundary between them. Kara hadn't realized exactly how much her secret had been
lowkey stressing her out until it was off of her chest and out in the open.

As Kara's feet landed, her hands reached up to smooth out her hair just in case the fly over had left it in disarray. The rooftop was fairly dark, but she could make out the outline of a handful of large objects that hadn't been there the last time she had been there.

Just as Kara squinted, preparing to use her x-ray vision to not only survey the roof but to figure out where Lena was, a series of twinkle lights flickered on, illuminating the open space much better than the slim crescent moon had been doing. Kara took in the sight around her with wide eyes.

The strings of lights that were now lit were strung between a few posts that must have been erected only recently to set the current scene. Contained within the posts was what appeared to be a comfortable looking couch. Across from the sofa was a large screen that was situated against a tall brick wall. There was a machine perched on a pole that extended far above the couch and appeared to house some sort of projector at the top of it.

At the center of it all was the woman who always managed to find new ways to steal Kara's breath away.

"Oh, Lena," Kara murmured, her voice barely loud enough to travel across the rooftop. She could tell that the Luthor had heard her though, judging from the smile that appeared on her face.

"Have a nice flight over?"

Kara could pick up on the amusement dripping from Lena's tone and grinned at it.

"I did," she said brightly with a nod, beginning to take a few steps towards the impromptu movie theater that had been set up on the roof of L-Corp. "What is all of this?" Kara's arms opened wide, gesturing to their surroundings. Her grin melted into more of a warm smile as she waited for an answer.

"Well, what does it look like?" Lena's brow quirked up. Kara could see her eyes sparkling, even from a distance.

"It looks like... we're going to watch a movie," Kara remarked, answering her question even though it was most likely rhetorical.

Lena nodded slowly, a small smirk on her face.

"Then..." Kara took another step forward, eroding the space between them. "What's the question you have to ask me?" Lena's words in the note still played through her mind, her curiosity not at all satiated yet.

Lena's expression shifted, her smirk morphing into more of an innocent smile. The change appeared to be full of nuance and Kara wondered what she could possibly have up her sleeve.

"I simply wanted to ask if you would watch my first Disney movie with me?" Lena's head angled to the side. "Hit it, Charles."

Off in the distance, Kara could hear a muted click. Seconds afterwards, a louder whirring noise sounded above, drawing her gaze back up to the projector that was looming overhead. The cap on the front twisted, opening and revealing a lens. A bright light emanated from other side of the glass and Kara's eyes followed its path over to the wall. A very familiar image flickered onto the screen that was hanging there, coating it with an image that Kara remembered vividly from her childhood.
"Beauty and the Beast?!" Kara exclaimed, pulling her eyes from the screen only in favor of locating Lena. "That is one of my favorites! Good choice."

Lena grinned again, pleased. Dipping her one foot back, she bent at the waist and provided Kara with a small curtsy. "Thank you, thank you… I’ve heard all of this buzz about the remake, so I figured that I should check out the original."

Kara nodded at Lena's logic. It was sound. Kara and Alex had been tossing around the idea of carving out some time to go and see the remake while it was out in theaters. Back in the day, they had watched the original movie several times together. Any time they saw it, they would always spend hours the following week reenacting different scenes. Kara always insisted on being Belle and Alex never put up a fight, being perfectly content with her other options. Sometimes the older sister took on the role of the Beast and the two of them would dance around the various rooms of the house as if they were in their own personal ballroom. Only once did they knock over a lamp. Other times, Alex would take on the role of Gaston and strut around the house, primping and preening while Kara struggled to keep a straight face. This normally resulted in the blonde breaking down into a fit of giggles. On occasion, Alex just wanted to be Belle's horse, Philippe, and give Kara piggyback rides. Regardless of whoever she chose, the two sisters always managed to have a good time.

"It sounds perfect to me," Kara remarked, excited of the prospect of being able to share this experience with Lena. A person's first Disney movie was no laughing matter and was an important milestone. It was also the first step to getting Lena Luthor to go to Disney World with her someday. As soon as that idea had popped into Kara's head, it immediately became an item on her bucket list. However, before she could even broach the topic, Lena had a lot to learn.

"Is that a yes to my question then?"

Kara was done with the gap between them. Closing it with a few strides, she reached for Lena's waist and pulled her in for a kiss. Except, instead of going in all the way, she paused centimeters from Lena's face. Nodding once, Kara whispered "yes" before kissing her. The Kryptonian could already tell that this was going to be a good night.

~ooooooo~

Two hours later, Kara looked over the brunette expectantly. Empty trays of food sat before them, previously having been filled with a lot of Kara's favorite snacks, such as potstickers, and some new ones that Lena added to the mix, such as this scrumptious, fresh bruschetta that had been served on crisp, mini brioche toasts. Charles had kept them coming throughout the movie as well as providing them with glasses of fizzy champagne that made the back of Kara's throat tickle.

The movie had been exactly as Kara remembered it, if not better since Lena was situated at her side and was paying rapt attention. The urge had been there to sing along to all of the songs since Kara knew the lyrics like the back of her hand, but she refrained, not wanting to take away from Lena's experience. As a compromise, she allowed herself to mouth along with her all-time favorite parts.

"There must be more than this provincial life," had always been one of the most relatable lines in the entire movie to Kara whenever she had watched Beauty and the Beast in her adult years, back when she had been suppressing her powers. Although she had been content with her life at the time, there had always been something… missing. Now, however, she found that lyric didn't strike the same chord. Kara no longer felt as if she wasn't living up to her potential. Becoming Supergirl had filled that void in her life.

"Soooooo, what did you think?" Kara asked eagerly, searching Lena's face for any sign of what her
answer would be. Any time Kara had given into temptation and had glanced at her during the movie, she always found Lena looking deeply invested. Kara was trying to tell herself that she wouldn't be too disappointed if Lena hadn't liked it.

Lena turned her head, meeting Kara's gaze. "That… was amazing," she remarked, a sense of awe in her voice.

"Really?" Kara asked, trying to detect if there had been any hint of hyperbole in her tone. "You aren't just saying that?"

"I would tell you if I didn't like it, promise. I've learned over the years that if you aren't honest about your preferences in life, you get stuck doing a lot of things you don't want to," Lena explained, shaking her head. "No, I really enjoyed it. This is going to sound somewhat… ignorant, I suppose, but I never realized that a...cartoon could make you feel so much."

Kara nodded sagely, thinking back to all of the times Disney had managed to pull on her heartstrings. Various movies had caused her to do everything from tear up to full on sob. Dory's plight to find her family had been the most recent Disney scene to make her cry. Kara had done her best to subtly wipe away her tears before Alex could spot them, but had failed. Except, she never did get teased for it. Probably because Kara had noticed Alex having a similar reaction. The two had made a silent pact not to speak of that moment.

"Disney movies will do that to you," Kara explained, her hand settling on Lena's leg as she spoke. "You see, Beauty and the Beast is only the tip of the emotional iceberg when it comes to Disney. Its sad moments are nothing compared to that of movies like Bambi, Up… oh, and Toy Story 3." Kara ducked her head shyly at that memory. "I openly wept in the theater during that one."

Lena's head tilted, surprise registering on her features. "I had no idea that these movies could do such a thing…" she mused, obviously fascinated by the information Kara was providing her with. "I always thought they were more for children than anything. Just… fluff filled family flicks.

"Oh no," Kara interjected quickly, her head shaking. "I mean, they are family flicks, don't get me wrong. And there is plenty of fluff throughout, but there is so much more to them than that. Disney always manages to incorporate something for everybody in their movies. It's part of why I still love them today, as an adult."

Lena nodded, taking it all in. The Luthor's naivety when it came to this topic was precious to Kara. She could talk about the wonderful works of Walt Disney all day long, so this conversation was right up her alley.

"Does this mean you'd be willing to try some others out with me?" Kara ventured, the hope she felt coloring her expression.

Lena didn't even hesitate in answering. "Definitely. I'm so curious now. I feel like I've been missing out."

"You have been, but that's okay… That's what I'm here for," Kara remarked, flashing the brunette a smile and patting her leg. Lena leaned in and kissed her smile.

"I like having you as my own personal teacher," Lena mused, her voice so purposefully flirty that even Kara managed to pick up on it. She felt her cheeks warm and reached up, tucking a loose blonde lock behind her ear.

"I really needed tonight," Kara blurted out, even though it didn't really flow with their previous
conversation. It was one of those thoughts that was so pressing, she couldn't contain it. "I'm sure you've noticed, but I haven't really felt myself the last couple of days. But now… I feel a hundred times better. All thanks to you."

Lena smiled at Kara's confession and it was her turn to look shy. It wasn't too often, but whenever Lena's vulnerable side peeked through, Kara always took the time to appreciate the moment. It was a pleasant surprise anytime she was able to catch the Luthor off guard.

"I needed this too," Lena explained, resting her hand on top of Kara's. "I know I'm always happy when we're together, so I figured we would both feel better after some quality time."

Kara felt her heart soar at Lena's admission. It was so nice to know that she was able to make Lena feel that way. Kara absolutely loved making the other woman happy and knew that she would always do her best to continue with that.

"It's a shame the night is over," Kara stated, her eyes glancing to the screen, which was back to featuring the title screen of the movie. A hint of a frown curled its way onto her lips.

"Well, it's not completely over yet…"

Kara looked back over at Lena questioningly.

"You see… the question I asked you earlier? That wasn't the question. I have another for you."

Kara could feel the flame of curiosity immediately spark in her gut, but wasn't too surprised to find that Lena had something else in store for them. No wonder she had given her that look earlier when asking her original question.

"Come on, don't leave me hanging here…" The blonde pleaded, wanting to know what the next question could possibly be. After all, what was bigger than Disney? "Spill!"

Lena laughed at Kara's eagerness. "Okay, okay…" Lena turned her head away from the blonde, her body twisting with the movement. Her hand pulled from Kara's and lifted up to her mouth, cupping it and forming a mini megaphone. "It's time!" she called out, her command doing nothing to quell Kara's curiosity.

Turning back towards Kara, Lena looked at her with an expression that Kara had only seen glimpses of before. There were all sorts of emotions that seemed to be reflected there, ranging from hope to vulnerability. Kara's mind was a flurry of activity, trying to use what little context clues she had to figure out what was going on.

It was then that a loud whooshing sound could be heard, pulling Kara's attention back to the screen they had been watching. The screen billowed gracefully to the ground and the picture that the projector had been displaying disappeared, leaving nothing pointing to the wall other than a focused white light. What it illuminated shocked Kara.

Both hands flew up to her mouth as her blue eyes swam with tears. This wasn't the first time that she had felt emotional that week, but it was the first time that they had been caused by the feeling of pure joy.

Painted on the wall in bright colors and large looping letters were the words Will You Be My Girlfriend? There were tiny flowers decorating the curvature of the letters, peeking out of the nooks and crannies. The entire display was breathtaking, elegant, and classy, which was all very Lena Luthor.
Kara's eyes traced the letters over and over again, drinking them and their message in. They were words that she hadn't realized that she had been waiting to hear, but now that they were out there, her heart sang, revealing that she had been waiting on this moment all along.

It was hard to pull her gaze from the wall, but she forced herself to, wanting to look over at Lena. When she locked eyes with the Luthor, she found that same hopeful, vulnerable expression on her face, but this time it was mixed with a dash of nerves.

"Yes," Kara breathed out, finally able to command herself to speak, wanting to erase any worries that Lena could possibly have. "Yes, yes, yes, a hundred thousand times yes!" Kara's voice was toeing the line of turning into a full-on squeal, but she didn't even attempt to curb her enthusiasm, knowing better.

The look of relief on Lena's face was instantaneous. A smile blossomed on her lips, making its way right up to her eyes.

Kara leaned in, kissing Lena's smiling lips. Her hands reached for the woman's body, pulling her in closer. Kara's heart felt so full that she was certain it was going to burst. Even though being in her fantasy land earlier that week had felt wonderful at the time, nothing compared to this moment. It was almost as if her mind knew the difference, registering that the experience was a real one that Kara would actually be able to cherish forever.

When their lips parted, Kara didn't move far at all. Her forehead rested against Lena's, her nose brushing against hers.

"You know…" Lena whispered, her breath warm against Kara's lips. "The music in the movie was pretty catchy."

Kara laughed at Lena's blatant deflection from what was an incredibly vulnerable moment for the Luthor. Her eyes opened up to find that Lena's were open as well. A knowing grin was on the brunette's lips.

"Oh, Lena," Kara murmured, still chuckling. Her head shook slightly, brushing her nose against Lena's again before she closed her eyes and kissed her girlfriend.
Chapter 21

As Kara walked down the hallway of the DEO, she felt as if she were on Cloud 9. After her night with Lena, her mood had done a complete 180. No longer did she feel down in the dumps or concerned over the future. Kara was too full of joy at the moment to be bogged down by any negative emotions. How could she not be? After all, she was Lena Luthor's girlfriend.

There were very few times in Kara's life where she was somebody else's girlfriend. The first time had happened fairly late in high school, near the end of her Junior Year. Kara had been asked out several times prior to that by various guys, but had always politely declined. It wasn't until some gentle prodding from her foster mother that Kara had finally decided to dip her toe into the dating arena. Eliza had been concerned that Kara was refraining from dating due to some misconceived notion that she didn't fit in, when really it was simply because she hadn't liked anyone enough to agree yet. Shortly after their talk, a nice boy named Sergio from Kara's Geometry class had asked her out to the movies and, much to the surprise of all of her classmates, Kara accepted.

Their date hadn't gone terribly. Sergio had taken her to a decent Italian restaurant down the block from the theater and had let Kara choose the movie that they went to see afterwards, who in turn caught him off guard by selecting Transformers. Kara could still remember to this day how his comment about how "Transformers didn't seem like a girl movie." A staunch feminist, even as a teenager, it had been a struggle to bite back her opinion on his remark. Instead, Kara had relied on her inherent politeness and did nothing but smile and reassure him that was exactly what she wanted to see. She hadn't regretted it, either. The highlight of the night had ended up being the movie.

Their relationship continued through Kara's senior year of high school, largely in part to Eliza's encouragement. There were plenty of pictures out there documenting her time with Sergio. There were images of them with his arms wrapped possessively around her at his family's barbeques, one of them at the apex of a ski slope with Kara looking ten times more exhilarated over the prospect of flying down the hill than him, and plenty of them surrounded by large groups of their friends, which had quickly become Kara's favorite way to date. She had found that it was easier to act naturally around Sergio when they were around others. It was the one on one time that she struggled with the most. It was during those moments where she found herself feeling the least enchanted by their relationship. Conversation didn't flow as naturally between the two of them as she would have liked, which normally led to them making out on the couch in his basement. Even that was lackluster and would typically end with Kara dismissing herself, citing a non-existent curfew as her reason for leaving.

The very last picture of them together had been taken the night of their Senior Prom, with painted smiles on their faces. Sergio's tie matched Kara's dress, which also coordinated with the corsage that he had brought to her and slipped onto her wrist with a kiss. Their night had consisted of delicious hors d'oeuvres, good friends, and plenty of dancing. The Cha Cha Slide had easily been Kara's favorite. Throughout the course of the night, Sergio had tried to get Kara to indulge in the secretly spiked punch on numerous occasions, failing every time. It hadn't stopped him from drinking, though. By the time they got back to the limousine his parents had generously agreed to rent them for the night, Sergio had made it past being buzzed and was comfortably wasted. As a result, he was far too handsy and much too aggressive. Kara, not at all on the same page as him, rebuffed every effort he made to sweet-talk her into compliance. Insisting that he take her home immediately, she spent the remainder of the drive in the far corner of the limo, away from Sergio and feeling flustered. It hadn't been how she had pictured the night going at all.

As Kara exited the car, Sergio hadn't even bothered to assist her in getting out, not that she needed
his help. "Prude," he drunkenly slurred after her as she stormed away, desperately trying to hold back any tears. Kara was determined not to give him that satisfaction.

It wasn't until moments later, after she had made her way straight to Alex's room and crawled into her sister's bed, that Kara finally let her tears fall. Alex was, thankfully, on a break from her college classes and had been spending the week at home. Despite Kara's actions having woken her up, Alex didn't get upset or angry. All she did was wrap her arms around Kara and wait for the crying to subside before inquiring what was wrong. Once she had collected herself enough, Kara tried her best to explain and put her feelings about the situation into words. Alex's temper flared up when she heard how Sergio had behaved, but she cooled off as soon as Kara segued the topic of conversation from her now ex-boyfriend's actions to the feelings of confusion and inadequacy that the entire relationship had stirred up inside of her. Being with Sergio had put her ability to successfully date into question and had turned it into a source of self-consciousness for the blonde. The last thing Kara remembered from that night was Alex rubbing her back and whispering to her that one day, she'd find the right person and she would no longer feel that way.

Years later, that day had finally come and Kara was beyond ecstatic about it.

So ecstatic that she nearly slammed into Mon-El on her way down to the main chamber of the DEO. "Sorry," Kara murmured, awkwardly sidestepping the Daxamite and continuing along her way without another word. Ever since she had turned him down not once, but twice, Mon-El and her had been mutually avoiding one another. Less and less, she saw him hanging around at the DEO and she couldn't even remember the last time she had crossed paths with him outside of the office. The part of her that enjoyed making friends and creating bonds with people was saddened by the tension between them, but she didn't feel at all guilty about it. Mon-El had been the one to make things weird between them due to his inability to accept her denial. It didn't appear as if he was accustomed to being turned down, but that wasn't Kara's problem to work through. If there was ever a time where he wanted to attempt to move past the awkwardness that now lingered between them, she would be more than willing to attempt that. Kara had managed it with both Winn and James, as well as various other guys in her past. But it wasn't her that needed to come to that conclusion, it was Mon-El. The longer he behaved this way, the more certain Kara became that he wasn't somebody she needed in her life in the first place.

"You are positively glowing."

Kara stopped, turning on her heel to find the source of the familiar voice. The smile that she had been sporting when she had first stepped foot inside of the DEO returned as her eyes settled onto J'onn's warm, dark brown ones.

"What gave me away?" Kara asked, blonde curls cascading down the front of her shoulder as her head tilted, hands resting on her hips.

"Well… since I can't read your mind, I had to rely upon my keen sense of observation." Kara could see the hint of a smile on J'onn's lips. "You lit up the entire room when you stepped in here. I half-thought that we were experiencing some sort of solar flare. You had me looking through the windows."

Kara reached out, playfully tapping the older man's arm.

"I am not that obvious! Am I?" Kara chuckled, reaching up and tucking her hair behind her ears. "Ahhhh J'onn, I'm just so happy." Taking a step forward, she angled her body so that she was standing next to him instead of in front of him. The two of them peered out into the room and Kara leaned in slightly, whispering. "Wanna know a secret? You have to keep it on the down low,
though, because I haven't even told Alex yet."

"J'onn peered over at Kara in his peripheral before looking forward again. "The down low?"

"You have to keep it quiet," Kara explained with a giggle. She couldn't tell if J'onn was pulling her leg or not.

"Okay, you have my word."

Kara nodded, her eyes glancing around the room as she resisted the urge to rock back and forth on her heels. Ever since Lena had asked her to be her girlfriend, Kara had felt all of this incredible energy inside of her that she hadn't been able to work out of her system yet. Maybe she would go for a good old fashioned run later or something.

"Lena Luthor asked me to be her girlfriend," Kara revealed, keeping her voice low despite wanting to shout the news from the rooftops. As excited as she was about everything, she wanted to get the chance to tell each of her friends personally. Even though the DEO's atmosphere was mostly professional, gossip still swept through the office like wildfire, so she had to be careful not to be too loud.

Kara had expected J'onn to respond to her revelation with the same contained enthusiasm that he typically did when it came to him reacting to good news. However, he surprised her.

Turning towards the Kryptonian, J'onn spread his arms and pulled Kara into a warm hug that she didn't hesitate to return. "I'm so happy for you, Kara," he said quietly. His naturally husky voice sounded joyful, leaving no doubt in Kara's mind as to the sincerity of his statement.

When their hug ended, Kara stepped back to his side, biting her lip to contain herself over their exchange. She didn't need anyone's approval for what was happening between herself and Lena, but the support was still greatly appreciated. Over their time getting to know one another and working together, J'onn had managed to sort of step into the role of father figure that had been left empty first by Zor-El and then later on by Jeremiah Danvers. The bond that they had forged was strong and Kara cared for the Martian greatly.

"Hey, where's my hug?" Winn joked, sidling up to the pair of them with a grin.

J'onn's expression changed back to the serious one that he typically donned.

"Agent Schott, surely you have better things to do than stick your nose where it doesn't belong?"

The grin that had been on Winn's face flickered and Kara could tell he was trying to read J'onn to see how far he could push it with his jokes. Kara glanced over at their boss and could tell from his eyes that he wasn't actually annoyed, but she doubted that Winn was going to be able to pick up on that. The technician was still getting used to J'onn and the DEO as a whole.

"Roger that, boss," Winn finally said, backing down just as Kara had anticipated.

"I'll tell you about it later," Kara mouthed before Winn turned to leave.

Two steps in, Winn stopped and looked back at them. Pointing at Kara, he lifted a brow.

"Are we still on for Game Night tonight at Alex's place?"

"Oh, crap!" Kara exclaimed, eyes widening. "Thank you sooooo much for reminding me, it completely had slipped my mind!"
Ever since Kara's pretty little apartment had been blown to smithereens, the Game Night gang had fallen off track when it came to keeping up with one of their favorite traditions. About a week or so ago, James had reached out to them all via email to schedule a get-together and Alex had happily offered up her services as hostess as long as everyone promised to bring their own booze.

"I will definitely be there!" Kara promised. Prior to life getting hectic and causing her to forget all about it, Kara had been really looking forward to Game Night. It would be nice to slip some normalcy back into her life.

"Awesome," Winn noted with a smile and a nod. His hand dropped, both of them slipping into his pockets. "You should bring Lena," he remarked, his shoulders lifting up into a small shrug before he turned back around to actually go back to his desk this time.

"That's not a bad idea…" Kara mused, already considering it. It would be a great way to share her amazing news with her inner circle all at once.

Now she just had to get Lena to agree to it.

~ooooooo~

**What are you doing tonight?**

Kara had just finished dropping off an article for Snapper and was now rewarding herself with a short break for managing to not earn a single snarky remark from her boss.

Not wanting to stare at her phone, anxiously awaiting Lena's reply, Kara tucked it into the pocket of her work pants and turned her attention to the vending machine in front of her. It was high time for a snack. Preferably something chocolate.

Even though her sweet tooth was nagging at her, Kara still surveyed the top few rows of savory snacks just in case something caught her eye. Blue eyes scanned various options, pausing briefly on the Snack Factory Pretzel Thins and considering them. The desire to have chocolate won out, though, and her gaze dropped, settling on the treats below. As soon as she spotted the Pretzel M&M's at the bottom row of the machine, a satisfied smile found her lips.

"Perfect," Kara remarked, reaching into her pocket for the spare dollar she had tucked into it earlier when the plan to hunt down a snack had first popped into her mind. It had taken a good bit of self-control not to go then, but she had been only a few paragraphs away from completion and wanted to finish it first. Besides, knowing that a snack waited at the end of the tunnel made it easier for her to trudge through what had been one of her more boring and tedious assignments. Kara had yet to discover what her specific niche was in the world of reporting, but after today she was certain that it would never be covering stories that had anything to do with annuity disbursements. Their finance guy was out sick for the week, so Snapper had come to her with what he deemed to be a 'hot' assignment about National City Financial's latest upheaval of their annuity disbursement process. There really hadn't been anything hot or juicy about the story, but Kara now had a newfound respect of the processors that handled those types of transactions.

Slipping her dollar into its tiny designated spot, Kara murmured "come on" while trying to tempt it into taking her money. After three failed attempts where the machine had spit her dollar back at her, leaving her to wonder if she should leave the M&Ms behind, it finally sucked it up and kept it.

Kara reached for the long rectangular keypad to the side, her fingers punching in the '816' that was displayed underneath of her desired treat. The metal coil spun, pushing the snack bag forward, and Kara watched as it tumbled to the bottom of the machine.
Ducking down, Kara used the back of her hand to push open the slot so that she could reach inside and retrieve her prize. Fingers clutching around the bag, she pulled it out and headed over to the couch that was situated in the center of the lounge so that she could sit down.

Kara tore a slit into the bright blue bag, tilting it until two green pretzel M&Ms rolled into her palm. Cupping her hand, she lifted it up and popped the candies into her mouth. Just as the chocolate hit her tongue, she felt her phone vibrating against her thigh. Immediately, Kara lifted her hips up and reached into her pocket, extracting her phone and lifting it up so she could see if it was Lena replying.

The Luthor's name decorated the top of the text bubble, but what was contained within caused Kara to almost choke on her chocolate.

You. ;)

Kara coughed as the chocolate and pretzel pieces she had been chewing shot down the wrong pipe, causing her to set her phone and her candy down next to her so she could pound at her chest a little until the sensation cleared. Already, she was picturing the headlines...

DEATH BY CHOCOLATE: SUPERGIRL DONE IN BY HER LOVE FOR M&Ms

Alter boys would go up and down the aisles of the church during her funeral procession, passing out the small snack packs that frequently only made an appearance in stores around Halloween and Valentine’s Day. Alex would give a touching speech, recounting the time the Danvers family had flown out to M&M World with the Kents and Kara had insisted on having at least one M&M of every color. Perhaps Aaron Carter would make a guest appearance, throwing it back for everyone with a rousing rendition of "I Want Candy."

After a few panicky seconds, Kara found that she was able to breathe again and took advantage of that, drawing in a few deep breaths before retrieving her phone.

Another, newer text from Lena was lingering at the top of her screen above the one that had nearly been fatal to Kara.

I truly have no plans other than spending some time with my lovely girlfriend. Why, what were you thinking?

Just like that, Kara found herself grinning like a fool, near-death experience forgotten. Unlocking her phone, she went into her message strand with Lena and tapped out a reply.

I totally forgot, but my sister is hosting Game Night tonight! I don't know if I've ever mentioned it before, but basically my friends and I like to get together every now and again to play a bunch of games and decompress. I was kinda hoping that maybe I could get you to go with me?

Kara left the message strand open this time, unabashedly bubble stalking. The bubbles that indicated Lena was typing appeared fairly quickly. Then disappeared. Then appeared again. Then disappeared.

Kara watched the bubbles appear and disappear several times before finally a reply encapsulated in a small gray bubble popped up.

I'd love to.
That was it? The big reply? It had taken Lena… Kara's fingers pressed to the screen of her phone, dragging the texts to the side so that she could see the timestamps… 9 minutes to answer with that?

Writing it off as nothing more than a phone glitch, Kara sent off a stream of her happiest looking emojis before returning to her M&Ms.

~oooooooo~

There was definitely something up with Lena as they made the ride over to Alex's apartment.

The Luthor was quiet and had been fidgeting with the watch on her wrist the entire ride. Kara's eyes caught sight of the mother of pearl face of it every time it was spun in her direction. It wasn't like Lena to fidget, that was really more of Kara's thing. Lena was typically more poised, much like an elegant lioness. It may have seemed like a minor thing to a stranger, but Kara's suspicions were thoroughly aroused.

Unable to take it any longer, Kara reached out for the hand brandishing the watch and held it, causing Lena's other hand to still its movements and drop to her lap.

"Hey Lena, is something on your mind?" Kara asked, aware that she was lacking in tact during this fishing expedition. Being subtle had never been her strong suit. Kara was much too forward and honest to skirt around her real concerns sometimes. It was easier for her to get straight to the point.

Lena hummed, her lips pursing in thought. Instead of looking over at Kara, the Luthor's eyes glanced out the tinted window of the car, focusing on the passing cityscape.

Kara squeezed the hand that she was holding and waited patiently, choosing not to repeat her question. If the answer was one that Lena wasn't prepared to share with her yet, then that was okay. As much as Kara wanted to know what Lena appeared to be fretting about, it was more important to her to respect her girlfriend's boundaries.

After a couple of minutes, Lena surprised the blonde by offering up an answer.

"I don't think your friends are going to like me."

Kara's eyes widened at Lena's answer, her body immediately angling towards her girlfriend.

"Oh, Lena," she said softly, her brow furrowing. No wonder it had taken Lena forever and at least fifteen text drafts to reply to Kara's message earlier. The blonde hadn't even stopped to consider that Lena might feel uncomfortable at this outing. Kara was so used to Lena's calm and cool demeanor that sometimes she neglected to remember that, just because a person seemed okay on the outside, didn't mean that there wasn't a war raging on in their head on the inside.

"Baby, look at me," Kara urged, waiting until Lena's eyes found hers before continuing. "I don't think there's a person in the world that wouldn't like you once they got to know you," she remarked, her honesty kicking in. Kara knew that most people were hesitant to accept Lena due to her heritage, but she refused to believe that Lena's last name was an obstacle that couldn't be overcome.

"I don't…" Lena trailed off. The conflict she felt internally that had first manifested itself as fidgeting hands was now starting to show on her face. "I don't think that's true, Kara. There are plenty of people out there that have met me and still dislike me."

Kara's head shook immediately. "Meeting you and knowing you are two totally different things. My friends…they all have good hearts and smart heads on their shoulders. I have complete faith that, by the end of the night, they're going to adore you as much as I do," Kara paused, a chuckle emerging.
"Okay, well, *almost* as much as I do. It's going to be pretty impossible for anyone to be *as* taken with you as I am because, let me tell you, I am over the moon for you, Lena Luthor."

Lena's cheeks immediately darkened and the traces of a small smile appeared on her face. Kara leaned in and pressed a kiss to the blushing cheek that was closest to her.

"Besides," Kara continued on, giving Lena's hand a comforting squeeze. "You saved my life the other day, remember? I haven't forgotten that and neither have my friends. You're kinda walking into this Game Night a hero."

Lena scoffed softly, but the smile on her lips remained.

"I wouldn't call myself a hero, but I hope you're right about them eventually liking me."

Kara shifted in her seat so that she was facing Lena even more and reached up her free hand to cup her girlfriend's cheek. "Honey, you're totally mistaken on the hero front. Speaking personally, you've been my hero long before that dang Black Mercy popped into our lives and I know for a fact that'll never change."

Lena's head ducked down shyly and Kara was captivated by how beautiful she was, even in this vulnerable state. All versions of Lena were positively entrancing. There were so many facets and layers to this woman. Kara was looking forward to learning of them all, over time.

Before Kara could get a chance to act on the urge to kiss her girlfriend, the partition lowered and Charles informed the girls that they had arrived.

"Here goes nothing…" Lena said, her voice a soft murmur as the both of them exited the vehicle.

As Kara moved to step towards the front door of the building, a hand wrapped gently around her forearm, stopping her in place. Kara turned to face the woman who had stopped her and was greeted with a kiss. As Lena's tongue brushed its way into her mouth, Kara had completely forgotten that they were standing outside, in public. There was something so intoxicating about Lena's kisses. It wasn't until a passerby loudly cleared his throat several times that the two women separated.

Kara glanced in the direction of the noise only to find an older man scooting by them with a walker, shaking his head and muttering something that sounded a lot like, "Young whippersnappers." When Kara looked back to Lena, she found the woman to be grinning.

"What? You didn't think you could say something as wonderful as that to me and *not* be kissed, right?" Kara chuckled at Lena's words as the Luthor gave her an overly angelic look.

"Come on," Kara said brightly, slipping her hand into Lena's and walking her towards the building. "I can't wait to show off my gorgeous, lovely *girlfriend* tonight. Oh and to kick some major butt at these games."
Chapter 22

Kara's fingers curled into a fist before rapping gently on Alex's front door. In the corner of her eye, she could see that Lena was lingering somewhat behind her instead of being right at her side, as usual. Turning her head so that she could see Lena better, Kara reached for her hand and gave her what was meant to be a comforting smile. Lena returned the smile, but the expression disappeared as soon as the sound of the door opening could be heard. All of a sudden, Lena reverted to her classic calm, poised look. Kara knew that she was still a bundle of nerves underneath of it all, which made the fact she was able to pull off that expression even more impressive. Lena was a master at hiding her negative emotions.

"Hey guys!" Alex chirped brightly, pulling Kara's gaze back to the door. When her eyes met her sister's, a warm smile spread on Kara's face.

"Hey sis!" Kara's head tilted to the side, bright blue eyes sparkling behind the lenses of her glasses. "Ready to get your butt handed to you?"

Alex chuckled ruefully. "We'll see about that..." she said, stepping to the side and waving them in. With her hand still intertwined with Lena's, Kara lead the Luthor inside while surreptitiously poking her tongue out at her sister.

"Ladies, can I take your coats?"

Kara turned towards the sound of the familiar voice, still smiling. "Always the gentleman," the blonde remarked, only releasing Lena's hand once she gave it a gentle squeeze. Kara's hands moved to the strap of her coat to untie it, but before she could manage to get the garment down her shoulders, Lena was there to assist her out of it.

"Thanks babe," Kara said, blue eyes finding green. Lena met her gaze with a small smile in return.

"Babe, huh?" James mused, grinning as he took both of their coats from Lena. A brow lifted questioningly in Kara's direction.

The blonde chuckled, her shoulders lifting up into a coy shrug. "I might have some news to share with all of you later but shhhhh..." Holding up her finger, Kara pressed it to the center of her lips a la Pretty Little Liars before lowering it and grasping onto Lena's hand again. "Anyway, I don't want to completely forget my manners here.... James, this is Lena," Kara said by way of introduction, purposefully leaving Lena's last name out of the introduction. Everyone in that room would know exactly who the high-powered CEO was, so Kara didn't feel the need to tack on the name "Luthor" when she knew that the moniker was a sore spot for the woman. Although they hadn't deep dived into that topic of conversation too much, Kara had picked up on the fact early on that Lena was tired of being defined by her last name and she couldn't blame her for that in the least. Kara herself was tired of the wary looks Lena would receive for being a Luthor, so she couldn't imagine what it felt like to actually be the target of those withering stares. It wasn't fair to judge a person by the sins of their family. Kara never once held any of the Luthor heritage against Lena and she never would. Lena was so much more than her last name.

"And Lena, this is James! But you probably know him by the name Jimmy Olsen." Kara grinned as she caught the look James gave her. She vividly recalled the moment that they had first met and James had informed her the nickname "Jimmy" was reserved for his mother and her cousin, Clark. It was fun to tease him, though. Like it or not, the better part of his fan base knew him to be Jimmy.
Lena gave a small gasp as she looked at James appreciatively. "The Jimmy Olsen?"

"James," the photographer corrected, although he couldn't hide how flattered he was by the tone of Lena's voice.

"Wow," Lena drawled. "I am thoroughly impressed. You are my favorite photojournalist."

Judging by the look James was now giving Lena, Kara suspected that he no longer cared what she called him.

"You're too kind," James remarked, opening his mouth - most likely to try and pry a few more accolades out of Lena - when Winn bounded up, two Pringles dangling from his mouth like duck lips. A mumbled greeting was offered up, but Kara couldn't distinguish what he was saying for the life of her.

"Wanna try that again?" Kara asked, reaching out so that the pad of her index finger pushed at the ridge of the chips, urging Winn to pull them into his mouth with his lips and tongue to finish them off. Kara was half impressed, half put off by Winn's ability to maneuver snacks around without the use of his hands.

Once the chips had been chewed and swallowed, Winn regarded the small circle that seemed to be forming in Alex's living room with a grin. "I said 'what's shakin' bacon?'" he clarified, looking at them as if it had been the most obvious thing in the world.

Kara geared up to playfully chastise him, but Lena spoke up before she could.

"Not a thing, chicken wing," the Luthor joked back, taking Kara by surprise. All three heads turned towards Lena.

"Her," Winn said solemnly, pointing at Lena but making eye contact with Kara. "I like her."

Kara beamed, her head angling towards her girlfriend. "I like her, too," she said, squeezing Lena's hand.

Just as the blonde finished her remark, Alex sidled up and stepped into the space next to Kara that wasn't currently occupied by Lena, looping an arm around her sister's shoulders.

"Are we all going to stand around and chit-chat or are we gonna play some games?" the hostess asked, eyes narrowing into playful slits as they scanned the people surrounding her.

Kara glanced at her sister. "Depends. You did order us some pizza, right? Because I don't smell it…"
To prove her point, Kara tilted up her head and sniffed twice, dramatically. "It would be a tragedy to try and have Game Night without pizza."

"What do you think I am, some kind of amateur?" Alex scoffed, briefly tightening the arm around Kara's shoulders. "Maggie's bringing the pizza… and some extra beer because I figured you hooligans wouldn't take my BYOB warning seriously."

Alex's gaze settled pointedly on Winn and the technician held his hands up in mock surrender. "Hey, maybe I just wasn't planning on drinking?"

Alex's eyes rolled, but she pursed her lips instead of saying anything else.

After looking at her sister, then Winn, then back to her sister, Kara smiled at the room and simply said, "Pictionary?"
"Yes!" Winn replied with a fist pump. James nodded. Alex gave her a half-hug before proclaiming that they could set it up, but that it would be nothing but practice rounds until her trusty partner made an appearance.

Kara glanced over at Lena, eyes sparkling. "Be my partner?"

"Always," Lena replied with a grin.

Looping her arm through Lena's, Kara guided her over to the couch, plopping them both down. Reaching over her girlfriend, she snatched the throw pillows on the other side of the sofa, pulling them all in towards them and tucking them around their bodies. Lena didn't say anything but simply held the pillow she was handed and arched a brow.

"It's going to be a long night," Kara whispered by way of explanation, stuffing a pillow back behind herself. "If you don't claim the prime real estate now, you're going to be really uncomfortable later."

Lena nodded, her lips quirking up in amusement. Kara could see her arms tightening around the throw pillow in her lap and chuckled, settling back against her own pilfered pillows as the rest of the group got settled.

Just as James finished setting up the large easel that housed the drawing pad they would be competing on, a few dull thuds could be heard emanating from the front door, almost as if someone was kicking the bottom of it with their boot.

Before Kara could volunteer to get the door, Alex called out an excited sounding, "I got it!" The apparent joy in Alex's tone made Kara smile. It was so nice hearing her sister happy, especially considering Alex's long and tumultuous history with relationships. Both Danvers sisters had a lot to learn when it came to the field of dating, but they were doing pretty dang well if Kara did say so herself.

"I hope you guys are hungry, because I think Alex here may have over-ordered a little…" Maggie warned, making her way through the door with five pizza boxes precariously stacked against her arms. They were huge, especially compared to Maggie's petite body. She was basically half pizza in that moment.

Alex took a few of the pizza boxes from Maggie's arms and greeted her girlfriend with an eye roll, followed by a kiss.

"Uh, Kara is here, so I think we'll be all right…"

"Hmph!" Kara scoffed loudly in protest, drawing Maggie's eyes as she crossed her arms across her chest in mock indignation. At first, there was a smile on the detective's face until her gaze shifted over to the woman at Kara's side. Kara could feel Lena stiffen.

"Uh…" Kara looked over at her girlfriend, whose lips were in a tight line. "Lena, this is Alex's girlfriend, Maggie…" Her head tilted towards the woman she had just introduced. "And Maggie, this is-"

The detective cut her off. "We've met."

Kara nodded and resisted the urge to ask the questions that bubbled up inside of her. How did they know each other? Why were they looking at each other with such obvious distaste?

One glance at her sister and Kara knew that Alex had the same exact questions. They would both have to wait to ask them, though, because now was not the time.
"Please tell me you got pepperoni," Kara blurted out, wanting the awkward tension in the room to dissipate.

Maggie hesitated for a few seconds and then nodded, her expression softening marginally. "There's some of everything here. Alex, tell the girl what you ordered."

"I got a smorgasbord of choices because I wasn't sure what everyone would be in the mood for…" The detective and Alex headed towards the coffee table so that they could set the boxes down. "I got a pepperoni, a grandma's pie, a veggie pie, a buffalo chicken pie, and - in case none of those interested you guys - I also got good old fashioned plain pizza."

"Does that tickle your fancy?" Maggie asked Kara at the end of Alex's explanation.

"Mags, my mouth is watering," Kara announced, sitting up a little straighter as the pizza was splayed out across the table.

"Mags?" Maggie questioned dryly, a brow arched.

Kara nodded, grinning at Alex's girlfriend. "Yup." Her head tilted, blonde hair cascading to the one side. "I think it's cute."

Alex chuckled. "Just roll with it… Mags," she said, nudging her girlfriend with her shoulder as they headed off to the kitchen to retrieve plates and napkins.

James and Winn started flipping open pizza boxes, revealing each delicious looking pie one at a time. Kara could sense that Lena was still tense next to her and reached a hand out, settling it on her thigh. Looking over at her girlfriend, she mouthed, "You okay?"

Lena nodded, her expression softening. "I'm perfectly fine," she mouthed back, giving Kara a smile. Whatever thought she had been lost in seemed to have disappeared for the moment. Kara gave her a single nod and left her hand on Lena's thigh, giving it two small pats.

Turning her attention back to the room, she asked, "Are you guys sure I can't do anything?"

Alex was just getting back to the group, flatware and plates in hand. Shaking her head, she set down the items she was holding.

"Everything is handled. I'm going to go help Maggie grab the beer in her trunk and we'll be right back, okay? You guys make sure Kara doesn't eat all the pizza while we're gone…"

"Hardy har har…" Kara called after her sister, chuckling and leaning forward to grab a plate for herself and one for Lena. Despite whatever weirdness existed between Maggie and her girlfriend, Kara still held out hope that the night would go smoothly.

~oooooooo~

"A GIRAFFE!"

Kara giggled at Winn's enthusiasm in answering. This was at least the tenth animal he had guessed in a 20 second span of time and the little hourglass they were using to time the rounds was just about to run out of sand.

"YES!" James announced, just as enthusiastically as Winn. It was always funny seeing James get so animated during Game Night. He was typically much more restrained than the rest of them, but his
competitive spirit brought out an entirely different side of him.

"Four points to the boys…" Maggie remarked, turning and marking down a few dashes on their running scoreboard which consisted entirely of an old notebook Alex had managed to dig out of a closet somewhere and a black Sharpie marker. It was imperative that they keep score, since the winner that would be declared by the end of the night would have bragging rights up until the next Game Night. It had been decided early on that Maggie would have to be scorekeeper. The argument had been that, not only was Maggie held to some sort of standard of honesty and fair play as a detective, but the group also collectively agreed that, since she had only been to one Game Night before, she didn't consider the ultimate score to be as touchy of a subject as the veterans surrounding her did. Kara distinctly recalled one Game Night where the dispute over the final score had sparked a week long period of icy cool silence between James and Winn. The latter had accused the former of fudging the score after several heated rounds of Cards Against Humanity, which hadn't gone over well at all. It hadn't been until after some persistent, perky prompting on the blonde's part that the two made up. Ever since then, the scoring process had been even more heavily moderated.

"Which means…" Alex started off, eyes settling on Kara and Lena with a grin. "You two are up."

"Lena's a newbie, so you better hope she's good," Winn teased in a sing-song voice, still running off of some post-win adrenaline high. Before plopping down on the couch next to James, the two of them did some sort of hybrid of a chest bump and a high five, prompting collective eye rolls from around the room.

"I know she'll be amazing," Kara announced proudly as she stood up, walking over to Alex to accept the pack of cards she'd be working off of. At the start of the game, she had talked it over with Lena and they had both determined that Kara would be drawing for their team. "Also…" The hand not wrapped around her small deck of drawing prompts pointed in Winn's direction. "You should remember who was the winner of our last Game Night…" Kara trailed off, her finger changing directions so it was pointing to herself instead.

"I swear, your pride will be the death of us all," James chided, stretching out his body so that his hands settled behind his head, fingers lacing together. A large grin settled onto his face as he regarded the blonde standing before him. "Beware, it goeth before the fall."

Kara gasped slightly, her hand settling against her heart as she adjusted her face to look appropriately affronted. "Don't use Hamilton lyrics against me! The audacity…"

With a small 'hmph' Kara straightened up her back and strode over to the easel where the drawing pad was displayed. Picking up a thick, green Sharpie Marker, she turned her gaze towards Lena and gave her partner a smile. "You ready?"

"Born ready," Lena assured, grinning at Kara.

Kara nodded once and turned her gaze towards Alex, who had been acting as timekeeper for the night except for when she and Maggie had taken their turn. "Let's do this."

"Ready… And… GO!"

Kara looked down at the first card in her stack, flipping it open, ready for anything. The cards were a combination of those that had come with the game itself and those they had created over time. There were a mixture of different items, places, people, and various pop culture references.

Turtle was first up.
Kara set down her stack of cards, except for one she had to draw at the moment, on the ridge of the easel not occupied by Sharpie markers, grateful she had decided to start with the color green. Pressing the tip of it to the board, she began to draw out the outline of what she hoped looked like a shell when…

"Turtle!"

"Yes!" Kara exclaimed, chucking the card to the side and picking up the next. Even though they were on a timeclock, she couldn't help but pause to shoot a smile in Lena's direction.

Quickly opening the card and scanning its contents, Kara set to work on their next word. Pressing her marker to the pad, she began to draw out the rough outline of a crown before dropping down lower and drawing another item that was necessary if Lena had any hopes of figuring out the answer.

"Crown! Princess! Queen!"

Kara paused to nod before going back to her current drawing. Her pen scratched across the page, quickly coloring in thick bands on the insect she had drawn beneath the crown.

"Queen… Queen… Bee… BEYONCE!"

"YES!" Kara announced, beaming over at her girlfriend as she tossed her card to the side. Her ears barely registered it plunking against the top of one of the closed, empty pizza boxes. Picking up her next card, she continued, determined to squeeze as many words into their minute as possible.

Scooting to the right, Kara drew in the empty space on the sheet of paper. First, she drew a few small stick figures meant to represent children before drawing a large slide.

"Slide! Park! Playground!"

At the end of the slide, Kara drew waves, meant to represent water.

"Swim park!"

There was a slight lilt to Lena's voice as she yelled out her guess and she sounded a little Irish in that moment. It made Kara realize that she didn't know much about Lena's origins, aside from the fact that she had been adopted by the Luthor family as a kid. There had to be more to the story, though. But now wasn't the time to focus on that. They had a game to win.

Stopping her attempts at drawing, Kara looked straight at Lena and arched a brow, gesturing at her to continue and hoping it wouldn't be long before she realized that her wording had been slightly off.

Lena stared at her blankly, searching Kara's face for any sign of what she should do before realization seemed to dawn on her.

"I mean water park!" she exclaimed, chuckling as she corrected herself.

Kara couldn't help but chuckle as well as she discarded that card. Lena's laugh was infectious.

The next challenge gave Kara pause as she wondered how on earth she was going to draw that. It only took her a second or two to realize how to do it.

Flipping the paper over as quickly as she could, Kara got to drawing on the fresh sheet, tracing out what she hoped Lena would realize was the head of a chicken.

"Bird! Duck! Chick! Chicken!"
It took all of Kara's self control to not yell out yes! Since this game was strictly non-verbal during the drawing stage, Kara could only look over at Lena and nod before getting back to business.

Dropping down to the space below the chicken, Kara drew a large bowl before sketching out some unfortunate looking blobs poking out at the top of it and coloring them in with the green marker she was using.

"Uh… Uh… Chicken…"

Lena seemed to be struggling a little and Kara couldn't blame her. This wasn't her best drawing and the word was a reach, at best. Perhaps their streak had come to an end.

"Chicken salad!"

"YOU GOT IT!" Kara exclaimed, completely surprised and proud Lena managed to pull that one out. Her girl was good.

Kara glanced over at the tiny hourglass, spotting that they were running low on grains of sand. There was maybe time for one more, which Kara knew would put them ahead of both of the other teams. She was going for it.

Grabbing what she knew would be their last card, Kara flipped it open. A short bark of laughter escaped her when she realized what the prompt was. Sometimes life was too funny.

Setting down the green Sharpie for the first time, Kara made the calculated switch to red before beginning to draw a large fruit on the side of the easel that wasn't covered in a disembodied chicken head and a poorly constructed salad bowl.

Lena rapid fire guessed a litany of fruits, but Kara didn't have time to stop and signal when she was getting close to what she was trying to convey with her impromptu artwork. All she could do was keep drawing and hope the clues would come together for her girlfriend before their time ran out.

Drawing two little stick figure arms on the fruit, Kara then began to draw what was meant to be a microphone but looked like more of a giant toothbrush in one of the hands before sketching out little musical notes around it.

"RACHEL BERRY!" Lena yelled out mere seconds before Alex called time.

"YES!" Kara squealed, happily chucking that last card over her shoulder before practically lunging at Lena to give her a tackle hug. Being mindful of her strength, she wrapped her arms snugly around her girlfriend before releasing her and reclaiming her seat by Lena's side. Lena passed over one of the pillows they had been hoarding and Kara did a small fist pump before accepting it and pulling it into her lap.

"Pride goeth before a fall, eh?" Kara remarked pointedly in the direction of the two sulking men in the room, now running off of her own adrenaline high. Holding out her hand to Lena, she gave her girlfriend a high five and finished off the movement with a kiss to the cheek.

"How on earth did you get that?!" Maggie exclaimed, garnering the attention of both Kara and Lena. "I'm the one who put that card in the pile and… to be frank… I wasn't really expecting anybody to recognize the name! I mean, Rachel Berry is a fucking star and I know that, but the rest of the world is only beginning to catch on. She was just cast to star in a Funny Girl revival on Broadway like this week."

"Tsk," Alex chided, flicking her tongue against the back of her teeth to make the noise. "That was
your mistake, Mags," she teased, pressing her shoulder up against Maggie's as she leaned into her girlfriend. "Kara is a slut for musicals."

Kara nodded solemnly. "That is very true, but… We also had a slight advantage with that particular card because we just saw Rachel perform at this super cool night club the other week."

Maggie's jaw dropped and her mouth opened up so wide that it had Kara thinking to herself that a Mack Truck could drive through it before instead thinking about how that wasn't realistic and how it would really have to be a toy truck. This led to her wondering exactly how many Matchbox cars could fit into Maggie's open mouth before stopping herself because… This line of thought was just plain weird.

"You. Saw. Her. In. Person?!" Maggie's words were slow and deliberate.

"Yeah…" Kara affirmed, offering up a sheepish smile.

"Lime green jello…" Kara heard Winn remark from his spot on the couch, prompting her to turn at the waist and chuck the pillow that was in her hands at him. Winn reached up to catch it but wasn't able to before it bounced off the side of his head, ricocheting into James in the process.

Maggie settled back into her seat, arms crossed, grumbling something to herself. Even without using her super hearing, Kara could pick up on some of what she was saying. The words "unfair," "Rachel," and "freaking goddess" were definitely thrown around.

Kara and Alex shared a look before the older sister leaned in towards her girlfriend, coaxing her to smile by nuzzling her cheek with the tip of her nose and pressing a kiss there.

Looking around the room, Kara realized that this was actually the perfect segue for her good news. Unable to contain herself any longer, she reached over and took one of Lena's hands, giving her girlfriend a warm smile before looking back at the group, clearing her throat to get their attention.

"Guys, I have some news I want to share with all of you. Since you all are some of the people I love most on this planet… Well, no, in this entire Universe," she corrected, chuckling ruefully. It wouldn't be fair for Kara to limit her affections for them to Earth only. Even with all the people that she had loved back on Krypton, each person she was currently surrounded by held a special place in her heart. "I wanted to tell you all first," she continued, glancing over at her sister who was regarding her with a knowing smile. "This week Lena asked me a very important question and I said yes. So… you guys… Let me officially introduce you all to my wonderful, amazing girlfriend." Kara was beaming by the end of her announcement. It felt so nice to share her happy news with all of her closest friends.

"I'm so happy for you two!" Alex said first, bounding out of her seat and swooping in for a hug. Alex wrapped her arms around Kara first before letting her go with one of them and beckoning for Lena to get into the embrace. Kara glanced over at her girlfriend who now looked equal parts flattered and shy. She knew Alex must have completely caught her off guard to get such a raw reaction. "Come on, the more the merrier," Alex urged waving at Lena to scoot in.

Kara released Lena's hand and held out her arm as well and both Danvers sisters accepted the Luthor into their hug.

"Group hug!" Winn announced cheerfully before Kara felt him latching on to both her and Alex from the side. Even James came over and wrapped his arms around Kara from behind, ruffling her hair and planting a kiss on her head.
Maggie stayed put, but a mumbled "congrats" was offered up.

The hug lasted a good, long moment and Kara basked in the feeling of love that she was literally surrounded with.

When it ended, Kara looked over to gauge how her girlfriend was faring with all of the attention they had just received. The Luthor's cheeks were tinged pink, but there was this bubbly smile on her lips that Kara desperately wanted to kiss.

Oh, the heck with it.

Kara leaned in and acted on that urge, pressing a brief peck to Lena's lips before moving over to her ear to whisper, "Told ya they'd love you."

"All right, get a room!" Winn called out, causing Kara to sacrifice another one of her pillows so that she could toss it at him. This one he managed to catch before sanctimoniously sticking his tongue out at the blonde.

Kara laughed and took Lena's hand again, pulling it over to her lap and holding it in both of our own.

"Welcome to our wacky little group," Alex said warmly, looping an arm around Maggie's shoulders as she settled back in next to her on the loveseat.

"You're one of us now," James stated.

"Do you know what that means?" Winn asked Lena, arching a brow at her and holding out his hands expectantly.

Lena's gaze flickered to Winn's outstretched hands and then back to his face. "You want another hug?" she guessed, her voice a healthy mixture of sarcasm and amusement.

Winn snorted. "No," he said, dropping his palms to his knees and shooting Lena a look. "You get to choose the next game."

"Oooh, that's fair," James remarked solemnly, nodding in agreement.

"I agree!" Alex chimed in. "Name a game and I'm sure we have it here."

Lena looked around the room, her eyes ended up on Kara's. Kara nodded at her girlfriend encouragingly, giving her hand a small squeeze.

"How about… Monopoly?" Lena asked, eliciting a groan from half the room. Kara grinned. Alex didn't have the board game itself, but she had the electronic version on her PlayStation 4, which Kara actually preferred. And totally kicked butt at.

"Kara did you prep her for this?" Winn asked, leaning forward so that he could pry one of the pizza boxes open and extract a now cold slice to snack on while Alex got up to get the game console prepped.

"Nope!" Kara retorted, popping the 'p' in the word as she grinned at her friends. "Don't be upset that my girlfriend has incredible taste."

Kara leaned in and pressed a kiss to Lena's cheek, so happy that she was there, sharing this experience with her. She wasn't at all ready for the night to come to an end and, now that they were
going to play Monopoly, it didn't appear that would be happening anytime soon. Monopoly was nothing if not an obnoxiously long game. Kara would love every second of it.
Chapter 23

Chapter Notes

A/N: I felt that it was time for another Lena Luthor chapter. She's a little...uh...out of her depth here haha. Hope you guys enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Lena stared at the ingredients in front of her, feeling completely out of her comfort zone.

It suddenly didn't seem to matter that she had graduated college with top honors, with a major in business and a minor in public relations. Or that when she was a senior, she had personally led her marketing class to having its most successful fundraising year in a decade. It didn't even seem to matter that she was the CEO of a world-renowned corporation which she had single-handedly revamped after her brother's nefarious antics.

None of that helped her when it came to the bright, shiny, brand new waffle iron that was sitting before her.

Reaching for the recipe that she had Cora help her print out about an hour earlier that morning, Lena's emerald eyes scanned the instructions, wishing that they didn't look so much like hieroglyphics.

"It'll be easy," Cora had promised her earlier when Lena had first shared her plan, sending her to the store to fetch all of the ingredients that would be needed to execute it.

Preheat waffle iron was the very first instruction and even that had Lena a little baffled.

Which button did that? There were only three, but they weren't labeled. Was she supposed to instinctively know which button to press? It seemed a little counterintuitive to Lena. Even the solar microwave she had built in sixth grade had been easier to use than this new-fangled contraption.

Lena huffed out a puff of air that blew away a stray strand of hair that had made its way into her face. Starting with the button to the far left, she pressed it, figuring she'd go about this in a trial and error fashion. If that didn't do the trick, then she would move onto the next and try them all out until the appliance heated up.

Beat the eggs in large bowl with hand beater until fluffy was next.

Beat them? Oh Lord. Lena had never even cracked an egg open, nevertheless actually tried to do anything with its contents.

Picking an egg up, Lena examined it, twirling it in between her fingers carefully. Then her eyes darted around, looking for the best surface to try and crack the damn thing open on. The edge of the counter maybe? Or perhaps the edge of the bowl she planned on beating them in? Maybe she shouldn't have shooed Cora away, assuring her that this was something she had to accomplish by herself.

It had seemed like a good idea last night on their way home from a fun-filled night of games and laughter. With Kara curled up to her side in the backseat, Lena's mind had begun working on
figuring out the best way to thank the Kryptonian for welcoming her into her life and inner circle with open arms. While grand gestures were normally Lena's go-to, the situation seemed to call for something more personal, more intimate. It was with that thought that her plan to make breakfast had been hatched, no pun intended.

Lena had never cooked for herself before, but it had seemed like a surmountable hurdle. Until now.

As she stood there, surrounded by butter, flour, eggs, and various other items such as vanilla extract, Lena began to realize that she had always taken the fact that other people cooked for her for granted. If it wasn't a personal chef cooking for her, then it had been her roommates throughout college. Or the girl she was seeing. Or the kitchen staff of the hotel she was staying at during one of her business trips. More regularly now, it was Cora who did all of the cooking. Cora had become her all around helper around the household ever since Lena had moved to National City and that wasn't going to change anytime soon. The woman made dishes that were to die for.

Lena was pretty positive at this point that the end result of her efforts wouldn't be anything to die for but she at least hoped her cooking wouldn't prove to be fatal to the soundly sleeping blonde that was to try it later.

Taking a deep breath, Lena decided to just go for it. She probably didn't have much time left before Kara came looking for her and she was nowhere near being done.

Holding the egg firmly, she held the large silver mixing bowl on the counter with her free hand and banged it against the rim twice. A small gasp escaped her as the shell actually cracked and a feeling of triumph flooded through her. Take that, egg. You're no match for Lena Luthor.

Lena could see some of its contents beginning to leak through the crack she had caused, so she quickly shifted the egg over the bowl. Using both hands, she pressed a little against the fissure and maneuvered the egg apart so that the yolk would fall to the metal well below. The maneuver worked. Mostly. Along with the inside of the egg fell several pieces of shell. Lena didn't know a ton about cooking but she knew that was wrong.

Chucking the shell that was in her hands into the nearby sink with a sigh, Lena resisted the urge to wash off her sticky hands knowing that she had one more egg to wrangle. Pulling the bowl in towards herself, she reached in and tried to pry the remnants of shell out. The texture of uncooked egg caused her to scrunch up her nose, but she persisted. Lena figured she may as well just deal with the damn egg she had opened up already versus starting from scratch since there was no guarantee that any subsequent egg cracking would go any better.

It took about five minutes for Lena to remove all of the shell, but she managed it, wondering all the while why eggs didn't come pre-cracked. Or did they? Lena supposed it was possible since she hadn't been inside a grocery store herself in ages. Who knew what wonders they had on the shelves there that she just wasn't aware of?

Picking up another egg, Lena repeated her actions from before and cracked it open. Much to her dismay, more shell fell into the bowl.

"Son of a bitch…" Lena murmured, reaching back in to pick out the shell so that she could serve Kara waffles without an unwelcome side of shrapnel.

This time, when she flicked the last piece of egg into the sink, Lena took the opportunity to wash the sticky yolk from her hands. If all went according to plan, she wouldn't be touching anymore of the wretched things.
With clean, citrusy smelling hands, Lena turned her attention back to the mixing bowl and reached for the beater that Cora had so generously set up for her. It was plugged in, all put together and everything. Lena hadn't said anything at the time, but at first she had been mildly offended that Cora hadn't thought that she could put the beater together herself. Now Lena was nothing but thankful. If Cora had left her to own devices, Lena suspected she would have started some sort of electrical fire trying to assemble the damn thing. Why was cooking so difficult?

Lena was dismayed when she looked over the beater and saw that there were multiple settings on it, much like the waffle maker. These settings were labeled, but the labels didn't provide her with much help considering that they were just numbers. All this told Lena was what setting was the lowest and which was the highest, not which one would be perfect for beating egg yolks into fluffy oblivion. Why couldn't they have added a diagram of an egg to the display? Would that really have been so hard?

"Here goes nothing…" Lena murmured, flicking the lever all the way to the highest setting – 5. Lena figured it was better to make sure they were nice and beaten instead of starting off on the lowest setting, which possibly wouldn't do the job.

Until she lowered the spinning beater into the egg mixture and some of it splattered up onto her face.

Stifling a shriek so that she wouldn't alarm Kara, Lena hurriedly pulled the beaters from the eggs and got hit with some residual splatter as she moved to turn the damn thing off.

Okay, so, the highest setting was not the way to go.

Trying to remind herself that everything in life was an experience you learned from, a fuming Lena dipped the beaters back into the runny eggs and switched the lever to the third setting right in the middle without even bothering to wash herself off first. There was no point. Lord only knew what else she would manage to get on herself before these things were actually made. What step was she on again? It felt like she had already done a hundred different things. Lena's eyes flickered over to the nearby recipe.

Two. She was on step two.

Lena sighed and maneuvered the beater around, hoping the rest of the recipe wouldn't be so tricky. Lena had pulled the thing off of Pinterest, but she was beginning to think that it had originated in Hell.

Once the eggs looked appropriately fluffy… or as fluffy as they were going to get considering that Lena was anxious to move this production along… she leaned over and read the next step.

*Beat in flour, milk, vegetable oil, sugar, baking powder, salt and vanilla, just until smooth.*

That sounded easy enough. Lena wondered if she was supposed to keep the beaters going continuously as she added the other ingredients but quickly decided against it. There was too much potential for disaster. Lena figured it was better to play it safe.

Turning off the beater, Lena read over the recipe and began to measure out and add the various components listed in that third step. When she got to the "tablespoon" of sugar that was supposed to go into the mixture, she found herself stumped again. The measuring spoons nearby were labeled, but again, it wasn't the most helpful thing in the world. Seriously, what was the point of labels if they weren't going to tell you anything? They all had some variation of the letter 't' stamped on them, so Lena had no idea which one was which.
One simply was marked tbsp. and was marked tsp. One of these had to stand for tablespoon.

Biting down on her lower lip, Lena looked back over at the recipe. There were several different measurements listed that she would be using, included teaspoon. Her eyes drifted back and forth from the measuring spoons in her hand to the page on the counter until a light bulb went off in her head. Both tablespoon and tbsp. had the letter 'b' in it so the other one must be teaspoon. Or at least that's what she was going with.

Lena reached for a see-through container filled to the brim with a white granular substance that had to be sugar and twisted the lid off, dunking the small metal spoon inside. Scraping out a heaping spoonful, Lena dumped it into the bowl before moving forward and adding the baking powder.

When Lena got to the ¼ teaspoon of salt that was needed, she was proud of herself for quickly finding the appropriate measuring spoon for this ingredient. She was getting the hang of this. It wasn't too terrible once you got into the groove of things.

Lena's newfound confidence didn't last long, though. Looking for the salt, her eyes settled onto the container of sugar she had already used before spotting an identical container further back on the counter. Realization dawned on her. With wide eyes, Lena reached for the glass jar of 'sugar' and twisted the lid back off of it. Dipping her index finger into the substance, she lifted it up to her mouth and pressed it against her tongue.

Fuck everything. This wasn't sugar, it was salt.

Lena quickly reached for the other container before repeating her little experiment. Sure enough, it was sugar this time. She had gotten the two of them confused.

"What kind of thick headed individual would not label these damn things…" Lena murmured, stomping a single foot petulantly. The last time she had felt so out of her depth was the first dozen times she had played chess with her father, Lionel. For years, he had been the only person that Lena couldn't beat, but she had remedied that. Lena could still remember the look on his face the first time that she had beaten him. It had contained a mixture of annoyance and pride. Mostly pride. Not even Lex had ever managed to beat him.

Lena's cheeks filled with air, puffing out much like a chipmunk's as she contemplated what to do next. Throwing the entire thing away and starting over didn't feel like an option. Not after Lena had already poured most of her heart and soul into it. Not to mention the fact that her patience was rapidly disappearing and she knew she didn't have it in her to start again. Surely the measurements couldn't possibly be that important. They had to be more like guidelines, right? Lena figured that, as long as all of the necessary components were there, that everything would be okay.

With that thought in her mind, Lena scooped out a tablespoon of sugar, like she was supposed to have done in the first place, and poured it into the mixture. Since the recipe called for more sugar than salt, she measured out a second tablespoon and poured that in as well. Better safe than sorry.

Once everything was in the bowl, Lena ran the beater again, mixing it all around until it appeared to be smooth. Then she glanced over at the dang recipe again, wondering what could possibly be next.

*Spray pre-heated waffle iron with non-stick cooking spray.*

Ha! Finally. An easy step.

Realizing that she hadn't checked on the waffle iron since randomly pressing one of the buttons earlier, Lena turned her attention back to it and held a hand out about an inch above the top. When
she felt heat radiating up from the machine, she let out a relieved sigh.

Just as Lena suspected, this step was the easiest. It took her under a minute to pry the lid open and spray the insides with the cooking spray Cora had left out for her. Easy peasy. Just call her Chef Luthor.

*Pour mix onto hot waffle iron. Cook until golden brown. Serve hot.*

This was the next and last step in the recipe. Lena could feel excitement bubbling up inside of her at the prospect of being done. Not even signing the paperwork to take over the then named Luthor Corp felt as good as this did. That acquisition had been a breeze compared to making waffles.

After removing the beater from the mixture altogether, Lena wrapped her hands around the sides of the large silver bowl and lifted it up. Trying her best to be careful and not rush through this last step, Lena moved it so it was over the waffle iron before tipping it. The contents of the bowl ran out fairly smoothly, coating the grooves of the iron quickly. Within seconds, the mixture began to leak over the sides of the machine, causing Lena to yank the bowl back to its upright position and set it down.

Slamming the lid of the waffle iron down securely, Lena let out her hugest sigh yet. The Luthor was ready for a nap. Or a mimosa.

'Por qué no los dos,' Lena thought to herself, recalling one of her favorite phrases from 12th grade Spanish as she spun around to lean her back against the counter.

Just as she was contemplating sinking all the way down to the floor, an excited looking blonde bounded into the kitchen. Despite her exhaustion, Lena couldn't help but smile when she saw Kara. It was amazing, the effect she had on her.

"Good morning!" the Kryptonian called out happily, her voice practically a sing-song. Unlike Lena, the girl was a definite morning person. Luckily, that cheerfulness was infectious. Lena returned Kara's smile, all traces of her prior frustrations seeping away.

"Good morning, beautiful," Lena replied, more than ready for her regular good morning kiss. Much to her surprise, Kara didn't go in for it. Instead, she slid to a halt about three feet from Lena, looking at her up and down before scanning the kitchen counter.

Lena glanced down at herself and saw that the apron Cora had put her into was covered in all sorts of stains. There was plenty of flour and some splotches that were the eggs that had managed to escape. Cooking was far messier than Lena had anticipated.

"What is all of this?" Kara asked, her blue eyes wide. She hadn't bothered putting on her glasses that morning so there was nothing even remotely obstructing Lena from admiring them.

"I… wanted to make you breakfast," Lena explained, opening up her arms and gesturing to the catastrophe that was surrounding her. "Waffles, to be more specific. Except, I've never cooked before and-"

Lena was cut off by Kara's lips as she was finally greeted with the good morning kiss she had her heart set on. It was longer than usual, which Lena didn't at all mind. Kara tasted of Listerine and was especially eager that morning, which was also infectious. Lena wanted to reach up and pull her in closer, but resisted only because of the fact she had flour caked to her fingers and didn't want to get it all over the blonde beauty that was kissing her.

When the kiss ended, Kara took a step back and peered around Lena, looking at the working waffle maker with the biggest grin on her face. Lena liked knowing she had been the one to put it there.
Moving over to the sink, Lena took the opportunity to wash up. The next time they kissed, she'd be ready.

"I can't believe you got up super early to make me breakfast," Kara mused, drawing Lena's eyes. Reaching for a nearby towel, Lena dried her hands off and watched the blonde taking everything in. Kara was dressed in these short shorts that left hardly anything to the imagination when it came to her long legs. She had paired it with a fitted, matching tank top and Lena could tell she wasn't wearing a bra underneath of it. Lena unabashedly looked Kara up and down, enjoying the view immensely.

It was a dangerous game to play with herself though because, within seconds, her mind was conjuring up images of backing the Kryptonian up against the kitchen island and taking her right then and there. It had been a while since Lena had slept with anybody else, but that wasn't at all the sole reason behind the various sexual fantasies she had been having recently that all starred Kara. The desire she felt towards the blonde went far beyond the basic human need for sex. It was much more involved than that. Lena didn't crave sex, she craved Kara. She wanted to know how it would feel to touch her all over. Hear the noises she'd make. Feel her shuddering underneath a skillful touch. Taste her.

It would have to wait, though, because Lena had already made the conscious decision to let Kara initiate that particular experience. It was difficult at times, only because her attraction to Kara was so damn strong, but Lena Luthor was a master of self-control. Lena felt that it was important to respect any pace Kara set, especially because she had the distinct feeling that the Kryptonian hadn't been with very many people in the past and knew for a fact that she had definitely never been with a woman before. It was an experience that a person had to be ready for and Lena knew it would be worth the wait. She was ready, of course, and would be waiting as patiently as she could for Kara to be ready as well. No matter how hard it was to contain herself sometimes.

"This is one of the nicest things ever," Kara exclaimed, luring Lena's eyes back to her face. Kara seemed to realize at that moment that Lena had been checking her out, causing her cheeks to turn that adorable shade of pink that the Luthor loved so much.

"They're just waffles," Lena remarked, suddenly a little shy about her efforts. A foot gently kicked at the tile of the kitchen floor. Before she could protest any further, Kara's hands were in hers, pulling her forward.

"They're not just waffles, silly. This is great. You're amazing, Lena."

Now Lena was blushing. If it had been any other girl standing before her, telling her how amazing she was, Lena would have been able to wave their comments away. Not with Kara, though. The genuineness of her tone made it impossible to ignore. For the first time in Lena's life, she believed the girl that was frequently whispering sweet nothings in her ear. It was easy to see that Kara had no agenda, like the rest of them had. They had been using Lena, but with Kara there were no strings attached. Kara meant what she said and, in turn, made Lena actually feel amazing.

Lena wanted to deepen the kiss, but a certain scent hit her nose that had her pulling away.

"THE WAFFLES!" Lena called out, her voice verging on a shriek.

Both girls turned their attention to the waffle iron which now had black smoke billowing out of the sides of it.

Lena immediately reached for it, but Kara stepped into her way, preventing her from reaching the machine. When Kara reached for the lid and then the charred waffle, Lena grabbed onto her arm and
tried to tug it away, figuring the food would be much too hot to touch.

"I'm fine," Kara assured gently, reaching for the burning waffle anyway and flinging it into the sink. While Kara unplugged the waffle maker, Lena reached over and turned the water on so that it would hopefully drown out that horrendous burning waffle smell.

As soon as the water was running, Lena turned her attention back to Kara and reached for her hand, pulling it towards herself so that she could check for burns. There wasn't even a trace of scalding and Lena suddenly remembered why. In her panic, she had completely forgotten how impervious Kara was to injury.

"Baby, really, I'm fine," Kara assured again, a slight chuckle of amusement infusing her tone as her eyes moved over to the soaking waffle in the sink.

Lena chuckled in relief, lifting Kara's hands up to her lips and kissing the palm of it anyway.

"Well, that was a colossal failure," Lena remarked ruefully, her eyes narrowing into slits as she regarded the traitorous waffle maker. It had one job.

"Not at all!" Kara assured, her bubbly disposition still present as she looked around, spotting the bowl containing the rest of the batter. Kara dunked a finger into the mix and lifted it up to her lips to lick it off. As soon as the tip of her tongue swiped against the batter, her entire face scrunched up.

"It's… um…" Kara started off, clearly struggling with her honest nature. Lena watched her, utterly amused by the way Kara seemed to be hiding her distaste. "A little salty maybe, but I think it'd make a fine waffle!" she finally finished, giving Lena a small grin as she held her hand up awkwardly. It was obvious Kara didn't know what to do with the rest of the batter on her finger, since there was no way she wanted to put it back into her mouth.

Saving her from herself, Lena reached up and laughed as she used her apron to clean Kara up. "I'm pretty sure there's like ten times the salt in that batter than the recipe actually called for, so…" Lena shrugged, grinning. "It's okay, babe, you don't have to eat this. I'm pretty sure that no matter how well it cooks that it's not going to be fit for human, or Kryptonian, consumption."

Kara looked relieved and it only made Lena laugh more.

"I'm sorry, I really did try…" Lena murmured, surveying the damage once more.

"It's the thought that counts! Really!" Kara immediately insisted, her hands reaching up to cup Lena's cheeks. Lena leaned into her hands, moving her head so that they were making eye contact again. Kara was smiling at her and looked so happy that Lena felt herself already smiling back. "I'm not even that hungry anyway!"

Lena arched a brow but before she could question Kara, the blonde's stomach grumbled, giving her away.

"Sureee," Lena remarked, drawing out the word as Kara bit her lip and tried to suppress a giggle. Lena reached up and grasped onto Kara's hands, pulling them down only so she could step forward and kiss the kind blonde that made her heart flutter.

"How about we go get changed and I will take you out for a proper breakfast?" Lena whispered, staying close to her lips. The blonde's eyes opened and looked into Lena's before glancing at the mess on the counter. Without even speaking a word, Lena could tell what she was thinking about; Kara didn't want to leave the disaster zone behind for anybody else to clean up. "And then we can come back, I'll clean this up, and we can fit in a mid-day Netflix binge. Deal?"
"Deal!" Kara said with a nod and a smile. "Only if you let me help you clean up."

Lena would have protested, but she knew it would be fruitless. Instead, she rolled her eyes dramatically and reached for Kara's tank top, curling her fingers into the material so that she could pull her in closer. Lena could feel the blonde's taut stomach behind the shirt and knew she'd have to get them both out of there soon so the little devil on her shoulder didn't try to prompt her into giving up the whole 'letting Kara set the pace' thing. But first, there was definitely time for one more kiss.

Chapter End Notes

A/N: The translation of "por qué no los dos" is "why not both?"
Chapter 24

The wind rippled through Kara's honey blonde hair as she made her rounds over National City, scoping out everything and making sure that her city was safe. Aside from the two bombs and the Black Mercy incident, it had been fairly quiet over the last couple of weeks in terms of both alien and regular crime. Too quiet. It was nice, of course, but at the same time utterly unsettling. It felt like the calm before a storm.

Kara had heard that cliché plenty of times before and couldn't help but think of it as she flew over the currently peaceful streets of her city. No matter how calm everything appeared to be, she couldn't afford to let her guard down. Not even for a moment. Supergirl knew for a fact that neither she nor her city was safe. Whoever was targeting her had already done a heck of a good job of putting her in nearly fatal situations and, if she wasn't careful, they could easily end up finishing the job. It was disconcerting how this person seemed to know a lot about her and yet she knew nothing about them. All Kara could say about her antagonist was that they definitely knew all about her superhero identity, her kryptonite weakness, and her relationship with Lena Luthor.

It made Kara incredibly nervous to know that the most recent Black Mercy had been intended for Lena. As much as everyone had been upset that Kara was afflicted by one of those wretched plants again, she was truly grateful that it had been her and not Lena to be attacked. Chances were, if the damn thing had gotten ahold of Lena instead that she wouldn't have survived. A Black Mercy put an incredible amount of strain on the body and Kara wasn't sure how a human would fare under the influence of such a creature. Nor did she ever want to find out.

As Kara flew around town, her thoughts weren't only focused on doom and gloom. When she wasn't dwelling on her concern over the safety and security of her loved ones, Kara frequently found her thoughts drifting to those centering around her incredible girlfriend. For example, she couldn't seem to stop thinking about the breakfast that Lena had attempted to put together for them both that weekend. Even though it had ended with them making brunch reservations at Cuba Libre, the amazing chain restaurant which had only just opened up a new location on the outskirts of town, Kara was completely smitten over the thought that had gone into Lena's gesture. Walking into the kitchen and finding her girlfriend covered in patches of flour and looking adorably flustered would forever be one of her favorite memories. Lena was always a careful portrait of perfection, so Kara knew it had taken a lot for her to try and tackle a project that she knew wouldn't be in her wheelhouse at all. Also, it was kind of endearing to know that even her genius girlfriend had an area in life that she hadn't mastered yet. Kara had promised over brunch to impart some of her cooking wisdom on Lena and was definitely looking forward to it in the future.

"Supergirl, you ready for some action?"

Winn's voice rang out in Kara's ear loud and clear, pulling her thoughts back to what she was doing currently. A small grin tugged on the corners of her lips. Finally, some action.

"Lay it on me!" Kara instructed, eager to see where her services would be needed. Perhaps it would be a bank heist? Or maybe some good old fashioned B&E? Kara hoped it wasn't any type of fire. Every time she dealt with one of those, she felt as if it took her 48 hours minimum to rid herself of the smell of smoke.

"I need you to head to the intersection of Oak Lane and Welsh Road. We're getting reports of a disturbance there, but details are slim. Police and fire companies are both tied up at a big highway accident down the road, so we figured we could take some of the pressure of them elsewhere in the meantime."
Kara nodded once even though Winn couldn't see her and agilely changed directions, shooting off in the direction of the intersection she had been sent to.

"I'm on my way!" she called out determinedly, picking up speed with every passing second. It was always such a rush flying at full capacity. By the time Kara landed, she'd be full of adrenaline, ready and raring to go.

It was times like these when Kara was on her way to the heart of some action that she wondered why she had waited so long to embrace her true nature. Being Supergirl was the most fulfilling choice she had ever made in her life, despite any downfalls that came along with the job. Nothing felt better than helping other people. Now if she could only translate that same skill into her job at CatCo and then she would be set in both of her careers. Maybe one day Snapper would trust her enough to dole out a hard-hitting assignment. For now, Kara was rolling with the punches and trying to gather up enough of her own leads to try and make a name for herself in the reporting world. Perhaps this disturbance would be worth writing about. Being both Supergirl and a reporter definitely had its perks.

When Kara landed at the corner where the two streets met, she was on high alert. Already, she had scanned the area before descending and hadn't seen anything suspicious. Whatever this was, she was ready for it. Kara was ready for anything.

"AYE SUPERGIRL, AYUDAME! AYUDAME!"

Kara's head whipped into the direction of the screaming only to find an elderly woman come barreling down the front stairs of the closest house, waving a spatula around and looking incredibly panicked. Rushing over to her, Kara turned her head towards the house and scanned it with her x-ray vision, looking for any other people inside of it but found nothing.

Turning back to the woman, Kara tried to get her attention so she could get more details about what was actually wrong since, as of this point, she had no idea.

"What's going on?" Kara asked, trying to catch the woman's wide, frantic eyes as she looked around, clearly afraid of something.

"I need help! I need help!" the woman demanded, still looking around as if someone was coming after her. The way she would look over her shoulder every couple of seconds made it seem as if she was worried she'd be snatched from behind. Kara didn't see anything even remotely threatening in the area, though, and was going to need more to work with if she was going to be able to be of any assistance.

Reaching forward, Kara placed her hands on the woman's shoulders in an attempt to steady her. It worked somewhat because she was finally able to make eye contact. Worried chocolate eyes stared into hers. "What's your name?" Kara asked slowly, steadily, wanting to ground her before asking anything else.

"Marciana," the woman panted out, still breathless from whatever was plaguing her. The danger didn't truly appear to be anything imminent, but Kara was determined not to let her guard down. Constant vigilance.

"Okay, Marciana," Kara said, the cadence of her voice still slow so that she could keep the woman's focus and attention. "I need you to tell me what's wrong so that I can help."

"Aye, es una bestia! Una araña! Una araña grande!" The woman's tone was urgent and she spoke rapidly, leaving Kara once again wishing that she was well versed in languages other than English and Kryptonian. Kara knew a handful of important, basic Spanish phrases that Winn had taught her.
back when she first donned a cape and became Supergirl but she definitely didn't get to use them enough and was a little rusty.

Kara stared at her for a beat, trying to recall how to ask if Marciana knew English when the woman seemed to catch onto her struggle and decided to help her out.

"It's a beast!" Marciana clarified at the same exact time Winn's voice rang out in her ear, stating the exact same thing. Except Winn continued on, translating the rest of what the woman had said. Apparently, the beast that Kara was preparing herself to confront was none other than a spider.

As the woman gestured frantically towards her home with the spatula in her hand, Kara looked in the direction of the house with some of the air knocked out of her sails. Not that she ever would wish any sort of ill will on any of the residents of National City, but this wasn't exactly what she had in mind when Winn had said there was some sort of unknown disturbance going on in town.

Also, Kara hated spiders. Really, truly despised spiders. There were very few creatures in the world that she was antsy around or fearful of and spiders made the list. They were right there in her top three, right between frogs and creepy crawly caterpillars.

"A…spider," she remarked, repeating Winn's words in an attempt both to stall and to get confirmation from the woman that was really what was waiting for her in the house. Kara could hear Winn snickering in her ear but did everything in her power to ignore him.

"Sí! Yes! Yes!" Marciana exclaimed, practically jumping up and down in excitement over Kara finally understanding what the problem was. The spatula was pointed straight at the house again. "Supergirl, please help!" the woman demanded, clearly eager to have her home free of any eight legged creatures.

Kara practically had to bite her tongue to not sigh. "What room is it in?" she asked, doing her best I'm-Supergirl-And-I'm-Here-To-Save-The-Day voice. Even if ridding a home of a spider hadn't been on her mental checklist for the day, it was what she was faced with now and she was going to take it seriously. After all, being Supergirl wasn't only about the big saves and splashy front-page rescues. It was about being a figurehead in the community that people could count on for any emergency, big or small.

"The bathroom! Hurry!" the woman explained, still clearly panicked.

Kara nodded and dashed off to the front door, half-wondering if she should have taken Marciana's spatula with her.

"Need any back-up?" Winn teased in her ear, prompting blue eyes to roll up to the sky. Kara huffed and shook her head.

"I need no such thing," Kara deadpanned. "I'm-Supergirl-And-I'm-Here-To-Save-The-Day voice. Even if ridding a home of a spider hadn't been on her mental checklist for the day, it was what she was faced with now and she was going to take it seriously. After all, being Supergirl wasn't only about the big saves and splashy front-page rescues. It was about being a figurehead in the community that people could count on for any emergency, big or small.

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"I need no such thing," Kara remarked, wondering where the bathroom was exactly. Chances were the woman had bolted out there so quickly that she hadn't bothered shutting the door so Kara began her search by looking for an open room. "I think Supergirl can handle a little spider…"

"Really?" Winn asked. The tone of his voice said it all. Kara knew exactly what he was thinking of. "I seem to remember a brand new CatCo employee running out of the restroom about three weeks into her new job because of a teeny tiny itsy bitsy little spider she spotted on the toilet…"

"It was not tiny!" Kara retorted, her voice a silent hiss almost as if the spider she was about to deal with now could hear her talking about its brethren.

"Kara," Winn deadpanned. "I was the one who went in there to extract the spider. It was about half
the size of a pea."

"I think we remember this differently…" Kara remarked, finding an open door and peering inside. All that was contained within the room was a washer and dryer. Stepping around the open door, she continued her trek into the depths of the house. "I remember it being huge and treating you to a box of your favorite Munchkins for your heroic efforts."

"Ah, I remember those Munchkins very well." Kara could practically hear the smile in Winn’s voice. "You know, I always wondered how you knew that chocolate, glazed, and blueberry were my favorites… But now I think I have an idea."

Kara grinned. "X-ray vision," she admitted, approaching another open door. This one was nestled in between the kitchen and the back door.

"Ha, I knew it! Damn girl, you're slick."

Kara chuckled, her hand resting on the brass of the door handle so she could pull the door open even wider. It was definitely a bathroom and the light had been left on, as if somebody had vacated it in a rush. The spider had to be in there somewhere. Hopefully.

Before Kara stepped foot into the bathroom, she wondered how she was going to actually get rid of the spider. As much as arachnids creeped her out, she didn't want to kill it. Kara wasn't a proponent of killing any living creature, no matter what it was. That spider had every right to go about its happy little web-spinning life. As long as they did it far away from her.

"Are there disposable cups in the bathroom? You know, for rinsing and stuff?"

"What are you, a mind reader?" Kara asked jokingly, grateful for Winn’s advice. Her eyes moved towards the sink, settling on a stack of colorfully decorated paper cups that were nestled into a holder.

"I wish. I just know you and I know you’re standing there, trying to figure out how to set the darn thing free since you won’t just use the stomp-squish-swipe it up with a paper towel method."

Kara's nose scrunched up at the thought of crushing the spider with her foot. Not only did she not want that guilt on her shoulders for the afternoon, but she didn't exactly want to travel around with spider guts all over her boot.

"Yeah, no thanks…" she said, hesitantly stepping into the bathroom. Before reaching for one of the cups, Kara made sure that the spider wasn't perched anywhere nearby, ready to spring onto her hand. While she was doing a relatively decent job of remaining calm at the moment, she knew it would be game over if she felt anything skitter across her skin. "What else do I need?"

"Do they have anything laying around that you could slip under the cup once you capture it?" Winn asked helpfully. Even though Kara knew he was somewhat humoring her, she was thankful he was taking this seriously. "Maybe a magazine? The thick paper of the cover would be perfect for that."

Kara had spotted a stack of magazines perched on top of the back of the toilet when she walked in. Still moving about cautiously, she picked one up and went to rip off the cover before stopping.

"Aw, this is the most recent issue of *People Magazine*, Winn. Adele is on the cover. I don't feel right using Adele to scoop up a spider," Kara remarked, eyes trailing over the headlines decorating the front page. Um, yes, of course she wanted to know Adele's top five secrets to hitting the perfect note every time. Kara was going to have to find a copy to buy herself later to read.
"I don't think Adele will mind…" Winn remarked, sighing at the end of his sentence. "Especially since it's for the greater good and all. Come on, Supergirl, you got this. Rip the cover off. Find the spider. Remove the spider. Then get back to patrolling the streets of National City."

Kara nodded at Winn's words, setting the cup back down on the sink only momentarily so that she could tear the cover off. "Sorry Adele…" she murmured as the page ripped off, jaggedly cutting through one of the singer's eyeballs as it split from the rest of the booklet. Setting the rest of the magazine down, she retrieved the cup and prepared herself for battle. Wherever this spider actually was, it was going down.

After checking out the floor, Kara figured that the shower was a good place to look. Spiders loved showers. It was almost as if they knew that they would be able to get you there where you were most vulnerable. Kara had lost count of the number of times she had been mid-song when she spotted one of the dang creatures in the corner of her shower and hoofed it out of there so quickly, she practically air-dried her body in the process. Once or twice, it had resulted in Kara washing out her conditioner in the kitchen sink, even after Eliza and Alex had promised that there was no longer a spider in the bathroom.

Shifting the cup so that it was in the hand holding the magazine cover, Kara stepped forward and curled her fingers around the shower curtain, mentally preparing herself for the task at hand. "Okay on 3," she murmured to herself, ignoring the snickering from the peanut gallery in her ear. It was tempting to use her x-ray vision as a way to pre-screen the inside of the shower, but Kara knew for a fact that it would be easier to just dive into the situation as opposed to prolonging it.

"1… 2… 3!"

Kara yanked the curtain back and quickly scanned the inside of the bathtub for any signs of the beast that had caused Marciana to high-tail it out of her house. Much to Kara's dismay, there wasn't a single trace of the spider in there. The only things she found inside that shower were some OGX Quenching Coconut Curls hair products and a container of Sweet Pea body wash. As much as Kara was not at all thrilled about actually facing off with a spider, she was hoping to get this over with sooner rather than later.

"No luck?" Winn asked on the tail-end of the sigh she let out.

"Nope," Kara said, shoulders slumping as she checked the rest of the bathroom and then headed out. Blue eyes remained on the floor, sweeping back and forth as if she was going to spot it at any second. Clearly, the spider had gone somewhere. It had probably heard her coming. Sneaky little thing.

Stepping back out into the kitchen, Kara spotted the rack that the woman had grabbed the spatula from on her trek out of the house. Next to it was what appeared to be a freshly made sandwich. Taking a few steps closer to it, she hoped to Rao that she wasn't about to have the creature crawl out of the bread. Kara enjoyed turkey and provolone sandwiches as much as the next person and didn't want them to be ruined for the rest of eternity.

Luckily, no such traumatizing event occurred.

"Winn, I think the spider has escaped and I'm going to have to call it quits on this mission. I know Marciana will be disappointed, but I can't spend all day here-"

As Kara's eyes shifted to the counter next to the refrigerator, a sight there caused her to completely lose her train of thought. Stammering incoherently, she found herself ready to bolt out of the kitchen herself.
"HOLY MOTHER OF RAO!" Kara screeched, jumping back as if something had scalded her. The cup that had been in her grasp escaped, rolling away from her. It didn't matter though. It wouldn't be of any help here.

"What's wrong?" Winn asked, only sounding mildly concerned. It was clear he thought Kara was exaggerating.

"That's… oh my… that's not a spider, that's a freaking tarantula!" Kara stage-whispered, staring at the spider with wide eyes as it slowly crawled its way across the counter as if it owned it. Hell, it probably did own the counter now. This was no longer Marciana's house. It had been taken over by a tarantula. No wonder she had run outside, weapon in hand.

Kara was shifting back and forth on her heels, anxious to get the heck out of there. Why was this happening? Why was this real life? The tarantula was so huge that Kara could practically see the hair covering its body from her position several feet away. It was moments such as this one that made Kara miss Krypton. There hadn't been spiders on Krypton.

"I'm sure it's not that bad…"

"Winn, I know you think I'm being a big baby here, but I swear to you on everything I hold dear that this thing is the size of baseball. I can't contain this with a bathroom cup! I need something bigger!"

Kara briefly considered using her heat vision on the dang spider, all thoughts of its safety gone from her head. All of a sudden she found that she was willing to live with the guilt that would come along with such an action. But what she wasn't okay with was the possibility of burning down Marciana's kitchen in the process.

"Okay, stay calm… I'm sure there's something in the kitchen you could use. Or you know, novel idea, you could just scoop the thing up. It's not even that poisonous. Their venom is milder than a bee's, not that it could even bite you, and besides a lot of people have them as pets…"

"Not funny, Winn," Kara hissed, not at all amused by his spiel. This was a critical situation and she needed help!

"Fiieiiiiiiine," Winn relented. There was the distinct sound of amusement in his tone but Kara didn't have the wherewithal to be bothered by it. There was a much more pressing matter at hand than chastising Winn. That could wait until later. "Look for something spacious but with a lid you can use to contain it for a little bit until you get it outside."

Kara was hesitant to take her eyes off of the tarantula for fear she'd lose sight of it. It had seemed to stop moving and was… staring at her? It was definitely staring at her.

Shuddering slightly, Kara glanced around and spotted a collection of Mason jars nearby. There were about four of them nestled in a cardboard box and they appeared to be large enough to do the trick. Utilizing her super speed, Kara dashed over, set down her magazine cover, grabbed one of the jars, and headed back to the spot across from her current nemesis. She probably could have also scooped the tarantula up in the process, but she was going to need a little more mental preparation for that.

"Kara…" Winn said, his tone firm. "I can tell that you haven't actually gotten the spider yet."

"Not yet…" Kara admitted, doing her best to ensure that her voice didn't come out as a whine. She was a professional superhero and was trying to sound like one. Even if it didn't feel like it at the moment.

"Do it now or I'm calling Alex over to heckle you." Winn's threat was simple, yet effective.
"You wouldn't dare!" Kara knew better, though. Of course he would. This was the kind of quality entertainment that her friend lived for.

"You know I would."

"Okay, okay…" Kara heaved a sigh and reached for the lid of the jar, fingers twisting it off. Come on, Kara. You got this. One quick dash and it's all over with.

Scrounging up every ounce of bravery and self-control that she possessed, Kara drew in a deep breath and pursed her lips, as if the creature would try and jump in there, and launched for the tarantula.

The spider was quick, but Kara was quicker. The first attempt at scooping it up failed, but she went it again and managed to get it into the jar. Except in her haste, Kara didn't realize that she had dropped the lid during her first attempt at capturing it and had instead used her hand to usher it inside. It wasn't until she was quickly picking the lid up from where it had fallen on the counter that her mind registered what had just happened.

"I TOUCHED IT! I TOUCHED IT!" Kara yelled, quickly latching the lid onto the jar.

"That's what she said!" Winn teased, bursting out into laughter on the other end of the phone.

After miraculously managing not drop the jar, Kara bolted out of the house and flew a couple of streets down before landing at a nearby lake. As much as she hated to litter, she couldn't bring herself to wait around or try and coax the spider out of the jar. All Kara did was open up the lid so the darn creature wouldn't suffocate and set the jar down on the ground.

Flying right back the house, Kara dashed back inside, zipping right past Marciana and heading straight for the closest sink. Dousing her hands in what was thankfully antibacterial hand soap, she scrubbed her skin clean in the hottest water she could get out of the facet. All the while, Winn was belly-laughing in her ear.

Once Kara was certain that no traces of tarantula was left on her hands, she headed back outside to a grateful Marciana. Kara made sure to offer to replace the lost jar, but the woman assured her it was not a problem and told her not to worry about it. The grateful hug that she got at the end of their conversation somehow seemed to make the whole ordeal worth it. Well, provided that Kara didn't have nightmares about this later. There would need to be extra cuddling with Lena that night to make thoughts of that tarantula disappear.

Heading back up into the air, Kara rolled her eyes at the snickering that she could still hear in her ear.

"All right already, it wasn't that funny…" she grumbled, grateful that Winn couldn't see the way the corners of her lips had twisted up into a small grin. Kara had a good enough sense of humor to admit that it was kind of funny. Had their roles been reversed, she probably wouldn't have been able to stop from cracking up herself.

"I wish I had it on camera," Winn remarked, sounding breathless from all of his laughing. "Oh man, I'm going to have to work a body-cam into your next suit."

Kara snorted and opened her mouth to say something sassy in response, but found herself distracted by the sight of a woman standing at the top of a skyscraper, clearly walking the edge of it.

A gasp left Kara's lips as she immediately shifted her course, flying straight in the woman's direction. All traces of amusement from the previous event left her body, leaving her afflicted by the chill of seriousness.
"Winn, there's a jumper on-"

Before Kara could finish her sentence, a high pierced electronic squeal could be heard in her ear. Reaching up mid-flight, she ripped out the earpiece before the noise made her fly right into the side of a building.

A sigh of relief escaped her as she ridded herself of the noise. Seconds later Kara found herself landing on the roof of the building. As tempting as it was to simply pluck jumpers from their perches, Kara always liked to try and reason with them first. It was amazing how much good you could do simply by hearing a person out. Also, if worst came to worst, Kara knew she'd be able to rescue them if they actually jumped.

"You don't have to do this," Kara called out towards the figure of the woman, hesitantly taking a step forward. "Talk to me. What's going on?"

All Kara could see was short, straight brunette hair and the back of a sundress. The woman was barefoot on the perch of the building and was staring out at the town before her. When she finally spoke, another chill ran down Kara's spine, but this one had nothing to do with the situation at hand and everything to do with the familiarity of the voice.

"What's going on is that I have a problem. A big one."

The woman carefully turned around, stepping down from the ledge. Kara's eyes widened as she took in the sight before her. It had been quite a while since the two of them had been eye to eye. The last time they had seen one another, the woman had taken on an entirely different appearance. However, right now, she looked exactly like the person Kara had first met at CatCo, back when she was still working as Cat Grant's assistant.

Standing before her, all cleaned up and looking smugger than ever, was none other than Siobhan Smythe.

"My problem is that you, Kara Danvers, are still breathing."
My problem is that you, Kara Danvers, are still breathing.

Kara's brain worked to process what was happening, but it felt like it was overloading. There were too many questions assaulting her mind at the same time. What was Siobhan doing out of jail? Did she escape? Was she released? What happened to her Silver Banshee persona? Then there was the most pressing question of all - how the heck did Siobhan know about her actual identity? The last time the two of them had faced off, as far as Siobhan had been concerned, Supergirl and Kara Danvers were two separate entities.

Kara felt especially exposed, standing before one of her enemies as they taunted her with her biggest secret. Normally her Supergirl outfit afforded her with a sense of security, no matter what situation she was in, but currently it didn't seem to matter. Which led Kara to her next concern. If Siobhan was aware that Supergirl and Kara Danvers were one and the same, then did this mean that she had been behind the attacks this whole time? Something about that didn't feel right, but Kara couldn't help but wonder.

Instinctively, Kara took a step forward. All the muscles in her body tensed, preparing to spring forward and attack. Regardless of the answers to any of her questions, there was one thing that was perfectly clear - Siobhan Smythe was a threat. The only problem was that Kara didn't know how to neutralize her. What was the best course of action here? Apprehend her and drag her back to… the police? The DEO?

"Don't even think about it," Siobhan warned, her eyes flickering down to where Kara had taken a step. "You wouldn't want to attack an innocent citizen now would you?"

Siobhan's gaze met Kara's once it lifted up from her red boots. The eyes that were staring into her own appeared to be dead, contrasting starkly to the first time Kara had ever seen them. When Siobhan had first strutted her way past Kara at CatCo, she hadn't been at all likeable, but at least she was still a person with presumably a soul and actual feelings. It didn't appear to be that way now. Not only were Siobhan's eyes dead, but her mannerisms were slow and calculated. Everything from the way she spoke to the way she moved seemed deliberate. It was far removed from the sassy, smooth-talking assistant who had strolled into CatCo Worldwide Media like she had owned the place.

"If you think you can threaten me and have me stand idly by, you are sadly mistaken." Kara voice was stern, her body still poised for action. Whatever Siobhan had lured here her for couldn't be good.

A short bark of laughter escaped Siobhan as her head tilted slightly to the side. "It is not me who is mistaken." As she spoke, her hands lifted up into the air. It was at that moment Kara spotted the bangles around her delicate wrists. The sunlight caught them as they were lifted, revealing a green glint to them. Kara didn't need to get any closer to know that they were lined with Kryptonite. Back when Siobhan had embraced her birthright, she had developed a nasty shriek and a deadly grip. Kara knew that if they were to go to hand to hand combat that those bracelets would give Siobhan the distinct advantage. It was also another sign that perhaps Siobhan really did have something to do with those Kryptonite bombs that had been popping up.

"Those can't stop me," Kara asserted, figuring that a bluff was the best way to go. Even if the Kryptonite gave Siobhan the advantage, Kara would never go down without a fight.

Siobhan snorted, her dead eyes rolling. "Sure." Dropping her hands, she went back to regarding
Kara. "I would say we should test that theory out, but I'm not here to fight."

"Not here to fight?" Kara asked incredulously. There was a chuckle infused to her tone, but it was born of sarcasm instead of mirth. "What could you possibly be here for?"

"To chat," Siobhan said simply. The brunette's shoulders lifted into a shrug, causing a sneer to settle onto Kara's features. Although she wasn't entirely sure what to think of the current situation, she knew when she was being toyed with.

"To chat," Kara repeated dryly, her arms folding across her chest. Even though she was attempting a more casual stance, she was still ready to spring to action at any moment. "Fine, then, let's chat. How do you figure that you are an innocent citizen? Last I checked, you were locked up in National City's own little meta-human jail."

"You would be correct seeing as you are the one who put me there," Siobhan remarked. It was at that moment that her eyes came alive for the first time. A flash of hatred danced across brown irises before she was able to taper back the expression and rein it in. "I'm reformed now though. Can't you see that?" Siobhan's hand swept down her body, gesturing to herself. Although she appeared to be perfectly normally now, Kara would never forget her stint as the Silver Banshee. Siobhan's normally short brown hair had been replaced with a long black and silver wig, matching the paint that had been smeared all over her face in an attempt to make her look more menacing. It had worked. The silver tinted contacts she had worn had been the most bone-chilling aspect of her entire outfit.

"You are going to need a lot more than a makeover to make me believe that you are reformed," Kara retorted. This exchange was already making her uncomfortable and put her on edge. There was something off about this entire situation.

"Trust me, hun, I am a whole different person than the Siobhan Smythe that you remember." Siobhan's hand moved to her other wrist, fingers toying with the bangles there. "This Siobhan... She's much more... explosive."

Kara's eyes narrowed. That comment... It was clear that Siobhan had to have been involved with the Kryptonite bombs. "I'm guessing I have you to thank for the gaping hole that used to be my apartment?"

Siobhan didn't reply. All she did in response was smirk. It couldn't be that simple, though. There was no way that Siobhan Smythe, of all people, could pull off a series of such intricate, targeted attacks. Kryptonite was no easy material to acquire. A Black Mercy was even more impossible for a person to get their hands on.

Kara shook her head. "I don't believe you."

For the first time since Siobhan had turned around to face her, her expression faltered. Kara's statement landed, hitting its mark with ease and temporarily shattering Siobhan's smug display. "Excuse me?"

Kara's gaze remained unfaltering. "I... do... not... believe... you." Kara spoke slowly. Deliberately. Siobhan had the edge in this conversation since she had the element of surprise on her side, but Kara wanted to change that. In order to do that, she really needed to get under the woman's skin.

Annoyance skittered across the brunette's face. "So, you don't believe that I planted a Kryptonite bomb underneath of your pretty, little bed? Or how about the one I planted underneath your desk? Nice picture of your sister, by the way. Alex? Right?"
"Not by yourself," Kara stated finally after a moment of quiet contemplation. Once the statement left her lips, it felt right. Clearly Siobhan at least had knowledge of the attacks, but Kara was not at all sold on the implication that she had been the sole perpetrator. "There is absolutely no way that a C-list, so-called villain such as yourself was responsible for those attacks." Kara's arms had uncrossed as she spoke. Her fingers formed small quotes in the air around the word "villain" when she said it. It had the desired effect. The hatred from before returned to Siobhan's eyes, except this time it remained. Kara watched as the brunette's lips parted and she drew in a slow breath, obviously in an attempt to remain in control.

"Really? Well, this C-list, so-called villain personally packaged up the Black Mercy that was supposed to get your pretty little girlfriend." Siobhan arched a brow as she paused, waiting for Kara's reaction. Kara could feel the heat of anger pooling in the pit of her stomach, threatening to leach its way out to the rest of her body. It was one thing for Siobhan to brag about the attacks on Kara, but another thing entirely to brag about almost managing to harm Lena.

"Lena is off limits to you," Kara stated, her voice coming out as an unnatural hiss of contempt.

"Nobody is off limits to me," Siobhan boasted, some of the anger fading her from visage as her sense of smugness began to return.

"So, what laboratory did you use to package up the Black Mercy?" Kara asked, switching gears. So far, she hadn't gotten any sort of useful information from Siobhan other than her involvement in the most recent attacks. Kara was going to need more than that to go off of, especially since she was confident that Siobhan had to have some sort of help. "There's no way you did it with your bare hands considering that it would have happily latched onto you and last I checked, you didn't have any sort of high tech equipment that would allow you to handle alien plant life, so…?"

Siobhan's features hardened again, but the fire of hatred didn't return to her eyes. "This chat isn't supposed to be about me, okay?" Her voice was defensive, letting Kara know that she had managed to strike a nerve. "I have a message for you and you're going to shut up and listen."

"Is that so?" Kara didn't appreciate being told what to do. Not by Siobhan. Even before Silver Banshee had emerged, the two women hadn't at all liked one another. Siobhan was a distasteful, entitled, manipulative brat and wasn't the kind of person that Kara would have associated with even if things had played out differently at CatCo.

Siobhan didn't bother dignifying Kara's question with a response. Instead, she straightened up and regarded Kara with one of her classic snooty expressions.

"I think that National City is a little tired of your antics, Kara."

Kara stiffened at the use of her real name.

"I think it's time for Supergirl to take a… what shall we call it? Hmm… a timeout?"

Kara's brow furrowed. "What are you trying to say, Siobhan?"

Siobhan smiled. It was sickly sweet and the sight of it made Kara's stomach turn. "I am saying that for the next… oh, let's say 72 hours… that I want you to lay low. I don't want to hear a single mention of Supergirl doing a damn thing. Not even something as small as rescuing a cat out of a tree. Nothing. I don't even want to look up and see a flash of red streaking across the sky, so you better
hope I don't come across any cardinals in the next three days."

"Or what?" Kara asked, her tone steely.

"Or one of your loved ones dies. Which one? Well…" Siobhan trailed off, batting her eyes a few times at Kara as she smiled again. Her shoulders lifted up into a slow, delicate shrug. "Who knows? It could be your sister, Alex. Or maybe her detective girlfriend… Maggie. Detectives die all the time. Or perhaps… James. And you know I would love to get your bitch boss at CatCo." Siobhan paused to sneer at the mention of Cat Grant, but continued seconds later. "Or perhaps I would choose to eliminate your boss at the DEO instead. J'onn I believe it is?"

Kara's eyes widened in surprise before she could contain herself. Not only did Siobhan know about her true identity, but she knew about J'onn? And the DEO? How was this possible? Where was she getting her information?

"Or your mother, Eliza, would be a great choice. Or even your friend, if you can even call her that, Lucy Lane. Or maybe my selection would be Winn, as much as I would hate to do that to such a great kisser." Siobhan counted off the people she listed on her fingers. Every time her hand moved, the Kryptonite bangles she was wearing clanged together, reminding Kara of their presence.

Kara could feel her temper building up inside of her with every single mention of her loved ones. Siobhan had far too many intimate details of her life and the people that she loved.

"Or… I could just kill that wretched Luthor that you're oh, so smitten for."

At the mention of Lena, Kara instinctively took a step forward, which prompted Siobhan to hold out a hand. The other reached into the pocket of her sundress, pulling out what appeared to be a phone.

"You're going to want to stay right where you are," Siobhan warned, but Kara hardly registered what she said at this point. Already, the blonde's mind was in a frenzy, trying to figure out how she could restrain Siobhan and manage to get her over to the DEO for a proper interrogation even with those Kryptonite bangles on her wrists and the super strength contained within the hands that they were dangling against. This chat had gone too far. Kara would stand for a lot, but not for threats directed towards everyone she loved and cared for. Siobhan was clearly still a danger to everyone else and she would have to be taken care of sooner rather than later.

Before Kara could figure out a solution that would allow her to get the upper hand on Siobhan, the brunette across from her unlocked her phone and held it up so that the screen was displayed. Featured in the four walls of Siobhan's phone was none other than Lena Luthor, sitting at her desk at L-Corp, clearly oblivious that she was being watched.

"Look down, Kara," Siobhan ordered. As much as she didn't want to pay any mind to Siobhan or her commands, Kara glanced down at the floor. She hadn't noticed it when she had first landed, but she was standing on some sort of mat that almost perfectly matched the color of the rooftop. "You're standing on a pressurized plate. As soon as you step off of it, the bombs I planted this morning at L-Corp will go off. Hint… a few of them are in your girlfriend's office. I can guarantee you that you wouldn't be able to save her or the countless others who work there in time. Oh, and don't even think about trying out your heat vision. All it'll do is activate the system's failsafe and trigger the bombs anyway."

Kara froze in place, not moving a single muscle. Switching to her x-ray vision, she looked beyond the mat and was able to confirm that there were mechanics underneath of there, just as Siobhan was asserting. Although Kara had no way to figure out what exactly they controlled, she wasn't going to step off the plate to find out. Not when the consequence could be ending Lena's life.
"Now that I know you'll behave…” Siobhan lowered her phone, tucking it back into her pocket. Kara could feel a lump forming in her throat. It was already beginning to drive her insane knowing that Lena wasn't currently somewhere safe. All she wanted to do was fly in and whisk her girlfriend away to safety, as well as evacuate all of the innocent people who were currently there, working as if it was a normal day. "...Allow me to repeat myself one more time. No Supergirl for 72 hours. No matter what. You want to accuse me of having help? Fine then. Assume what you want, but all I can confirm is that the power I have over you right now is far greater than you can even imagine. Cross me and all you're doing is playing Russian Roulette with one of your friend's lives. Their body will be cold by the time you're even able to wrap your mind around what happened."

Kara stared at Siobhan, already trying to figure out a way around this, but was coming up blank. Supergirl was going to need the assistance of the DEO if she was going to find a way out of this one.

"The clock on your timeout begins at midnight."

With that, Siobhan began to move, walking by Kara in the process. As soon as Siobhan got close by, the effect of the Kryptonite was immediately felt. Kara gritted her teeth, determinedly remaining still as a flash of pain hit her. Being careful to only move her eyes, she watched the brunette make her way over to the door leading to the inside of the building.

When Siobhan got to the door, she turned back towards Kara. Grinning. Smug as ever.

"Oh, by the way, I have some good and bad news for you. Good news, the bombs are completely Kryptonite free. Yay. Bad news… I've decided… not to disable the mat you're standing on. Also, I'm sure you've figured out by now that I've disabled your ability to communicate with your precious, little team while you're in this area so… I hope you don't mind standing around for a bit. But hey, if you change your mind, I know some people who would thank you for bringing L-Corp to the ground…”

With that, Siobhan exited the rooftop, leaving Kara stuck in the center of it with her mind reeling. Now what was she going to do?

~ooooooo~

When J'onn J'onzz landed on the rooftop next to Kara, she couldn't remember a time where she had been happier to see him than that.

"Oh J'onn, thank Rao you're here," Kara exclaimed as relief flooded through her body. She wasn't certain how long she had been standing there on the roof but regardless, it was much too long for her liking. All she wanted to do was get to L-Corp and rid the place of explosives.

"We've been looking everywhere for you, Supergirl. What happened? Why are you up here? Agent Schott said you started to tell him something that sounded important but you were cut off." J'onn was in his full alien form, which Kara always admired. It was nice that he felt comfortable using it more often now than he had back when his true form had first been revealed.

"It's a long story, J'onn, but I don't have time to go through it right now." Kara drew in a deep breath, a plan already formulating in her mind now that help had arrived. "Okay, so… Cliff Notes version, I am standing on a pressure plate that is remotely connected to a series of bombs in L-Corp. I need you to come and take my position… very carefully… so I can go take care of the explosives. They should be Kryptonite free, meaning that I can handle them myself."

Luckily, J'onn didn't waste time haggling with Kara or trying to pry details out of her. Kara knew he wouldn't. It was one of the things she loved about him. J'onn knew when it was time to talk and
when it was time to get down to business. All he did was simply ask, "How do you want to do this?"

Kara looked down, examining the parameters of the electronic mat one more time before speaking. "I need you to come in close, almost as if you're giving me a hug, so I can be sure you're securely on this thing. I've got a decent amount of room around my feet right now, but I don't want to take any chances."

J'onn nodded and took a few cautious steps forward. As he moved in towards her, Kara employed her super hearing, hoping and praying that she wouldn't hear any sounds of explosions.

Luckily, no such thing occurred as J'onn stepped in close, standing right in front of Kara so that there was only about an inch or two of space between their bodies.

"Here goes nothing..." Kara mused, her hands settling onto the Martian's sides as she carefully maneuvered herself around his body, walking right off of the plate. As soon as her feet left the perimeter, she let out a sigh of relief.

"J'onn, I'll let the DEO know where to find you as soon as I can."

The Martian waved his hands at her, gesturing for Kara to leave. "Don't worry about me, Supergirl. Go take care of things."

Kara gave J'onn a quick nod before taking off into the air, shooting straight towards L-Corp.

~ooooooo~

As soon as Kara's feet landed on Lena's balcony, she barged right into the office, wasting no time. On the way over, she had tried her earpiece again, finding that it worked once she was away from the building she had left J'onn on. Kara alerted a worried Winn about both the bombs at L-Corp and the stranded Martian. She knew that a DEO team would be on her tail, but she was determined to take care of what she could in the meantime. First, there was a certain someone that needed to be taken to safety.

Lena was reading some sort of letter and appeared to be deep in thought when Kara made her way into the office. When she first looked up at Kara, the ghost of a smile found her lips before flickering away, only to be replaced by concern.

"What's wrong?" Lena asked, standing as Kara moved in towards her. Kara knew her expression had to be grave to get such a response out of the Luthor.

"I will explain everything to you later, but for now I need to get you out of here. There's a threat in the building and I can't take care of it knowing you're here. I won't be able to concentrate. I need to get you and everyone else out of the building." As Kara spoke, she moved in towards Lena, eliminating the distance between them. "Please tell me you have a quick way to get everyone out of here."

Lena nodded once and ducked down, reaching underneath her desk. Kara couldn't see it, but her ears managed to pick up on the soft sound of a switch being flicked. A second later, an alarm started to blare and lights started to flash.

"Perfect," Kara breathed out. The urgency she felt was seeping into her tone. "Now let me get you out of here." Kara's arms extended and Lena's eyes dropped to them before looking back up to her. When their eyes met, her emerald ones looked oddly apologetic.

Lena reached for the letter she had been reading and tucked it into her purse before hiking the strap
up her shoulder. Except… instead of then stepping in towards Kara, she took a step back.

"Kara, I can't go with you. These are my people and I need to make sure that they're safe. I'm not leaving here until I am sure that every single one of them has made it safely out of this building. Surely you can understand that."

Kara dropped her arms, her stomach twisting into more nervous knots. As much as she didn't like it, she couldn't disagree with Lena's argument. It was the same thing Kara would do herself if their roles were reversed.

"Go," Kara managed to croak out, her voice thick with emotion. "But please go quickly."

Lena nodded once, her expression softening. Taking a few hurried steps towards her girlfriend, Lena reached up and pulled Kara in to place a quick peck on her worried lips before dashing out of the office.

~oooooooo~

Finding and removing all of the bombs had been quite the process, even with Kara's x-ray vision. They were small, craftily hidden bombs that were in the shape of typical, ordinary office products. One had been a stapler, another one a tape dispenser. One of the bombs contained in Lena's office had been none other than a ballpoint pen.

With the help of the DEO team that had arrived hot on her heels approximately five minutes after she did, Kara managed to get every one of the bombs into containment. The leader of the team that had been sent to assist her informed Kara that the bombs, although small in size, were incredibly dangerous. With the sheer number of them scattered throughout L-Corp, it truly could have damaged the foundation of the building to the point that it may not have remained standing. Especially since there had been a few larger ones contained at the bottoms of wastebaskets located throughout the building and basement.

How Siobhan had managed to plant so many explosives was yet another sign that she had to have help. Kara wondered how long they had even been there in the first place. The DEO agent that had taken point on the mission explained to Kara that they were advanced enough bombs that they would probably be able to pass a basic bomb scan without setting off any alarms. If it wasn't for Kara's x-ray vision, it would have apparently taken twice as long to find them all.

The entire time, thoughts of Lena were in the back of Kara's mind. Everyone had made it out of the building okay and were all safely out of range of L-Corp, but that didn't stop Kara from wanting to pull Lena into her arms and hold her close after everything that had transpired that day.

Lena was perfectly safe, though, and was currently was with her sister. Alex had been on her way to L-Corp when Kara had requested that she take Lena away to somewhere safe instead. Alex luckily didn't give her any pushback and immediately sprung to action, picking up Lena. Instead of taking the Luthor back to her loft, Alex said she was taking her to the DEO where she could keep an eye on Lena until everything settled down. It was nice that Lena was now able to be included in the side of Kara's life that included the DEO, especially when it helped keep her safe.

As soon as Kara was absolutely, 100% certain that L-Corp was free and clear of any explosive devices, she said goodbye to the team that had been deployed there and left to head over to the DEO. Not only was she eager to see her girlfriend there, safe and sound, but there was a lot that needed to be addressed after the day she had. Many months ago Kara had come to fully appreciate the dynamic that came along with being a part of a team and this was absolutely one of those situations where it would come in handy. She was eager to talk through Siobhan's warning and the three-day ban on
Supergirl that she was trying to impose. Together, Kara was confident that they could come up with a solution.
"What do you mean by a three day ban?"

Kara looked over in Winn's direction since he was the one raising the question.

"Exactly what it sounds like," Kara said in response. There were no traces of sarcasm in her voice. "Siobhan told me that Supergirl has to lay low for three days time starting at midnight tonight. As in… I can do absolutely nothing as Supergirl for 72 hours. No rescues, no appearances, nothing."

"Or what?"

This time, the voice asking the question came from none other than Lena Luthor. When Kara had insisted that she be a part of the conversation, not a single person gave her any pushback about it. Lena had earned a lot of respect from the people inside of the walls of the DEO the day that she had selflessly put herself at risk to save Kara from the Black Mercy. Besides, it would have been ridiculous to have her sit out the conversation, considering Kara had every intention of filling her in regardless. It was so nice having Lena there as part of her sounding board, especially considering how much Kara respected her opinion.

"Or…" Kara trailed off, looking over at Lena now. She was going to need those gorgeous eyes to give her strength for what she was going to say. It was never enjoyable telling anybody that they were at risk. "Or she said that one you guys… or somebody else that I love… will die."

Everybody surrounding Kara grew silent. All you could hear was the steady beeping of the machines around them as they processed that new information, taking it all in. Kara's eyes scanned the people around her, taking in their pursed lips and steely gazes. There wasn't a single trace of amusement in the entire room.

"Well," Alex finally said, shattering the contemplative silence that was filling the room. "We can't let that tiny detail get in the way of Supergirl keeping the city safe."

Kara sighed, looking over to her sister, entirely unsurprised by her response. In her peripheral vision, she could see the other people around her nodding.

"It's not a tiny detail," Kara asserted, her tone serious.

"It's one that we can't consider when it comes to the safety of National City," James stated from his spot perched against Winn's desk.

"But James," Kara started, her gaze turning to him. "I'm sure that Guardian can take care of things here for three days time, especially with the help of the DEO." A blonde brow arched in her fellow superhero's direction. Although she had been hesitant to accept the choice James had made to become Guardian at first, she had since become supportive. As much as Kara hated the idea of not being able to be there to back her friends up, she hated the idea of one of them dying as a direct result of her actions more.

"Siobhan made what amounts to a terroristic threat and… I may not have been here long, but isn't it the DEO's stance not to negotiate with terrorists?" Kara's eyes continued to follow the flow of conversation, shifting over to Winn as he spoke. "It's Siobhan. You know her bark sometimes is worse than her bite… Literally."

Kara's arms crossed against her chest as her lips formed a thin line. "Winn, I don't think now is the
time for banshee jokes," she finally remarked after a few seconds of silence. "And it's not so much Siobhan I'm nervous about but whoever she's working for. You guys have to agree that there is absolutely no way she's been doing all this by herself."

"I would say that's a safe assumption," J'onn remarked, from his position in the corner of the room. It was the first comment he had offered up since this little powwow had started. Mostly, he had been listening and observing. Taking it all in.

"We shouldn't let fear of the unknown dictate our actions," Maggie chimed in. The detective was standing next to Alex and the both of them had matching expressions of determination on their faces. "Clearly, Siobhan and whomever she's partnered up with has something horrible planned for the next 72 hours or else they wouldn't have ordered you to stand down. We can't take the risk of letting them possibly getting away with whatever they intend to do because you're busy sitting at home, eating potstickers instead."

"Hey," Alex said softly, nudging her girlfriend with her elbow. "Be nice." Alex looked back over at her sister, her voice raising from the murmur she had used with Maggie when she spoke again. "Kara, we all know how you feel about us and how uncomfortable it makes you to feel as if you're putting us into danger, but… If something happens to National City, aren't we all in danger anyway?"

Kara exhaled slowly, considering that statement. Of course everyone had valid points, but it didn't make it any easier to accept them. This was an impossible situation.

"I am just… really worried," Kara admitted, wanting to put all of her feelings about the current predicament they were all in out on the table. "The attacks so far have been no joke, as you guys are all aware. Siobhan and whoever she's working with have had absolutely no problems getting into anywhere they desire, planting anything they want. Plus, they clearly have access to a fully stocked arsenal of weapons engineered for people such as myself considering the Kryptonite and the Black Mercy that's already been used. Who knows what else they have up their sleeves?"

"Which is exactly why National City can't afford to have you on the sidelines for three whole days, Supergirl." J'onn's tone sounded resolute, but there was the slightest hint of warmth to it. It reminded her of when she had first joined the Danvers family and the difficult conversations Jeremiah needed to have with her about controlling her powers. It was the same kind of fatherly tone. It said to Kara… Look, I know you aren't going to like this, but this is the way things are right now.

Kara's arms loosened their grip around her chest, dropping to her sides. Her shoulders slumped marginally as her body language gave away her surrender before she spoke it aloud. "I can't help but feel like… If I defy Siobhan, I'm sentencing one of you guys to certain death."

When Lena's hand slid into hers, Kara let out an incredibly soft gasp in surprise. With how distracted Kara was at the moment, she hadn't even realized that her girlfriend had gotten up out of her seat and had moved over to her side. She was so grateful for the contact with Lena though. As Kara pressed her fingers through Lena's, she couldn't help but notice that she already felt a little bit better.

"Kara," Lena started off, her voice soft but firm. The whole room's attention was now on the Luthor. "I think that what we're all trying to say is that… We understand the risk that comes along with this choice and we accept it. Not only do we accept it, but we all believe that you shouldn't be carrying this burden on your shoulders. If Siobhan does come after one of us, at least we'll be as ready as we can be for it. No matter what happens though, it's not going to be your fault or due to any of your actions. Don't let her put this on your shoulders. Clearly this woman is going to be a threat to us all regardless of whether or not you lay low for a few days. I agree with everyone that National City is far better off with you than without you."
Kara's eyes were locked on Lena's comforting green ones the entire time her girlfriend spoke. The bravery that everyone around her was displaying was inspiring. It wasn't lost on Kara that they all could have easily come to the conclusion that it would have been safer to heed Siobhan's warning. Instead, every person in that room had wasted no time in putting their own safety on the backburner to that of National City's. It was always going to be a difficult pill for Kara to swallow when she had to allow her loved ones to decide to put themselves into danger, but it was one that she was slowly learning to deal with.

"I agree with Lena 100%.

Kara looked over to Alex, who was giving her a supportive smile.

"I also think that… While we have all come to an agreement to not abide by Siobhan's demand, that we should let her think that we're playing her little game."

"How so?" James asked, chiming in before Kara could raise the same question.

"I think that Supergirl should pretend to lay low. Don't patrol the city. Don't respond to calls that the police can handle. We can have agents here at the DEO pick up some of the slack so that the town doesn't go to hell in a handbasket off of usual crime alone. I think that, if we play it that way, it'll possibly lure Siobhan into a sort of false sense of security."

"You're thinking she'll get messy if she believes that Kara is out of commission?"

Alex looked over at Maggie, who had voiced the question, and nodded. "I think it's possible that she'll get cocky if she thinks she now has some power over Supergirl. Regardless of who she's working with, it's still Siobhan we're dealing with. We know that she is not at all lacking in confidence."

Winn snorted, but remained otherwise quiet. Kara knew that he was probably thinking about his short-lived dalliance with Siobhan.

"That does make sense," Kara admitted as Lena squeezed at her hand. "I could see her getting overly confident, especially after seeing that I haven't been responding to any police and fire calls."

"Exactly," Alex said, nodding once. "If I was her, I would probably wait to do anything until the backend of this three day ban she's trying to impose on you. I would want to see if you were actually laying low before attempting to pull off any sort of crime."

"I think that's sound reasoning," J'onn stated, stepping forward from his position in the corner and moving more into the circle everyone else had formed. "Until we figure out what Siobhan is up to, we're going to need to play this carefully. Agent Schott?"

Kara could see Winn straighten up in his seat out of the corner of her eye.

"I need you to start a deep dive on this Siobhan Smythe. I know we already have a file on her, but clearly the information that we have compiled is insufficient. I want to know everything about this woman from her favorite color to the names of the people she used to play in the sandbox with back in kindergarten." Winn nodded and J'onn continued. "We need to figure out who she could possibly be working with. Right now, Siobhan seems to know everything about our team, but we know nothing about hers. I don't like it. Not one bit."

"I can delegate some of my staff to this cause," Lena offered up. "I know that you guys are fully capable of conducting an investigation here, but L-Corp is full of technology that my brother Lex helped develop and… As you can imagine, it's fairly advanced. I learn something new that our
system is capable of every single day. It's possible that my team would be able to find at least something new on this woman."

"Absolutely," Alex said, just as J'onn was nodding his approval. "I think we can't afford to waste any of our resources in this case. Maggie?"

Alex turned to look at her girlfriend, who was pulling out her phone from her pocket. "Already on it," Maggie assured, unlocking her phone. "I'm going to make some calls and get my sources looking into the bitch. I'll be right back."

"What should I do now?" Kara asked as Maggie walked off.

Alex's eyes glanced down to the face of the watch that was fastened to her wrist.

"Well, sis, it's almost midnight," she remarked, sounding apologetic as she looked up. "I think that it's time for you to take off the cape and then head home with Lena."

Kara opened her mouth to protest but Alex held a hand up.

"I'm sure Siobhan is going to be surveilling you in some sort of capacity. As long as she knows where you are and sees that you're not out and about, saving lives, then she'll think that she has your acquiescence with her plan."

"Alex is right, honey," Lena whispered, her voice low in Kara's ear. The blonde could feel her girlfriend's hand tightening around her own. "We should go and play along."

Kara looked around at the people surrounding her. The bravery they displayed on a regular basis was nothing short of incredible. A lot of the internal strength that Kara had, she drew from the people in her life. They were her own personal beacons of hope.

"Okay. I'll go. But at the first sign of real danger…" Kara trailed off, sighing softly.

"We will alert you," Alex assured. "Now, go home. Pretend to be a civilian. We will all meet back here at the end of the 72 hours, safe and sound. I promise."

Kara hadn't moved from her position on the bed. All she had done for the last hour was watch the sun set through the open curtains of the window and enjoy the feeling of Lena rubbing her back. Normally, it would have soothed her right to sleep, but Kara's mind was too busy for that at the moment.

Occasionally, Lena would duck down and press a kiss to the side of Kara's head, managing to elicit a small smile each time. It was peaceful, the two of them sitting in Lena's bedroom together, doing nothing other than enjoying the sky and each other's presence. It was a well-deserved reprieve from the stress that their day had brought about.

"Everything is going to be okay, you know?"

Lena's voice was so soft and gentle that Kara's mind almost didn't register what she was saying. The silence that had settled around them had been so comfortable that she had practically gotten lost in it. It was still incredible to Kara how at peace she felt around Lena, regardless of what they were doing. Being the talkative individual that she was, Kara had always been the type to fill up any lulls in conversation with chatter. She considered herself a master at the art of interesting rambling and was great at keeping a conversation going, even in the most awkward of situations. Lena was the first
person that Kara had ever been with where she didn't feel the need to fill up every moment with noise. Just Lena's presence was enough to keep her satiated. It wasn't like her other relationships, where silence had made Kara uncomfortable or restless. With Lena, she was able to bask in it. It truly didn't matter what they were doing or where they were doing it; every moment spent with Lena Luthor felt perfect.

After allowing the comfortable silence to settle back between them for a moment longer, Kara hummed in response to Lena's question. "I know," she said on the tail end of the noise before slowly rolling herself over. Lena moved her hand from her back when she felt Kara moving. Once Kara was facing upwards, her arms shifted on the bed so that she could press on her elbows in order to sit up. Lena's hand reached out as she got settled into her new position, brushing back the hair that laying against a pillow for so long had mussed up.

"I just worry," Kara admitted, reaching up to adjust her glasses before remembering that they weren't there. Lena reached for her hand before it settled back down, pulling it over towards her and holding it. "I don't know what I would do if anything happened to one of you guys. The people I love mean everything to me. Everything. You see..." Kara trailed off and pulled her eyes from Lena, glancing around the bedroom as she took a breath so that her jumbled thoughts could sort themselves out and fall into place. Once she was ready to continue, her gaze found Lena's again. "...when I left Krypton behind, I was young enough to vaguely understand what was happening but not nearly old enough to understand all of the consequences of being sent to Earth. I lost everything I was familiar with that day. It wasn't until I was living with the Danvers family that I got another taste of what it felt like to be surrounded by people that I loved and care for, but even that didn't happen right away. I was with that family for years before I allowed myself to really care about any of them, especially after Jeremiah died. I was so scared to get attached to anybody because it felt like I always lost everyone I cared for. It was the worst feeling, but then..." Kara paused to take a breath and Lena gave her hand a supportive squeeze. "I woke up one day and realized how lonely I felt. Keeping my heart closed off from everybody around me wasn't making me happy. At all. It took me a while but I finally came to realize that the key to happiness on this planet, well... any planet really... is love. Loving and allowing yourself to be loved in return. My life has been so much fuller ever since I started to let people in."

Kara stopped because she could feel her eyes welling up with tears. They weren't a sign of sadness, but more so a representation of the pure joy she felt when she really thought about how much fulfillment in life she had found over the years simply by letting people into her heart. Without the people she loved, Kara knew that she wouldn't be where she was today. There was no doubt in her mind that she never would have succeeded as Supergirl if it hadn't been for the support of those people closest to her. As far as she was concerned, Supergirl was so much more than just herself. To Kara, the persona of Supergirl consisted of a small part of each and every person who spent time helping her and ensuring that she could keep their beloved city safe.

A small chuckle escaped Kara as she realized that a single tear was making its way down her cheek. Before she could reach up to wipe it off, Lena beat her to it. The pad of her thumb brushed away the moisture, tenderly grazing across Kara's skin in the process.

"Sorry you are dating such a sap," Kara remarked, still chuckling as she blinked a couple of times, attempting to clear the moisture from her eyes. "So much for the Girl of Steel, huh?"

Now Lena was the one laughing softly. Shaking her head, the Luthor brushed the back of her fingers across Kara's cheek before dropping her hand. "See, now I know the truth," she started off, arching a perfectly groomed brow in Kara's direction. "The Girl of Steel is really a big, old teddy bear. A marshmallow, even. But don't worry..." Lena trailed off, pressing her index finger against her lips before whispering. "Your secret is safe with me."
Kara smiled at her girlfriend. "Good. I have a reputation to uphold."

Lena's hand moved from Kara's slightly, her fingers beginning to toy with the blonde's as she spoke. "On a serious note, thank you for sharing all of that with me. I enjoy learning about you, Kara."

Kara's eyes dropped down to their fingers. The small smile lingering on her lips slowly flickered away. "This whole situation has made me feel like that little kid again. The one who is deathly afraid of losing people she loves."

Lena's head shook. Kara's eyes lifted, finding her green ones. They were intently gazing in her direction. "That won't happen," the brunette assured. "You're not dealing with this alone. The people you love are safe and that's the way it's going to stay."

"Lena..." Kara breathed out her girlfriend's name, not dropping her gaze. As her next words formulated in her mind, a few anxious butterflies began to flit around her stomach. Despite those, an odd sense of calm settled down over her. The moment felt right. "You are one of the people that I love," she clarified. Kara's smile slowly returned. Their fingers had stilled and were now laced together.

The silence that had been between them before settled back down across the room. Kara's eyes didn't move from Lena's, which appeared to be filling up with moisture. As much as Kara wanted to hear the sentiment expressed back to her, she wouldn't at all be disappointed if it didn't happen. Telling a person that you loved them was always supposed to be done without any strings attached. Too many times in Kara's past she had been in the uncomfortable position of being told that a person loved her and then stuck dealing with the aftermath that would always happen if she didn't immediately say it back. It was enough for Kara that she got a chance to say it to Lena and she had no expectations beyond that.

After a moment or two of doing nothing other than looking into one another's eyes, Lena's free hand lifted, reaching for Kara's cheek as it had earlier in the night. This time, her palm molded around her cheek, lingering there. When Lena's lips parted so that she could speak, Kara felt her breath catch in her throat.

"I've never said this to anybody before," Lena started off, her voice soft and yet much shakier than usual. The tears that had welled up in her eyes made them look all that much more captivating. Even in the dimly lit bedroom, Kara was in awe of their beauty.

Before saying anything else, a warm smile curled onto the Luthor's lips. Kara's heart was beating rapidly in her chest. The breath that had caught in her throat still hadn't been released. It was almost as if they were frozen in time, stuck together in this perfect moment of anticipation.

"I love you, too, Kara," Lena said simply, her voice nearly cracking on the Kryptonian's name.

Finally, Kara exhaled. An ecstatic chuckle escaped along with the breath. As strenuous as her day had been, Kara wasn't thinking about any of that as she sat there, across from the girl she loved. All she could think about was Lena and the way her heart currently felt as if it would burst, it was so full of joy.

Kara was replaying Lena's words over in her mind when the Luthor leaned in, kissing her. Lips captured lips in a slow, deliberately passionate gesture and Kara didn't hesitate to give into the kiss. Kissing her back, Kara rested her hand on Lena's thigh, laying it against the hem of her dress. The two of them hadn't bothered to get changed when they had gotten to the loft. Kara had made her way straight to bed, needing to rest and mull over the events of the day before doing anything else. Lena had been right behind her. The only articles of clothing that had bothered to be removed were their...
footwear.

When she felt the pressure of Lena's tongue against her lips, Kara parted them, eager to deepen their kiss. As their tongues tangled, she could feel Lena's hand dropping down from her cheek, moving to the curve of her neck and then ultimately settling right at the crook of it. Slender fingers tightened there slightly, pulling Kara in even more. The blonde complied, her own fingers squeezing against the firm muscle of Lena's thigh.

As their kiss continued, Kara began to feel a heat pooling at the bottom of her stomach that was far removed to the heat of anger that had existed there earlier in the day. It was crazy how easy it was for Lena to ignite the flame of desire inside of Kara and how difficult it always was to put it out.

Except, this time felt different. Kara wasn't sitting there, already trying to figure out when she was going to have to stop them so that things didn't progress too far. Or sitting there feeling weighed down by any secrets that she was keeping from Lena. That had all been put out in the open and more, especially now that Kara had confessed her true feelings for Lena.

When exactly she had fallen in love with Lena, Kara wasn't sure. As cliched as the phrase "love at first sight" sounded to her, Kara knew that it was altogether possible that it was applicable here. She still vividly remembered how it had felt the very first time she had laid eyes on Lena Luthor. The way her stomach had filled with anxious butterflies that she had written off as being nothing more than nerves about her first real foray into the world of journalism. The look her cousin had given her when she proclaimed to believe in what Lena was saying. The way that she had struggled to take her eyes off of Lena when the meeting had finally come to an end. Or even the way Kara had walked out of that room with every intention of returning as soon as was socially acceptable. Lena had managed to capture her attention and possibly her heart from the get-go, even if Kara hadn't realized it at the time.

Even if their first meeting couldn't be considered the exact moment Kara fell in love, there were dozens of other possibilities. It could have been the first time she had found Lena curled up on her office's white couch, reading the article that Kara had written for CatCo in front of a bouquet of beautiful plumerias. Or perhaps it had been the time Kara had burst into Lena's office with Jess hot on her heels, only for the Luthor to insist that Kara was to be shown in immediately whenever possible. Or maybe it was the time Lena had come to her at work, proclaiming that she was her only friend in National City and inviting her to the gala she was hosting. It could have very well been as simple as being the moment of their first kiss.

Regardless of what the timeframe was, Kara was incapable of figuring it out because now she looked back on every one of their interactions with the rose-colored glasses of love. Their entire developing relationship was remembered by Kara in a haze of warm and fuzzy feelings.

Those same feelings seemed to be taking over as they sat on the bed, kissing. The inhabitations that she had felt during prior occasions such as this one didn't seem to be in existence any longer. The part of Kara's mind that was still capable of rational thought wondered if it was time to give into the desire that had steadily been building up over the last few weeks.

The hand that had been holding Kara's released its grasp, moving to her side. Within seconds, Kara could feel it traveling up her torso, stopping right where the band of her bra could be felt through the thin fabric of the sweater she was currently wearing. In response, Kara slid her hand underneath the material of Lena's dress and traveled partially up her thigh, caressing the smooth skin that she found there. Lena reacted by shifting her hand once more, shaping it against the cup of Kara's bra and squeezing against it. The slight pressure elicited a soft moan from Kara, which could hardly be heard through their joined lips.
When both of them reached the point where they needed to come up for air, Lena's lips pulled from Kara's, but she didn't at all move far away. Although Kara knew that this break from their kiss couldn't possibly last long, she still took the opportunity to open up her eyes to see if she could catch Lena's gaze. Shining emerald eyes stared back into hers. There was no longer any traces of moisture in them. Instead, they had darkened, reflecting the desire that Kara felt spreading throughout every single inch of her body.

Wanting to convey how she was feeling but understanding that words would be superfluous at this moment, Kara relied upon her actions instead. Releasing her hold on Lena, she reached up and pulled Lena's hand from her chest. The Luthor complied, but didn't move otherwise. The stare that she was giving Kara was so intense that Kara found herself entirely unable to look away. Eyes tethered to Lena's, she curled her fingers into the bottom of her black and red striped sweater before tugging it off of her body. As soon as the fabric was clear from her torso, her eyes returned to Lena's. This time, though, they didn't align. Lena's gaze had dropped to the swell of Kara's breasts that were peeking out from the top lining of her solid black bra. White teeth appeared, sinking into the plump curve of the Luthor's bottom lip.

Only a handful of times before had Kara allowed their making out to get as far as any articles of clothing being removed. This wasn't the first time her shirt had made it off of her body, but what she did next was entirely new.

Reaching behind, Kara's fingers moved to the hooks that were keeping her bra fastened to her body. Lena's eyes flickered upwards briefly and Kara could see the excitement and wonder that was featured there. The expression on her face seemed to ask is this really happening? In response, Kara unhooked her bra and slowly pulled the garment from her body, lowering the straps from her shoulders one at a time.

Once the bra was off and had been tossed into the pile on the floor that had started off with her sweater, Kara watched as Lena appeared to be drinking in the sight before her. The way the Luthor's eyes danced across her breasts made Kara feel as if the woman was committing them to memory. Kara didn't feel exposed, though. The way Lena looked at her made her feel special. As if she were some valuable work of art in a museum.

After Lena's eyes were finished with Kara, her hands took their place. Kara couldn't stop the moan that bubbled up from escaping as Lena's palms pressed to her bare, newly exposed skin. The brunette's fingers began to gently knead into her skin and Kara could feel her mind getting even cloudier with every movement.

By the time Kara leaned back into the bed and her head hit the pillow, there weren't many barriers left between their two bodies. Kara vaguely remembered Lena pulling down her pants at some point, leaving her in nothing but a black pair of panties that matched her bra. She remembered more vividly how smoothly the zipper of Lena's dress had gone down the curve of her spine, opening up and revealing that the Luthor hadn't bothered with a bra at all that day.

When Lena's hand cupped against the only part of Kara's skin that was still covered in fabric, the blonde let out a shuddering moan. The heat that had pooled in her stomach earlier had seeped its way down between her legs, which she was sure the other woman could feel.

"Are you sure?" Lena whispered, completely breathless as her fingers applied a little bit more pressure.

Kara whined softly under Lena's touch and nodded, unable to form any sort of words right away.

"Yes," she finally panted out after a few seconds of trying desperately to compose herself enough to
get the word out.

Lena's movements were slow and gentle as she carefully pried off the second to last piece of clothing left between them and got to work. All the while, Kara found herself completely lost in everything that was happening between them. There had been so much sensual tension that had built up between them ever since that fated first meeting in Lena's office that every single thing Lena did left Kara feeling as if her entire body was on fire.

When Lena's actions managed to bring all of that tension to the point where it began to uncoil, Kara had needed to use every ounce of self-control she could tap into to keep herself from accidentally burning a hole into the roof of the bedroom. It was the first time that another person had managed to almost accidentally set off her heat vision. Kara wasn't surprised that Lena had gotten such a reaction out of her, though. Everything that was happening between them felt a million times better than anything Kara had attempted with her prior partners in the past.

As their roles reversed and Kara took the chance to finish disrobing Lena's body so that she could begin to fully explore it, she found that she wasn't quite as nervous as she had first anticipated. Sure, her movements were clumsier than what had been used on her, but Lena was never anything less than encouraging. Through a series of heavy breathing and moans, the Luthor managed to gently guide Kara to all of the right spots. Every time Kara succeeded in pulling off one of the maneuvers she was being walked through, she was delighted. It felt incredible being the one to cause Lena so much pleasure. All the while, Kara was mindful enough of her actions that she was able to ensure she didn't get carried away. When passion was thrown into the mix, super strength could become a dangerous skill to possess. Luckily it didn't end up becoming a problem that night.

Once it was all over and both women had managed to work their way through a good amount of tension, they found themselves curled up against one another under the covers. Lena's naked body was completely entwined with her own and all of their limbs were draped across one another. Their heads rested against the pillows, foreheads touching as they intermittently took turns leaning in and kissing the other before settling back down in the same position.

Eventually, their breathing slowed and started to match one another's as sleep crept up on the two girls in an attempt to carry them away to a dream world where their problems wouldn't exist.

This was how Kara Danvers eventually fell asleep, feeling for the first time that day that everything would actually be okay.
Chapter 27

Day One

6:17am

As usual, the beams of sunlight dancing across her closed lids slowly pulled Kara from the pleasurable confines of sleep, awakening her. There was something about Earth's yellow sun that she found so comforting, despite it being a far cry from her home planet's red sun. Perhaps it was because of the powers it bestowed upon her. Without Earth's yellow sun, Kara was no different from any of the humans she passed by walking down the street. Or the human whose limbs were currently tangled with her own. Maybe it was simpler than that, though. After all, the sun was the very first part of Earth that Kara had ever laid eyes on.

Kara would never forget the first time she had seen Earth. Originally, when Clark had opened up her pod, she had been disoriented. Even though at that point it had been 24 years since she had left Krypton, to Kara it felt like it was just yesterday. The man who stood before her had been unfamiliar considering that the last time Kara had seen Clark he had been no more than a baby. If it hadn't been for the warm smile on his face and her family crest on his chest, she probably would have been panicked. Instead of being worried, though, Kara had instead been fascinated by the glowing ball of light she could see peeking out over his shoulder as he loomed overhead, hand outstretched in her direction. Taking his hand, Kara had climbed out of the pod with his help, all the while watching the sun in the sky. She needed to squint to do so, but she found that she couldn't look away. As the rays of sun hit her body, Kara basked in it. It filled her to the brim with a warmth that she was entirely unfamiliar with. It wasn't until years later that she came to fully understand that what she had felt that day was pure, unadulterated power. Through the eyes of a child, it had simply felt like happiness.

That moment had been the most awe-inspiring moment of Kara's life.

That is, until Lena Luthor told her that she loved her.

Being very careful not to wake the sleeping beauty by her side, Kara slowly shifted, wanting to be able to see her face. Although Lena's arms and one of her legs were draped across the Kryptonian's body, Kara was able to turn around with relative ease. Lena's sleeping body automatically adjusted to the change in position. A soft whimper escaped the brunette while Kara rested back against the pillow, leaving her to wonder if the noise was a result of the movement or a dream Lena was having.

Reaching forward, Kara gently brushed a loose tendril of hair off of Lena's face, tucking it behind her ear as she watched her sleep. Lena's expression looked peaceful, despite the stress of the day before. Kara hoped that whatever she was dreaming about was happy and was far removed from the threat that had been leveled against them all by Siobhan.

Kara herself was feeling content that morning, which would have been surprising if not for the events of the night before. As she laid there, watching the woman she loved sleep, Kara thought back to their night together. As if it had been seared into her memory, she could recall every second of their first time together. Every caress, every moan, every sensation. Being intimate with another person had never felt like that before. Lena had been so attentive to her every need. Kara hadn't needed to say a word and Lena was there, doing all of the right things, touching all of the right places, setting this perfect, addictive pace that continually brought Kara right up to the edge before finally leading her right over it. Lena had somehow instinctively known exactly what to do and Kara's mind was still reeling over how wonderful it had felt.

Never before had a partner paid that much attention to either her or her body. The sexual encounters
that she had experienced prior to being with Lena had been few and far between, with all of them being quick and dirty. Kara distinctly remembered the hard lesson she had learned after her first few forays into the world of sex about how it wasn't a certainty that both people would walk away feeling equally satisfied. Rarely, her partners had cared enough to even try and ensure Kara was getting anything out of the experience at all. As long as they got off, that's all that seemed to matter.

Being with Lena had been night and day from any of those relationships. Nothing had been rushed or forced between them. Nor was Kara eager for it to end. For the first time in her life, as soon as things had settled down between them she found herself already fantasizing about the next time they would get to do it all over again. Normally, sex was a practice that Kara found that she sometimes dreaded, but in one night Lena had managed to change her entire opinion on the matter.

What had made the entire experience even better than it would have been otherwise was the declaration that Lena had offered up to her right beforehand. Kara knew from the look on her face and the hesitancy that had been in her tone that it had been incredibly difficult for Lena to make such a confession. Although they hadn't delved into the subject matter much, Kara knew that Lena had been burned many times by relationships before. Although the Luthor had prefaced her confession by saying that she had never said the words before, Kara was sure that she had been in the position of feeling that way or at least similarly, only to be let down before she got a chance to actually voice her affections.

Lena eventually began to stir, pulling Kara from her current thoughts. A subtle hue of pink blossomed on the apples of her cheeks as green eyes opened up, blinking away sleep as they adjusted on Kara. It felt almost as if Lena had caught her and could hear the thoughts that had been running through Kara's mind as she watched her sleep. As soon as their gaze connected, a slow sleepy smile lazily spread across lips that Kara was already dying to kiss. The blonde could feel her cheeks darken as the Luthor's hand grazed up her side, leaving behind tiny sparks of what felt a lot like electricity in the wake of her palm.

"Good morning, beautiful," the Luthor mumbled as her hand settled against Kara's skin, stilling and lingering there.

"Good morning," Kara whispered back. Her voice was almost a little shy as those memories of their night together started to hit her all over again, playing through her mind almost like a flipbook of photographs. It always started with Lena's declaration of love and played on from there.

After only a few seconds of basking in those memories, Kara found that she couldn't control a certain impulse any longer. Leaning forward, she pressed a good morning kiss to Lena's lips. When she pulled away a few seconds later, she found that there was now an even bigger smile there. It even extended up the Luthor's visage, reaching her emerald eyes and adding a glimmer there.

"I don't think we should go to work today," Lena announced suddenly, earning herself an eyebrow raise from Kara.

"And why is that?" the blonde asked, blue eyes carefully trained on green.

"No reason in particular," Lena remarked. The shoulder that she wasn't currently leaning on lifted up into a small shrug.

"Uh huh..." Kara wasn't buying this. "Could it be because you want to keep an eye on me? Because that's entirely unnecessary."

Again, Lena shrugged.
"I can neither admit nor deny that." The fingers that Lena had resting against her side began to trace small, miscellaneous patterns against the Kryptonian's bare skin. Suddenly, Kara couldn't seem to remember what they were even talking about. What was going on again? "What I will say is that perhaps we should stick together after that wretched woman's threat. Power in numbers, you know?"

Luckily Lena's comment managed to pull Kara's head from the clouds, bringing her back down to Earth. The blonde shook her head against the pillow in response.

"As much as I would absolutely love to spend the day with you, I think that the best course of action for us is to go about our life as we would regularly. Siobhan has to be watching us all, as she has been for a while now, which reminds me."

"My little security camera problem is being taken care of," Lena interrupted to clarify, clearly understanding where Kara's thoughts had gone. Her voice was much harder when she spoke this time. Kara could tell that it bothered her immensely that L-Corp's security system had been hacked. "Lex would have a cow if he knew that somebody found a way into his precious system..." Lena's muttered statement was said in a much more sarcastic voice than her previous one. Kara suspected that there were a lot of complicated feelings between Lena and her brother. A lot of water under the bridge. "Anyway, I'm sorry, continue."

"It's okay, I just was going to kind of expand on my point and reiterate that I think we should go about our business as usual. No matter how difficult it is." Kara tried her best to sound certain of what she was saying, despite how unsure she actually was. This was a new one for her. Not Siobhan, but the situation at hand. Siobhan by herself didn't present an insurmountable threat. What was so threatening was the unknown. It didn't help either that Siobhan had clearly been several steps ahead of them all for weeks now. There were too many questions left unanswered to come up with a plan of attack that was guaranteed to work. All they could do was wing it and hope that they could find a way to flip the script and get a step ahead of Siobhan for once.

Lena's full lower lip jutted out into a pout. "I know you're right but it doesn't mean I like it." A heavy sigh escaped the brunette. As her uncovered chest raised and lowered, the movement caught Kara's eye and pulled her gaze downward. It was then that she came to realize that the hem of the sheet that they were wrapped up in Lena's torso during their conversation. It took a decent amount of self-control for the blonde to lift her eyes back up. If not for the serious nature of the discussion they were currently having, she probably wouldn't have even bothered.

There was a glint to Lena's eyes as Kara found them again. A brow lifted slightly; the brunette had definitely taken notice of the Kryptonian's wandering gaze. A sheepish smile found Kara's lips.

"I plan on spending extra time down with my technicians today," Lena said after a few seconds of silence. "I saw the look Vasquez gave me at the DEO when I mentioned that I would put my people on this and I know that the agents there have their doubts, but I truly believe that my company may be able to help. My brother has always been a paranoid control freak and that only manifested further as we got older. As a result, the technology that was created during his reign is phenomenal."

Kara nodded. There wasn't much that she knew about Lex Luthor, other than what the tabloids said and what she had managed to glean from the handful of stories that Clark had told her over time that included a few references to the man that had used to be his best friend. Any time Lex came up, Clark was quick to change the subject. The couple of times he had spoken about him, he had used a tone similar to the one Lena did when speaking of Lex. They both appeared to still be deeply afflicted by Lex's betrayal and ultimate downfall. Kara couldn't blame them.

"I absolutely believe that you and your team can be of assistance," Kara assured, not wanting her girlfriend to feel unappreciated for her efforts. Kara was certain that whatever Lena could bring to
her usual crime-fighting group would be invaluable. "I look forward to hearing what you can find out. Also..." Kara trailed off. When she spoke again, her voice was softer. "We haven't even parted ways yet and I'm already looking forward to seeing you again."

A smile as soft as the tone Kara had used appeared on the Luthor's face. The fingers at the blonde's side curled slightly, applying gentle pressure against her flesh. Lifting her head up, Lena used the elbow of the arm she had been leaning against to prop herself up slightly. This only managed to lower the sheet around her torso further, revealing more skin. Kara found herself looking down briefly, yet again.

When Lena settled back down, Kara's gaze lifted. This time no sheepish smile formed on her lips. It was impossible to feel bashful about checking her girlfriend out when the woman in question was now staring at her with such hungry eyes.

"How about we make another memory to hold onto while we're apart today, hmm?"

Lena's hand began to slide down the slope of Kara's body and the blonde hummed her approval of this plan. The sound had barely escaped her by the time Lena was pushing on her hip, prompting her to roll onto her back.

As Lena shifted, climbing on top of her body and straddling her, something occurred to Kara. The reason why Lena could make her feel even more than she had during her first official day on Earth wasn't all that hard to figure out when you thought about it - it was because Lena had become her yellow sun. Her source of light, love, warmth, and happiness. And Kara wouldn't have it any other way.

9:05am

Kara scurried out of the employee elevator of CatCo, practically tripping over her feet in an attempt to get to her desk as fast as humanly possible since super speed was not an option in broad daylight in the middle of her workplace. During the entire ride up the various floors, Kara had been mentally preparing herself for the lecture she was in for once she actually got to the office. Snapper had scheduled a meeting for all of his writers that was to begin that day at 9:00am sharp. Normally Kara was the type to be early but a certain special brunette had kept her in bed much, much longer than she had intended. Even after pulling out all of the stops to get to work on time, she still was running a couple of minutes behind. Not even super speed wasn't able to fix everything when Lena Luthor was the one making you lose track of the time in the first place. If it hadn't been for the alarm on her phone that had gone off to remind her of said meeting, Kara probably could have stayed there underneath the covers with Lena all day and been none the wiser to time passing them by.

It only took about half a second after stepping out from the elevator and managing to stay upright for Kara to realize that something was wrong. CatCo was a flurry of activity. Employees were running around with papers in their hands. A few sheets of those papers decorated the floor, left behind forgotten by those who had dropped them. There was chatter that could be heard coming from all parts of the office. The entire office was in chaos.

Above all other voices was one that rose to the top, putting the others to shame.

"KIRA!"

Kara's eyes widened at the sound of Cat's shrill, demanding voice. With that one word, the woman had been able to convey an entire directive. *Get here now!*

Springing into action from the place where she had been frozen by the elevator doors, Kara dashed
forward, towards Cat's office. In order to make her way towards her destination, Kara was forced to try and gracefully maneuver through the sea of rushing bodies in her path. After almost crashing into one of CatCo's newest interns, a nice older woman named Shirley, Kara found herself thanking her lucky stars that her hands weren't filled with lattes as they would have been back when she was Cat Grant's assistant.

Just as she moved to step into Cat's office, Kara caught a glimpse of the computer screens at the desks right by the threshold. They were completely black. No wonder the entire office was in a tizzy. Time was money and if their systems were down, then Cat was losing out.

Kara's suspicions about CatCo's systems being down were confirmed when she stepped foot into Cat's office. The monitors that made up the wall behind her desk were all displaying the same black screens.

"Took you long enough!" Cat called out in an annoyed huff. All the eyes in the room shifted to find the object of their boss's ire. Everyone who had any status at CatCo was included in this impromptu meeting. Kara would have been flattered if she wasn't too busy being embarrassed. She met all of their glances with a small wave and an apologetic smile. What a day to be late.

"Now that you are all here… Finally…” Cat's steely gaze settled back on Kara as she spoke and the blonde found herself wishing, as she had many times before in that exact office, that one of her powers as a Kryptonian was the ability to disappear into a sinkhole in the floor at will. There were so many times that it would have come in handy.

Cat cleared her throat before continuing. "I'm going to keep this short and sweet. This…” Cat turned on her heel and frantically gestured towards the black screens as if their condition had been unnoticeable prior to her pointing it out. "...is entirely unacceptable! I don't care what you have to do to fix this but I want it done as soon as possible. I really wanted it fixed as of, oh…” Cat paused, looking down at the flashy watch that loosely hung around her thin wrist. Enraged eyes flickered back up to her audience. "Seven minutes ago when we opened for business today but apparently efficiency is too much to ask for."

Kara could see one of the newer members of CatCo's upper tier begin to open his mouth to contradict Cat, but luckily she was able to catch his eye and deter him with a subtle head shake. Since James had been the one to hire him, Kara guessed that he hadn't yet learned the tricks to maneuvering around one of Cat's bad moods. Cat and James couldn't be more diverse. Their temperaments were dramatically different. It was rare for James to lose his temper at the office but, on the rare occasions he did, it was nothing compared to one of Cat's outbursts. Cat Grant was a mighty titan of industry and she never let you forget it. Kara liked that about her, though. As somebody who personally sometimes ended up catering a little too much to other people's whims, Kara appreciated the fact that Cat had managed to blaze a path for herself in a male-dominated career and that she made it clear that she was not to be treated as a doormat by anyone.

Out of the corner of her eye, Kara could see that James kept glancing over in her direction. She was certain that the thoughts going through both of their minds were the same. The chances that this blackout was unrelated to Siobhan's 72 hour ban were incredibly slim. Kara tried not to be paranoid and did her best to still believe in coincidence when the situation called for it, but this was not one of those times. It wasn't surprising that Siobhan would target Catco, for numerous reasons. Beyond the fact that Kara worked there, it had been the workplace that Siobhan had been unceremoniously fired from after she had attempted to go behind Cat Grant's back with a news story. Ironically, the story had been about Supergirl.

"I don't know why I have to say this, but it appears as if all of you need a reminder." Cat stood up a
little straighter. For someone who was only 5'5" sans heels, it was incredible how she was able to
loom over all of them. "Time is money and every single second you all mill around waiting for this
problem to magically fix itself, I am losing out."

Kara was thoroughly amused by the way Cat's words had echoed her thoughts from earlier. The
corners of her lips began to automatically curl into a smile but the look that the head of CatCo
subsequently shot her immediately wiped away any and all traces of it. Again, where was that
sinkhole?

"Kira, I highly suggest you track down your little friend Walter."

"-do you mean Winn? -"

"-and get his butt here pronto. I don't care if he's no longer on my payroll. I helped make him and he
owes me. Where did he go off to anyway?"

Cat paused, seemingly trying to recall the answer to her question. Kara exchanged a glance with
James, but both of them kept their mouths shut. Neither of them could think of a good lie fast enough
and Kara knew Cat well enough to know that she'd forget all about Winn's existence as quickly as
she had thought of it.

Seconds later, Kara's hypothesis was proven to be true.

"Is there any reason why you are all standing here, looking at me like a bunch of -"

Whatever term that Cat had used to describe them was lost amongst the loud screech that suddenly
came from the speakers around the office. All occupants of the building, Kara included, found
themselves cupping their ears with their hands and wishing it would stop.

About ten seconds later they all got their wish. The noise disappeared and in its place appeared the
image of a woman on every screen. It reminded Kara of the times Livewire and then Indigo had
pulled the exact same trick. Apparently CatCo really needed better firewalls.

Once Siobhan's voice started booming out of the stereo system, Kara found that she had preferred the
sound of the screeching. It was somehow less obnoxious than the woman's diatribe.

"Hello, fellow co-workers. Miss me? I'm sure. I've heard through the grapevine that my replacement
isn't exactly the most tolerable…"

Eve hadn't been included in the current meeting that was taking place so Kara couldn't look at her to
gauge her reaction. Cat's current assistant came off as a little ditzy, sure, but she seemed nice enough.
Kara hoped that she wouldn't take Siobhan's jab to heart. Also, she wondered if Siobhan truly still
had any connections at CatCo. As far as Kara had known, Winn had been her only connection, but it
was entirely possible that another bond had formed underneath of her nose. Siobhan had battled it
out with Cat and, despite her amazing leadership skills, the leader of CatCo wasn't everyone's cup of
tea. Kara could see Siobhan easily bonding with a disgruntled employee.

"I'm sure you want control of your precious little screens back right? If I were to venture a guess, I
would say that your boss has been throwing a fit for the last…" Siobhan's eyes glanced over to the
side at a point further away from the camera before focusing her gaze back on the lens. "...ten
minutes. Get it together, Grant. Nobody likes it when grown adults throw temper tantrums."

Kara couldn't help but look over at Cat who was currently crossing her arms. If looks could kill,
Siobhan would drop dead.
"If you want your monitors… your business… back from me, then I have but one simple request. No, wait. Not request. **Demand.**"

The Kryptonian in the room stiffened, already having a decent idea of what was to come.

"**Kara Danvers must not step foot in CatCo for the next three days starting…** Oh, how about right now?"

The image of Siobhan flickered away as quickly as it had appeared. Luckily, this time there was no screech accompanying the transition. Kara could feel her cheeks warm as all eyes in the room found her once more. The attention she was garnering today wasn't even remotely positive and she was ready for it to stop.

"Kira, who was that? And why is she demanding that you leave?" Cat's arms were still crossed as she regarded Kara. The gaze she had leveled on the reporter was piercing.

"Um…” Kara started off to stall as she debated over how to answer Cat's questions. In her peripheral vision she could see Snapper rolling his eyes. Kara was certain that, had they been one on one, he would have chastised her for the less than eloquent start to her explanation.

As she did her best to maintain eye contact with Cat, Kara wondered how it was possible that she had managed to forget about Siobhan. Sure, her stay at CatCo Worldwide Media couldn't be classified as lengthy, but Kara whole-heartedly believed that she had left a lasting impression.

"That… was Siobhan Smythe," Kara began, figuring that the inquiry about the woman's identity was the much easier question to answer. The blank look that Cat gave her in return let Kara know that the name didn't ring any bells. Kara pondered the best way to clarify. "Siobhan was one of your assistants? She went behind your back to Perry White? You fired her?" None of this appeared to be working. "You used to call me Assistant #2 when she was here?"

Bingo.

"Ahhh *that* Siobhan," Cat cooed, her hand gesturing in a winding circle as the memory returned to her. The movement almost made it appear as if the memory was on the end of a fishing rod that she was reeling in. "I remember now. Distasteful bitch."

Kara could see some eyes in the room widen, but she was unfazed.

"All right, well after that unwelcome interruption…” Cat trailed off, uncrossing her arms so that she could clap her hands together sharply twice. "Back to work. I expect an answer on how to gain access back to our systems within the hour. Which, I might add, is me being *extraordinarily* generous."

A puzzled look came over a couple of faces, Kara's included. Snapper spoke up and voiced the thought that appeared to be rippling out across the room.

"We know how to get the systems back. Danvers has to leave." Snapper thumbed in Kara's direction. Had this occurred prior to her rooftop face off with Siobhan the day prior, Kara would have been slightly insulted by his swift agreement with the demand. Instead, she found herself in agreement as well. As much as she hated it, Kara was already prepared to walk right out of the building. The stakes were much higher than how Siobhan had made it seem in her short electronic appearance and she wasn't going to risk setting off whatever plan she had up her sleeve early.

Cat didn't appear to be on the same page as everyone in the room. Sinking into her desk chair as if nothing had ever happened, she lazily waved her hand in Snapper's direction to dismiss what he was
saying. "I am not giving into some spoiled brat's cockamamie plot for revenge. As I seem to recall, this insipid backstabber had quite the problem with our Kira here. I refuse to let her use CatCo as her own personal playground. It didn't work when she was an employee here and it sure as heck isn't going to fly now."

As much as Kara appreciated Cat's stance, she knew she had to speak up.

"Miss Grant…" Kara started off, needing to pause to draw in a deep breath. "While I am inclined to agree with everything you've said and completely appreciate it, I am going to excuse myself from this situation."

Cat opened her mouth to rebut that statement. Before Kara even realized what she was doing, she held up a hand to cut Cat off. A soft gasp could be heard originating from one of the corners of the room. Even Cat looked surprised, which was a rare look for her. She had looked less shocked over Siobhan's appearance than she did now at Kara's defiance.

"I know that you don't want to give into her demand and I don't either, but I want to put my feelings aside in order to do what's best for CatCo." Kara knew that the only way she was going to be able to get through to Cat Grant was making it all about the bottom line. An emotional appeal wasn't going to do the trick. Cat's pride had already played a hand in her decision, so Kara knew she had to make it about the cold, hard facts. "Every second you're shut down here, you're hemorrhaging money. I think it'll be best if I leave for now and, once you guys figure out a way to really batten down the hatches and secure everything, I can return."

The room fell silent as Cat sat before everybody, clearly pondering what to do next. There were a variety of emotions flitting across her face. As soon as one would settle onto her features, it would vanish, only to be replaced by an entirely new emotion. If only Kara had shared J'onn's ability to read minds, then maybe this wouldn't be so anxiety inducing.

"Fine," Cat finally said after several long moments of silence. There was a collective sigh around the room from those who had literally been holding their breaths, waiting on her decision. Kara could have imagined it, but she swore there was a hint of pride in the older woman's voice. If she could really see into her thoughts, Kara suspected that she would find that Cat was pleased that she had stood up for herself for once in a work setting. Cat had always been one of her biggest supporters, constantly pushing her to speak up and not let anybody ever steamroll her.

"Now I'm only going to repeat myself one more time…" Cat's arms leaned against her desk as she leveled her gaze at the employees surrounding her. "Back. To. Work."

Everyone began to scramble to leave Cat's office, Kara included. The faster she got out of CatCo, the better. She hated feeling as if her presence was causing a problem for everyone else. In the background of the sound of everyone's footfalls, she could hear Cat's voice. "Shoo, shoo, go on, leave."

Just as Kara managed to make her way out of Cat's office, she felt a strong hand wrap itself around her forearm. Pausing, she looked up, unsurprised to find James.

"I'm so sorry, Kara," he said, his voice low. James knew almost better than anyone else how much fulfillment Kara got from being at CatCo and had to know how hard this was for her. "I'll be sure to text you and keep you updated, okay?"
Kara nodded and settled a hand on top of the one he currently had resting on her arm. Giving his hand a small squeeze, she whispered her thanks and then pulled from his grasp, heading towards the elevator. It really hadn't been long since she had exited it, but it felt like an eternity.

Pressing the button that would beckon the machine back up to their floor, Kara sighed and glanced around the office, taking stock of everyone around her. Every couple of seconds somebody would give her a weird look. There were whispers originating from various spots around the room. Even without her super hearing, she could tell that she was being talked about.

Just as the elevator dinged to let her know that it had arrived, Kara saw a banner pop up on the nearest monitor to her. A quick survey of her surroundings let her know that it was now currently on every screen. The lettering was large enough for her to see, even from her vantage point. The script that decorated the screen formed words that made Kara's ache for her home planet. The Kryptonian language used was accurate and Kara managed to read it right as the elevator doors opened up.

*The last daughter of Krypton must die.*
Chapter 28

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Day One

2:32pm

The tip of Kara's spoon dug into the container of Ben & Jerry's Boom Chocolatta Cookie Core ice cream nestled in her hand. The hunk of ice cream she was fishing for yielded to the metal quickly, easily breaking away so that she could scoop it up into her mouth. This bite had a few extra fudge flakes than the last, which normally would have made her very happy. Kara was too distracted to enjoy the simple things in life at the moment. For the last several hours since being sent home, all she had managed to accomplish was emptying out their freezer of ice cream. The second she had gotten back to Lena's loft, she had trudged right over to the refrigerator and pulled out the brand new carton of Ben & Jerry's Coconut Seven Layer Bar ice cream she had purchased the previous week before completely demolishing it in under half an hour. Kara had done her best to be more frugal with the remainder of their frozen treats, deliberately stretching them out since she knew that she had no desire to venture back outside at any point in the day. Kara's scoops had become so lethargic that the ice cream would melt before she would even make it halfway through. Every time she realized that had happened, she would pull her eyes from the television screen and glance down, fixing the problem in a jiffy with her freeze vision. It had become a routine. Try and watch TV. Take a few bites of ice cream. Realize it's melting. Freeze. Repeat.

Kara was moving especially slow with this particular container of ice cream since it was the last one left in the loft. Kara knew that she could easily page Cora and ask her to go on an ice cream run considering that she lived on the same floor as Lena in an apartment that the Luthor paid for so that she was always close by if her services were needed, but Kara refused to. The Kryptonian had never once been waited on prior to moving in with Lena and it was still not anything that she had gotten used to. Kara was accustomed to doing everything by herself so it would still catch her by surprise any time Lena called on either Cora or her driver, Charles, for help. Even though Kara herself didn't yet feel comfortable calling on Lena's people for help, she knew that they would be more than willing to assist her if she ever actually needed it. They had been nothing but friendly towards her, giving her warm smiles and appreciative nods anytime they crossed paths. It was almost as if they were attempting to convey their approval of Kara, which always left her wondering how long they had been a part of the Luthor's life and if they had witnessed any of the horrible relationships that Lena had alluded to before.

A heavy sigh escaped the blonde's parted lips as she dug her spoon back into the ice cream in her hand, this time going straight for the chocolate cookie core center. It was her absolute favorite part and had been why she had saved this flavor for last. Carving out some of the solid cookie that made up the center of the frozen treat, Kara lifted it up to her mouth and hummed in appreciation as it touched her tongue. Blue eyes fluttered closed briefly as she tried to simply enjoy the taste of something she loved versus sitting there and obsessing over everything that was wrong with her day. Waking up that morning, knowing that she was unable to be Supergirl, already had been a special kind of torture. The only thing she had to fall back on after Siobhan had managed to temporarily take that away from her was her job as a reporter at CatCo and now even that had managed to go up into smoke for the next three days.

Even back when Kara had been nothing more than Cat Grant's assistant, she always found a great
amount of purpose in her job. It had really been that way for all of her jobs over the years. Kara had always loved to work, no matter what she was tasked with. From working in the floral department at Home Depot when she had still been a fresh-faced teenager all the way up to becoming a reporter under the tutelage of Snapper Carr, Kara had been completely satisfied with her employment status. Working gave her the opportunity to feel as if she were making a difference in the world. Kara Danvers was the type of person who strongly believed that every task she completed in the workforce was able to benefit the world in some way, no matter how small it was. Being Supergirl had quickly become her all-time favorite job, but it didn't take anything away from what she had been able to accomplish with the rest of them.

Now, here Kara Danvers sat, completely jobless for two and a half more days. It left her feeling as if she had no sense of purpose for that time period. At this rate, all she was going to be able to accomplish was polishing off the rest of the ice cream. Only about five more spoonfuls left before she would be able to complete that task.

4:24pm

At the sound of the door opening, Kara didn't even lift her head from its position against the pillow she had propped up against the armrest of the couch. Was it really time for Lena to be coming home? Although she had the curtains drawn tightly, Kara was certain that there were still slivers of light peeking through the outlines of them. Typically Lena didn't come home until dark. They were both workaholics. What time was it even?

Blue eyes dipped down from Dr. Phil, landing on the red numeric display underneath. It was definitely much too early for Lena to be coming home. Maybe Cora was checking in on the loft? That was a possibility.

"Kara?"

Nope, it was Lena. Kara would recognize that beautiful voice anywhere, no matter what state she was in.

"I'm in here," she called out meekly, head still resting against the pillow, eyes drifting back up to the television screen.

"Kara?" Lena asked again, her voice sounding much closer this time. Head unmoving, Kara shifted her eyes so that she could find the source of the noise. "Are you okay? What are you doing home?"

Before Kara could answer, Lena had moved to her side, maneuvering her way around scattered empty ice cream cartons so that she could bend down next to Kara. The purse that was situated on Lena's shoulder was shrugged off and set down on the floor by her feet.

Concerned eyes met her own as Lena's hand lifted, brushing some of Kara's hair away from her face. Kara could only imagine what she must have looked like at that moment. Rolling around in self-pitying agony on the couch all day wasn't exactly conducive to a great hair day.

"I'm okay," Kara murmured, sliding her elbow in so she could use it to prop herself up. She had never intended on Lena walking in on her pity party. The plan had always been to clean it up prior to the Luthor's arrival. "I got sent home from CatCo," she clarified, her voice a miserable murmur.

Lena's brow knitted up in the center. Confusion saturated her features. "You did? Was it Cat? No, Cat Grant adores you… Was it Snapper? I know he can be insufferable when he wants to be but you shouldn't have to."
"It was Siobhan," Kara interrupted, stopping Lena in her tracks. The confusion on the brunette's face only intensified, this time marred by a hint of fury.

"What do you mean it was Siobhan?" Kara could tell that Lena was working to keep her voice level. She could see the slight clench to her jaw.

A sad sigh escaped the blonde. "When I got to work, everything in CatCo was shut down. All of the computer screens were black. Until Siobhan's face popped up and she told everyone in the building that the only way that they could have their systems back would be if I excused myself from work for 72 hours. Cat was against having me leave, but I insisted since I know there's more to this than Siobhan being a disgruntled ex-employee, which is basically what everyone there assumed was what was happening." Kara deliberately left off the part about the threat to her life that had popped up on the screens in Kryptonian as she had left. When she called Alex on her way home to fill her sister and the DEO in, Kara had made sure to mention it, but there was really no reason to worry Lena more. "So…until these 72 hours are up, the only role I am allowed to try and play is that of a couch potato." Kara gestured around to her set-up, indicating that she was accomplishing that. There was a slight frown on her lips as she spoke, which she was fighting to not let turn into a full-blown one.

Lena's features hardened, her face morphing into a poised statute of disapproval. "This woman is a piece of work," she murmured, anger flashing through emerald eyes.

"I agree," Kara said dryly, a shoulder shrugging. Talking about the situation was causing the urge to stress eat to resurface. Thoughts of the big bag of kettle chips they had in the kitchen danced through Kara's head. The Kryptonian's eyes wandered off towards the room where all her snacks were.

"I can't believe the nerve of her… Don't worry, though, Siobhan will get hers." Lena's head shook slightly as she spoke. Kara's gaze shifted back to her girlfriend, pulled from her thoughts of chips by the seriousness in Lena's voice. "There is no way she will get away with all of this. We will figure out what she's up to and we will stop her.

Kara nodded slowly, wanting to believe that Lena was correct. It was difficult to feel optimistic about the whole situation when she had been effectively relegated to the sidelines. Leave it to Siobhan, of all people, to figure out the one thing to do that would drive her absolutely insane.

After sitting in contemplative silence for a few moments, Lena's features finally softened. Some of the anger featured on her face dissipated and concern crept into its place. "Have you been home this whole time?" she asked, eyes dropping down and scanning the warzone of discarded ice cream cartons before looking back to her girlfriend.

Kara nodded again, a frown forming on her lips again. "Yeah," she said simply, slightly embarrassed over her current state. Misery was not an emotion that looked good on her.

"Darling, you could have called me when it happened," Lena proclaimed, reaching forward and resting her hand on top of Kara's. "I would have come straight home to be with you." There was this look on Lena's face, almost as if she was hurt over the choice Kara had made to not immediately inform her of what had happened.

"I didn't want to worry you," Kara rushed to explain, not wanting Lena to feel badly about that decision. "I just wanted to come home and mope and… eat ice cream," she admitted sheepishly. "I didn't want to drag you down into my pit of despair. Which I fully intended to clean up before you came home from work, by the way." As she spoke, Kara was reminded of the question she had when Lena had come through the front door. "Wait… what brings you home early too? Is everything okay? Did something happen at L-Corp?" As she spoke, she could feel a slight sense of panic rising in her, which caused her questions to come out more rapidly. Although everything appeared to be all
right with Lena at the moment, Kara absolutely hated the idea that Siobhan had gone and meddled with her job as well.

The hand on top of Kara's squeezed gently. "Everything's perfectly fine with me," Lena quickly stated, picking up on the blonde's worry. "I... Well..." Lena's voice softened after her original assurance, her gaze dropping away from Kara briefly before flickering back up to her eyes. "I came home to try and set up a surprise for you because I knew you were feeling down in the dumps about not being able to be Supergirl for the time being. I was planning on having this whole candlelit dinner set up by the time you got home, but..." Lena used her free hand to gesture to Kara being there.

Lena's voice was unnaturally shy when she spoke and Kara could feel her heart melting. How had she managed to get so lucky?

"Oh Lena," Kara whispered, smiling her first genuine smile all day. "Have I told you yet that you are the best, most thoughtful girlfriend that anyone could ask for?" To further enforce her statement, Kara leaned in and kissed Lena. She could feel the Luthor smiling against her lips.

"You taste like chocolate," Lena remarked as Kara sat back against the couch. Lena's tongue poked out and brushed across her own lips as if she were savoring Kara's chocolatey kiss. The blonde couldn't help but laugh.

"Guilty as charged," Kara admitted, grinning. Already, she felt ten times better than she had prior to Lena's arrival. It was amazing how a few minutes in her presence could make a world of difference.

"I like it," Lena whispered, leaning in for another kiss. Even with everything Kara had going on through her mind, all of it didn't seem to matter in those close, intimate moments with her girlfriend. Lena had this way of making of Kara feel as if her troubles didn't exist. Even though those moments of mental peace were fleeting, Kara was appreciative of them. She knew that continually fretting about her situation did nothing but stress herself out further.

When their kiss ended, Lena reached up and patted down more of Kara's unruly hair, reminding the blonde that it probably wouldn't be the worst idea in the world to go and actually look at herself in a mirror. Besides, if she didn't get up from her position on the couch soon, there was going to be a permanent indent in the shape of her body left behind when she finally did. Lena's couch was far too nice to be subjected to such a fate.

"Were there going to be potstickers at this surprise dinner?" Kara asked before making a move to get off of the couch. A blonde brow arched along with her question. Although being with Lena had made her feel much better, her munchies still hadn't gone away. Some potstickers sounded glorious.

"Why, of course," Lena stated, lifting her hand and placing it on her chest in a mock show of offense. "What kind of amateur do you think you're dealing with?"

Kara chuckled. She loved the way Lena's eyes would light up whenever the Luthor would tease her. Finally pushing herself to the edge of the couch, Kara opted to answer Lena's question with a quick peck on the lips.

When Kara stood, Lena did as well, straightening up from her position crouched by the couch. In the process, a heel accidentally nudged the purse by her feet, tipping it over. A couple of the contents of the Luthor's bag spilled out. Amongst those items was a letter that Kara recognized; it was the letter that Lena had been intently reading the night before when Supergirl had burst into her office at L-Corp. This time, she got a better look at it. Kara wasn't trying to be nosy, but as she bent down to help Lena clean up, she couldn't help but notice that the missive had been sent by her brother, Lex
Luthor. His name was written in this small, methodic handwriting in the corner. Underneath his name was the address of the prison he was currently incarcerated at.

Kara looked up to Lena only to find her girlfriend already gazing at her. There was a look in her eyes that let Kara know that she understood what had just happened there. Kara didn't say anything, though. As curious as she was about what Lex Luthor could possibly be writing Lena about, she understood that it was her girlfriend's prerogative to share that information if she so desired. Dropping her gaze back down to the scattered items, Kara purposefully did not reach for the letter when helping Lena pick up everything. She didn't want Lena to feel as if she was going to invade her privacy.

As the two girls stood back up, Kara went to move around Lena so that she could head for the bathroom.

"Wait," Lena said. There was a slight hesitancy in her voice.

When Kara turned back towards her girlfriend, she found her holding the letter in her hand. Kara's head tilted slightly as she bit back the rush of questions she had. Instead, she waited patiently for Lena to continue. When it came to a person potentially disclosing sensitive information, you had to let them do it at their own pace.

"I do want to tell you all about this, but…" Lena trailed off. Her shoulders lifted up into a delicate shrug. "It felt wrong bringing it up with everything else going on. Plus…" Again the Luthor trailed off. Kara remained silent, giving Lena the chance to find the words she wanted to use. "Talking about Lex is not the easiest thing in the world for me," Lena finally admitted. "So, for many reasons, I've just been toting this letter around and trying not to really think of it. But I don't want you to get the impression that I was keeping anything from you."

Kara immediately shook her head, instinctively taking a step in closer to Lena. "Not at all," she immediately assured. "Whatever correspondence you receive from your brother is your business and you have every right to keep it to yourself for as long as you would like. I completely respect you and your privacy, Lena." The Luthor rewarded Kara with a small, grateful smile. "Also, I want you to know that it's always okay to come to me, no matter what else is going on in my life. I am here for you, Lena. Always. That's an unconditional offer. So, if this…" Kara gestured to the letter Lena was holding. "...is something that you would like to talk about tonight, or any night, I am all ears."

Lena's eyes dropped to the letter from Lex. Her teeth emerged, sinking into her ruby red bottom lip as she appeared to be considering Kara's statement. There was an undertone of emotion to her expression that Kara couldn't exactly distinguish. She knew enough to know that whatever emotions her girlfriend was currently swept up in were very complicated. Despite not having spoken of him much, Kara always had been able to tell that Lex was a sore spot for Lena.

After a moment, Lena reestablished eye contact with her girlfriend. "I would very much like to discuss this with you today, if you are certain, but… How about some food first?"

A soft smile graced Kara's lips. "I'm positive." Walking up to Lena, she leaned in and pressed a kiss to her girlfriend's cheek. "And I like the way that you think," Kara whispered, giving Lena a nod before heading off towards the bathroom to clean up.

8:56pm

"If I was Blake Lively's character, I would never go near the ocean ever again!" Kara exclaimed as her and Lena watched the credits roll. They had just finished watching The Shallows and Kara was in awe by the way the title character had managed to overcome the trauma she went through after
being brutally attacked by a shark.

"You would never be in that position," Lena pointed out, her eyes wide as she regarded her girlfriend. She appeared to be thoroughly amused by Kara's reaction. "First of all, you could simply fly away from the situation." As Lena started with her points, she lifted a hand, counting them off on her fingers as she went through them. "Secondly, if you went toe to toe with a shark… I would feel badly for the shark. And lastly, the shark wouldn't be able to even sink its teeth into your leg in the first place!" Lena dropped her hand and nudged Kara with her shoulder. "Girl of Steel."

"Hey," Kara started, shaking her head and pointing to herself. "This Girl of Steel doesn't like to watch movies with that mindset." Lena raised a brow. "Seriously! How boring would it be if I watched movies and television with those thoughts in mind? The whole point of cinema is being able to put yourself in the shoes of another person. I like to sit here and pretend I have all of the same weaknesses as the person I am viewing on the screen as I watch. Makes everything more interesting and suspenseful!"

Lena looked even more amused now. "That's a fair point," she mused, nodding as she mulled over Kara's argument. "I never thought of it that way. I guess I imagined that you liked applying all of your strengths when thinking about these imaginary situations. I mean, it has to feel amazing to be Supergirl… right?"

"Oh it absolutely does," Kara remarked, trying not to think of the fact that she wasn't allowed to be Supergirl for approximately 51 more hours. "It's…" Trailing off, the Kryptonian tried to think of the best way to put it into words. "An incredible feeling. Picture the strongest adrenaline rush you've ever gotten and how that felt. Now multiply that by 100 and you've got what it feels like to be in the heat of the moment as Supergirl."

"The heat of the moment, eh?" Lena's voice dripped with innuendo to the point that Kara was able to pick up on it. A slight blush crept into her cheeks.

"Yes," she managed to reply, causing the Luthor to grin. "Feels that way when I'm simply flying around too, just to a lesser extent." Although Kara was trying to keep the conversation on track, Lena's comment had already sent her thoughts off the rails. A part of her mind was already conjuring up images of what it was like to be in the heat of the moment with Lena. If it wasn't for the letter that had been staring them down from its position on the coffee table all night, Kara would have considered acting on those thoughts. "However, I get to live that life every day." Almost every day. "So, when I'm watching something fictional, I like to pretend."

"Huh," Lena remarked. Kara could see the gears in her head turning. It was fascinating watching her genius girlfriend process new information. "I guess it's much like those people who like to pretend to be superheroes after watching the latest Marvel movie, but in reverse."

"Exactly! I think that's a great way of putting it."

"Interesting…" Lena grinned. "I guess this means we won't be watching Shark Week together any time soon?"

"Uh, no," Kara quickly stated, shaking her head. "Unless you really wanted to watch it with me. I would do anything for you."

Kara could tell by the way Lena's grin faded into more of a smile and the way her eyes fluttered that she had managed to catch the Luthor off guard with her comment. Kara got the impression that Lena hadn't been paid many genuine compliments over the course of her lifetime, but it was something that the Kryptonian planned to remedy. Lena deserved to hear how wonderful and important she was.
Lena let her actions do the talking for her and kissed Kara before bending at the waist and reaching for the letter on the coffee table. The pads of her fingers pressed to the edge of the envelope, pressing down and pulling it in towards herself. Once she managed to grip onto it properly, Lena settled back on the couch and held it up for Kara to see.

"Are you sure you're okay with us discussing this?"

Kara didn't hesitate. "Of course. Are you sure you want to talk about it?" Kara wanted to give Lena a way out if she needed it. As much as she wanted to know what the letter said, she wanted Lena to be certain she was comfortable sharing its contents first.

"I'm sure," Lena said. Reaching into the envelope, she pulled the letter out and handed it over to her girlfriend. Kara reached for the letter and grasped onto it gingerly, as if she were being handed something fragile. In a way, she was, since Lena's emotions were tied to whatever sentiment was contained on that sheet.

Carefully, Kara opened up the letter and read its contents.

_Sis -

_Long time, no see. Why don't we fix that? I would ask if you would rather meet at my place or yours, but I can never seem to get away from here.

_Sorry. Slight jailhouse humor.

_Anyway, I would greatly appreciate it if you would carve a little time out of your oh, so busy life running our family business to come and see your older brother. I feel as if we have so much to catch up on. Wouldn't you agree?

_Lex

_P.S. You have no idea how well I had to behave to even be allowed to send this letter. Don't let my efforts go to waste._

Kara's blue eyes trailed over the words on the page not once, but twice. The only times that Kara had ever heard Lex Luthor speak were back when he had been first arrested considering that his face was the one of the only things people saw on the news all across the country for days. You couldn't turn on the television without them playing either old or new footage of him. Despite only having that limited experience with how he spoke, Kara could still somewhat imagine these words in the constrained, calculating, falsely friendly tone that he would use whenever he was addressing the public.

Once she was certain that she had properly absorbed everything he had said, Kara looked up to her girlfriend.

"Are you going to go see him?"

The change in Lena's face was instantaneous. Her lips pursed into a terse, thin line and Kara could actually see the tension she was feeling creeping up the elegant curve of her neck. Releasing the letter she was holding with one hand, Kara reached forward and rested her palm against Lena's knee. Regardless of what Lena's answer was, she could tell that the choice was a difficult one for the Luthor to make.

"I'm not sure," Lena said, breaking the silence between them after a moment. Reaching up, she stalled continuing by tucking her hair behind her ears. When Lena got changed after work, she had
released it from the tight bun she had worn all day long, so it now framed her face in loose, chestnut waves. "Part of me wants to go and hear what he has to say. However," Lena paused and exhaled sharply. "The other part of me wants him to rot in there for the rest of eternity and never wants to have to see or deal with him again." Reaching forward, Lena gently pulled the letter from Kara's hand, turning it around so that she could read it again. A sardonic smirk twisted onto her lips as emerald eyes swept the page. "I know he's up to something. He has to be. Whatever it is, I know I don't want to be a part of it."

Kara considered this, wondering if Lena was right on the money. "Are you sure there's absolutely no chance that he just wants to talk to you? I'm not naive, of course, I know what Lex has done. But what I don't know is the bond the two of you had over the years. I don't want to discount the fact that he may simply be reaching out to you, as his sister. Not as a pawn in a game he's playing."

"Ah, but you see, everyone is a pawn to Lex," Lena explained. Bitterness seeped into her tone. "Even when he's not up to anything in particular - which, mind you, is rare - he still views people as nothing more than...chess pieces." Folding up the letter, Lena reached for the envelope and tucked it back inside of there. "Lex is always evaluating his current situation and trying to find the best way to twist things in his favor. Whenever he's around other people, he's looking at them, wondering how he could possibly use them for his benefit. For years, I thought that, as his sister, I was immune to that closed-minded viewpoint of his but... I was mistaken." With a flick of the wrist, Lena chucked the letter back onto the coffee table. It slid across its surface, almost managing to fly off of the end of it.

"Do you miss him?" Kara asked gently.

Lena's gaze dropped to her lap. Fingers picked at the hem of her shirt. "That's a difficult question to answer because I definitely do not miss the monster that tried to literally take over the world. Or the beast who tried to have me assassinated when I took over and renamed Luthor Corp." Lena's voice was calm, cool, and collected. To a person who didn't know her at all, it would sound as if she were indifferent about the matter. Kara knew better though. "I do, however, miss my brother." Lena glanced up at her girlfriend before looking back down. She laced her fingers together to still them before continuing. "He wasn't always like this, you know?" Lena asked, making it a point to look off into the distance. Kara could see some moisture welling up in the Luthor's eyes, but she didn't dare move to do anything about it yet. Opening up was difficult enough for Lena and Kara didn't want to risk scaring her off. Her fingers ached to pull her girlfriend in for a hug, but she held off. "Lex was so different while we were growing up. He hated Lionel with a passion, so he strived to be the opposite of our father. There were many times when he was... loving. Especially towards me. I thought for the longest time that my older brother had managed to escape the inherent cruelness that came along with being a Luthor." Lena's eyes were still filled with tears, but none of them managed to escape as she spoke. Lifting her head up a little higher, she continued. The poise reminded Kara of a regal lioness. "Don't get me wrong, he had his moments where he fully embraced the Luthor name. Lex had always had a temper that would rear its ugly head whenever he didn't get his way, which wasn't too often. I still had hope that he would always strive to be a good man, though, despite it all. Your cousin was ultimately his undoing."

Kara's brow knitted in the center and she looked suddenly apologetic.

"Lex couldn't handle a world with Superman in it. His ego couldn't handle it. To my brother, there was only room for one of them. A single Alpha male. I know people like to assume it only had to do with the fact Superman is an alien, but I know it goes so far beyond xenophobia. Superman made Lex feel threatened and that is what he could not handle." Lena paused, her gaze finally shifting back to Kara's. When they made eye contact, the sliver of an understanding smile appeared on Kara's lips. "I'll never forgive him for everything he's done, Kara. I can't. But... I will forever miss the man
Kara nodded slowly. "Will you regret it if you don't go?"

Lena sighed. Kara's question seemed to have knocked some of the winds out of her sails. "That's what I'm wrestling with," the Luthor admitted, maintaining eye contact. "I know he's up to something but perhaps that's all the more reason why I should go and visit him. If anything happens and it turns out my brother was the cause of it, I will kick myself for sitting idly by while it all unfolded. I know he's supposedly incapable of putting anything into motion in his current state, but trust me... Where there's a will there's a way and I've never met anyone with a greater sense of willpower than Lex Luthor."

Kara nodded again. "I think... it's a hard decision to make, but you know that," she said, finally beginning to share her opinion on the matter now that Lena had been able to talk it through. "As much as I would love to give you the perfect answer in this situation, I don't think there is one. I think you ultimately need to do what you're comfortable with. You have to do what's right for you, Lena. Whether that's going to see Lex or continuing on as if you never received his correspondence. I think that Lex has lost the right to ask anything of you, so this decision has to be one that you make without taking his feelings into consideration. I know that's easier said than done, but there are just some situations in life where you have to be selfish and this is one of them. The Lex you used to know sounds like someone who would have deserved your respect, but not this one. And Lena?"
Kara paused and Lena arched a brow. "No matter what you decide, I'm here for you. If you decide to go and need someone to go with you, say the word and I'm there. If you decide not to go and you need someone to throw away any future letters from him, I can be that person for you too. Whatever you need from me, I am here."

The moisture in Lena's eyes had subsided slightly until Kara spoke. Now it was back full force. The tears made her eyes all the more striking, Kara was mesmerized, as always. Everything about Lena Luthor was entrancing. "I think that was the perfect answer. Thank you." Lena settled her hand on top of Kara's, which was still resting against the brunette's knee. "I do not want to do anything until this Siobhan mess gets sorted out, but... I am going to give the situation some serious thought and I will let you know what I decide, no matter what it is."

"I will be here," Kara assured, finally allowing herself to give into the urge to hold Lena. Pulling her hand from her girlfriend's, she used both of her arms to pull the Luthor in close to her so that they were curled up together on the couch, much like they had been during the duration of the movie. Kara pressed a kiss to the crown of her head against Lena's silky hair. "No matter what life throws at us, we can handle it together."

"Like a team," Lena remarked, snuggling in closer to Kara.

The Kryptonian smiled and pressed another kiss to the top of Lena's head. "The very best team."

"I love you, Kara," Lena whispered, so softly Kara almost missed it. The smile that was already lingering on the blonde's lips spread and she felt her heart soar. This was only the second time Lena had ever said this to her and already Kara could tell that she could hear the words a million times over and never grow sick of it.

"I love you, too, Lena."

Chapter End Notes
A/N: For anyone who is wondering what version of Lex I picture when I write this story and he comes up, it's the Smallville version of his character. I was a huge fan of the show and have seen all ten seasons. I personally really loved Michael Rosenbaum's swagger as Lex Luthor, so that is who I picture and hear whenever I think of Lena's brother.
Chapter 29

Day Two

12:46pm

"Time to get up!"

Kara's face was pressed against the pillow so she couldn't see Lena's expression, but she imagined that it was quite chipper considering the tone of her voice as she spoke. Too mentally drained to actually formulate any words, Kara instead offered up an unintelligible murmur in response.

"Rise and shine! Carpe diem!"

Before Kara could offer up another noise of dissent, a whooshing sound reached her ears letting her know that Lena was pulling open the curtains that the blonde had purposefully tugged together earlier that morning so that the sunlight wouldn't interrupt her moping.

Rolling her head to the side, Kara let out a grumble as bright white light seeped through her closed lids, further waking her up.

"What if I don't want to get up?" the blonde mumbled, lifting a hand and shielding her eyes with it as she slowly opened them. Blue irises became more noticeable as her pupils contracted, trying to adjust to the sunshine. Standing in front of the window, Kara could make out the silhouette of her girlfriend since her eyes hadn't finished becoming accustomed to the light yet. The Luthor's hands were on her hips and her head was tilted to the side.

"Darling, I hate to break it to you, but you don't have much choice in the matter. I'm putting my foot down on this one."

Kara pushed herself up into a sitting position before balling up her fists and rubbing them against her eyes. This time, when they opened back up, Lena swam into focus. The look on her girlfriend's face was playfully stern. She was giving Kara that raised eyebrow that indicated that she meant business.

"But why?"

Lena's tongue clicked against her teeth as if she were affronted that she even had to answer such a question. "Kara, I can't sit here and watch National City's greatest superhero lay around all day wrapped up in a cocoon of despair."

"Okay first of all, it's not a cocoon of despair. Just one of… comfy blankets," Kara corrected, gesturing to all of the layers she had been bundled up in. "Secondly, I'm not any type of superhero for two more days, so you can't use the Supergirl card against me."

"Kara…" Lena started, walking up to the bedside table in a few short strides. Kara's eyes followed her as she gestured to the Kryptonian's phone on the bedside table. "If this isn't you wallowing in despair, then what exactly are you listening to right now?"

Kara knew that Lena had a point. Reaching for her phone, she quickly paused "Misery At Best" by Mayday Parade.

"I was listening to the Life Sucks playlist on Spotify," Kara admitted, setting her phone back down.
Lena didn’t reply, but instead gave her a look. It said more than words could have in that moment.

"Okay, okay, this might be what despair looks like," Kara conceded in a sigh. "I just feel so… useless right now. I keep waiting for my phone to go off and for it to be the DEO needing my services, but you know that won't be happening anytime soon. My plan had been to throw myself into work at CatCo for the time being, but Siobhan ruined that too. Can't I just stay in bed until the 72 hours is over?"

Lena's face softened into a sympathetic smile. Stepping forward, she reached out and cupped Kara's cheek. The blonde leaned into her touch. "I'm sorry, but I care about you way too much to see you in this state."

Kara tried to frown but it was too difficult to pull it off after Lena's words. Instead, a small smile blossomed on her lips. "I can't fault you for that. If our roles were reversed, I would be doing the exact same thing," she admitted. Another soft sigh escaped her.

Lena brushed her thumb across the skin of Kara's cheek before dropping her hand. "I know it's hard being benched in all of this, Kara, but it'll be over before you know it. From what I've seen on the news, everything has been pretty calm in National City so far. Have you heard anything from Alex lately?"

Kara shook her head. "I texted her a couple of times, but every time she's said that it's all clear on their end. She even said that the DEO has hardly had to pick up the slack for me in terms of just helping out the local police department."

Lena nodded. "All we can do is wait and see. You know that if anything major happens that you will be their first call. In the meantime, I think you need a distraction."

"What did you have in mind?" Kara asked, willing to play along. Lena wasn't wrong, she did need a distraction. Laying in bed listening to music had accomplished nothing except for allowing her a brief reprieve from her thoughts here and there whenever she had managed to drift off for a short while. "Wait, did you go into the office at all today?"

"For a little while," Lena said. "I went in to tie up some loose ends, check in on the search for information about Siobhan, and then to let them know that I wouldn't be back in for the rest of the day, but if they had an emergency to try me on my cell."

"Have they found anything interesting about her yet?" Kara figured that, if they had, Lena would have already told her, but she still had to ask.

Lena shook her head. "Not yet. I have the leader of my team coordinating with Winn over at the DEO so that both of them can work in tandem. That way, more gets done efficiently."

"It's great that you two have been able to work together," Kara remarked, trying to fish out a positive from this whole mess. "Hopefully they can uncover something helpful soon. I hate being in the dark about everything."

"Me too," Lena stated emphatically. After a brief silence, she clapped her hands together. "Okay, ready to get up and go?"

"Hold on…" Kara stated, eyes narrowing slightly. "Go…where? You still haven't answered my question about what you have in mind."
A grin broke out on the Luthor's face. "That's for me to know and for you to find out."

"Aw, not this again…" Kara pouted playfully. "If I'm going to be dragging myself out of this warm, comfy bed, shouldn't I have at least some clue as to where we're headed?"

Lena shook her head, grabbing onto the edge of the blankets that Kara's legs were buried under. Walking around the bed, she pulled them along with her so that Kara was no longer under them. The blonde kicked her feet slightly in protest. "You know from experience that you won't win this one."

"Hmph." Kara laid back against the pillows, reaching for the one next to her that Lena usually slept against and pulling it over her face. "Maybe I need another nap before this secret trip then," she mumbled loudly enough that her voice would carry around the pillow. Kara was hoping to lure Lena into revealing what she had in mind.

"Oh no. No more naps for you. I am cutting you off." Kara could feel some pressure against the bed, as if Lena had just climbed on top of it.

"But I'm just so sleepy…" Kara teased in a sing-song voice before adding a mock snore to the end of her statement to enhance the dramatics of it all. Before she could consider continuing with her snoring shtick, Kara felt Lena's fingers curl into the waistband of her panties. It was all that she was wearing besides an old, faded t-shirt that she loved to sleep in. "Lena? What are you doing…?"

Instead of answering, the brunette tugged down Kara's panties, removing them completely. Edging her legs apart, Lena moved into the open space. "If you're alleging that you're too sleepy for an adventure, then I'm simply going to have to wake you up."

Kara pulled the pillow from her face just in time to see Lena's head descending. The combination of the sensation of Lena's delicate touch and then that of her skilled tongue had Kara's back arching and her eyes widening. A sharp gasp escaped her with a soft moan right on its heels. If there was any doubt about it before, Kara was most definitely wide awake now.

2:13pm

Normally Kara would have had her face to the window of the car, eyes carefully trained on the passing scenery so that she could figure out where Lena was taking her. However, as curious as she was, Kara couldn't seem to take her eyes off of her girlfriend long enough to snoop. Also, it didn't really truly matter where they were going because she would be with the woman she loved.

After Lena had finished properly "waking" Kara up, the Kryptonian had hopped into the shower. *Dress casually* was the advice that Lena had called out to her from the hallway while Kara picked out clothing for their excursion. Taking Lena's advice, Kara selected a pair of jeans and a thin sweater top with ¾ sleeves knowing that, while it was Spring, that the chill of Winter hadn't completely disappeared yet.

Even though Lena had been the one to tell her not to dress up for their adventure, Kara was surprised to see what her girlfriend had picked out to wear for the day once she finally went to join her down in the kitchen. Stepping into the room just as the Luthor was retrieving a bottle of water from the fridge, Kara found her girlfriend wearing a light sweater as well. It was a pretty seafoam color which hung off of her shoulders, exposing the straps of the black tank top she was wearing underneath. It looked great with her dark, flowing hair and made her eyes look somewhat bluish-green in the light. That wasn't what surprised Kara, though. What caught her off guard was the flattering pair of skinny jeans that the Luthor had adorned to complete the outfit.

It was those same jeans that Kara swept her finger down the thigh of right now. The two girls hadn't
managed to keep their hands off of each other ever since they had climbed into the car. They were still running off of the post-coital high that had officially marked the start of Kara's day.

"All right, what gives?"

Kara looked up at Lena, surprised by her question. "What do you mean?"

"You keep staring at my jeans as if you've stumbled across a real live unicorn. Is something the matter with them? Do you not like how they look on me?"

"Oh, no, they look amazing on you," Kara immediately insisted, her voice emphatic. Lena looked so incredible in those jeans that Kara was certain that nobody else had ever worn denim so well. "I just didn't know that you even owned a pair of jeans," Kara admitted, her expression becoming sheepish. The expression on her face was akin to that of a child's who had just been caught with their hand in the cookie jar.

Lena stared at her for a beat, blinking twice before a bark of laughter escaped her. "Kara, I am human!" she exclaimed, a chuckle infusing itself into her tone as she spoke.

"I know that!" Kara assured, earning herself an eyebrow raise from Lena. "I do, really!" Pausing, she smiled at her girlfriend. Her fingers traced miscellaneous patterns against the jeans in question. "Is there any chance that some grand speech about how you're more like an angel that's fallen from heaven than a mere mortal is going to save me here?" Kara asked, her voice playful.

Lena laughed at the remark, shaking her head. "Not even that will save you now," she warned, wagging her finger in Kara's face before tapping the tip of the Kryptonian's nose. "Plus, aren't you the one who fell from the sky?"

Kara chuckled, nodding. "You make a good point," she admitted with a smile. Her fingers continued grazing against the denim her girlfriend was wearing. "You really do look great in these."

"I look even better out of them," Lena remarked, her eyes sparkling as she leaned in to kiss a blushing Kara.

The car rolled to a stop shortly afterwards. When the car stopped, their kiss did as well. Lena's teeth tugged at Kara's bottom lip as she pulled from the kiss. Grinning at her girlfriend she simply said, "We're here."

Kara was too dazed to register what that meant right away. The blonde was preoccupied by thoughts of getting Lena out of those jeans. She wasn't sure what exactly was the root cause, but whenever she was around Lena, Kara found that she felt far more promiscuous than she ever had in the past. It didn't matter where they were or what they were doing; one look or comment from Lena could send Kara's thoughts straight into the gutter.

"Kara?" Lena asked, pulling the blonde from her daydreaming.

Blinking a few times, Kara looked around and mentally shooed away all thoughts of undressing Lena to take stock of their current situation. Charles was already holding the door open for them and was giving them a knowing smile.

"Where are we?" Kara finally asked, waiting for Lena to climb out of the car before getting out herself. She didn't have to wait for an answer from her girlfriend, though. The answer was staring her in the face.

"Oh my goodness, Lena!" Kara squealed, clasping her hands together excitedly in front of her chest
before looking over to her girlfriend. "I love it here! It's one of my favorite places to visit!"

"I know," Lena stated. A satisfied grin was creeping its way onto her lips as she watched Kara's reaction. The blonde looked slightly confused by her remark. "This morning I called your sister and asked her where you like to go when you're stressed out. She assured me that this would be the perfect place to take you."

Kara felt touched by Lena's explanation. It meant a lot to Kara that her girlfriend had reached out to Alex, going right to the source to find out how to best cheer her up. Beaming, she looked back up at the building that they had arrived at, taking in the bold blue, white, and orange sign adorning the top of the entrance.

Lena had taken her to Dave & Buster's, which was Kara's all-time favorite arcade. Many a time over the years the blonde had ventured out there to use the games as a way of blowing off steam.

"I have to warn you," Lena whispered, taking Kara's hand and beginning to walk towards the front doors. "I know this is going to be damaging to my whole 'I am human' spiel from earlier, but I've never been here before."

Kara gasped, looking over at Lena with an incredulous expression on her face. Her girlfriend gave a small shrug and used her free hand to tug the door open for them both.

As soon as Kara stepped inside, she was met with a familiar loud, yet comforting cacophony of noises. The buzz of activity at an arcade was always one of her favorite sounds. Kara already felt more at peace and they hadn't even made it past the front desk.

"Never ever?" Kara asked Lena as they made their way over to the stairs that descended down into the room with all of the games. The blonde had needed to raise her voice enough to ensure that she would be heard over the beeping of the games and the squealing of successful patrons.

Lena shook her head. "No, never. This isn't the kind of place that we were able to go to growing up, so I tend to forget places like this even exist." Using their joined hands, Lena tugged Kara over to the side just as a child whizzed by, bubble sword in hand. It was clear by the joyful expression on his face that he had just left the Winner's Circle. "Mother only took Lex and I to an arcade once. It was for a birthday party that one of Lex's friends was hosting. We normally wouldn't have been allowed to attend, but my brother begged and pleaded until Mother gave in. You see, she's always had a soft spot for Lex." The two girls reached the bottom of the staircase and moved over to the side of it so that they wouldn't be in anyone's way. "Within half an hour, she claimed that she had a migraine and made us leave. We didn't even get to stay for cake."

"That's no fun," Kara called out over the sounds of someone hitting a jackpot on one of the machines. A slight frown graced her lips. "We're going to have to make up for it here!"

Lena nodded. "Absolutely! Where should we begin?"

Kara grinned. This was going to be fun. "Follow me!"

7:37pm

Even though she had gotten a late start and the night was still young, by the time Kara and Lena piled back into the car, the Kryptonian was exhausted. This had definitely been one of the longest times that she had ever been at Dave & Buster's, but it was hands down the best. Over the last several hours, the pair of them had managed to play every single game that caught their eye. Multiple times. It had been a blast showing Lena all of the different games. As expected, the Luthor caught on
quickly, excelling at whatever new obstacle was thrown her way. Kara was so excited to be present for her girlfriend's first time there that she had provided Lena with a rambling explanation of each and every game there as they made their rounds, which the Luthor listened to patiently despite being more than capable of figuring out things herself.

After making their way around the entire game room once, the two girls had agreed that it was time to get food. They were going to need some sustenance if they were going to continue racking up tickets on their Power Card. After glancing over the menu once, Lena passed it over to Kara and insisted that she take the lead on the ordering. "This is your day, surprise me," Lena had prompted, refusing to select any items even after some cajoling from Kara.

Kara had run with Lena's request, ordering whatever her heart desired. Instead of ordering separate entrees for them, Kara opted to order a whole bunch of appetizers for them to share. Their table ended up filled to the brim with platters such as the Pepperoni Pretzel Pull-Apart, the Lotsa Loaded Tots, and the Cheesy Spinach Dip. Kara had of course also ordered their sliders and wings platter, wanting to make sure there were plenty of options. There was something about being at an arcade that left her feeling ravenous, even more so than usual.

There were two boys seated at the table across from them who, at first, spent their time simultaneously eating and ogling them. However, once the tableful of food had been delivered and Kara and Lena began to dig in, the boys didn't have the same looks on their faces. As Kara went in for her third slider after housing a good portion of the loaded tots, Lena spotted the looks of awe and horror on their faces. Clearly they were the type of men who were used to girls picking at salads versus really eating. It was a viewpoint that Lena in particular didn't really care for.

Leaning around Kara, Lena had wiggled her fingers at the boys to get their attention. Their gazes shifted from the food the Kryptonian was eating to Lena's eyes. Their jaws dropped slightly, clearly surprised that a creature as gorgeous as Lena Luthor was addressing them. Once she had their attention, she pointed over to Kara and mouthed, "That's my girl," before picking up a cheese smothered tater tot and popping it into her own mouth. Kara had caught the entire interaction and almost choked on her food as she fought off a fit of laughter.

Once they managed to polish off the majority of the food, Kara promised that they would be returning for dessert and led Lena back down to the game room. This time, the two of them regrouped and focused in only on machines that they absolutely loved to play. Kara enjoyed letting Lena pick out the games and seeing which ones the Luthor gravitated towards. It was clear by the end of the night that Lena's all-time favorite machine to play was the Cyclone game. There were several of them around the game room and, every time they would pass one, Lena would stop to try her hand at it. The object of the game was to stop the flashing light on the space marked 'Bonus' which would give you the jackpot.

Aside from the Cyclone, Lena also appeared to really enjoy the games where you dropped a ball from the sky and hoped that it would land in any of the spaces that would provide you with the maximum ticket output. Kara, on the other hand, was a huge fan of playing basketball. The two girls had a blast facing off with one another at D&B's electronic moving hoops. Although Kara had played basketball in high school and definitely didn't lack the strength to launch the ball as far as she needed to, Lena had proven to be a formidable opponent. It was neck and neck every round and the Luthor had even managed to win some of them.

After round two in the game room, as promised, Kara led Lena back upstairs so that they could get dessert. This time, they were able to enjoy their food without any judgmental stares. Having worked an appetite back up, Kara ordered both the Triple Layer Chocolate Cake and the Hot & Sugary Donut Bites. Lena ooohed and aaahed as she dunked the warm dough balls into the provided
chocolate and raspberry dipping sauces, complementing Kara on her choice of sweets.

Agreeing to go down to the games one last time, Lena and Kara made a final lap around the arcade. Neither one of them had lost their competitive spirit throughout the course of the day and they continued playfully squabbling over who was the ultimate arcade champion right up to their last play on the Cyclone machine.

"Of course it's me," Lena had stated, teasing her girlfriend as she nonchalantly tapped the button that stopped the light. Although she hadn't even really been looking at the moment, the light stopped right at the Bonus space, triggering a few loud bells and sirens in celebrations. Kara realized what had happened first and started squealing. Reaching for her girlfriend's hands, she started to jump up and down with joy. Kara's enthusiasm was contagious, infecting the Luthor who threw decorum to the wind and jumped around like a carefree doofus with the girl she loved.

That final jackpot ended up adding 546 tickets to their already high total, leaving with them a grand total of 10,701 for the night. "Not too shabby for a day's work," Kara had commented, pulling Lena towards the Winner's Circle. It was there, at Dave & Buster's prize room, that they had used their tickets to purchase the t-shirts that they currently were wearing over their sweaters. They were light gray shirts with blue lettering that spelled out "WINNER" across the chest. Lena was the one who had ripped into her shirt first, pulling it overtop her sweater like it was the most normal thing in the world. Kara had doubled over in laughter at the sight before following suit and doing the same thing. The blonde knew that her girlfriend had only pulled that move to get a smile out of her.

"I'm soooooo tired," Kara announced, slumping back against the seat. In her hands was the small rubber duck that Lena had won her from the crane machine. It had on a cap and gown much like it was ready to attend graduation, so Kara dubbed it 'Collegiate Duck' when Lena had handed it to her.

"Me, too," Lena admitted. A yawn tacked itself onto the end of her admission, proving her point. The Luthor reached for her girlfriend, pulling her in towards her chest. Kara immediately shifted, moving into her hold and settling her head against Lena's chest. "Did you have a good time today?"

Kara nodded as she maneuvered Collegiate Duck around her fingers, toying it with as Lena played with her hair. If she kept brushing her fingers through it, Kara was going to end up falling asleep on the ride home. Before she mustered up an answer, she yawned.

"I had the most amazing time," Kara assured, smiling although Lena couldn't currently see it. "Seriously, this is going down in the history books as one of my favorite days ever."

Now Lena was smiling. Another yawn escaped the Kryptonian, triggering one from the Luthor.

"So, what did Alex end up saying?" Lena asked, prompting Kara to lift her head up to look into her girlfriend's eyes.

"Am I that obvious?" Kara gave her girlfriend a look, really wanting to know how Lena had figured it out. She thought she had been subtle about reaching out to her sister.

Lena nodded. "I saw you sending a text on our way out, so I took a wild guess as to what it could have been."

Busted.

Shifting the duck into her other palm, Kara lifted her hips up from the seat and reached into her pocket, pulling out her phone. Holding it over so that they both could see, she pressed the home button and illuminated the screen.
"All clear."

Both girls breathed a small sigh of relief at Alex's answer.

"I'm sorry," Kara apologized, tucking her phone back into her pocket. "I really did have the most amazing time. There were plenty of moments today I was actually able to forget about what was going on. It was kinda like Dave & Buster's was this magical bubble for us, where all the bad stuff didn't exist. Then when we were getting ready to leave…"

"Reality crept back in," Lena said, finishing her sentence.

Kara nodded solemnly.

"You don't have to apologize, Kara. You have every right to be concerned. It was on my mind while we were leaving, too, so I'm glad you asked her." Lena reached around Kara again, pulling her back against her side.

Kara let out another yawn as she nestled in against Lena's chest. This time, she cuddled in closer, closing her eyes.

"Only one more day to get through," the Luthor whispered, trailing her slender fingers through Kara's blonde tresses. When the Kryptonian spoke next, her voice was a sleepy murmur.

"One more day."
Chapter 30

Chapter Notes

A/N: Hey guys! Just wanted to pop in as this fic hits the dirty thirties. Thank you all so much for hanging in there during this slow burn Supercorp love story and also for this particular story arc. Your support means so much to me! This chapter marks the beginning of the final day of the three day ban on Supergirl. Also, fun fact, this chapter was written mostly in the presence of the super special gal the story was created for. I caught her peeking at my screen here and there, but she's in as much suspense as you guys. Okay, here goes nothing!

PS: Holy smokes, this chapter is long. Sorry guys, it took on a life of its own as I was getting it from Point A to Point B. Hope you don't mind!

Day Three

12:01am

The piercing sounds of passing sirens ripped Kara from the confines of her already restless sleep. It was a noise that had been suspiciously absent ever since the 72 hour ban had begun. Ripping the covers from her body, the blonde scrambled out of bed and dashed over to the window, pulling the curtains apart so that she could look out at the streets of National City from her vantage point in Lena's loft.

Although it wasn't anything abnormal, the sight of a firetruck racing down the road made Kara's heart constrict. Looking back over at the alarm clock situated on the bedside table, she took note of the time. The third day of the ban had just begun, meaning that there still was a full 24 hours for Siobhan to cause all kinds of havoc.

Just as the Kryptonian looked back out the window, she could feel the gentle pressure of a comforting hand at the small of her back. Normally, the sensation would have made her smile, but her mind was too preoccupied with thoughts of Siobhan to be able to actually enjoy anything else.

"It could be nothing," the Luthor cooed in Kara's ear, her voice a soothing salve for the worries that were bubbling up inside of the blonde.

"Could be," Kara managed to mutter, her voice thick with concern.

Almost as if it were the Universe's way of directly contradicting her, a fresh set of sirens could be heard approaching from the distance. Kara's eyes narrowed as she listened to the sound getting louder and louder. A few seconds later, a fleet of police vehicles came zipping past, going in the opposite direction of the firetruck.

Once the cars were out of sight, both Kara and Lena exchanged a worried glance.

"You grab your phone and reach out to Alex and I'll go out to the living room and turn on the news," Lena said, leaning in and pressing a kiss to Kara's cheek before heading out of the bedroom.
Phone in hand, Kara walked up to her girlfriend. Lena was currently standing in front of the television, holding her silk robe together with one hand and gripping onto the remote control with the other. The pad of her thumb pressed on the down button, scrolling through the various news channels to see if anything of importance was being reported on.

As Lena did that, Kara unlocked her phone and searched for her sister's contact information. Finding it, she opted to call Alex instead of texting her.

After two rings, Alex picked up.

"Kara? Is everything okay?"

"That's what I'm calling to ask you," Kara replied, angling away from both the television and Lena as she spoke.

There was a brief pause on the other end of the line and Kara felt her heart sink a little.

"I wouldn't necessarily say that anything is wrong, but there has been an influx of routine calls all of a sudden."

"Did they happen to start rolling in at midnight?"

Another pause.

"Yes. They really are routine calls. For example, there was a fire reported at a local restaurant, the premises alarms were set off at two different jewelry stores, and there was reports of suspicious activity at the Gibraltar Apartment Complex. " Alex's voice sounded somewhat strained as she spoke. Despite the calmness that her sister was trying to convey, Kara wasn't fooled.

"They would be routine on any other day, I'm sure, but I think we both know that this doesn't bode well," Kara practically whispered into the phone, not wanting to worry Lena until she got the chance to properly convey the conversation to her. "The timing is too suspicious, especially with how quiet it's been the last two days."

Kara could hear Alex sigh on the other end of the line.

"I'm inclined to agree with you, Kara, but I really don't want you to do anything rash. I know it's difficult, but you have to let us handle this. For all we know, Siobhan is just trying to provoke you into action right now. We need her to think you truly are benched for the next day. If anything goes down where we absolutely need you, I promise that we will reach out to you."

"I know you're right, I just-"

Before Kara could get the words out, she could hear someone calling Alex's name in the background. Their voice sounded urgent.

"Kara, I gotta go. I'll reach out to you if anything happens."

The line disconnected before Kara could even open her mouth to reply. None of this felt good. 

12:10am

"Kara?"
Lena's voice pulled Kara from the train of thought that her phone call with Alex had sent her down on. Pressing the lock button on her phone so that the screen would go dark, she turned towards her girlfriend and took a step forward. The Luthor's eyes were fixated on the television. There was a petite blonde reporter on the screen who appeared to be broadcasting from the streets of National City. Far away in the background, Kara could see a group of several people ransacking a local convenience store. The faint sounds of police sirens could be heard emanating from the sound bar that Lena had situated at the bottom of the television.

"Breaking news – After what could only be considered to be a few days of quiet for National City, a flurry of criminal activity has broken out all throughout the city in a manner of minutes. National City News is the first on the scene, reporting to you live from the brutal scene of one of the many calls that are currently flooding National City PD's call center. As you can see, there have yet to be any officers responding, despite this having been phoned in nearly ten minutes ago. This is a major oversight by the police department, who appears to be completely too understaffed to deal with this burst of activity. Which leads me to my next question…" The reporter paused, clearly trying to build up the drama behind what she was going to be saying next. Kara knew exactly what was coming. "Where in the world is Supergirl?"

Kara blanched and Lena hit the mute button on the remote, silencing the reporter before she could continue on with whatever spiel she was launching into about Supergirl's absence.

"Maybe we should try and go back to bed?" Lena suggested, looking over at Kara hopefully.

The blonde's head shook from side to side as she reached for the remote in Lena's hands. The brunette took a step backwards, reaching out behind her so that the device was even further from Kara.

The Kryptonian balled up her fists, setting them against her hips in a show of petulance.

"Lena…"

"Kara…" the brunette said, mimicking back the tone of Kara's voice.

"Lena…"

"Kara…"

Kara's arms shifted, moving and crossing against her chest. Blue eyes narrowed slightly as she regarded her girlfriend with the most serious expression that she could muster.

"Don't give me that look," Lena stated, a brow arching in response to Kara's expression. Tipping the remote in the direction of the television, she turned it off all together. "I don't think it would be good for you to sit here and obsess over whatever is going on out there right now. Since you're still here, I'm guessing Alex said that everything is under control?"

"For now," Kara admitted. A short huff escaped her, blowing a loose strand of hair off of her face. "I don't like what's going on right now, Lena. Not one bit."

"Neither do I," Lena agreed, her head tilting slightly to the side as she continued watching Kara. "Regardless, there's really nothing we can do right now and watching it all play out is only going to make it more difficult for you to stay put."

Kara's lips twisted to the side as she considered what Lena was saying. "Yes, but…" Trailing off, she stalled, needing a few more seconds to properly collect her thoughts. Kara did have an idea as to how she could get Lena to agree to turn the television back on, but she wanted to make sure to
articulate it properly. "The least I can do is watch what's happening and be aware. If it does get to the point where they are going to need my help, I want to at least know what everyone has been facing prior to me being called in. Also, what if there is another benefit to watching it all play out? If Siobhan is truly behind this current uproar, then there may be some rhyme or reason behind these occurrences."

Lena was silent, but Kara could tell by the look on her face that her points had landed. With a small sigh, the Luthor acquiesced and passed over the remote control. Turning towards the couch, she settled down against the cushions and patted the empty space next to her for Kara to sit down in.

"If you're going to be staying up and watching, then I'm going to be too." Kara opened her mouth to protest, but Lena held a hand up to stop her. "Two heads are better than one, are they not?"

This time, Kara was the one who couldn't disagree. Nodding, she clicked on the television and took a seat next to Lena. It was going to be a looong night.

12:15am

Alex strode down the hallway of the DEO doing her best to display an air of confidence despite the feeling of foreboding that was forming deep in the pit of her stomach. The rest of the office didn't seem nearly as concerned about the current state of affairs, but there was something that felt rotten to her about the entire thing.

Coming up on Vasquez, Alex stopped right behind her chair, her eyes settling on the other woman's screen.

"What's J'onn's ETA?" The Martian had been out patrolling since earlier in the night and, despite the sudden outbreak of crime, Alex wanted him back for at least a couple of minutes so that they could properly convene about what they should do next. Regardless of what happened, this was going to have to be a team effort.

"5-10 minutes," the agent replied succinctly, not missing a beat as she continued to type out a stream of code into her computer.

"Anything on Siobhan?" Alex asked, probing further.

"Yes, actually."

Alex's brows lifted in surprise. All this time looking into Siobhan and all they were able to dig up on her was the fact that she had been turned down by several different sororities during her four-year stint at UCLA. 'Rude,' 'insubordinate,' and 'too clever for her own good' were all comments that could be found all over the rebellious brunette's transcripts. It was clear that Siobhan possessed plenty of intelligence, but that she never had the self-control needed to actually do anything truly productive with it. Every serious job that she had managed to snag ended in her being unceremoniously dismissed from her position, normally due to her inability to conform to the company's rules and regulations. All of the data that had been collected thus far detailed what a hothead Siobhan Symthe actually was. However, this wasn't exactly anything new considering her antics ever since being hired and then fired from CatCo.

"Are you going to elaborate on that?" Alex asked, a mild annoyance coloring her tone as she spoke. Although they weren't in the midst of any major crisis at the moment, the older Danvers sister still felt the weight of urgency pressing down on her shoulders.

"Sorry," Agent Vasquez apologized, her fingers still tapping away even while she glanced over her
shoulder back at Alex. Looking back at her screen, she continued. "We received a transmission from Miss Luthor's team back at L-Corp a couple of minutes ago. It turns out that there are sealed records of Smythe visiting the same facility that she was released from in the last several weeks."

"Sealed records? Okay, why were they sealed and who was she visiting?"

"I unfortunately don't have an answer for either question right now."

Alex's jaw clenched. That wasn't acceptable.

"You're telling me you have no idea who she went to see? Wait. I thought that Siobhan was being held at National City's new center for metahumans. Doesn't that severely restrict the list of people that she could have possibly been visiting?"

Vasquez's head shook as she minimized a couple of screens, turning her focus on a new one. "No. In addition to Miss Luthor's transmission, we also were able to manage to get the records of Siobhan's stay there unlocked finally. It turns out that, while she originally was being kept at that facility, that she was transferred to one of National City's regular high security facilities as a reward for supposed good behavior."

Alex snorted. What a joke.

"Does this mean we finally know how she got out of prison?" Alex's question earned herself a nod from Agent Vasquez. "Well?"

"Good behavior as well."

"What?!" Alex exclaimed, her eyes widening in surprise. This entire time she had been operating under the assumption that the whole reason Siobhan's records had been sealed in the first place was because the prison had messed up and somehow had created an opportunity for her to escape.

"Yup. I was just as surprised as you. We haven't been able to figure out exactly what happened, but from first glance it appears as if the order came from high up the chain of command."

Alex could feel her temper flaring. Once they found out whoever was responsible for Siobhan's release, she was going to have to find them and have a little chat with them about the decision. It was either done by someone acting maliciously or something acting carelessly. Either way was inexcusable. If Siobhan was still behind bars, chances were that this situation wouldn't be playing out the way that it was.

12:22am

"Alex?"

Turning at the sound of her name, she watched as J'onn approached her with Winn trailing right behind, cradling a laptop against one arm and typing into it with his free hand. The Martian was currently settled into his human form, which was the one he utilized most often when he was within the walls of the DEO.

"J'onn," Alex breathed out, struck by how relieved she was to see her boss. Over the last couple years of them working together, he had truly managed to become one of her anchors in life. Alex allowed herself to become tethered to so few people that it meant a lot to her that he had become one of her main sources of support and comfort. There was no other person that she would have rather conference with about their current predicament.
"What's going on? It's complete chaos out there so I can't stay long." The older man reached up, fingers massaging at his temples. Alex could detect the faint smell of smoke emanating off of him, which made sense considering that he had been dispatched to assist the National City firefighters with a supposed grease fire over at Le Marché Frais.

"I was just informed that Siobhan was released for good behavior. Apparently somebody with clout has been pulling strings on her behalf." J'onn's lips set into a thin line, his arms crossing against his chest as he listened to Alex. "Also, Lena's team was able to find some records of her visiting the same facility that she was released from. Considering the timing of everything…"

"It can't be a coincidence."

Alex shook her head.

"Do we know who she's been visiting?"

"Working on it!" Vasquez chimed in before Alex could answer.

"I'll start working on that too," Winn spoke up, his eyes still glued to his screen. He had plopped down at his desk upon reaching it and had been rapidly typing into his laptop ever since. "Between the two of us, I'm sure we can get their occupancy records in no time."

"Were you out with James?" Alex asked, wondering if he had been dispatched yet. She knew she had put the call out for him to head out into the city, but she wasn't sure if it had been followed through on yet.

Winn's head shook. "Not technically. He stopped in really quickly so that I could update his suit, but I didn't go out with him. As good of a team as we make, I told him that there are still a couple of things that I need to tie up here first, so another DEO agent accompanied him."

Alex nodded, pleased to hear that Guardian was out and about. It wasn't the same thing as having Supergirl in action, but it would have to do for now.

"We need to find out who she was visiting," J'onn announced, steering the conversation back to the topic at hand. "Now."

"What facility was it, Agent Vasquez?" Winn asked, finally peering up from his laptop screen to look over at the agent that he was addressing.

"National City's Penitentiary for Females," the agent answered, scrolling through some complex looking code as she spoke.

"Wait…" Alex said, realization dawning on her.

"That's where Lillian Luthor is being held," J'onn announced, speaking the thought that had popped into her mind.

Winn froze and looked back up, exchanging glances with both J'onn and Alex.

"You don't think…"

"There's no way…"

"Agent Schott, I need you to do a targeted search for any connection between Siobhan Smythe and Lillian Luthor. Agent Vasquez, keep on digging for that list. Until it's proven otherwise, I want it
known that we're going to be operating off of the assumption that the two of them are working together in some fashion. I am not a man who believes in coincidence."

"Should we let Kara know?"

Alex had the same question as Winn. Looking over at J'onn, she waited to see what his reaction would be.

"Not yet," the Martian said after a moment. "If we tell Kara, she'll probably tell Lena. While we all have made the decision to accept Lena Luthor into the fold, I still want to play this safe if her mother is really involved."

Alex nodded slowly. Although she didn't like the idea of withholding a potentially crucial piece of information from her sister, she did see the point that J'onn was making. Lena had proven herself to be trustworthy so far, especially considering that she was the reason her mother was locked up in the first place, but that didn't mean that they shouldn't proceed with caution. The bonds of family sometimes ran much deeper than anyone even realized until push came to shove.

"Do you think there's a chance Cadmus is behind all of this?" Alex asked, expression serious.

"Anything is possible at this point," J'onn stated. "Okay, you guys get to work and I am going to head back out there. The more hands we have on deck, the better chance we have of keeping things contained so that we don't have to tap into our last resort."

Alex and Winn nodded grimly. They knew that the last resort he spoke of was Kara and were well aware of the potential repercussions that could stem from calling on her for help.

"Be safe," Alex called after J'onn as he exited the room, preparing himself for the mini-war that was being raged against National City.

2:26am

"Alex?"

This time the voice calling her name didn't belong to a member of the DEO, but to her girlfriend, Maggie Sawyer. Turning towards the sound of the voice, Alex stopped what she was doing and cradled the tablet that she had been holding against her chest.

"What are you doing here?" Alex asked, her voice a soft murmur. Even though they had already worked together in a professional capacity many times before, it still sometimes felt strange having her girlfriend at her place of business. Ever since they had become involved with one another, their conversations automatically felt more intimate than they had prior.

"We need to talk," Maggie stated simply before gazing over to a spot across the room. Alex picked up on what she was insinuating and nodded, setting down the tablet she had been working on and walking over to that empty corner. The detective followed close behind.

Stopping once they were a distance away from everyone else, Alex asked, "What's up?"

"We are getting clobbered out there," Maggie said, crossing her arms across her chest and leaning her shoulder against the closest wall. It was always amazing to Alex how nonchalant her girlfriend could look, even when conveying something serious. Maggie Sawyer frequently achieved a level of chill that Alex only hoped to reach one day.

"I know, it's bad," Alex admitted, sighing at the end of her sentence. The reason why she wasn't on
the ground with everyone else as she normally would be was because she had been running around like mad trying to keep everything together at DEO headquarters. Their division was used to focused, streamlined missions. The chaos breaking out across the city was a lot for them and their resources to handle. It was taking all of Alex's tactical training to keep her troops organized in a manner with which they were able to effectively tackle the influx of robberies, fights, violence, and fires that were plaguing the city.

"I hate saying this, but I think we should consider calling in your sister."

Alex immediately shook her head.

"Alex, I'm being serious."

"I know you are, but so am I." Lifting her wrist, Alex checked the time. "It hasn't even been three hours yet. We can't throw in the towel now."

"People are wondering where Supergirl even is," Maggie pushed herself off of the wall as she spoke. Her calm demeanor was cracking slightly due to the unexpected pushback Alex was giving her. "It's all that's on the news. Everyone feels as if she's abandoned the city."

"But we know that's not the case," Alex asserted, her brow furrowing in the center. In the back of her mind, she hoped that Kara was holding up okay. Knowing her sister, the Kryptonian would most definitely still be awake, driving herself insane with the very same news stories.

"While we know that, I feel that it's important the people of National City also know that," Maggie explained, her arms crossing across her chest again. "If she loses their faith, then the city as a whole loses its sense of security and it makes Kara's job that much harder down the road."

Alex's head tilted as she regarded her girlfriend. Sometimes Maggie had a way of playing loose and fast with her facts. When it came to getting what she wanted, Maggie Sawyer was a girl on a mission. The point she was making was a good one, but Alex couldn't tell if Maggie was just pitching her point in the way she felt would be most effective.

"You're right, it's incredibly important that the people of National City believe whole heartedly in Kara but it's also crucial that we play this wisely. This has to be a ploy of Siobhan's to see if Supergirl is actually sticking to the ban."

"But isn't that a reason why we should deploy Kara?" Maggie asked. The tone she was using sounded genuinely curious. She seemed to truly be wondering why Alex was taking the stance that she was. "I don't know if it's as wise as we thought it was to allow Siobhan to believe she actually has all of this power over Kara. What if it backfires?"

Alex shook her head. "I don't think it will. It's like we've talked about, we want her to think that her plan is working and get sloppy. I truly believe that Siobhan's ego will be part of her downfall."

"At what? The cost of the city?" Maggie asked, pulling an arm from her chest so that she could gesture out to her right. "I don't think we should push this as far as we had planned. I think we should say the hell with Siobhan's asinine ban and send Supergirl out to clean the city up. That way, when she comes for one of us, we'll be ready. I'm not scared of her."

"I don't think the issue is that any of us are scared of her," Alex stated plainly. "I think everyone in that room was willing to put themselves at stake if it came down to it." The more she spoke, the more emphatic her voice became. "I think this is way more about playing things cool and trying to think ahead. Siobhan has been ahead of us this entire time and I think it's high time we flip the script on the
Although she tried to hide it, a sliver of a smile made its way onto Maggie's lips. The corners of her lips curled up into the ghost of a smirk.

"You know I like it when you get all firm on me," Maggie murmured, her voice low and husky. Alex immediately felt heat flood her cheeks as well as some other places. The woman in front of her was the only person who could so easily make her lose her composure.

"Does this mean you agree with me?"

Maggie sighed as all traces of amusement left her features. Falling silent, she stared right into Alex's eyes as she considered her reply. The DEO agent held her gaze, hoping that Maggie would see things differently after their talk. Even though she knew it was a natural part of life and relationships, she hated being at odds with her girlfriend.

After a moment, the shorter woman rolled her eyes. "Okay, Danvers."

A smile broke out on Alex's face, but Maggie held a hand up and gave her a look, warning her that any sort of gloating would not be appreciated right now.

"Don't get too cocky about it. I don't necessarily agree with you, but I am willing to play things your way and see what happens."

"That's all I ask," Alex stated, taking a quick glance around the room to ensure that no eyes were on them before leaning in and pressing a quick kiss on Maggie's lips. Typically, she wasn't the type to believe in PDAs in the workplace, but today felt different. Today felt like a day where it was important to make it clear how much another person mattered to you. Today felt like a day anything could happen.

3:57am

James winced as his elbow made contact with the jaw of one of the robbers he had caught ransacking a CVS.

"I thought you made this suit shock proof," he hissed, knowing that Winn was currently tapped into the transmission of his microphone, despite the fact that the technician was still back at the DEO. It felt odd having another DEO agent watching his back, but James knew that Winn's services were needed elsewhere at this moment. As important as it was to keep the crime in the city under control, information was even more crucial. Without cutting the head off of the snake, the chaos would continue. They had to figure out how to get Siobhan.

"Your suit is lined with lead..." James could picture Winn rolling his eyes as he spoke. "If you felt a shockwave, imagine how it felt to them when you hit them. Also, don't complain. Your suit is shock proof where it matters."

James could hear the footsteps of another person approaching. Holding out his arm, he deployed the built-in shield just as the second robber reached him, running smack dab into the thick metal plate. There was a thundering thud and then a crash as the other man stumbled backwards into a rack of candy. James watched as a bag of Jolly Ranchers exploded, rolling all over the store.

Looking down at the first robber he had taken care of, James considered Winn's comment and shrugged. "You make a good point," he remarked before stepping over the limp body.

"So, I've heard you take care of two of the robbers," Winn remarked in between the sounds of
typing. James knew that he was busy searching for information on Siobhan and really appreciated that he still took the time to check in. Although he had never really said it out loud, Winn was an amazing partner to have. "You said you saw three go into the building, though. Where's the last one?"

"That's what I'm trying to figure out…" James whispered, stealthily making his way around an aisle in search of the last robber. If it wasn't for the bell attached to the store's doors, he would have been inclined to believe that the last robber had escaped.

"Try and do that quick because I just got alerts of three more robberies in the area." Crime was spreading across National City like wildfire. Even if Siobhan had been responsible for the original wave of problems, it seemed to be taking on a life of its own now. Things were deteriorating to the point where contacting the governor to see if they could call in the National Guard had been an idea tossed around by the local police department. So far, between the police and the DEO agents, they had been able to keep the town from burning down, but things were beginning to get to the point where it would be beyond even their control.

"Agent Davis, how's Guardian been treating you? Good, I hope."

James smirked behind his helmet as Winn addressed the other agent on the line. Agent Davis was the DEO employee in charge of working with James while Winn was otherwise tied up. It was just like Winn to still try and insert some levity into a situation even when shit was hitting the fan.

"He's a little obstinate," was all the agent had to say. James did his best to stifle the snort of laughter that threatened to escape.

Winn, on the other hand, did not contain his mirth. A bark of laughter could be heard from the technician.

"I wouldn't necessarily say that I've been-"

Before James could finish defending himself, a series of five shots rang out. The bullets connected with the back plate of his suit in rapid fire procession. Thanks to Winn's bulletproof design, not a single shot penetrated the material of his suit. They all ricocheted off, going in all different directions. In the distance, James could hear the shattering of glass.

Turning on his heel, he lunged forward at his attacker. Within seconds, he had the man on the ground, pinned underneath his body. The scent of stale alcohol hit his nostrils as the robber below him wrestled to get free. It explained why the man's reflexes had been so slow.

"You really shouldn't take things that aren't yours," James chided, his voice coming out in a robotic garble through the modifier that was built into his helmet. With that, he lifted his arm and swiftly lowered it, whacking the robber hard enough on the head to knock him unconscious. The man immediately went limp. There was a bright red mark on his forehead where he had been hit that was sure to grow into a lump. He was going to have a nice, little reminder of this moment when he woke up.

"You good fam?" Winn asked. Although he was trying to sound casual, James could hear a hint of concern in his voice.

"All good."

There was a collective sigh in the earpiece James was wearing. Even Agent Davis sounded relieved.

"Man, do I build an amazing suit."
James rolled his eyes as he pushed himself up into a standing position. Grabbing the robber he had just been straddling by the arm, he began to pull him towards one of the large poles in the store. Before leaving, James was going to ensure that everyone was securely handcuffed. It would probably be a while before the police were going to be able to get there and properly arrest them. They had been doing their best all night to lock up the various offenders. It was the last semblance of law and order that National City had going for it.

"James, do you copy?"

Immediately, his brow furrowed. If Alex Danvers was cutting into his feed, something was wrong.

"I'm here, Alex, what's up?"

"I need you to meet me at CatCo. Now. Cat Grant is in trouble."

"Say no more," James called out, dropping the arm of the robber he had been dragging to dash out the door. There were now more important things to tend to.

"Don't come in guns a'blazing," Alex warned. "Meet me at the entrance ASAP and we'll go in together."

"Copy that."

4:12am

It felt good to be back on the ground. As skilled as Alex was at coordinating all of the tactical operations at the DEO, it wasn't where her heart was. This was where she truly belonged in the shitstorm that was raining down upon National City - right in the center of all the action.

Running along the side of the building, Alex kept her eyes peeled as she darted for the entrance of CatCo, right where she told James to meet her. The regular hum of the city was drowned out by the blare of sirens. She could barely hear the dull thump of her combat boots hitting the pavement as she raced down the sidewalk.

Slowing down as she reached the door, Alex came to a stop, ducking into the alcove that made up the entranceway and pressing against it so that she wouldn't be able to be easily spotted under the cover of darkness. It was tempting to go in herself, but all of her years of training warned her that wasn't wise. All that she knew about the situation was that Cat Grant had set off the silent alarm that had been especially installed at her desk ever since the bomb situation. It was a large part of why Alex had made the decision to leave her post at the DEO; she knew damn well that Kara would want this personally handled considering how much she looked up to Cat Grant. The woman was one of the few true idols that her younger sister ever had and Alex was going to make sure she stayed safe in the midst of this madness.

However, as much as she knew that it would be unwise to charge in there alone, Alex determined pretty quickly that she was only going to give James a minute to get there. There was no telling what was going on upstairs right now and she couldn't take the chance of waiting too long to come to Cat's aid.

Luckily, before his minute was up, James came jogging up to where Alex was. When she stepped forward from the shadows, he appeared to be startled by her emergence, but only slightly. Regardless, she still picked up on the way his entire body tensed up, even underneath of his suit.

"No motorcycle?" she whispered, reaching for the Glock in her holster and pulling it out. On the other hip was the gun that was specifically tailored for alien life, but she wasn't going to have that at
the ready until it was necessary. So far, every perpetrator that had reared their head that night had been human.

"It's down the street," James whispered back, nodding his head in the direction he was speaking of. "I figured you were going for a subtle entrance."

"You figured right." Alex nodded once before heading inside of CatCo. She hadn't really ever worked side by side with James before considering that he wasn't technically employed by the DEO. James was more of a vigilante that worked on his own schedule and was his own boss. Tonight was an exception to that rule, which was why he had be partnered up with a DEO agent to take care of the tactical needs that Winn would usually tend to. Everyone was truly doing their best to work together as one team.

"Do we know what's going on?"

"No," Alex whispered, heading over to the staircase that would eventually lead up to Cat Grant's floor. It would be a hike, but it was far more subtle than taking the elevator. "All we know is that Cat triggered the silent alarm."

"Doesn't that mean she thinks Supergirl is on her way?"

Alex used her shoulder to nudge open the door to the staircase, turning towards James to answer his question with nothing more than a nod.

"We better get up there now."

4:15am

"Lena, I don't know how much more of this I can take," Kara groaned, hanging her head in her hands. The Luthor rubbed circles against her back in an attempt to soothe her.

"I know, my love, I know," Lena whispered, her eyes still on the television before her. For the last four hours all the two girls had done was watch the siege on National City play out before their very eyes. It was agonizing.

"This is killing me," the Kryptonian choked out, her voice thick with emotion. Every new news story only seemed to compound the way Kara was feeling. Even though all of the crimes committed so far had been ones that the city could conceivable handle without her, it almost made it worse in some ways. Kara knew that she could do what the hardworking policeman and firefighters of National City were doing in a third of the time while exerting much less effort and being in way less danger.

"It'll be over eventually," Lena whispered, her voice strained.

Kara knew that Lena was doing her best to make her feel better, but this was one of those situations where nothing could truly put her at ease. The only thing that she was looking forward to was making it to midnight with everyone still safe and sound.

4:21am

Despite being in peak physical condition, Alex was a little winded by the time they reached the floor that Cat, Kara, and James worked on throughout the week. It had been a long way up but they were finally there. Alex could hear the telltale signs of a scuffle a short distance away.

Turning to James, she asked, "You ready?"
After getting a nod in response, Alex drew in a deep breath and pressed on the door. Gun drawn, the DEO agent stepped inside with James hot on her heels. They were just in time to see Cat Grant smack a tall man across the back of the head with a baseball bat.

Alex let out a small gasp as she watched what she presumed was Cat's attacker crumple to the ground, collapsing on top of a messenger bag that he had been carrying.

"That'll teach you to steal from me!" the CEO announced, releasing her grip on the bat she was holding with one hand so that she could smooth back her mussed up blonde tresses.

"Miss Grant?" James asked, surprise clear in his voice despite the voice modifier. Alex immediately shot him a look. Guardian wasn't really supposed to be addressing Cat Grant as if she was his boss.

It was then that Cat appeared to realize that they were there at all. A heavy sigh escaped her as she relaxed her shoulders. The baseball bat still hung loosely in her grip.

"Great, there's more of you?" A huff of impatience escaped the blonde. "This is getting really tiresome, you know? Can't a girl run her media empire in peace nowadays?"

Alex blinked twice in confusion, but then what Cat was saying registered with her.

"Oh no, we aren't here to rob you!" she exclaimed, dropping a hand so that she could pull her badge from her pocket. Choosing the built in hidden button that would turn her identification into one of an FBI agent, Alex pressed it down and held it until her badge switched over before holding it out for Cat to see. "I'm with the FBI."

Cat's eyes rolled to the ceiling. "That's what they all say," she remarked, waving her free hand. Turning her attention over to James, her brow furrowed. "Hey wait, you're that new Guardian fellow, aren't you?"

"Yes, ma'am," James replied.

Cat snorted. "I hope you don't think you're going to be replacing Supergirl as National City's favorite hero because that is not going to happen. I created her and I'm not willing to extend my services to every so-called 'hero' in the city." Using the hand that wasn't wrapped around the bat, Cat did finger quotes around the word hero.

Alex decided to step in before James could possibly give himself away since it was very possible Cat's words had managed to spark his temper.

"Is everything okay here?" Alex asked, glancing around the room herself despite having asked the question.

"Of course everything is okay. I was managing just fine without the help of you two," Cat replied, sounding affronted that Alex had even asked the question. "What is the FBI doing here anyway?"

"I live locally and wanted to help out the police department here with everything that's going on. Your silent alarm was triggered."

"Oh that?" Cat waved around her free hand. "I wasn't actually in any danger when I pressed it. At the time, I was all alone here until this insipid jerk decided to bust in on me."

Alex's brow furrowed in confusion as she holstered her gun for the time being. There didn't appear to be any need for it. "Why set off the alarm then?"
"I was trying to get ahold of Supergirl, but instead I got you two goons."

Before Alex could inquire any further, Cat sighed and turned on her heel to walk back down to her office, baseball bat in tow.

Turning to James, Alex whispered, "I got things here. You go and take care of the city."

James nodded before ducking back out the door they had come from. Alex wanted to leave too, but needed to ensure that everything was truly fine with Cat before getting back out there. It was the least she could do for Kara.

Since Cat had a head start, Alex had to hustle to catch up to her. By the time she got to her, the CEO was making her way over to her desk like she hadn't just whacked a guy unconscious with a baseball bat. There were papers strewn about the office which Cat walked across as if they weren't there. It was evident to Alex that the struggle had begun there.

"Can I help you?" Cat asked curtly, setting her bat against her desk before settling down in her chair. Reaching for her glasses, she slipped them on and glared at Alex over them. The feeling was unsettling. Alex made a mental note to congratulate Kara on waiting on this woman hand and foot for so long without having any sort of mental breakdown.

"Were you looking for Supergirl for any particular reason? If you have a message for her, I could always try to get it out through my sources." Really she would call Kara directly to tell her, but Cat didn't need to know that was an option.

Cat's face scrunched up as if she was looking at something distasteful. Lifting her arms up she gestured to the televisions decorating the wall behind her. Alex looked up and took in the images depicting different parts of National City. Every screen showed a different news channel but every story was the same – the city was slowly spiraling out of control.

"I want to talk to her to ask her why she's letting our beloved city go to hell in a handbasket," Cat said coolly before lowering her hands and picking up a pen. Pulling a nearby paper in towards her, she started to scribble something down, acting as if it was business as usual right now. "Also, I want to make sure she's okay," Cat added, not looking up. "This is very unlike her."

Although Cat was clearly trying to play it off like she was cool as a cucumber, Alex did not miss the hint of concern in her tone. It was obvious that the woman really did have a soft spot for National City's favorite superhero.

"Where's the rest of your staff?" Alex asked instead of trying to respond to her statement since she couldn't actually reveal that Supergirl was, in fact, perfectly okay. It didn't feel like the best move was leaving Cat Grant all alone in CatCo. Also, Alex was surprised that the building wasn't full of employees frantically running around, trying to churn out news stories before all of the other major outlets.

Cat actually stopped writing to answer her question. Looking up, she hit Alex with that piercing stare once more. "I told them to go home and be with their families, unless they absolutely wanted to help out. I'm not the monster the press makes me out to be, you know? I'm not keeping people from their loved ones in a situation such as this one. As for the ones who volunteered to stay and work, I had Snapper Carr move them all to another location. CatCo already had that damn bomb scare recently so I suspected it was likely to be a target again if things truly got bad. I'm not disclosing where they're working to you, so don't even try. Although if you happen to run into my best photojournalist, James Olsen, you can tell him thanks for nothing since I haven't been able to get in contact with him all night."
Alex made a mental note to warn James of that as well.

"Miss Grant, don't you think that maybe you should-"

Alex was going to tell her how she should leave the building as well and try to cajole her into going somewhere safer but the words died in her throat. Over Cat's shoulder was an image that made Alex's heart freeze in her chest. All of a sudden her stomach was twisting itself into a dozen knots and her head felt lighter than a freshly inflated balloon.

"I have to go," she whispered, panic-stricken as the color drained from her face. Turning around, Alex dashed out of Cat's office, heading straight for the elevator this time. Reaching for her phone, she pressed the speed dial button that would connect her to Kara.

4:35am

Seeing Alex's name pop up on her phone made Kara's blood run cold. If she was calling, something was probably wrong.

As Kara snatched her phone from the coffee table, Lena simultaneously muted the television.

"Alex?"

"Turn on Channel 6," her sister practically yelled into the phone.

"Channel 6," Kara said to Lena, her voice an urgent whisper. The Luthor immediately complied and flicked on Channel 6.

Both girls gasped as they took in the sight before them. A group of men had a woman by the ankles and was dangling her off of the rooftop of National City Financial which was a tall, ten story building. The woman was instantly recognizable.

It was none other than Maggie Sawyer.

"J'onn is on the opposite side of town and can't fly as fast as you. Kara, you know I would never ask if there was any other option…” Kara could hear that her sister was fighting back tears. Already, the Kryptonian was on her feet.

"I'll take care of it," Kara promised before passing the phone over to Lena so that the Luthor could try and console Alex while she was gone. "Take care of Alex," the blonde whispered, tears springing into her own eyes as she leaned in and pressed a kiss to Lena's cheek. "I'm so sorry."

Before Lena could even process what had happened, Kara was gone.

4:37am

Being back in her Supergirl suit was bittersweet. As much as she had been sitting there, wanting to don her cape and head out into the heart of the city, Kara knew how dangerous this was. It was that exact worry that she made a concerted effort to push out of her head as she flew towards National City Financial. Luckily the entire trip took a matter of seconds given the fact she was tapping into whatever speed she had available to her.

Kara got to the building just in time to see the men release the detective that they had been taunting, sending her falling downwards. Maggie's scream was blood curdling as she plummeted towards the ground.
Changing course, Kara shot off in her direction, focusing every ounce of energy on the current task in hand. Being mindful to not be too rough with her, Kara snatched the falling detective from the air halfway down the building. Maggie's arms frantically scrambled to loop around the Kryptonian's neck as Kara purposefully slowed her speed, changing the angle of her body so that she would be landing feet first.

Despite her best effort to land softly, Kara could hear the shattering of concrete as she hit the ground below. Once the initial shock of landing wore off, the blonde set Maggie down as gently as possible, keeping her hands at the woman's sides in case her legs happened to give out on her.

"You saved me," Maggie breathed out in a cry of relief as her hands moved, clinging to the curvature of Kara's biceps as she tried to get her bearings back.

"You're okay," Kara whispered, her voice soothing. As much as she wanted to go back up to the rooftop and teach the men that had dropped Maggie a lesson, she knew she needed to make sure that the detective was okay first.

"You saved me," Maggie repeated after a few deep, labored breaths. This time, her voice sounded much different. The detective sounded absolutely horrified.

Before what she had just done could sink in, applause erupted from all directions around them. Looking around, Kara spotted at least a dozen people hanging out from their windows and cheering in celebration. In addition to that there were two reporters down the street, video cameras in hand. It suddenly felt as if there was a hundred pounds of lead in the pit of her stomach.

Maggie released Kara's arms and took a step back, brushing her hair out of her face with both hands before reaching into her pocket for her phone, which had just chimed. Meanwhile, Kara stood completely still, unsure of what to do. Her face had to be plastered all over the news by now. Siobhan had to be aware of what happened. Kara had broken the rules.

"Supergirl," the detective called out, pulling Kara from her thoughts. Kara looked in her direction. Maggie held up her phone.

You were warned.

The text displayed on Maggie's screen was from an unknown number, but Kara knew exactly who it was from.

It was at that moment that a loud whirring noise could be heard. All at once, the power in National City went out, leaving everyone cloaked in darkness. The only lights that could be seen in the immediate area were the ones emanating from the phones and video cameras of the people surrounding Kara.

Aside from the upset grumbling of the nearby citizens, Maggie was the first one to speak.

"Shit."
Chapter 31

4:40am

Kara felt as if she were frozen. All of her muscles were stiff as she stood there, locked in place. Blue eyes stared blankly at the illuminated screen of Detective Maggie Sawyer's phone as her brain replayed the message before her over and over again in a seemingly endless loop.

"You were warned, you were warned, you were warned."

It was true, but also untrue. Wasn't a caveat of Siobhan's hateful game that the people Kara loved would remain safe as long as Supergirl didn't make an appearance? Was it truly Kara that had broken the rules first? Or was it fairer to say that Siobhan had fired the first shot?

"You were warned, you were warned, you were warned."

There was a chance Siobhan directly had nothing to do with the attack on Maggie. After all, there was crime breaking out all over the city and Kara highly doubted that the "reformed" banshee was personally responsible for every single event. These things did tend to take on a life of their own.

"You were warned, you were warned, you were warned."

Perhaps Kara was being naive to even consider that Siobhan could be somewhat blameless for the scene that had just played out. The Kryptonian did have the bad habit of giving people the benefit of the doubt, even when they clearly did not deserve it. It was entirely possible Siobhan had ordered those men to go after Maggie. It was the perfect set-up. It practically ensured that Supergirl would emerge while making it appear as if Siobhan had kept up her end of the deal. There was no way to prove the contrary, though; those men had to be long gone by now.

"SUPERGIRL!"

Kara blinked as Maggie's shrill voice cut through her thoughts.

"What?" the blonde breathed out, looking up from the phone's display. It took a few seconds for her eyes to adjust to the darkness, but she was able to make out most of Maggie's features in the dim lighting that the moon provided.

"We need to get to HQ," the detective stated firmly. There was a distinct hint of annoyance in her voice which led Kara to wonder how long Maggie had been trying to get her attention.

"We do," Kara mumbled in agreement, still somewhat in a daze. The potential consequence of her actions was looming overhead like a large tidal wave, threatening to crash down into her like a ton of bricks. Until that happened, she was stuck in a weird sort of numb denial. This wasn't happening. Not really. This was all a nightmare that she would wake up from any moment.

"What are you waiting for?!" Maggie exclaimed. This time there was more than a hint of annoyance in her voice.

Nodding, Kara turned around and crouched down slightly, waiting for the detective to get on her back. When it didn't happen, the blonde peered over her shoulder only to find the smaller woman shaking her head.

"No. No fucking way."
Emergency situation or not Kara couldn't help but roll her eyes.

"Can you think of a quicker way to get to the DEO?" Kara asked, her voice much less detached than it had been the first few times she had spoken. Clarity was starting to set in. They had to get moving. There was no telling when Siobhan would make her next move or what it would be exactly. The cacophony of sirens that had been present all night long was still there, even louder than it had been before. In the distance, Kara could also hear the muffled sound of shattering glass. This power outage had just begun and already it was complicating matters.

Even in the dark, Kara could see the way Maggie's eyes narrowed. They were still glistening from tears of… fear? Frustration? Kara wasn't sure. A near death experience was harrowing for anyone, regardless of their tough exterior.

"You better not fucking drop me," the detective finally said. Drawing in a deep breath, she took a few short strides forward before latching her arms around Kara's neck. Reaching back, the blonde hiked Maggie up so that the detective could also secure her legs around her body if she so desired. Within seconds, they were up in the air.

4:50am

Flying over to the DEO was bittersweet. Despite knowing that she needed to meet up with her team so they could regroup and decide on the best course of action, Kara's heart wasn't currently in what she was doing. Instead, her heart was stuck back at a loft where a certain Luthor was currently milling around looking for some candles to light. All Kara wanted to do was be with Lena, but her sense of duty and responsibility ultimately won out. The best way to keep not only Lena, but all of her loved ones, safe was to coordinate with everyone else tasked with handling this current crisis. Plus, as soon as she got herself and Maggie over to the DEO, Kara knew that she could request that a small team be deployed to bring Lena to the office where she would hopefully be safer.

As soon as Kara's feet hit the ground, Maggie hurried to get off of her back. Although the detective would definitely never admit it, Kara knew that she had been petrified of flying like that. It really wasn't everyone's cup of tea, even when it came to the most confident flyers.

"Let's go," Maggie prompted, adjusting her leather jacket before entering the DEO. Kara followed along right behind, pleased to see that the building hadn't gone dark yet. She knew that they were working off of backup generators and would have a limited amount of time left with electricity, but every bit helped.

As they made their way into the threshold of the DEO, Kara could tell that Maggie was scanning the room, looking for something. Or, more specifically, someone.

"Has anyone heard from Alex Danvers?" Kara called out to the room, asking the question that was on both of their minds.

"She's fine," Winn called out, peering over the top of his computer monitor. Pushing himself up into a standing position, he made his way over to Kara and Maggie. "Let me tell you, I am so glad to see you both," he stated before extending his arms and stepping forward as if his intention was to pull Maggie into a hug.

The detective stepped back before Winn could officially get into her airspace, holding up a finger in warning. "Don't even try it," she stated plainly before crossing both of her arms over her chest. "Now, I need more details than just that Alex is fine. When did you hear from her? What did she say exactly?"
Winn lowered his arms. A defeated expression found his features but disappeared quickly, almost as if he had reminded himself of the seriousness of their current situation.

"I heard from her about five minutes ago, I would say," Winn started to explain, looking back and forth between Kara and Maggie as he spoke. "She called to check in after the blackout, to let me know that Lena informed her that you were safe, and tell me that she's going to personally go and pick her up from the loft. Alex said something about how it's the least she could do after… well, you know." Winn suddenly looked solemn.

Kara let out a heavy sigh. "What have I done?"

4:55am

Lena couldn't help but pace back and forth across the wide expanse of her living room floor as she fretted over the current state of affairs. The last thing she saw before everything shut down was the image of Maggie holding out her phone towards Kara. Lena didn't miss the look of horror on both of their faces. It should have been a moment of relief, celebration even, because Maggie's life had been saved, but thanks to Siobhan it was far removed from that.

Lena had a very good guess as to why they had both looked so taken aback by whatever was on the detective's phone. On her own device was a text message that had been delivered at the same exact time and had sent a chill down her spine upon reading it.

You were warned.

There was no question who the message was from. This was, of course, yet another part of Siobhan's game. The day was far from being over and, already, the Luthor was sick and tired of the other woman's antics. Lena hoped that, wherever Kara was, she was getting closer to putting an end to this whole ordeal.

Thoughts of Kara had Lena subconsciously reaching up to touch the cheek that the Kryptonian had last kissed. The pads of her fingers ghosted across the skin Kara's lips had touched as a flash of that moment in time burst into her mind, much like a bolt of lightning. It was only there for a few seconds, but it was enough to make it feel as if her heart was in some kind of vice. Kara had sounded so sad and had looked so apologetic. Lena wished that there had been time to tell her that there was no need to apologize for leaving. Kara was simply doing one of the very things that had caused Lena to fall in love with her to begin with: she was there for the people she loved with no hesitation or fear. Kara Danvers was the very first person in Lena's life that the Luthor felt as if she could count on. There was no questioning the girl's loyalty. Or her love. There was something about being near Kara that made Lena feel alive in places in her heart that had been dead to her for so long. Even before they had spoken the words out loud to one another, Kara had managed to make her feel enveloped by love. The old adage was true; actions really did speak louder than words.

In addition to wishing that she had gotten the chance to properly part ways with Kara, Lena was stuck hoping that Alex was okay, wherever she was currently. They had been on the line together in the wake of Kara's exit and Lena had luckily gotten the chance to assure her that Maggie was all right just in time for their call to cut out. Although the cell towers were still operable after the power outage, the lines had become so overloaded with an influx of calls that they had gotten kicked off. When Lena tried to phone Alex back, all she got was her voicemail box, which was full.

The current inability to communicate with anyone about the situation at hand was a large part of what had Lena feeling so restless. She was a woman who thrived off of facts and figures. Her brain worked in a way where, as long as she had various bits of information, she was able to piece them all together in ways that most people couldn't even dream of. Information in, solutions out. Problems
only really arose when there was no information available. Without any way to watch the news or contact anyone, Lena was left in the dark. Both literally and figuratively.

Just as Lena strode past the coffee table for what felt like her hundredth lap around the room, a loud banging sound originating from her front door reverberated down the hallway, startling her from her thoughts. Out of instinct, Lena dove for the gun that she had taken out of her purse earlier and had placed smack dab in the center of the very table that she had been pacing around. As soon as Kara had left, it had come out. Lena was no fool; with the current state of National City, she knew there was a good chance that someone as high profile as her would need it.

Maneuvering her body so that she was no longer exposed in the center of the living room, Lena pointed the nose of her gun in the general direction that anyone coming from the front door would have to emerge from. If this person thought that they were getting one over on her, they were in for quite a surprise.

"Lena! Lena, open up! It's me! It's Alex Danvers!"

The words that accompanied the second round of banging put Lena immediately at ease. Releasing the breath that had built up in her lungs, she lowered the gun and quickly made her way over to the front door.

As slender fingers deftly undid the locking mechanisms in place to keep any intruders out, Lena concentrated on not letting her guard down. As comforting as it was to hear Alex's voice on the other side of the door, she found herself incapable of relaxing. This was definitely a night where it was important to stay vigilant.

"Oh Lena, I'm so happy you're okay," Alex sighed as the door opened and the two women locked eyes. Despite their situation, Lena was touched by the genuine concern that Alex was displaying for her. Having gone at it alone for so many years, it was very different having multiple people in her life that appeared to be concerned with her well-being. Good different.

"And I'm really happy that you're okay," Lena admitted, pulling the door open wider once she took a quick glance around to ensure that there was no one trailing behind the DEO agent. "Please come in," the Luthor prompted, taking a step back and waving Alex inside.

As she made her way inside of Lena's loft, Alex's eyes drifted to the weapon in the Luthor's hand. Instead of looking incredulous or judgmental over Lena brandishing a gun, she just looked impressed and somewhat wary. Grinning slightly, Alex followed Lena into the living room.

"Okay, so… I will explain everything to you in a few minutes, but for right now I need you to go and get dressed," Alex explained as the look of pride on her face receded, being replaced with a look of seriousness. Lena could tell that she meant business. "We need to leave here. The sooner the better."

Lena gave Alex a curt nod. "I'll be right back," she promised before scurrying off, gun in tow. As eager as she was to get an update from Alex, Lena understood that time was of the essence. Lena's loft was too easy of a target, especially considering that the Black Mercy that had been sent there was proof that Siobhan was well aware of her current address. It absolutely made sense to leave.

5:10am

"Who isn't accounted for again?" Maggie called out, commanding the room. Since J'onn was still out and about, helping the citizens of National City, and Alex was busy making sure that Lena was safe, it had created a supervisory void at the DEO. One that Maggie had no trouble stepping into. Despite
not actually being a member of the unit, the team members that had remained behind in the building all respected her and the easy way she kept things moving along. Even Winn didn't provide her with any pushback, real or joking. They were all working together like a well-oiled machine to ensure that the people Kara cared for the most were all safe and sound. Kara knew it wasn't the time to say it then and there, but she made a mental note to thank Maggie later for stepping up like this.

"Okay, so…" Winn started off, rolling his chair around so he was facing Maggie and Kara who were currently holding their ground in the center of the room. Both woman stared at him expectantly. "You and me..." he started off, pointing to himself and then the detective, "...are obviously accounted for. We've been able to get in contact with both J'onn and James. They're both okay and promised to check in every half an hour whenever possible so that we can keep tabs on them. Alex should have gotten to Lena by now, so we can safely assume that they're taking care of one another. We haven't gotten official confirmation of that yet, but we're working on it. Cat Grant was just picked up by a DEO agent at CatCo. They reported back that she is beyond pissed, but at least she'll be safe. We were able to trace where Snapper Carr and the rest of your coworkers are working and that's where she's being taken. That way, we can keep an eye on them all at once. We even reached out to Lucy Lane, who has been visiting her sister over in Metropolis. She reported back that both her and her sister are fine, that they will keep an eye out, and that Superman is currently tied up in his own crisis or else he would be here with us. They said that if he can clean up the situation there that he will head over here to lend a hand."

Kara nodded, taking it all in. As Winn went through each person that she had a connection to, Kara marked them off of the mental checklist she was currently working off of. There was a gaping void on the list, though. Someone incredibly important to her was missing.

"Has anyone gotten in contact with my mom?" Kara asked, trying not to let the worry she was feeling seep into her tone. Regardless of the internal anguish she was feeling at the moment, it was crucial to not let it show. Supergirl was supposed to be a beacon of hope to those around her.

"Not yet," Winn admitted, his tone even. He appeared to be playing a similar game in trying to keep his emotions about the situation hidden. Kara wasn't sure if it was he was attempting to mask his concern or if he was simply trying to keep her from freaking out. Regardless, it wasn't doing the trick.

"What attempts to contact her have been made?" Kara pried, wanting more information on the situation than 'not yet.' The temptation to dash off and fly over to Midvale herself was there, but Kara was trying to keep a level head. It was important to coordinate with her people before recklessly flying off to another town. Supergirl was one of the few resources that they had at their disposal currently and that put a certain weight of responsibility on her shoulders, even more so than the one that was usually there.

"We have tried to call her cell phone and her home phone on multiple occasions. Each time it goes to voicemail, but… to be fair, she could be asleep," Winn stated, glancing over at the time to assure that he was correct in stating that before looking back at Supergirl. "You didn't want to worry her with Siobhan's ban, so she would have gone to bed last night, business as usual. Like many other people, it's possible her cell is on silent. As for her home line…"

"It hasn't been working," Kara interrupted as the memory came rushing back to her. "The last time I spoke to Eliza, she mentioned something about an ornery raccoon that had broken in and chewed up the phone line. We joked about how nobody really uses landlines nowadays anyway and she said that she was in no rush to get it fixed." If only Kara hadn't gone along with the joke. If only she had pushed her adoptive mother to get the phone fixed instead. Hindsight was always 20/20.
"Then, it makes sense we haven't gotten ahold of her yet," Winn said, his voice gentler than before and assuring.

"Have we deployed any agents to her house yet?" Kara asked, her brow furrowing in the center.

Winn nodded before he spoke. "Yes. We could only afford to send one person over there, but last we heard they hadn't made it out of the city yet. Traffic is backed up with people trying to get away from the crime breaking out here. You know how it is when something like this happens. Half the people hunker down, intent on protecting their belongings, and the other half flee taking the stance that their lives are more important than anything else."

Kara nodded slowly.

"I don't think we should be too concerned. Yet," Winn explained, glancing at the clock again. Hardly any time had passed since he had last looked, but it felt as if it had been an eternity. This was already the longest day ever. "I think we should give our agent a chance to get over there. In fact, while we wait, if it would make you feel better..." Winn spun back towards his computer screen as he spoke, hands settling on his keyboard. "I can contact the local Sheriff and see if they will send someone out for us to watch over your mom in the interim."

"I would really appreciate that," Kara said, feeling a little better now that Winn had come up with an idea that involved getting someone over to Eliza quicker without Supergirl having to leave National City.

"Consider it done," Winn called out over his shoulder before going back to typing away at his computer. Kara could see from where she was standing that he was pulling up all the information they had in their system on Midvale's Sheriff Department.

Turning to Maggie, Kara found that the detective was deep in concentration. Kara didn't spot it at first, but the longer she looked at the woman, the more evident it was that there was subtle signs of worry on her face. Reaching out, the Kryptonian put her hand on the detective's shoulder.

"Hey," Kara said softly, not wanting to startle Maggie or publicize their conversation. "I'm sure Alex will check in any minute," she whispered, figuring that was what had to have Maggie feeling out of sorts.

When Maggie turned her head to meet Kara's eyes, the look on her face was one of gratitude. "Me too," she said, sounding surprisingly believable. "I'm also sure that we will be able to get in contact with your mother in no time," Maggie added, reaching up and patting Kara's hand twice.

"Me, too," Kara whispered, echoing Maggie's sentiment from before and willing herself to believe it.

5:34am

"We should be there any minute," Alex stated, her voice soft as her and Lena carefully made their way down the streets of National City. The Luthor nodded silently in reply, not wanting to draw attention to them if possible. Their trek through the city, so far, had been met with little disruption. Alex seemed to know all the backways through the streets and did a good job of keeping them both away from trouble breaking out all over town. Regardless, Lena was comforted by the fact that her gun was safely tucked away in her purse, ready to be pulled out at a moment's notice.

Once they had left the loft and put some distance in between it and them, Alex had stopped and taken the time to explain what was going on. Lena felt relieved the instant that Alex had confirmed reaching out to the DEO to tell them that she was coming to get her. Even though she was sure Kara
was still worried about her to some degree, Lena hoped that it brought the Kryptonian some comfort to know that she was safe with Alex. The last thing the Luthor wanted to do was be a distraction for the only person who could feasibly stop Siobhan and end her reign of terror.

After assuring that Kara and the rest of the DEO had been informed about Alex deciding to pick up Lena, the agent launched into an explanation of where they were headed. At first, the Luthor's assumption had been that they would be headed straight for the DEO, but Alex had dispelled her of that notion and explained that it would be foolish to put all of Kara's loved ones in the same room. It was much smarter to have them scattered about the city, making it harder for Siobhan to keep track of everyone's whereabouts. Lena had to agree with the logic as much as she hated the fact that this plan did not involve her getting to see with her own two eyes how Kara was faring.

Instead, the two of them were headed for a safe house. Alex had been nondescript about where exactly that was, but Lena suspected that it was a precaution in case there were listening ears in range. That had been the reason why they had made the decision to leave Lena's phone back behind at the loft. Alex had explained that her phone, which was DEO issued, had many mainstays that prevented anyone from tracking her movements on it. Lena's work phone was set up with firewalls that provided similar security features and more, but the same couldn't be said of her personal phone. Since there was no telling what resources Siobhan had scattered throughout the city at the moment, it was better to be safe than sorry. Plus, if Lena truly was being tracked on her phone by Siobhan, leaving it behind was a great way to misdirect her.

Ducking into another alleyway, Lena watched closely as Alex sidled up against the wall. Mimicking her movements, the Luthor did the same thing. Like the other times they had paused, the older Danvers sister reached into her pocket and pulled out her phone, checking to see if she could make contact with the DEO again. The phone lines had been, unsurprisingly, still flooded. All it would take was good timing to get a call through.

As Alex lifted the phone up to her ear, Lena carefully broke her silence.

"Any lu-"

Before she could get the word 'luck' out, a hooded figure reached out for the strap of Lena's purse, violently tugging her off the wall along with it. At the exact same time, another man lunged after Alex, attempting to pin her to the wall.

Immediately, Lena's instincts kicked in. Before the strap of her bag made it all the way down her arm, she managed to pull her hand across her chest, using all of her strength to latch onto her own shoulder. Curling her fingers into the material of the jacket she was wearing, Lena used that bracing to jerk her elbow upwards, sending the base of her bag flying squarely into the man's chin. The action had the desired effect, crashing into his face and stunning him, causing him to lose his grip on Lena's purse. Within seconds, Lena had released her shoulder and curled her hand up into a fist, launching it forward and punching him in the jaw right where her bag had hit.

A mildly painful shockwave vibrated up the Luthor's arm as the man took a couple of steps back, his arms flailing around wildly as he tried to maintain his balance. Those few seconds were all that Lena needed to whip her gun out of her bag. Dropping the purse itself to the ground, she settled into a sturdy stance and pointed the gun at her assailant, wrapping both of her hands around it as she stared him down. The force of impact had knocked the hood of his jacket off of his head, fully revealing his face to her in the soft lighting that the moon provided them. It wasn't anyone that Lena recognized.

Keeping both her gun and her eyes trained on the man that had attacked her, Lena was relieved to see in her peripheral vision that Alex had her own assailant in a similar position.
"Bad move, boys," Alex chided. Lena could tell by the tone of her voice that the agent was already over the day. It was a sentiment that she herself could agree with.

"I suggest you excuse yourself from this situation before we permanently excuse you from life," Lena warned despite the fact that she had no intentions of pulling the trigger unless either one of them gave her a damn good reason for doing so.

The man that Lena was face to face with scoffed. Having gotten over the shock from the punch to his jaw, he seemed to be sizing her up now, getting ready to make his move. Lena almost pitied him for being so foolish.

Cocking her gun, the Luthor straightened up even more. Instead of a scoff, this time the assailant she was facing off with offered up a bark of laughter.

"Nice try, dollface," he taunted. There was a slight southern drawl in his voice. "I know you don't have the balls to shoot me."

Instead of saying anything back, Lena simply narrowed her eyes, lining up her shot. The change in movement did nothing to quell the man's building amusement over the situation, though. The laughter came more freely now as he watched her. Lena could tell that he was adjusting his stance as well, getting ready to pounce.

"Stop trying to play with the big boys now and give me your gun..." he prepositioned, as if something as simple as that would actually get her to fork over her weapon.

"How about..." Lena started, closing one eye as she pulled the trigger. The bullet catapulted out of the chamber and launched straight for the wall over the man's shoulder, grazing his neck in the process. Just as Lena had intended. "No," the Luthor finished as the man howled in pain, gripping the side of his neck that the bullet had brushed across. Lena knew that the shot had to have left a nasty burn in its wake.

"We gotta get out of here!" the man yelled, turning to the side and barreling into his friend as he tried to get away. "That bitch is crazy!" The two guys quickly scrambled their way out of the alley, practically stepping over one another in the process. Within seconds, they were gone.

"Wow," Alex stated simply, drawing Lena's eye as she spoke. When she looked over at Alex, Lena found that the other woman was practically beaming. "I have now officially decided that you and my sister should be together forever."

Lena couldn't help but laugh. The noise sounded foreign to her, despite it being her own laughter. It was a sound that hadn't been heard all night long.

5:49am

Kara stepped back into the DEO, fresh on the heels of helping the National City firefighters put out a fire that had erupted in a nearby warehouse. Since she had already broken the rules once, everyone had decided that it made sense for her to help the city the best she could while she still had the chance to. They had all quickly found out that their normal communication buds were currently out of service, much like hers had been when Supergirl had faced off with Siobhan on the roof, so Kara was manually checking in every 10 to 15 minutes for a status report and to get her next assignment. Winn was busy actively tracking the crime throughout the city, lining up jobs for her to take when she got back. Most of the calls that were clogging up the cell towers were ones being made to the police department, so they still were able to keep a handle on the various criminal occurrences happening throughout the city.
"Any word from Alex or my mom yet?" Kara called out as she approached the main room.

"I finally was able to get in touch with the sheriff. The active sheriff," Winn clarified, rolling his eyes at the memory of how they had at first managed to get ahold of a man who had retired only two weeks prior. Despite having held the role for 26 consecutive years, he was now shacked up in Florida and proclaimed that he had no knowledge of his replacement. According to him, they hadn't had anyone lined up when he had left so he wasn't sure if they had remedied that. After a little more digging, Winn was able to uncover that a woman had stepped into the retired sheriff's shoes earlier that week. She was a transfer from another town named Nicole Haught. "Luckily for us all, Sheriff Haught was more than agreeable about helping us out. When I tried to explain why we couldn't get over there yet, she cut me off and told me that she had seen her fair share of crap in her days and was going to take my word for it. That she didn't mind helping. I heard a woman in the background say something about grabbing her belt and gun for her before Sheriff Haught confirmed that she would be on her way shortly."

"Thank Rao," Kara murmured, releasing a sigh of relief before reiterating the part of her question that hadn't yet been answered. "What about Alex?"

Winn grimaced before answering. "We've had absolutely no luck getting ahold of her. To be perfectly honest with you, I'm not sure why. With all of the people flocking out of National City and the shock of the blackout wearing off, the phone lines have cleared up some, so there should be no reason why we can't get ahold of her. Alex's phone won't even ring, so my best guess is maybe that it's run out of juice? That or she's in a bad area for cell service."

Kara's heart sunk at the news. "What about Lena? Have you tried calling Lena?"

Winn nodded. The expression on his face did not improve. "We did. Multiple times. It just rings and rings."

Kara looked crestfallen. Looking over at Maggie, she found a similar expression on the other woman's face.

"Should I go looking for them?" Kara asked, already knowing the answer to her question.

"I think that would be best," Maggie stated with a nod.

"Wait!" Agent Vasquez called out, getting everyone's attention. "Before you go, Sheriff Haught is on the line. She says it's important."

With that announcement Kara, once again, found herself frozen in place.

Winn reacted immediately, taking over the call and routing it through his computer's speakers so that everyone in the room would be privy to what was being said.

"Sheriff Haught, what's happening over there?"

"I'm afraid I have some bad news for you," the woman stated grimly. Kara's throat suddenly felt thick, as if she suddenly couldn't swallow. Or breathe. Anything.

"I got here only a moment or two ago only to find the front door wide open. I called for backup and then headed inside. I didn't find the woman you asked me to find, but I did find something else." The sheriff paused only for a second, seemingly hesitant to share the news. It had to be bad. "I found a large puddle of blood in the kitchen. I'm so sorry, folks. I don't know what to tell you other than, as soon as my fellow officers get here, we will start searching for Eliza Danvers. I'll get the whole department on it."
"Kara," Winn stated, turning around to look at the Kryptonian to gauge how she was holding up.

But Kara was already gone.

5:53am

Tears stung the corners of Kara's eyes as she rocketed off towards Midvale, making record time through the skies. As much as she tried not to be negative, worst case scenarios were already swirling through her mind, taunting her. The thought of losing the woman that had raised her made Kara's heart ache in ways that she hadn't experienced since leaving her birth mother and father beyond on Krypton. In a way, it was even worse. Kara knew that her birth parents had at least died for a cause. They had sacrificed themselves to ensure that Kara could live a long and happy life. If Eliza truly had been harmed, there was no grand reasoning behind it. It would be nothing more than senseless violence. Even worse, it would be an action that Kara herself had set forth with her decisions. There was already too much blood on her hands considering that the reason why Jeremiah had joined the DEO and was ultimately killed was because Kara had exposed her existence to that agency with one of her forbidden impromptu night flights. Although Alex had tried to assure her many times in the past that it wasn't her fault and that the DEO would have found her eventually no matter what, Kara still carried some blame for that particular chain of events on her shoulders.

When Kara landed in the front yard of her childhood home, it was much rougher than her usual landing. Two large dirt holes were left in the otherwise perfectly manicured grass right where her feet had ended up, but she didn't have time to worry about the lawn at the moment. Pulling her boots from the soft Earth, she dashed into the house, only to find a woman standing in the kitchen, staring intently at a large dark puddle on the ground.

"Oh no," Kara cried out, causing the other woman to flinch and pull out her gun. As soon as they made eye contact, the officer lowered her weapon.

"Supergirl," the woman stated. Recognition had immediately dawned on her. "I've seen so many news stories about you," she admitted, her voice verging on a nervous ramble as she tucked her gun back into its holster. "I'm Sheriff Haught. I'm assuming you work with the department that called me over here?"

Kara nodded slowly while taking a few tentative steps forward towards the kitchen. Her limbs were heavy, as if she were moving underwater.

"I had searched the house when I first entered to see if anything else was amiss," the sheriff explained, eyes dropping back down to the blood briefly. "This was all I could find. Do you know the woman that owns this house?"

"Yes," Kara choked out through the lump in her throat.

Sheriff Haught seemed to pick up on her agony. As a show of respect, she reached up for her wide-brimmed hat, pulling it down off of her head and holding it to her chest.

Silently reminding herself that she had to hold it together, Kara switched over to her x-ray vision and scanned the house, looking for any signs of another person. The search turned up nothing, though. It appeared as if Sheriff Haught had done a good job of sweeping the premises.

"This…" Kara trailed off, needing to clear her throat before she could get out her question. "This amount of blood. Do you know if a person could lose this much and still be alive?"

The sheriff sucked in a breath through her teeth. "Depends on the person. Also depends on how
much blood this amounts to. I'm not a coroner so I can't accurately answer your question. It's not something that I want to guess at, either."

Kara nodded while doing her absolute best to keep from crying. Absolutely nothing had been confirmed yet and she had to keep a level head in case she was needed during the search. She wasn't going anywhere until someone had a lead on Eliza's location. Kara needed to find her. Moreover, she needed her to be alive.

"The backup I called for should be here soon," the sheriff offered up before slipping her hat back until her red hair. "Once they are, we can come up with a plan of action. Now, don't think just because I'm sheriff that I'm too big for my britches. Your reputation precedes you and it is obvious that you are very invested in the outcome of this. I'm more than willing to let you take the reins here."

"Thank you," Kara whispered, blue eyes still fixed on the scarlet puddle before them. "I appreciate that."

"Supergirl?"

The familiarity of the voice coming from behind her was unmistakable. Turning around, Kara found herself looking right at her adoptive mother.

"Eliza," Kara cried out, so overwhelmed that she had almost accidentally called Eliza 'mom' out loud instead. Propelling herself forward, she wrapped the older woman up into a tight hug, holding her close and burying her head in Eliza's long, wavy blonde hair. "I was so worried about you," she murmured tearfully.

Just like she did many a time when Kara was growing up, Eliza began to rub the Kryptonian's back in an attempt to soothe her. "Why were you worried about me? What's wrong? What's going on?"

Kara pulled from the hug and drew in a deep breath through her nose to calm herself down as she pointed over to the officer standing next to the large puddle on the ground.

"What in heaven's name is that…" Eliza mused, taking a few long strides forward before bending down and examining the substance. "It's definitely blood, but I have no idea how it got in here. Or why there's so much of it."

"Where have you been?" Kara inquired, looking over at the clock and spotting that it was still very early morning. It wasn't odd for Eliza to be up before the crack of dawn, but Kara felt the urge to check and ensure everything with her night had been fine anyway.

"I drove a friend to the airport," Eliza explained, standing back up while being careful not to disturb the blood by her feet. "They were nervous about the flight so I bought the cheapest ticket available so I could get past security and then I waited with her until they boarded.

Kara let out a big sigh, relieved to hear that her mother had been perfectly fine the entire time. "Didn't bring your phone with you?"

Eliza shook her head. "No, I realized I forgot it once we actually got to the airport. It was late when we left, so it must have slipped my mind."

"I hate to interrupt, but…"

When Sheriff Haught spoke, both Kara and Eliza turned towards her.

"It is weird that the blood is all in one place, when you think about it. No splatters anywhere, as there
would be if there was any kind of struggle here. Other than the smears here and there, it looks like it just pooled out from one place. Which is not to say that it wasn't from another person, but…” The sheriff shook her head, clicking her tongue against her teeth before continuing. "I'm still not exactly sure what happened here, but I would say it's possible that this scene could have been staged."

"Staged?" Kara repeated blankly.

It was at that second that all the pieces came together.

"I need to get back," the Kryptonian sputtered out as a thought hit her like a ton of bricks. For weeks now, Kara had been playing right into Siobhan's hands. The sheriff's comment made her think that maybe that was still the case. "Please don't leave Eliza," she implored the red haired woman before looking right at her mother again. "Be safe," Kara whispered before dashing out of the house, heading back up into the night sky.

Kara needed to be back in National City. Now.

There was a good chance that Alex and Lena's lives depended on it.

6:01am

Lena sat perfectly still on the chair she had been seated cross-legged on for the last ten minutes, watching as Alex paced around, periodically peeking out of a window every so often.

"What are you looking for?" the brunette finally asked, unable to take the suspense any longer. The cagey way that Alex was behaving was setting her edge. It made her feel as if something was wrong.

A sigh was provided by way of response before an actual answer.

"I'm looking for our backup. We shouldn't still be alone by now," Alex explained, her voice tentative. "It took us longer than it should have to get here and I'm very surprised that we are the first to arrive."

Lena considered this, looking down at the face of her watch as she did so. The house that Alex had led her to was on the outskirts of the city, somewhat removed from the rest of the hubbub going on outdoors. It had taken them about an hour to arrive on foot considering the various hurdles they had faced trying to stealthily trek their way across town without garnering too much attention from the rioting citizens of National City.

"Maybe whoever is joining us also got caught up in everything going on in National City right now," Lena stated logically, looking back up at Alex.

"It's very possible," the DEO agent agreed before looking out the window again.

Lena looked down at Alex's phone on the small coffee table of the room they were in. Upon arrival, the Luthor had asked Alex to set it down there so that they both could watch for any notifications. It was the only thing she could do to keep from going crazy. It made her feel as if she was doing something.

The screen remained dark, which signified that nobody was attempting to contact them. Either that or they weren't able to. Lena knew that the cell towers had been overwhelmed at first, but she couldn't help but wonder if the activity being routed through them had settled down by now. At least enough to get in contact with their friends back at the DEO. With Kara.

Uncrossing her legs, Lena set her feet on the floor and pushed herself up into a standing position.
Surely, there was more that she could do than simply sit there and babysit a blank screen. Stepping forward, she reached for Alex's phone. There was a chance that she could reconfigure the settings on it and be able to get a call through. Lena figured that there was the possibility it just needed to be rebooted in order for the two women to regain contact with the outside world.

Grasping onto the phone, Lena pulled it from the table and carefully cradled it in both of her hands, pressing the home button that illuminated the screen.

Before she could do anything else, the phone was violently snatched from her fingers.

"Don't touch things that aren't yours," Alex hissed, her dark eyes narrowing into small slits as she regarded Lena and tucked the phone into the pocket of her pants instead of returning it to its place on the table.

The Luthor was too busy processing what she had managed to spot on the screen to take offense with the tone that was being used to address her. In the top left-hand corner of the phone there had been a small, white airplane symbol. The damn thing had been in airplane mode all along.

Lena stared at Alex with wide eyes as a feeling of dread started to settle in the pit of her stomach. The last hour played through the Luthor's mind as she quickly broke down all of the nuances of their interactions, looking at it with a different perspective after learning this new information. The way Alex had insisted they leave the loft quickly. The way she had talked Lena into leaving her phone behind. The way that she had pretended to check her own phone every so often despite the fact that it was currently incapable of receiving any calls or messages. It didn't take too long for Lena to realize what had been going on right underneath of her nose this entire time.

Taking a step back, Lena instinctively tensed up. When she spoke next, her tone was so brazen that it masked the fear that was bubbling up inside of her.

"You're not Alex."
"You're not Alex."

It was the only thing that made sense considering everything that Lena Luthor knew about Kara's older sister. The woman was either an imposter or a traitor, and Alex Danvers was no traitor.

Instead of denying it or trying to defend herself, the woman before Lena stood still as a slow, sinister grin spread across her face.

"Took you long enough," the imposter chided as Lena's thoughts drifted to her purse, which was behind her, hooked to the back of the chair that she had been seated at previously. Nestled inside was her gun. Already the Luthor was calculating the distance between herself and where she needed to be, trying to determine if she could get to her bag before the other woman could get to her.

"I thought you were supposed to be some sort of genius or something," the other woman remarked, continuing to taunt Lena. The Luthor was seconds away from making her move when she was temporarily distracted from her current train of thought. Right before her eyes, the woman standing in front of her began to change into someone else. Alex's features faded away only to be replaced with those of a stranger. The short bob that she had been sporting throughout the night lengthened and lightened up, covering shoulders that now sloped differently. Hazel eyes took on a hue more akin to Lena's as everything about the woman morphed into something else entirely. Lena could hardly believe her eyes. It was equally fascinating and horrifying all at once.

"What have you done with Alex?" Lena asked tersely, taking a small step back in the hopes of shortening the distance between herself and her weapon in a manner that wouldn't draw attention to what she was doing.

"Unimportant," the woman replied, revealing that her voice was now different too. It was huskier than Alex's and was dripping in whatever amusement the shapeshifter was experiencing at the moment. "You have more important things to worry about than someone who may or may not still be breathing at the moment."

"Big words for a person who is currently employed as Siobhan's bitch," Lena shot back, taking another subtle step as she tried to ruffle the other woman's feathers enough to keep her distracted.

"I'm nobody's bitch, honey," the woman spat out, clearly irritated by Lena's comment. The smirk that had been firmly planted on her face ever since the big reveal receded a bit, giving way to annoyance. Lena knew that she had to get out of there before she really managed to trigger the other woman's fury. There was no telling what she was capable of or how dangerous she really was.

Deciding that she needed to act sooner rather than later, Lena settled on a course of action. Holding the woman's gaze for a beat, she then purposefully looked over her shoulder, glancing at the window that the imposter had been babysitting ever since they had arrived at the supposed safe house. Crinkling up her brow slightly, Lena tried to appear as if she had spotted something concerning. Just as the Luthor hoped would happen, the other woman's curiosity got the best of her. As she turned to look out the window herself, Lena sprung into action. Turning towards the chair her purse was
hanging off of, she dashed in that direction, plunging her hand into the confines of her bag. Lena was relieved to feel the cool metal of her gun right at the very top of the small pile of various items she carried around with her.

Curling her fingers around the handle, Lena went to pull it out of her purse just as the other woman came barreling towards her, catching her right at the midsection and pulling her down to the ground. The breath got knocked out of Lena's lungs as she hit the ground with a loud thud. A sharp pain shot down the arm she had landed on as she struggled to get out of the other woman's hold. It was clear that her opponent possessed a superhuman strength to go along with her ability to shapeshift.

"Nice try," her attacker muttered as Lena writhed underneath of her, doing whatever she could to get loose. The other woman was currently straddling her, hands curled around the Luthor's wrists. The more Lena struggled, the firmer her hold became.

All of a sudden, the assailant's features changed again, shifting into ones that Lena was intimately familiar with. Blonde hair, blue eyes, and a smile that could make her heart melt at the drop of a hat. The bitch had turned into Kara.

"Maybe you'll behave for me more when I look like this?" the faux Kara taunted, laughing as she watched fury color Lena's features. This was crossing a line.

Hoping that she could lull her into a false sense of security, Lena stopped struggling. Remaining still she glared at the shapeshifter before lifting her head up and spitting right in the woman's face.

The other woman howled in disgust, releasing one of Lena's wrists so that she could swipe at the salvia decorating her skin. That was all that the Luthor needed.

Balling her hand up into a fist, Lena decked the fake Kara in the face, stunning her enough to get her to loosen up the grip she had on the Luthor's other wrist. Using the techniques she had been taught in the self-defense classes she had taken as a young, high-profile, wealthy college student, Lena managed to flip their positions. Knowing that she wouldn't have the strength to keep the other woman pinned down due to the shapeshifter's superhuman advantage, Lena instead took the chance to make a move for her purse again.

Just as Lena managed to reach her bag, strong hands pushed squarely against her back, knocking her right into the chair that her purse was hooked on with an incredible amount of force. Both Lena and the chair hit the ground. Biting back a groan of pain, Lena watched as her gun tumbled out of her bag, sliding across the hardwood floor that she was once again sprawled out against.

Despite the pain she felt from the impact, Lena immediately scrambled to crawl across the ground towards her weapon. Adrenaline coursed through her veins, giving her that extra bit of speed as she skittered across the ground. As soon as she was close enough, Lena reached for her gun.

"I don't think so," Kara's voice taunted just as Lena's fingertips brushed the butt of the weapon. Before Lena could actually get a grip on it, she was being jerked backwards. The other woman had wrapped her hand around Lena's ponytail and was using it to pull her away. The Luthor couldn't stop the yelp of pain that escaped her this time. Or the way her leg kicked backwards in response.

There was a matching yelp from the other woman, letting Lena know that she had managed to connect with something. The woman's stomach? Chest? Face? Lena wasn't sure and didn't care since it bought her a few more seconds to get ahold of her gun and possibly gain some sort of advantage in this altercation. Lena wasn't even sure the weapon would work against the shapeshifter she was up against, but she was hell-bent on giving it a try.
Finally, Lena managed to get a grip on her gun before being yanked backwards again, this time by her ankles. The buttons of the jacket she was wearing scraped loudly across the wood as her body was pulled across the floor. Kicking her feet wildly, Lena managed to get one foot free before the other woman purposefully dropped her other leg, lunging at the Luthor.

Lena managed to turn around so that she was on her back just before the shapeshifter was on top of her. The gun was nestled in between their bodies as Lena did her best to keep a hold on it, knowing that she needed to make a move and quick because the other woman had a distinct advantage when it came to strength. Lena's finger curled around the trigger. At the same time, the shapeshifter managed to get her own hands around the weapon.

The sound of the gun going off filled the tiny room, scaring away a bird that had been perched outside of the window.

6:06am

Upon her return to National City, Kara didn't head back to the DEO right away. As much as she wanted to alert them that she believed something had happened to Alex and Lena, she wanted to look for them first herself. If they were in danger, there was no time to waste.

Now that Eliza had been located and her safety had been accounted for, those two were really the only people in Kara's life that hadn't checked in. The fact that Siobhan had gone as far as having a bloody scene staged in her adoptive mother's kitchen filled the Kryptonian with a sense of foreboding. Something was wrong. Very wrong.

Using her x-ray vision whenever she wanted to check the inside of a building, Kara swept the city, systematically heading up and down the grid, looking for any sign of the people she loved. It was difficult to ignore the various crimes she was witnessing throughout her search, but not impossible. As strong as her sense of duty to National City was, the fear she felt for the safety of her sister and girlfriend was the most pressing concern at the moment. Kara had to trust that the people she had been working with throughout the night had it handled. She would deal with her guilt later. Right now, there was no time for that.

With every passing second, Kara felt her nerves about the situation growing. This was a dangerous game that they were all currently caught up in and she had no doubts that the stakes were high. There was no telling how far Siobhan would go. More than anything, Kara didn't want to find out.

Just as she was about to throw in the towel and stop in at the DEO to see if there were any status updates, Kara spotted a familiar figure curled up on the ground of an alleyway, situated behind a dumpster. The woman was limp and her arms were fastened behind her back. The sight made Kara's heart simultaneously soar and ache.

Dashing down to the ground, Kara immediately went to her sister's side, checking to see if she was still breathing. Relief washed over her the second she saw Alex's chest rise and fall. The breaths that Alex was taking were shallow, but they were there. Kara's nose picked up on the faint scent of chemicals in the air by her sister's mouth.

Reaching behind the fallen DEO agent, Kara snapped the thick zip ties that were keeping her hands bound before spotting the same thing binding her sister's ankles. Kara freed Alex from those as well before carefully picking her sister up in her arms, wanting to get her out from behind the dumpster. There was no sign of Lena.

Before flying off with her sister, Kara scanned the immediate area once more, wanting to ensure that her girlfriend wasn't also indisposed there as well. It was unsurprising when neither her x-ray vision
or her super hearing picked up on any traces of the Luthor. The only chance that Kara had of getting a lead on Lena's location was if Alex had any information for her when she woke up.

6:12am

Siobhan stood at the threshold of the doorway, watching as Lena's body went limp. It was a sight that should have brought her great joy, but she was too annoyed to appreciate it. Couldn't count on good help these days. Always had to do everything herself.

"Are you done fucking around around now?" Siobhan asked, her tone acidic as she lowered the tranquilizer gun she had just used on Lena.

"She shot me!" the woman who currently looked like Kara Danvers cried out, holding her side and staring at Siobhan with wide, angry eyes. The color of the shapeshifter's hair and eyes flickered back and forth between her current identity and her true self as she tried to fend off the sting of the gunshot. "I had it handled! You didn't have to butt in!" Blood trickled over the woman's slender fingers. Siobhan watched in amusement as it dripped to the ground. When she had gotten Lena in the neck with the tranquilizer dart, the Luthor used her final seconds of consciousness to get off a shot herself. Determined bitch.

"Do not speak to me like that," the ex-reporter commanded, holstering her weapon and surveying the scene. "Also don't be such a bitch baby. You and I both know that will heal up nicely within in the hour. Besides, it's a flesh wound. You should be thanking me. From the look of things, she would have gotten you right in the heart if I hadn't shown up when I did. You and I both know that not even you would have survived that."

The shapeshifter seethed and Siobhan's stomach rolled. Fake or not, she hated being face to face with the image of the woman that had ruined her life.

"Do you mind?" Siobhan spat out after she couldn't take it any longer, gesturing to the woman's current form until she got the hint. Within seconds, the façade faded away completely, as did the rage Siobhan felt every time she was faced with the image of Kara Danvers.

"Go clean yourself up a bit in the bathroom, if you must," Siobhan remarked nonchalantly, glancing down at her watch to see how they were doing on time. They still had a couple of hours until the next phase of the plan would be put into place. "Then I'm going to need to you to suck it up and help me get Lena into the car."

"Then I get my money?"

Siobhan rolled her eyes. She hated working with such an insipid ingrate. There was so much importance behind what they were doing today and all the bitch cared about was getting paid. So small-minded.

"Yes. Now hurry along. The faster we get going, the faster you can get paid and then get lost."

6:15am

"Alex!"

Kara turned towards the sound of the worried detective's voice as she set her sister down on the gurney Winn had called for upon spotting her. Maggie had been off in another office on a phone call when Kara had arrived, so this was her first time seeing Alex.

"What's wrong with her? Is she okay?" There was no mistaking the worry in Maggie's voice.
"I think she's just been knocked out, I didn't want to try to wake her until we got here," Kara explained, stepping aside as Maggie dashed to Alex's side. The detective reached for the unconscious DEO agent's hand.

"Do you mind if I wake her up?" Maggie asked, clearly trying to keep it together. Kara didn't miss the slight waver in her voice or the gleam in her eyes.

"No, of course not," Kara assured, gesturing towards her sister. "Please do."

Maggie nodded once before turning her full attention to Alex. Letting go of her girlfriend's hand, she grasped onto both of the woman's shoulders and shook them gently.

"Alex… Hey, Alex… Alex, can you hear me? Babe, come on, open up your eyes," Maggie prodded, urging Alex to wake up. Luckily, she was able to get a response after only a few seconds of trying. Inhaling sharply, Alex shot upright, writhing around as if she needed to be on guard against an attack.

"Alex!" Maggie called out, getting her attention immediately. "Hey, you're fine, calm down," the detective said, her voice much more soothing now that Alex was paying attention to her. Kara watched as the two girls joined hands.

"Are you okay? What happened?" Kara asked, stepping in a little bit closer and placing a hand on Alex's leg since both of her sister's hands were currently occupied.

"I don't… I don't know," Alex admitted, sounding a little bit dazed as she pulled one of her hands from Maggie's so that she could reach up and massage at her temple. "God, my head is throbbing," she grumbled, closing her eyes for a second before looking back up at everyone. "I... I remember that the power in the city shut down after Kara saved Maggie." Alex paused, looking over at her sister, suddenly looking equal parts sheepish and grateful as she recalled what she had asked Kara to do. "Thank for you that by the way." Her eyes drifted over to Maggie. "I'm so glad that you're okay," Alex whispered, gently squeezing her girlfriend's hand before continuing. "Anyway, I know that I was on my way to get Lena. I even remember calling here to let you guys know where I would be. Then... nothing."

Kara's brow scrunched up as she considered what her sister was saying.

"So you never got to Lena then?"

Alex frowned as she shook her head. "No. I'm so sorry, Kara."

Kara's heart sunk. This meant that Lena hadn't been seen or heard from since she had left her behind to go save Maggie.

"I need to go back out and look for her..." Kara mused out loud, removing her hand from Alex's leg as she took a step back.

"Wait!" Winn called out, jogging over to them from his computer. A piece of paper was clutched in his hand. "Before you go, you need to hear this."

Everyone turned to look at Winn. Kara didn't move any further.

"What did you find out?" the Kryptonian asked, hoping that it would provide some insight on where Lena could possibly be.

Reaching past Alex and Maggie, Winn handed over the piece of paper in his hand to Kara. Taking it,
she glanced down to find the image of a woman. Next to her picture was a name and under that was some profile information.

"We managed to unlock the records relating to who Siobhan visited in the prison," Winn explained, jogging back over to his computer and reaching for the wireless keyboard. Cradling it in his arms, he typed in a few things and pulled up a holographic image of the paper Kara was handing so that everyone in the room could survey it. Alex pushed herself off of the gurney despite Maggie's protests so that they could all move closer to the image.

"Our suspicions were wrong," Winn started off, standing next to the display and speaking out to the room. "Siobhan wasn't visiting Lillian Luthor, she was visiting this woman here. Her name is Tina Greer."

Kara set the paper Winn had handed her down on the nearest desk and looked at the bigger visual of it instead. "That name isn't familiar to me," she admitted as a crease formed in the center of her brow. "Who is she?"

"Ironically, she is someone from your cousin's past," Winn remarked, causing the crease in Kara's brow to deepen. "Tina Greer first emerged when Clark wasn't even Superman yet. When she was younger, she suffered from a soft bone disease. This was back when Kryptonite was way more prevalent and easier to get ahold of. It was used to treat her bone disease, but had some… unforeseen circumstances. According to the records we were able to unlock, this woman has the ability to shapeshift."

"A shapeshifter?" Kara remarked, sounding bewildered. Clark had told her a couple of stories about the metahumans he dealt with as a teenager that had cropped up in his hometown due to Kryptonite exposure. She couldn't remember this particular woman ever being mentioned, but it unsettled her to know that Siobhan had been in contact with another metahuman.

"Yup," Winn said with a nod before scrolling down, revealing more of her bio. "Tina developed a nasty, violent streak in high school. It culminated in her going a little cuckoo for cocoa puffs which ultimately landed her in a place called Belle Reve. It was basically a mental institution for unstable metahumans."

Everyone was paying close attention. As much as Kara wanted to leave to go look for Lena, she knew that it was important to stay and hear Winn out. Especially if this woman had anything to do with Lena's disappearance.

"Tina managed to fake her death and escape Belle Reve. Unfortunately, when she faced off with Clark again, she wasn't any saner than the first go around. According to the reports, it ended with her getting staked through the chest. Everyone, including your cousin, was under the impression that she was dead, but it turns out she wasn't."

"How is that even possible?" Maggie asked. Kara glanced over at the detective and saw that she had a hand protectively settled against the small of Alex's back.

"Not sure," Winn admitted, scrolling the bio down further. "That's when the records on Tina Greer become a little slim. It's obvious that the Kryptonite gave her some sort of regenerative capabilities that no one knew about at first, so I'm guessing that she was taken under… someone's wing. My best guess is that she was probably captured or sought out refuge from somebody who knew how to handle her powers because she disappeared for years before reemerging again."

"What information do we have on her once she reemerged?" Alex asked, crossing her arms over her chest as she listened intently.
"There's a series of robberies that she's been linked to over the years," Winn explained, once again scrolling down the screen so that it corresponded with the part of the story he was telling. "It's what ultimately landed her in jail, yet again."

"If she's a metahuman, what was she doing in one of our regular correctional facilities?" Maggie asked, arching a brow. "Seems like a major oversight to me."

"Same thing as Siobhan, actually. The two of them were transferred at the same time for good behavior."

"That is such bullshit!" Alex exclaimed, sighing heavily. "There has to be a reason why the two of them managed to skirt their way through the system. I would bet my life on the fact that someone higher up was pulling the strings."

"I agree," Winn stated, his voice much more serious than it usually was. "We're looking into that very thing right now, but so far… We have nothing."

"So, how did she get out of jail then?" Alex inquired, sounding aggravated. "Do not tell me that it was also the same way Siobhan did. If you say the words good behavior, I swear to God…"

"Actually, she escaped," Winn clarified before Alex could continue on with her angry tirade. "Tina took on the persona of a guard and, since the facility was unfamiliar with dealing with shapeshifters, there were no real provisions in place to stop her from getting away with it. It happened not too long after Siobhan went to visit her."

"Then they're definitely working together," Kara remarked.

"I think it's wise for us to operate under that assumption until proven wrong," Winn responded, setting down his keyboard. "Alex, are you sure you don't remember anything before being knocked out?"

"Hey, cut her a break," Maggie jumped in defensively before Alex gave her a look, silently communicating with her that his question was okay.

Kara looked over at her sister, watching the as she closed her eyes. "I'm trying…" Alex murmured. Keeping her eyes closed, she continued. "I remember being in Cat Grant's office when I saw that Maggie was in danger. I left. I called Kara. I asked her to help Maggie. She passed the phone to Lena. We spoke for a little bit. Lena told me that Maggie was safe. We got cut off. I tried calling her back and couldn't get through. I was able to get through to the DEO. I told them that I would be picking up Lena to ensure that she was safe. I hung up and then…" Alex's face scrunched up as she tried to recall anything past that point. Everyone else in the room remained silent, not wanting to interrupt the process.

"J'onn!" Alex finally said after a moment. Her eyes shot open as she spoke and there was a new understanding in them. "I remember seeing J'onn! I ran into him on my way to Lena's. I... still can't remember anything past that, but I can clearly picture seeing his face before everything went dark."

"There was no way it was J'onn," Winn stated. "We checked in with him not too long ago and he made no mention of seeing you. In fact, he said he'd be keeping an eye out for you and Lena, since we had no idea where you two were."

"Which means…" Kara started off.

"It was actually Tina," Alex finished, her tone steely.
"Do you guys think that she's with Lena then?" Kara asked, sounding horrified as the thought occurred to her. "I mean, if Tina is a shapeshifter and she took out Alex on her way to go get Lena… Then it means she very well could have taken on Alex's image and went to get her. Lena would absolutely open the door for her if she was posing as my sister."

"It's possible," Winn admitted, doing his best to keep his tone devoid of any emotion when responding. "I would even say it's probable."

"Guys," Kara started off, a little choked up and panicky over the thought that Lena could be in danger currently and not even know it. "We need to find Lena. Now."

A groan escaped Lena's lips as her eyes flickered open, only to find that she was currently encased in darkness. There was a profound throbbing originating behind both of her temples that was reverberating all throughout her head, causing it to ache. Consciousness was too painful to deal with at the moment and was quickly becoming elusive all over again. Lena could feel it slipping through her fingers like quicksand as her eyes fluttered closed and she drifted off to sleep once more.

8:16am

Kara could feel the sting of tears burning the corners of her eyes as she made yet another fruitless sweep over National City. Nearly two hours had passed since her and her team had started actively looking for Lena Luthor and they had yet to find a single clue indicating where she could be.

As soon as Kara had left the DEO, she headed straight for Lena's loft to see if there was any evidence left behind that would help them figure out where the Luthor could have disappeared to. Kara had found that Lena's phone was abandoned there, but didn't discover anything else out of the ordinary. There were no signs of a struggle, which indicated that Lena had left the loft willingly. This only seemed to give more credence to the theory that Tina had bamboozled the Luthor into leaving by taking on the persona of somebody that she was familiar with. Kara wondered if Lena had managed to figure out yet that the person she was with was an imposter. Knowing her girlfriend, it was very possible that she had. Kara wasn't sure if this assumption brought her comfort or made her even more fearful about Lena's safety.

In addition to searching for Lena, Kara was helping out around the city. As much as there was a part of her that wanted to do nothing more than look for Lena, the rest of her knew that she couldn't let the city literally burn down to the ground because she had tunnel vision. Plus, Kara knew that if they were able to get a handle on the crime breaking out across the city that more resources would be able to be allocated to the search for Lena Luthor. She wasn't sure if it was her imagination or not, but it appeared as if their efforts were actually starting to work.

Regardless of the ground that they appeared to be gaining when it came to keeping the city under control, the day was still a complete and utter nightmare. Not knowing where Lena was or if she was safe made Kara's heart physically hurt. Whenever her thoughts started down the path of worst case scenarios, she made sure to quickly rein them in before she became too distraught. The only way she was going to make it until the end of the day was by telling herself over and over that everything was going to be okay. Kara vowed not to stop telling herself that everything was going to work itself out until it actually did.

Brushing at a tear that had managed to escape, Kara blinked away the rest of them and made her way around one of the tallest buildings on the outskirts of the city. Time for another lap.

?:??
Lena's head was still pounding when consciousness found her again. This time it didn't come to her gently, but instead was brought about by a loud, jarring thump.

"Ouch," Lena mumbled, her eyelids fluttering wildly as her eyes tried to adjust to the darkness. This time around, her mind registered a lot more than it had the first time she had been awake. One thing that stuck out was the way that her hands were bound behind her back.

As Lena tried to shift around in an attempt to gauge how big of a space she was trapped in, another groan of pain escaped her as whatever bindings she had on pressed sharply into her skin. Ceasing her movements, she instead tried kicking out her feet, only to find that they were bound as well. Regardless, Lena still pressed them forward, quickly finding out that she wasn't able to extend them all the way. Wherever she was, it was small. It also felt as if she was in motion. The best guess that Lena had was that she was currently trapped in the trunk of a car.

Opening up her mouth to attempt to cry out for help, Lena found that her mouth was as dry as a cotton ball. Closing it, she swiped her tongue around in a vain attempt to moisten it. After a moment or so, she tried again.

"Help… me..."

Lena's cry for help came out more like a low croak that anything else. Clearing her throat, she went to try again.

"Help me!"

Lena was smart enough to know that the fact her mouth hadn't been gagged meant that there was a good chance they were nowhere near civilization. Clearly, her captor had no concerns about anyone hearing her, but it didn't mean that Lena wasn't going to try.

"Somebody help me!"

Pausing her attempts for a little bit, Lena tried to wet her mouth more and also took the chance to listen for sounds of any other nearby people or vehicles. Not a single sound was heard. Not a honk of a car, or the squeal of tires. Not even the chirping of birds. Nothing. Lena began to wonder if the compartment she was in was sound proof.

"Can somebody help me, please?!" the Luthor cried out one last time, petulantly kicking her feet against the side of the enclosure before taking a deep breath and closing her eyes.

"Get it together, Lena," she mumbled to herself before reopening her eyes. Not that it mattered considering that it was still pitch black wherever she was.

Deciding that the whole 'calling out for help' plan was probably a dud, Lena instead made the choice to focus on trying to see if she could possibly escape on her own.

Scooting backwards, Lena pressed her hands up against the fabric lining the wall. Feeling around the best she could given her limited mobility, she made sure that there wasn't anything sticking out of the wall that she could potentially use to help undo her bindings. Finding nothing, Lena rolled onto her stomach and then onto her other shoulder before repeating the process. This time, she managed to find a hard, metal knob that protruded from the wall.

"Got you," she murmured to herself, attempting to hook whatever was tying her hands together onto the metal. Lena knew that there was a chance she could break or weaken the binding if she found the right spot to apply pressure to.
However, as soon as Lena got to work, she felt the vehicle she was in roll to a stop.

"No, no, no," Lena muttered, scraping her hands against the metal. A sharp gasp escaped her lips as she accidentally caught her skin against the protrusion instead of the bindings. She could tell that she had scratched herself, but couldn't tell if it was bleeding or not. Either way, it didn't matter much to her. If someone was about to come and retrieve her, she wanted to have her hands free.

Before Lena could manage to get any further with her plan, a click could be heard, following by a blinding light. Instinctively, her eyes slammed shut to protect her pupils from the light that was now filling the space she was in. Not wanting to have her back to her enemy, she quickly writhed around, flipping back onto her other shoulder.

"Well, well, well… What do we have here?"

Lena opened up her eyes as she landed on her other shoulder, looking up to whoever was addressing her. Standing before her was none other than Siobhan Smythe herself.

"Did you actually think that you were going to escape?" Siobhan asked, openly laughing at Lena.

The Luthor's eyes narrowed.

"Bite me," Lena spat back, wishing that her hands were free so that she could punch the smirk off of Siobhan's face.

"That's not very nice," Siobhan chided before holding up one of her hands, directing Lena's attention to the object she was holding in it. It was a needle.

"Nighty night, Lena. Maybe next time you'll wake up on the right side of the bed."

Lena jerked away, but was unable to go far before the cool metal of the needle was plunged directly into her neck. With seconds, she was fast asleep.

11:55am

Kara walked through the DEO feeling defeated. It had been hours and there was still no sign of Lena. All that she and her friends had been able to accomplish was returning order to the city. It had been a long and grueling battle, but they had won it. The looters and rioters were all currently piled on top of one another in National City's lock-up and the crime was under control to the point where the DEO agents that had been on the ground were all able to return to the office. There was still a team working on fixing the power outage, but other than that, everything had stabilized. Winn had even figured out a way to route the communication devices through a different set of satellites so that they were able to keep in contact with one another while on the ground despite the measures that Siobhan had taken to prevent them from doing so.

J'onn had called Kara back to headquarters to regroup. At first, she had resisted, but J'onn had won her over by promising that it was a critical meeting and that she would have the full resources of the DEO backing her by the time it was over. Now that National City was under control, they would be able to all join forces in the search for Lena.

"I think we need to start looking outside of National City," Kara announced as she stepped into the well of the room, not wanting to waste any time. Every second that she was at the DEO was another second that she was not out, looking for Lena.

"I agree," J'onn affirmed, turning to watch Kara make her way to the center of the room. "I think that we've conducted a thorough search of the city by now. Also, considering how long it's been since
"Lena went missing, they would have had plenty of time to put a good bit of distance between us and them."

"So, what's the best course of action?" Kara asked, barely able to keep her emotions from showing in her voice. Never before had it been so difficult to maintain her composure. The last couple of hours had managed to slowly unravel her sanity. All she wanted was to scoop Lena up into her arms and promise her that everything was going to be all right.

"For the last hour, I've been working on a search grid," Winn chimed in, pulling the grid up on the main screen for everyone to see. "Of course, it involves you, Kara, taking the lead since you can cover the most ground in the shortest amount of time. Then we have three separate, designated teams that are going to start covering the cities surrounding us. The only problem is that it's not very efficient. It's like looking for a needle in a haystack, which is why we're keeping two teams here in National City. They're going to do nothing but search for any signs of where Lena could have gone until they receive orders from us to do otherwise."

"We don't want to leave the town without protection, because that could very well be Siobhan's master plan all along," J'onn explained, cutting in before Kara could raise any concerns she had with the outlined plan. "So far, she's done a great job at misdirecting us, so we have to be ready for anything."

"There's also a good chance that our tech team may actually be able to find something because I'm having them run a program looking for electronic traces of either Siobhan's, Tina's, or Lena's face in any of the video footage from the neighboring towns. Even though our power has been out, they haven't had the same issue. So, if Lena was taken out of town, there's a chance we can figure out at least one of the locations she was taken through. If we can do that, it'll give us a better idea of where to search overall."

"Where should I start?" Kara asked, antsy to get back out there.

"Well, we actually have you starting-"

"Power is back on!" Vasquez cried out triumphantly, drawing everyone's eyes. The loud whirring noise of their backup generators quieted as the look of glee on the agent's face was quickly replaced by confusion. "It wasn't due to our efforts though," she stated, sounding way less confident than she had when she first spoke. "It appears as if it was switched back on by another source."

Kara glanced over at the time. It was exactly noon.

Just as she went to look back over at her team, the holographic map in the center of the room flickered. The sound of static filled the room as the map morphed into the image of a face. Siobhan's face, to be exact.

"Miss me?"

Kara stiffened as Siobhan's voice reached her ears. Rage flooded her system as she glared at the face of the woman responsible for the day's events.

"Tough crowd. Well, if you don't miss me, I know who you do miss."

"What have you done with Lena?" Kara called out.

"Impatient much? You'll find out everything in due time. I'll even let you know where your precious Luthor is… For a price. But before I do that, I'm going to make you do some work. I'm sure you've noticed that National City is no longer a cesspool of criminal activity. You're welcome for that. I got
bored with that game, so now we're moving on to another one. If you want your first clue as to
where Lena is currently, head to the place where you first screwed me over. I'm sure with Supergirl's
keen sense of observation you'll be able to find it in a flash."

Before Kara could say anything in response, the image of Siobhan's face disappeared.

"Kara," Lena mumbled as she found herself waking up from a fitful, restless bout of drug induced
sleep. It only took a couple of seconds for her to mentally orientate herself and wave away the
lingering pieces of her dream, despite how nice it had been. As the image of Kara's beautiful, smiling
face disappeared from view, she was again met with the chilling reality of her situation.

After this most recent batch of knockout drugs, Lena's head hurt even worse. When she reached up
to try and soothe her aching forehead was when she realized that her hands were no longer bound.
Kicking her feet a little, she found that her feet were free too.

Instead of pressing her hands to her head, Lena reached out and tried to see if she found anything
solid. Within seconds, her hands were pressed to a cool, plastic surface. It was much different than
the enclosure that she had been in earlier. It was just as dark, though.

Tracing her arms up the plastic, she maneuvered around two circular metal discs that were embedded
into the walls and felt around until she found two corners. Following the corners, Lena discovered
that about half a foot above her head was yet another wall.

This time, Lena pressed her hands forward, pushing them away from her chest until she was met
with yet another plastic wall. It was almost as if she was in some sort of box. It was an unsettling
thought.

Dropping her hands this time to her sides, Lena felt that there were a couple of different items there.
The objects by her left hand felt like long tubes. Her slender fingers were able to easily wrap around
one and bring it up to her chest. The object at her right hand felt a lot like a gun. Feeling around a
little more, she was able to confirm that. Although the object should have brought her comfort, all it
did was send a chill down her spine.

Leaving the gun there for now, she felt around the weapon until her fingers grazed across something
small, rectangular, and wrapped in some sort of crinkly coating. Picking it up as well, she held it up
to her nose. The smell of granola was easily distinguishable.

Setting the granola bar back down, Lena turned her full attention back to the thin cylinder in her
grasp. Twirling it around in both of her hands, she was able to get an idea as to what it could
possibly be. To test that theory out, she gripped on tightly to both sides and tried to bend the object in
half. The motion worked. A loud 'crack' was heard before a glowing green light blossomed in the
center of the stick. Letting it go with one hand, she used the other to shake it around so that the entire
rod would brighten up. It worked like a charm, illuminating the small area she was in and providing
her with enough light to survey her surroundings.

Holding it up to the walls that surrounded her, Lena was able to confirm that she was indeed in a
box. Her next realization made her blood run cold.

The walls of the box she was contained in were transparent, allowing Lena to see right through them.
No matter what wall she held the light up to, she found that the other side of it was covered in what
appeared to be a mixture of dirt, gravel, and various other pieces of sentiment.
It was at that moment that Lena Luthor realized that she had been buried alive.

Chapter End Notes

A/N: Any readers that were Smallville fans back in the day might recognize the name Tina Greer - she was a shapeshifter that Clark faced off with in two separate episodes back in the early seasons of the show that had an unhealthy obsession with Lana Lang. Those that are familiar with her may also remember that her story arc ended in her untimely death. As explained by Winn, in this Universe, I tweaked the story a little. Tina Greer is still a shapeshifter with a nasty streak that Clark Kent faced off with when he was younger, but she never died.
Lena Luthor had always been the picture of poise and perfection. Growing up in the Luthor household had done that to her. Ever since she was a little girl, Lena had been a master at keeping a painted smile on her face regardless of whatever storm was going on inside of her. There were countless moments in Lena's life where she was internally screaming on the inside, but smiling on the outside. This was especially true during any sort of public outing with her family, such as the torturous dinner parties that Lillian used to like to throw. The bubbly, friendly, fraudulent demeanor of the woman who only acted like a mother when the public's eye was on her always made Lena sick to her stomach. She would play along, though. Always the good girl in the hopes that one day Lillian's motherly façade would have some truth to it. Although that wish never came true, moments such as those proved to be character building moments for Lena. Being able to keep her emotions in check and her facial features under control had been key in the various successful moments in life, including when she moved up the ranks of her family's company. There were of course the naysayers out there that asserted that nepotism was the only reason why Lena was currently running L-Corp, but she knew better. Lena was a master of figuring out situations and maximizing on every opportunity, all while appearing as if nothing could get underneath her skin.

None of this seemed to matter as her brain registered the fact that she was currently trapped in a box, buried God only knows where, with potentially no chance of escaping.

The scream that escaped Lena's throat was piercing, much worse than anything that had ever come about from one of her pesky reoccurring nightmares. As realization dawned on the Luthor, panic hit her full force, pulling her underneath the water of sanity, much like an inescapable riptide. All of a sudden, her limbs were flailing, tight fists pounding against the walls of her plastic coffin as her feet kicked out frantically. Every semblance of logic and reasoning seemed to fly out the door, right along with that cherished calm demeanor that she had spent years perfecting. Tears stung at the corners of her eyes as Lena let out a shuddering sob that quickly morphed into yet another scream.

"You're wasting your oxygen, you know."

Lena immediately froze, the scream she was releasing catching in her throat as Siobhan's menacing voice reached her ears. Tilting her head up the best she could, Lena felt around for the glow stick she had lit a mere moment ago, pulling up one of the inactive ones before managing to grab onto the object she desired. Holding it up, she turned towards the direction that the voice had come from.

"I suggest you keep the screaming to a minimum from now on or else this game is going to be ending wayyy too soon, which is no fun. You want me to be able to have fun, don't you Lena?"

As the pale, greenish light washed over the area that Siobhan's voice was coming from, Lena spotted the small metallic disc that her fingers had brushed across earlier when she had been feeling around the box. The bitch had installed a speaker on the side.

"Don't have such a cow, Lena. You aren't the first person to be buried alive and I'm sure you won't be the last. I suggest you use the rest of your air up wisely while Supergirl tries to find you. Don't worry, I'll be giving her a clue or two. Provided that she plays along. Ta-ta for now."

Lena was almost grateful for Siobhan's words, not because they gave her any sense of comfort, but because they allowed her the opportunity to collect herself. As much as she hated to admit it, Siobhan was right. Having air to breathe was a luxury that she couldn't afford to waste at the
moment. Not if she was going to give Kara enough time to find her. Or give herself a way to figure out how the hell to get out of there.

Once Lena's rationality began to return to her, a thought struck the Luthor. If the metallic plate on the right side of her head was a speaker, what had been the other one she felt earlier?

Turning her head to the left, she maneuvered the glow stick so that she could illuminate it as well. The hand not holding the illuminated rod reached up to feel it again. The metallic grate was the same size, but the holes were different. Wider. Lena could tell that it served a different purpose than its mate. What the purpose was, she wasn't sure.

12:02pm

Kara didn't need to think twice about the location that Siobhan had been referring to. There was only one place it could be.

CatCo.

Wasting no time, Kara dashed out of the DEO and flew down to her other place of business. As soon as she was up in the air, Winn's voice rung out in her ear to confirm where she was headed off to since he was well aware of where Kara and Siobhan's problems had all begun. All Kara could manage in response was a murmured affirmation.

Landing on the balcony, Kara stepped into Cat Grant's office, figuring that would be a good as place as any to start searching for clues. Much to her surprise, she wasn't alone.

"Where on Earth have you been?"

Kara stopped dead in her tracks, her eyes fixated on the woman seated before her. Cat Grant was flanked by two DEO agents, both of which had unamused expressions on their faces.

"What are you doing here?" Kara asked, the question coming out much harsher than intended. Cat was supposed to still be hidden away with the rest of the members of CatCo. At least, that was what had been explained to the Kryptonian earlier in the night.

"I asked my question first," Cat retorted, setting down her ballpoint pen and reaching for her glasses, pulling them from her face and setting them down. "You were mysteriously absent for the first part of this horrendous day and I believe the good people of National City deserve an explanation. At the very least, I deserve an explanation considering that I am your champion in this town."

Kara's head was swirling. She knew that Cat was talking, but she could hardly process the words. All she could think about was Lena.

"I don't have time for this," Kara mumbled, earning herself an eyebrow raise from CatCo's CEO. Cat went to say something in response, but Kara continued on, cutting the other woman off. "Lena Luthor has been kidnapped and I have to find her."

Immediately, Cat Grant was up out of her seat. There was this look of understanding on her face that might have given Kara pause if she hadn't been so preoccupied. It was almost as if the woman understood why it was so important that Kara locate the missing Luthor.

"What can I do to help?"

"I'm not sure," Kara answered honestly, switching over to her x-ray vision as she began to scan the CEO's office for anything that appeared to be out of the ordinary. There was nothing. "Siobhan sent
me here," Kara explained, making eye contact with Cat. As difficult as it was to keep herself together, being around the first real mentor she had ever had seemed to give Kara a sliver of strength. It was hard not to feel empowered when you were face to face with the woman who had spent her life turning herself into a literal force of nature. Despite her lack of a cape and a heroic nickname, Cat Grant was a superhero in her own right. "There's supposed to be a clue here."

"A clue?" Cat echoed, her brow furrowing in thought. "You're going to have to give me more than that to go off of."

"I don't have more than that," Kara replied. The panic she was feeling was seeping into her tone and was coming off more like annoyance than anything.

Cat bristled, clearly unused to being spoken to like that. To the other woman's credit, she didn't take the opportunity to chastise Kara for it. It was out of character for her, but Cat appeared to be focusing on the situation at hand versus Supergirl's current attitude. "Tell me exactly what she said."

Kara was getting increasingly anxious as this conversation continued. It felt as if she was wasting time. However, there was a part of her that was able to recognize how valuable it might be to have Cat's help. Kara wasn't thinking as logically as she should have been and it was very possible the other woman would be able to pick up on something she couldn't.

Closing her eyes, Kara replayed the words Siobhan had spoken to her in her head, trying to recall the exact phrasing she had used when she had implied there was a clue hidden at CatCo. Leaving off the part about how it would be at the place Kara had first screwed her over since that was a dead giveaway as to her identity, she repeated the rest of the words to Cat.

"I'm sure with Supergirl's keen sense of observation you'll be able to find it in a flash."

"A flash, eh?" Cat repeated, snorting a little at the end of the sentence as if she found something to be amusing. "Assuming she's not talking about your friend, Barry, I have an idea what she means."

Kara had forgotten how Cat had easily figured out the Flash's identity back when he had first zipped his way through National City. The woman had a knack for seeing things that went over other people's heads.

"Follow me," Cat beckoned, rounding the desk and heading towards the main office. The two DEO agents went to follow as well, but Cat wasn't having any of it. Pausing in her stride, she turned around and held up a hand. One of the agents almost stumbled into her, but managed to stop in place just in time. "Not you two," she chastised, narrowing her eyes at them both. "We'll call you over if your services are needed, but don't hold your breath." Pivoting on her heel, she continued her way out of the office. "Come on, Supergirl."

Kara followed closely on Cat's heels, wondering if the other woman seriously had a lead. Hope started to bubble up deep inside of her, but she was trying not to give into it. Kara wasn't sure she could handle the crushing feeling of disappointment if Cat was wrong and came up empty-handed.

As Cat led her across the office, Kara heard the elevator chime. Both women stopped in place, turning towards the sound of the noise. Surprisingly, Cat didn't appear at all nervous about who was going to walk out when the doors opened up. Instead, she looked ready for a fight.

"Alex," Kara breathed out as a fresh set of tears sprung up into her eyes at the relief seeing her sister brought her. Maggie was on Alex's heels as the DEO agent exited the elevator.

"We were down the street when Winn paged us to head here. He filled us in. I'm so sorry,
Supergirl."

Kara nodded, resisting the urge to run across the room and pull her sister into a big hug.

"We're going to find her," Alex assured, walking over to where Kara and Cat was.

"Yes, we are," Cat remarked, giving Kara another one of those knowing looks before heading towards wherever she had been trying to go when Alex and Maggie had arrived. "Chop, chop people. We have no time to waste on emotional back and forth right now."

Alex and Maggie shared a look considering the fact that they weren't used to Cat's prickly side, but Kara continued along without a thought in her mind beyond figuring out where Lena was being held.

Walking right past all of the desks of her co-workers, the women followed Cat all the way down to one of CatCo's storage rooms. Opening up the door, the CEO reached inside and flicked on the lights, illuminating a small room that had a couple of desks scattered about.

"I remember that when that backstabbing harpy was fired, we moved her belongings to here," Cat explained, her eyes glancing across the desks as if she were trying to remember which specific one had been Siobhan's workstation. Settling on one in the back corner, Cat gracefully maneuvered her way around the scattered furniture to get to it as Kara watched from the center of the small room. Alex and Maggie waited by the doorway, watching Cat, looking intrigued.

"Do you see anything?" Kara asked, switching over to her x-ray vision to check out the desk from a different perspective as Cat's hands traveled up and down its surface. Blue eyes settled onto the figure of a small, thin device fastened at the bottom of the desk at the same time Cat's fingers latched onto it.

"Gotcha," Cat murmured, pulling the object free and holding it up for everyone to see. It was a flash drive. "I know she thinks she's clever and all, but that pun was child's play," Cat remarked, rolling her eyes as she skirted her way back around the desk. Handing the flash drive over to Kara, she let her take the driver's seat this time.

Heading out of the room, Kara hurried over to her desk so they could see what exactly had been left behind for them. As soon as she got to her computer, she switched it on. However, she didn't sit down. Instead, Kara handed the slender stick over to her sister, knowing that Alex was far more equipped to retrieve the information than her if Siobhan had any technical tricks up her sleeve.

Sure enough, when Alex plugged the flash drive in and pulled it up on the computer, she found that it was encrypted.

"Winn," Alex called out, knowing that he was listening into their ear pieces.

"I'm here," the technician answered immediately.

"I need you to backdoor your way into…" Alex paused, looking over to Cat as if she didn't know whose desk they were at.

The older woman rolled her eyes. "That desk belongs to Kara Danvers."

"Kara Danvers' computer," Alex finished.

"I'm on it," Winn replied.
Within seconds, the group of them saw the icon of the mouse begin to move itself around on the screen as Winn took over the controls.

"So that's where Walter went…” Cat murmured to herself.

Both Alex and Maggie picked up on the CEO's comment, but Kara was too preoccupied. That final moment that she had shared with Lena had been replaying in her mind on a loop ever since Siobhan's announcement. Kara didn't regret the quick way she had dashed out there since, chances were, Maggie wouldn't be alive right now if she had taken her sweet time leaving. However, Kara still felt uneasy about the way things had been left between them. Why hadn't she slipped in a quick "I love you"? Would she ever get the chance to say it again?

One of Kara's hands moved to her stomach as it clenched painfully. She couldn't be thinking like that. There was no time for worst case scenarios. They were too difficult to process and accomplished nothing.

Sensing her discomfort, Cat Grant reached out, placing a hand on Supergirl's arm.

"Believe that it will be okay and it will be," the woman stated, her voice containing the same amount of confidence as it always did. Confidence that Kara wished she felt herself at the moment. "You can accomplish anything that you set your mind to. The second that you lose faith is the second that the other side has won."

Kara nodded slowly, repeating Cat's words back to herself in her mind. The woman had a point.

"We're in," Winn called out, opening up the flash drive and exposing its contents. All that was contained was a single document. The icon of the mouse hovered over it before Winn clicked into it, opening the document up for all to see. It was a link to Siobhan's resume.

Cat snorted. "I hope she doesn't seriously think that she can list CatCo as one of her references," she remarked as Winn scrolled through the document, looking for anything out of the ordinary.

At the bottom of the second page was a hyperlink. It was underneath a long list of Siobhan's so-called talents. 'My greatest accomplishment' were the words that Siobhan had attached the hyperlink to.

"Here goes nothing," Winn stated, clicking on the link.

Everyone in the room, Cat included, seemed to be holding their breaths as the webpage loaded. Within seconds, a big black screen swam into view. A cartoon image of Supergirl began to slowly fly across the screen before she was suddenly blasted out of the sky. Blue cartoon eyes turned into big black Xs as a chime sounded out of the speakers identical to the noise that would play when you died as Mario during one of his many video games over the years. As the deceased depiction of Supergirl floated down, falling out of sight, something else appeared. The words 'Actions can have deadly consequences' appeared, one letter at time, before fading away. It was at that moment that the black screen changed, turning into some sort of video camera feed.

"Oh my God," Cat whispered, sounding rattled for the first time.

Illuminated by a soft, green, glowing light was Lena's panicked face. The woman was looking around frantically, as if she was trapped. The light moved somewhat off of her face every few seconds, instead illuminating her surroundings. Lena appeared to be trying to figure out something. It looked as if she were trapped in some sort of box. However, the longer they stared at the screen, watching the woman shift around and move the light, the easier it was to make out the fact that It
appeared as if the space around Lena's head consisted of some sort of dirt.

In case there was any doubt about what they were seeing, Lena's image faded from sight. New words appeared on the screen. 'I refuse to keep my hatred for you buried away any longer. If you want Lena Luthor to make it through the day, I suggest you do exactly as I say.'

Several sets of wide eyes, both at CatCo and back at the DEO where Winn had pulled it up for everyone to look at, watched as those words faded away only to be replaced by new ones.

'I refuse to keep my hatred for you buried away any longer. If you want Lena Luthor to make it through the day, I suggest you do exactly as I say.'

Once again, the words disappeared. This time, they were replaced by numbers. A clock appeared in the center of the screen, counting down until 8:00pm. Behind the bold white numbers, the video feed continued. Lena's worried face swam back into view.

Turning towards her sister, Alex caught sight of Kara just in time to watch the Kryptonian's knees buckle. The blonde reached out to catch herself just as the DEO agent sprung up from her seat, moving to grab onto Kara before she fell. Strong fingers curled into the solid surface of the desk, leaving deep craters where each one landed. Small fissures extended out from the indents Kara's fingers had created in the desk, shooting outwards. Both Alex and Cat took a side and held Kara upright, worried eyes trained onto her face.

"We will find her," Alex assured, doing her best to sound certain. "I promise."

Lena's head felt as if it were going to split into half. At first, her mind had been working overtime, trying to find a way out of her current predicament, but now she could barely think straight. Or move. Ever since she managed to get ahold of her runaway thoughts, she had been trying to breathe as slowly and as steadily as possible. Conserve her air. Except she had burned through a lot of it during her initial freak-out. Not to mention, Lena had no idea how long she had actually been in that box, considering that she had been unconscious at first. Thanks to her mathematical acumen, she had a loose idea of how much time she should have left considering the size of the box and the rate at which she was expelling CO2 into the air with every breath she took, but there was no way to be perfectly accurate, especially since she was struggling to keep track of time. Siobhan hadn't left her with any sort of watch or clock and, the cloudier Lena's mind got, the harder it was to keep track of anything.

Plus, it was hot. So hot. The longer she was trapped there, the more she felt as if she was roasting. It was torture.

Now, instead of wasting her energy worrying about whether or not she was going to be rescued, Lena was trying to think of the one thing that gave her the most energy and strength – Kara. The last several moments had been spent replaying her favorite memories with the Kryptonian that she had managed to fall in love with.

Lena had never intended on falling in love with Kara. Or anyone, for that matter. It was a concept that she had given up on long ago, after many failed attempts at maintaining a successful relationship. Countless nights, Lena had lulled herself to sleep with thoughts of how she was perfectly capable of having a happy life without love. After all, she had her career. As fickle as love and relationships could be, work was never that evil of a mistress. The mastery that Lena lacked when it came to dating, she more than made up for in the business world. Much like science, it was an arena that she
excelled in. Lena knew that there were many other people out there who had stopped trying to find their fulfillment in life through love and were instead concentrating on their work. It wasn't a new or bizarre concept. Having grown up with a lack of love in her life, she was certain that she could too could become one of those people.

Or so she thought.

Meeting Kara shattered any hope that Lena had of being able to pull off such a task. The warmth and light that the Kryptonian brought to her world was so entrancing and addicting, that Lena could no longer imagine her life without it. Without Kara. No longer was she able to find solace in picturing her future as nothing more than a successful business woman. Now, when Lena imagined herself five, ten, twenty years down the road, Kara was always at her side. Instead of only seeing herself having her work, she pictured herself having it all. A successful job, a beautiful love, and an abundance of happiness. More happiness than Lena would even know what to do with.

It was that happiness that comforted Lena in that moment as her breathing slowly became shallower. It was becoming increasingly harder to catch her breath, but that didn't stop her from thinking of the face of the woman she loved more than anything.

Just as Lena drew in a haggard breath, seconds away from giving up the battle to stay awake and alert, a blast of cool air hit her in the face.

The Luthor's burning lungs greedily inhaled every last bit of fresh oxygen that she could as it pooled into the box, filling it back up as the CO2 that had accumulated was sucked out. Turning her head towards the source of the air, she looked at the second metal grate again, finally understanding what it was there for. A fan was contained behind it. Siobhan wasn't done with her yet.

"You didn't think you could escape this that easily, right?" Siobhan's voice called out, causing Lena to wince at the noise. Her pounding head could hardly take any sound at this point, let along Siobhan's smug proclamations. "This game isn't over, yet. At least not on my end. You'll be happy to hear that Supergirl has been presented with the option of saving you. I'm so thrilled to see if she takes it, aren't you? I'm thinking that we both agree on this one."

Lena shuffled closer to the fan, enjoying the feel of the air against her face. It was much easier to focus on that then on Siobhan's taunts. Not wanting to give her the satisfaction of provoking her into replying, Lena remained silent.

"I'm not going to be the one to end things here. Not unless I'm forced to. However…" Siobhan trailed off, sounding even more gleeful when she resumed speaking. "You are free to end this whenever you'd like. That's why I left you that little gift in there. At least, that way, you'd be free and I will have still held up my end of the deal. After all, I can't be held responsible for your every action. It wouldn't be my fault if you couldn't hack it."

Siobhan's voice disappeared and Lena was grateful for the silence that fell into its place. Rolling her head back so that she was facing upwards, her fingers reached for the "gift" that Siobhan had been referring to. Pressing her hand to the cool metal of the gun, Lena gathered up every bit of strength and determination that she had currently and shoved the object as hard as she could. The Luthor could hear it skidding its way across the plastic as it traveled down to her feet.

As much as she hated the situation she was in, Lena was determined not to go out that way.

6:15pm

Kara sat, cross-legged, on Winn's desk as the people around her argued back and forth. Her elbows
were pressed to her knees and her fingers were steepled underneath her jaw as she watched the situation playing out before her, only half paying attention to what was being said.

The Kryptonian's mind was a flurry of activity. The last several hours had been a wash. They were no closer to finding any traces of Lena or Siobhan. The woman was a master of covering up her tracks. It was infuriating.

They were running out of time. If they missed the deadline and Siobhan truly cut off Lena's air supply, she wouldn't be able to last very long in whatever space she was in. An hour, maybe two, tops. Worst of all, they would have a front row view to the consequences of not acquiescing to Siobhan's request. It had already been excruciating watching Lena struggle for air, off and on, ever since they were granted access to the video feed. A video feed which Winn and his team were unable to trace, despite their best efforts. Every time they believed they had a lock on Lena's location, Kara would race out there with J'onn at her side, only to find nothing. It was one of the most draining experiences of her entire life.

Now that they were running low on time, tensions were running high. The people she had been working with were now at odds, disagreeing on the best course of action. Alex and J'onn believed that they should try one thing, while Maggie and Winn believed in the exact opposite. James had a different opinion than anyone else in the room. Kara had yet to pick a side.

As they all bickered before her, Kara's head titled to the right, her eyes drifting over to the image of Lena. She was laying there looking oddly at peace as she drew in slow, careful breaths. The numbers etched on top of the Luthor's image were ominous. It felt strangely as if Kara was watching the clock counting down to her own demise. In a way, she was. Her heart was so tied to Lena's, that Kara was certain that she wouldn't be capable of continuing on, living life the same way as before without the Luthor. Chances were that she would be nothing more than a shell of her former self if that were to happen. Having already suffered many losses in her life, Kara was sure that this one would be a devastating blow. Especially considering that she was given the opportunity to prevent it.

"We're going to give Siobhan what she wants."

Kara's voice was surprisingly loud when she finally spoke, earning her the attention of all the people surrounding her. The arguing parties temporarily called a ceasefire as they turned their attention to the blonde.

"We're what?" Maggie spat out, clearly irritated. They were all running on fumes at this point, completely exhausted to the point that most pleasantries had been tossed out the window.

"We're going to give Siobhan what she wants," Kara repeated plainly, no trace of emotion in her voice.

"We don't negotiate with terrorists," the detective fired back, earning herself a withering look from James.

"Oh so, it's cool that Kara saving your ass is what led to Lena being kidnapped, but you're not willing to do what it takes to get her back?" he stated, his voice normal since his helmet was off and was currently cradled in one of his arms, settled against his body.

"Hey now, that isn't fair James," Alex chimed in, sounding exasperated.

"I'm not going to argue about this," Kara stated, sounding oddly detached from the situation. Her mind was made up and there was no changing it. "We're giving her what she wants."
"Supergirl," J'onn started, still the most rational person in the room right now. Despite the heated conversation that had been going on, he had been the only one who had managed not to lose his temper. "I don't think it's wise to give that much Kryptonite over to the enemy."

Kara's legs uncrossed and her hands lowered to the desk as she pushed herself off of it. "Siobhan already has Kryptonite."

"And she's probably running low considering her request," J'onn pointed out. "Not to mention the fact that she wants your blood. Who knows what she could do with that?"

Kara shrugged. "Nothing that we couldn't handle. We don't have time to fight about this. Winn," Kara's head tilted towards the technician. "Put in the call to Metropolis. I know we've had them on standby and that Clark has already given the okay to release the Kryptonite. Tell them that they have an hour to get it ready. I want it all loaded up into lead lined crates. Once that's done, I'll fly out there and pick up the crates."

Winn's eyes moved from Kara to J'onn. Everyone knew that he would have to be the one to sign off on the plan.

"J'onn," Kara started, still sounding emotionally removed from the situation even though she was anything but. However, she knew that she had to come across as absolutely certain if she was going to get anyone's buy-in. If she seemed as if she was acting with her heart and not her head, nobody else was ever going to agree to this plan. "If you don't mind, I would appreciate your coming with me to pick up the Kryptonite."

The room fell silent as they waited for the older gentleman's response. Even though it was clear that everyone had varying opinions, no one was speaking up. It wouldn't matter what they all thought once he gave an order.

Taking a deep breath, J'onn's arms slowly uncrossed.

"Agent Schott, make the call. Supergirl, we leave at 7:00pm sharp."

7:55pm

Kara hadn't moved a muscle for the last five minutes. Ever since her and J'onn had situated the crates on the top of the roof and he had left, wishing her well, she had been deep in thought. Currently, she was leaning against the stack of crates, trying her best to look unaffected by everything that was going on although she was slowly dying on the inside. Kara had no doubts that Siobhan was going to stride onto that roof like some sort of proud peacock and she refused to make the other woman privy to the agony she was feeling.

Perched on top of the stack of lead lined crates was a small box. Inside the box was a vial of Kara's blood, as requested. To make her skin pliable enough to get a needle through it, she had needed to briefly hold onto a stick of Kryptonite. It had been painful, but nowhere near as painful as the strain this day had put onto her heart.

"You're early," a familiar voice called out.

As tempting as it was to snap to attention now that Siobhan was there, Kara purposefully rolled her head to the side lazily, as if she didn't have a care in the world. Behind Siobhan were two men holding onto hand trucks, presumably so that they could carry away the crates of Kryptonite.

"Haven't you ever heard that, if you're exactly on time, you may as well be late?" she asked, sounding weirdly cool and collected. It was as if something had snapped inside of Kara over the
Punctuality hadn't been one of Siobhan's problems, but that didn't stop the comment from going under the brunette's skin. When she spoke next, it was clear that her tone was strained. "I don't think you want to go there considering I hold the key to finding your girlfriend," she remarked, holding up a piece of paper in between two of her slender fingers. The urge to try and snatch it out of her hands was there, but Kara resisted. Both because Siobhan was wearing her Kryptonite embedded bracelets again and because there was no telling that slip of paper was actually the key to finding Lena. For all Kara knew, it could be nothing more than a trick to see if she was going to try and screw Siobhan over. Kara was determined to play by the rules this time considering that Lena's life was at stake.

Pushing herself off of the crates of Kryptonite, Kara extended her hand towards Siobhan. "Fork it over," she demanded. "I held up my end of the bargain, now you hold up yours."

Siobhan snorted, tucking the slip of paper into her bra before shaking her head. "Do I look like I was born yesterday? Of course I'm going to check out the merchandise before I tell you anything. Now move."

Kara's eyes narrowed, but her hand dropped. Stepping over to the side, she gestured towards the crates.

When Siobhan moved in towards the Kryptonite, Winn's voice rang out in Kara's ear. We have a lead on Tina Greer's location."

This news would have been promising, had it come hours earlier. It was too late to do anything about it now. Lena's air supply was set to be cut off for good in another minute, which would give Kara a limited amount of time to find her and extract her from the ground. Regardless, it was the first time they had managed to get a lead on Siobhan's only known soldier in this war. Perhaps Tina would end up the key to stopping whatever Siobhan had planned for the Kryptonite and Kara's blood.

Picking up the box at the top of the stack, Siobhan flipped open the lid. Pulling the glass tube from its place nestled against the velvet lining of the box, she held it up to the light. Kara watched carefully as Siobhan set the box down and used her now empty hand to reach into the pocket of the pea coat she was wearing, pulling out a small electronic device. Holding it up to the vial of Kara's blood, a blue beam shot out, running up and down the length of the glass before chirping. "Good girl," Siobhan murmured, tucking the device back into her pocket before returning the vial to its box. "It's actually your blood. To be perfect honest with you, I thought you would be stupid enough to try and pull a fast one on me."

"Then you don't know me at all," Kara remarked, keeping her response short and sweet. The Kryptonian had no interest in this banter. All she wanted was to go and find Lena.

Siobhan seemed to be taking her time analyzing each and every crate and its contents, but Kara was determined to appear as if she was waiting patiently. While she waited, she attempted to use her x-ray vision to see through the note that had been waved around in her face, but failed to get anywhere with that plan. Kara suspected that the outside of it had been brushed with some kind of lead paint.

Finally, after what felt like an eternity, the wicked brunette turned to face Supergirl. Snapping her
fingers, she gave the cue for the men to take away the crates. As they did that, loading them up and carrying them away into the building where they presumably had some sort of escape route mapped out, Siobhan settled her eyes onto Kara's.

"Fair is fair," Siobhan announced, reaching back into her bra and extracting the folded up piece of paper. "It was good doing business with you, Kara, but don't think this is the last time that we'll see each other."

"Oh, I'm counting on it," Kara remarked, going to grab the slip of paper.

Just as Kara's fingers grasped onto the note, pulling it from Siobhan's hold, the other woman tensed up.

"I told you to come alone," Siobhan hissed, fury flashing through her eyes.

Confusion hit Kara squarely in the chest as she turned her head to see who had betrayed her. Everyone on her team had promised not to show up, since it was clearly stated that Supergirl was to come alone.

"Mon-El," Kara breathed out, her eyes narrowing at the Daxamite who had just leapt up onto the adjacent roof. There was a mixture of determination and pride on his face. He looked as if he had just managed to single-handedly save the day, simply by gracing them both with his presence.

"You're going to regret this," Siobhan called out, already dashing across the rooftop, escaping along with her men as Mon-El jumped over to the building that Kara was on.

"I'm here as your back-up," he called out as Kara's calm demeanor began to shatter. Frantic fingers fumbled to open up the folded up piece of paper.

"I was to come alone!" she called out, her voice verging on a shriek.

"Yeah, but, don't you see how stupid that was? What if she tried to kill you? I came as soon as I heard about your cockamamie plan. Thanks for keeping me in the loop throughout today, though, I really appreciated being sent to patrol the outskirts of town while you all handled everything else. Poorly, I might add." The sarcasm in Mon-El's tone was thick, but Kara wasn't even trying to pay attention to his rant.

The note tumbled from Kara's hands as she worked to get it open. Both she and Mon-El reached for it at the same time. Before she even realized what she was doing, Kara was using one hand to pick up the paper and the other to forcefully shove the intruding Daxamite away from her. Buried underneath her worry over Lena was rage. Rage that Mon-El had managed to, yet again, cause major issues by sticking his nose where it didn't belong.

Mon-El's body slammed into ground, leaving a deep, Daxamite shaped indent in the concrete as Kara finally managed to get the slip of paper opened up.

"This is the thanks I get?" he called out, sounding angry himself now.

The part of Kara that tried really hard to never do any harm to others unless it was absolutely necessary felt a pang of guilt over shoving him to the side, but she didn't have time to be concerned about that. Blue eyes traced over the small, carefully written script on the page.

'Polis Park' were the only words on the page. Luckily, Kara knew exactly where that was. It was far from National City and was closer to her hometown of Midvale. It was a park that the Danvers family had taken her to many times when she was younger.
Before Mon-El could get himself back up into a standing position, Kara was gone.

Lena set down the emptied granola bar wrapper on the ground next to her. At first, she had been dead set on eating anything, as her stomach was a tangled mess of painful knots, but eventually her hunger got the best of her. Figuring that it was unnecessary to suffer from hunger pangs on top of a headache, she had slowly worked her way through the bar, pulling it off piece by piece to make it last. It gave her something to occupy her mind as she waited for Kara to find her.

Even though the Luthor remembered reading something about escaping from enclosed spaces a long time ago, late one night when she had been suffering from insomnia and had ended up in the depths of the internet, she didn't dare try anything. Lena knew that her ability to escape was contingent on how deep in the dirt she was and how solidly it was packed above her. As much as she hated to be that person who waited around to be saved, the Luthor realized that it was a better bet putting her eggs into Kara's basket instead of trying to make her way out of the box herself, potentially causing herself to suffocate under the weight of the earth above her.

Plus, the Luthor was very low on physical strength. The continued lack of oxygen and the limited area she had to move about caused Lena's body to feel both stiff and heavy. Several times, various limbs had fallen asleep, and she had done her best to ease them back into a position where the blood flow would wake them up.

Just as her hands moved to rest against her stomach as she breathed in and out slowly, the whirring of the fan could be heard next to her head.

'That's strange…' Lena thought to herself, not daring to speak the words out loud because of the oxygen they would waste. The fan ran like clockwork every hour and had only just turned off several moments ago. Lena only knew this because during one interval earlier in the day, she had counted every second in between bursts of air. Since she was the type of person who found comfort in numbers, it was calming to count her way through an hour. Also, it helped keep her mind active, despite the overall feeling of lethargy she had been fending off.

While she wasn't going to argue with being provided with extra oxygen, Lena had a feeling that wasn't what was going on.

"The bitch broke the rules."

As Siobhan's voice rang out one final time, Lena simultaneously came to realize that she didn't feel any sort of air brushing against her cheek as she normally would when the fan was on.

Reaching over towards the metallic disc that contained the fan behind it, the Luthor was horrified to find that it wasn't blowing air out towards her. No. It was sucking it out of the box instead.

A strangled groan escaped Lena's lips as her chest constricted. Her lungs burned as the oxygen she had was slowly taken away from her.

A hand moved up her chest, settling against the base of her throat as she frantically gasped for air that simply wasn't there. Thoughts of Kara and the moments that they had shared together played through her mind in flashes, much like a rolodex of memories. Every interaction, every date, every kiss, even every smile danced across her mind as she focused on the only person that she wanted to think of if these were to truly be her final moments. Although her body felt as if it were on fire, her heart was full. It was impossible to think of Kara and not be able to achieve some level of contentment.
As Lena basked in the memories of the woman she loved more than life itself, she was only struck with two regrets – one, that they wouldn't get more time together and two, she hadn't told Kara that she loved her nearly enough.

Accepting her fate, Lena closed her eyes and prayed that it would all be over soon.

8:16pm

Once Kara made her way to the park, finding where Lena had been buried took no time at all, thanks to her x-ray vision.

Standing to the side of where she had managed to spot the long rectangular container that Lena was trapped in, Kara drew in the deepest breath she could and blew at the dirt at her feet, dislodging it and blowing it out of the way. Kara's lungs screamed for relief the longer she blew, but she didn't stop until the first traces of the plastic coffin swam into view.

Scurrying into the hole that she had created, Kara dropped down to her knees and used her hands to brush away the final bits of dirt in her way, revealing Lena's face. The Luthor was clutching her throat and squirming around, seemingly fighting for any last trace of oxygen she could get.

As Kara's fingers curled into the edge of the lid, green, frantic eyes snapped open. The Luthor's hand slammed to the top of the lid, splaying out against the plastic.

"Lena, hold on, I'm getting you out of there!"

Lowering one hand to press against Lena's, Kara used the other to rip the lid backwards. As soon as the plastic gave, she gripped back onto it with both hands and tugged, shifting backwards as she pulled the lid away from Lena. The material gave easily, no match for Kara's strength. Flying up into the air, she pulled the lid with her, before flinging it off into the distance.

Diving back down to the gasping brunette below her, Kara scooped her girlfriend up into her arms and pulled her from the box, moving them only over to the side of it so that she could give Lena the chance to catch her breath before trying to take her anywhere. There were no words to describe the feeling of relief that washed over her. Lena was alive. Exhausted, hurting, and completely drained, but alive.

"Breathe, Lena, breathe," Kara cried out cradling the Luthor in her lap with one arm as her free hand brushed Lena's sweat soaked hair out of her face. Even now, her beauty was breathtaking.

"Kara," Lena gasped out, her breathing becoming less and less frantic as time ticked by. "You came, I knew you'd come for me."

Lena's words managed to open up the floodgates of tears that Kara had been holding back for hours. They now flowed freely, leaving salty streaks on her cheeks as they streamed down her face.

Blinking them away enough to see her girlfriend clearly, Kara leaned down and pressed a kiss to Lena's forehead.

"I'll always come for you," Kara said, her sobs surfacing every other word. "Always."

Weakened arms reached around the Kryptonian's body as Lena clung to Kara.

Returning the embrace while still being careful to give her enough room to breathe comfortably, Kara pressed periodic kisses to Lena's head as the Luthor settled down in between their whispered declarations of love to one another.
Even though Siobhan was still out there, armed with a couple of brand new potential weapons, Kara currently didn't have a care in the world. No matter what happened next, she knew that she could face it with Lena at her side.

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